

rowed from a parishioner. Fox hunting was the all absorbing sport of the gentry of that early time in Lancaster county. The preacher had not ridden many miles when he heard the musical baying of a pack of fox hounds, and soon a number of huntsmen appeared on the scene, flying across country on their trained hunters. Incensed at this desecration of the Sabbath the good man urged his horse toward the sportsmen with the intention of heading them off and reproving them. Then came a revelation that appalled him. The horse he was riding proved to be an old fox hunter. The baying of the hounds aroused old-time memories within him, and away he went, joining in the chase; and flew pell mell after the others. In vain did the preacher pull rein and bit. The old horse took a leading place behind the hounds. Up hill and down dale, over ditch and fence, he flew, bearing the shocked and chagrined minister along in the Sunday hunt. When the fox was run to earth the old horse was in at the death, and was content then to carry his rider on his more devout but less exciting errand.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

A beautiful incident within our knowledge impressed upon us more than ever the fact that the divine message shall not fall to the ground void, but is mighty beyond our comprehension, through His power. A lady was summoned to the bedside of a friend, the mother of a family, and whose mental faculties had become deranged.

"What could I say or do?" she said. all was wild excitement; my heart wept over her, yet I had no power to calm her, or do her good. But I felt for her so deeply that I could not leave her without one whisper of comfort. I bent above her and said, softly, 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms!' It seemed as though she glanced up at the words—hers was a Christian life—but she showed no signs of comprehension, and I left her; believing my whisper unheard."

But, hours after, to that delirium there came a lucid interval, and in that period of quiet what were the words that the invalid spoke! "*Underneath are the everlasting Arms!*" Amid all the strange fancies of the restless brain, that one text of heavenly calm had been victorious, and reached to heart and memory.—*The Quiver*.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC AND MISERIES.

The deep resentment existing in the minds of many Chinese against foreigners, on account of the opium traffic, is well shown by an incident narrated by a member of the China Island Mission, who reports having found one day, in a large house, three women sitting together, smoking their pipes—one an old lady in her ninetieth year. As soon as this old lady caught the name of Jesus in the conversation, she arose, and, coming toward the missionary, said: "Do not mention that name again! I hate Jesus! I will not hear another word! You foreigners bring opium in one hand and Jesus in the other!" Later, taking the book from the hand of the missionary, she read a few sentences; but seeing the name of Jesus, she contemptuously shut the volume saying, "Take it away! Take it away! I do not want your opium or your Jesus!" Can anything be sadder than having our holy faith thus connected, though wrongly, in the minds of the Chinese with a vile traffic.—*Missionary Herald*.

THE POWER OF A TRACT.

A young Hindu of some education fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole \$3 from his aunt. Passing on his way he found in his path the "Heart Book," a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested and his conscience aroused. He went home confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart-wrongs in the little book. His conscience, so seared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village, who had a larger book which they called "God's Word." He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the "Heart Book." He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptized. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites, but he lives an earnest, happy Christian.

There are some sixty thousand Hindus in Trinidad, and about eighty thousand in Demarara. These children of the East have come to the West Indies to labor. God has put them there to receive the gospel at our hand.