

were soon filled with water, and the sun was beating on me. There was no dry ground for me to sit down on and rest, so I rested against some willows drawn together, which bore a part of my weight, and thus I took a dog's sleep once or twice. For some time I walked barefooted and barelegged, as I could not lift my boots full of water; but my legs and feet were so torn by the willows that I had to don the boots again. Thus I walked from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at last could only go a few yards at a time, my hands helping my legs to lift my feet, when my men, anxious about me, fired their gun, and I answered with a shout. They soon reached me, as I had almost reached the bank of the river near Albany, carried me to the canoe, and laid me under the tarpaulin, and I instantly fell asleep. We soon reached the Archdeacon's who tended me most carefully, and after bathing my torn feet, I again fell asleep instantly. However, next day, though dressing was pain, and movement worse, and climbing the pulpit stairs agony, yet I was able to perform all the duties arranged for me, beginning with Indian service at 6 a.m., when I preached. Then came 10.30 English Confirmation, Sermon and Administration of Holy Communion; 2.30 the same for the Indians, with seventy-six communicants. I was glad to rest in the evening with my aching and torn feet and legs wrapped in cotton and vaseline. It was indeed a merciful deliverance, and I hope I was spared to do many years' work in the vineyard."

A WRITER in the *Missionary Outlook* tells of the building of a church in an Indian mission in Canada: "The pastor and his congregation were the builders, and as each log was put in its place it was with an added joy, as they felt that they were nearing the completion of the temple in which they were to worship the living God. On the first Sunday on which they were to hold service in the new church, they were each asked to bring a thank-offering for the Lord and lay it on the altar. These were willingly brought. Blankets, furs, baskets, all found their way to the Lord's table, but there was one old cripple man, who seemed to have nothing to give, and yet he, too, was thankful. He had thought about it a long time. Must he come before the Lord empty-handed? But the idea came to him that if he could only get a suitable stick, he could shave it and make a wooden broom. The journey to the woods was a painful and a tedious one, for he had to go on his hands and knees. But had not his Lord borne greater pain for him? The broom was finished and on the appointed Sunday the old Indian himself carried the broom to the altar."

## LESSON OF THE BLEMISHED ONYX.

**D**URING my summer's rest, among the mountains, last year, I heard a sermon in which the preacher introduced the following incident:

A lapidary brought a large and beautiful onyx to a distinguished artist for whom he had obtained many precious stones for carving.

"See how clear, pure and transparent this stone is," said the lapidary; "what a fine one for you to exercise your skill upon were it not for this one fatal blemish." And he pointed out in one spot an underlying tinge of iron-rust, which, as he said, "ruined the stone."

But the artist, with far-reaching sight, seized upon the onyx, and having examined it attentively, purchased it. With matchless skill and delicacy he wrought upon the stone, carving the graceful form of a lovely goddess. And by a wonderful exercise of ingenuity, by sharp cuts of his engraving tool, and by light and patient touches, he fashioned the spot which had been thought an irreparable blemish into a leopard skin, upon which rested the foot of the goddess—the contrasting colors enhancing the beauty of the lovely cameo.

As the artist by patient skill and labor changes the unsightly spot on the onyx into a beautiful decoration, so sometimes does God work upon His children. He sees in them some fault, some evil passion which blemishes the whole character; and He begins to use the discipline to give that moulding which, by slow processes it may be, will change blemish into something lovely. He may use sharp tools and the work may be tedious and trying; but if we submit ourselves to His hand, and especially if—unlike the passive onyx—we ourselves, being conscious of our faulty character, use our own earnest endeavors, latent graces will gleam out where only blemishes were seen. Rashness will be wrought into courage; inertness into gentleness; sluggishness into patience; irritability into tender sensitiveness; avarice into thrift; impetuosity into earnestness; while in place of more glaring defects, strange transformations will appear—generosity instead of selfishness; humility instead of pride; love instead of hate. Thus will the whole character, by God's work in us, be beautified.—*Christian Work.*

BREAD, which has been considered the staff of life throughout the world, is actually used only by one-third of the fifteen hundred millions of inhabitants of the globe. In the Pampas regions dried beef is the main staff; in Eastern Asia rice, and along the coasts of Spanish America the banana constitutes the daily meal.