

efforts. When the time passed, and they were unrecognized, your work, instead of falling off, has been, if possible, better; and now, finding that things have turned out in the business as we had hoped and expected, we are able to offer you an interest in the concern. You have made yourself indispensable to us, and we are glad to show our appreciation in this way.'

"For a moment, Hal, a feeling almost of horror took possession of me at the memory of how nearly I had come to failure. If I had done as I threatened, and relaxed my efforts! My next sensation was one of utter thankfulness to my mother.

"Well, there is little more to tell. Among happiest memories is the day when the little house became a reality, and I saw my mother comfortably settled there. Yes," in answer to Hal's question, "It is the very house where she now lives. She grew to love it so that she refused to have a better one when I was able to give it her; neither would she leave it to live with us; and, as you know, she will hardly allow me to improve it, from the fear of changing it too much.

"The same business? Yes; it came into my hands, at last, through the death of the old partner. But, Hal, I do not tell you this with any idea that you will repeat, exactly, my experience; but only to illustrate the principle, which always remains the same.

"Looking at the question from a purely business point of view, it pays to do your best, and only your very best; but there is another and nobler reason for faithful service, which you will find mentioned, times without number, in a certain Guide, which the great Master has left as the rule for the lives of His servants."—*German town Guide*.

THE GOD'S SWING.

I WANT to tell you about a festival the natives have which celebrates the Ram's birth. When he was a babe he was swung in a cradle, so for a month every good Hindoo has a swing put up, and all his children swing and sing Savitan songs. They fairly howl just across the road from us, and swing in a neem-tree from noon until midnight. In the zenanas the women have a little image of Ram in a swing, and keep it going all the time, as this is supposed to bring them good fortune.

We once went to a great festival by the river in Allahabad, riding on an elephant which was loaned us for the day. Now you wonder what we would need an elephant on the Mela for. Well, when I tell you that a space a half mile square "is one sea of humanity," you will see the necessity of the elephant for seeing where we were to go amid the crowds. There were

several hundred thousand people on that plain to-day, and every road was a stream of pilgrims going to and coming from the river. We saw many sad sights and disgusting. Fancy cows with an extra leg growing out of the neck, covered with an embroidered cloth, and fairly loaded with silver jewellery, being worshipped and begged for. They distort these poor animals frightfully to make them more sacred. We missionaries give tracts and Gospels to the people, and I gave about 2,000. A dozen missionaries were all as busy as myself doing our best to sow the good seed.—*Missionary Link*.

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.



I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up," he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad:
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who like this manly little boy
Take hold and help their mothers.

A MISSIONARY in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years, he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert, when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, "It is to be like Mr. —," naming the good missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon; but when he died hundreds of heathen, as well as many Christians, mourned him and testified to his holy life and character.