

I would never have fallen out. I do wish you would give them up."

"Massa," said the old man, "I can't give up my beautiful new life. It's my Lord Himself that's come into old Sambo's heart. He knew poor old nigger like me could never get 'long by himself, so He just say to me, 'Sambo, you gib Me your hand, you walk 'long side by Me. I'll be your good Massa all de way, and bring you right home to My beautiful country, where I've got a place all ready for you. I shed My blood to purchase your freedom, Sambo.' He says this to me very often, and it does old nigger such good to hear it."

All this was in said in broken sentences, for Sambo's lips were parched, and he was weak and ill.

"You are a happy man, Sambo, if you really believe that," said Mr. Leary.

"Yes, massa; old Sambo be real happy," answered the slave.

"Even though you are ill from those horrid blows?" said the master.

"Aye, massa; maybe it's just through those blows that my Lord has spoken to me more lovely than ever before. Last night He kept saying to me, 'Never fear, Sambo! I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee; here I am close by, you and I be going 'long together; remember, I never gib you up, Sambo.'"

To Mr. Leary's great surprise, he found tears rising to his eyes as he listened to his old slave's simple account of his trust in his Saviour. He hastily left the room, but day after day found him by Sambo's bedside, and the conversation between master and slave was always about God's great salvation.

A few weeks afterwards, Sambo said to his master, "Old Sambo quite well and quite happy now that massa know and love the Lord Jesus. He will soon take Sambo right into His own country, and leave massa down here a while longer to serve Him."

"Don't talk of leaving us, Sambo," Mr. Leary answered. "We can't spare you. Who would help me along the heavenly road if you were gone?"

"The good Lord Himself, massa, now and always, never Sambo," answered the old slave; "the Lord say, 'Walk close by My side, and let Me tell you what to do.'"

"Ah! Sambo, it was because you walked close to Him, and in His strength refused to tell a lie, that I first learnt what trust in God really is."

"And, bless the Lord, massa, you'll keep on finding out how good it be."

"Lord, grant it!" said the master, earnestly. And God did grant it, and greatly blessed Mr. Leary's work for Christ amongst both his friends and slaves.

And He whom Sambo and his master proved to be such a loving Saviour and Friend, "this same Jesus," asks you to let Him be *your* Guide and Friend. As the old slave put it, He says, "Give Me your hand; walk alongside of Me."

Will you not, poor sinner as you are, just look straight up to Him and say from your heart:

"With a childlike faith I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend by my side;  
And the only thing that I say to Him,  
As He takes it, is, 'Hold me fast,  
Suffer me not to lose my way,  
And bring me home at last!'"

—*Fannie E. Turner, in Our Own Magazine.*

#### STARTING OUT RIGHT.

A YOUNG girl who occupies a minor position in the clerical department of a large railway company declared one day in a passionate tone, "I'd give anything in the world if I were out of the N. Y. and Z. offices!"

"Why?" asked a friend, knowing that the position was fully as good as she could expect to hold.

"Because I've started out wrong, and I can't get right."

"I thought when I began I could be on friendly, social terms with the men in the office, and have a nice easy time with them as we worked together day by day. But, oh! it hasn't turned out as I thought it would, at all! They treat me in a familiar, slap-you-on-the-back kind of way that humiliates me constantly."

"When I come in in the morning, they say, 'Jennie, what have you got that thing around your neck for?' or they ask if I didn't forget some of my hairpins. And when I try to resent it they only laugh at me. I am fairly degraded in my own eyes, and I can't help it because I've started out wrong."

There is a lesson here for the vast army of girls and young women who are privileged, under our liberal social requirements, to go out into the world and earn their own living.

It is hard for a girl who has lived a free and unrestrained life at home entertaining her male friends, usually in her mother's presence, and always with her sanction,

to realize that the same unstudied atmosphere should not prevail in a public office.

She does not take into account that she has not the accustomed background of home and parents to countenance her innocent gaiety. The proverbial inch is given, and the ell taken, and often when it is too late she finds that the charmed circle of womanly sanctity, which is every girl's birthright, is trodden down and obliterated.

Her name is banded from one pair of masculine lips to another, her actions openly commented on, the details of her dress discussed. She finds herself treated as a sort of anomalous creature, not a man, and not commanding the respect and deference due a woman. It is monstrous and humiliating, and, once allowed, is nearly irremediable.

Girls, earn your independence, if you must or will; go as wage-earners into the office or the shop, but carry with you that sweet womanly reserve which is at once your charm and your safeguard.—*The Lookout.*

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