

made of dry logs, and when the depth of a stream admitted of it we waded or forded our way across. At nightfall ten miles of a journey lay before us still, but we were fain to rest. Wet and weary we lay down on a brush bed and slept and shivered, and dreamed of home and plenty.

We were standing on the shore of a lakelet, the next morning at nine o'clock, looking across at the Old Mission House which in other days our own hands had piled. It was a glad sight. We had kindled a fire to attract the attention of the Indians living in those tents standing near it. We had flagged them, and we waited for the answering signal. As we looked a canoe shot out from the shore, and headed for the point at which we stood. Is it unmanly to say that our hearts throbbed wildly with delight, while there was a choking sensation at our throats as the canoe comes swiftly on to our deliverance? Hungry, weary, ragged, trembling with the cold of a frosty morning, oh, what joy it was to step into Mr. Isbister's happy home, and receive such a royal welcome as we received from him and his.

The perils of waters past, now comes rest and work for God.

"BEN'S ROOM."

"WHAT a hideous green you are putting into that tidy," said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate good-humouredly, "you see I bought it one evening and began to work on it by lamplight and thought it looked pretty well. But some colours are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know of one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there," and Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly as she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her. "Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlour as into brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for that difference; thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. I don't like the way he is spending the time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromes and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats upon the bureau; fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his open door that evening, and saw him sitting with head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh no," he answered, "only think of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time, either. By-and-bye he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and to be worthy of it?

"Do you know" said Kate to her friend one day "your plan has worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!

"PUNISHING THE HEATHEN."

Six hundred miles north of Rarotonga lies the coral island called Penrhyn. The inhabitants were until lately a terror to navigators. In 1854 the first attempt was made to evangelize them. The teachers went from islands (Rarotonga and Mangaia) abounding in all tropical vegetables and fruits to live there on coconuts and fish only, and unhappily the coconut-trees ceased to bear for want of rain.

We saw one day an aged woman, horribly mutilated. Upon our inquiring the cause, she told us that some natives from the far-distant Gilbert Islands, who had been living ashore there, one night, without provocation, murdered two companions of hers. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts and was left for dead, but contrived to crawl into the bush and hide herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said "Hang all three," but the majority ruled that because they were heathen they should not die. Their punishment was that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God and pray! The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and pray, after which they left Penrhyn Island, the native name of which is Tongareva.

The lagoon of Penrhyn is some nine or ten miles across, and is celebrated for its pearl fishery. Incidents like the above induce us to believe and hope that these poor islanders have found the "Pearl of great price."—*Rev. W. Wyatt Gill.*

HOW SHE FOUND OUT.

"I DON'T believe in her! that's all about it," said one tall school girl to the other, as they watched one of the governesses cross the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean?" asked her friend.

"O you know well enough, Emily Morton!" was the quick reply. "I don't trust her; I don't believe she's true to her word or to her friends; I have not a scrap of confidence in anything she says or does. What's the matter?" as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak.

"I've found it all out. O I am so glad!"

"Found what out!"

But Emily Morton had dashed away, leaving her friend, half perplexed, half offended. Upstairs she ran and peeped into the little room that she shared with Bella Seymour; but Bella was out, and Emily could lock her door and have a quiet think. Hear what she says to herself: "I know now what believing in Jesus means. It means to trust in him; to believe he is true to his promise and his friends; to put all my confidence in what he has done and said. Why, how simple it is! and how foolish I have been! I have been puzzling over it so long—so long." Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Minnie Jackson's chance words about the new teacher had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "believing" in him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has been puzzling over Emily Morton's question: "What is it to believe in Jesus?" You can understand what believing in your mother, your friend, your teacher, means. Now just apply that power of believing in them to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts, nor forsakes any who trust in him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect friend any one can have, and all that he has done is perfect, and all that he says is true. Can you not trust him? Only trust him.

JIMMIE'S ANSWER.

LITTLE Jimmie was a thorough-going Christian lad of some twelve or thirteen summers. A good clergyman, being one day on a visit to the family, said to him, "Jimmie, do you never get tired praying?"

"No, sir, I think not," modestly replied Jimmie.

"But," said the minister wishing to try him, "perhaps you don't pray enough to make yourself tired."

"Ah! sir," replied Jimmie, earnestly, "the less I pray the more tired I become."

I have often thought of Jimmie's answer. Was it not a good one? How true it is that the less we pray the less inclination we have for prayer, while on the other hand the oftener we are found in the attitude of faithful prayer, the stronger our desire will become for communion with God. Of what paramount importance to the Christian is faithful prayer? It is the key with which we unlock the unlimited treasures of God's grace; it is the sword with which we put to flight the strongest of spiritual foes; it is the pitcher with which we dip abundant supplies from the boundless ocean of his love. Dear reader, do not neglect this glorious privilege of prayer. If you would become spiritually strong be often found at the throne of grace; if you would conquer bad habits, if you would overcome evil desires, if you would grow nobler, purer, more useful in the world, be often found in secret with your God. If we pray but seldom our progress in divine life will be slow; our pathway will become hedged about with difficulties; we will begin to weary of

Christian warfare, and, like little Jimmie, we will find that "the less we pray, the more weary we will become."

CHRIST HELP.

A REAL INCIDENT IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

TWO little cots placed side by side, Two childish voices speak, Two little faces wan with pain Patient, though so weak.

"Ah me! How shall I bear the pain! Oh! how shall I be brave! They said it was the only thing, My little life to save!

"The doctor said the pain would be So very, very great, — I think I could be brave, were't now, But 'tis so hard to wait!"

And now the other little voice; — "Ask the dear Lord, Who died, To help you — He can do it, dear, Better than all beside!"

"But me from all the many here, How could the dear Lord tell? "Oh! cross your hands, upon your breast And then he'll know you well!"

And straight uprose the baby prayer To heaven—soft and low,— "Please, Jesus, help Thy little girl Who has her hands crossed so!"

And with a smile of child-like trust That Jesus watch would keep, She meekly crossed her wee wan hands And sweetly fell asleep.

Next morn, the nurse came softly round, And bending o'er the bed, "The child is sleeping better far, Than for long weeks!" she said.

But something's in the still calm face That was not there before,— A look of restful peace, for pain Can never reach her more!

And tearfully the nurse turned back, And in a soft voice said, "No need to break her sweet rest now, Our little one is dead!"

With small hands crossed upon her breast, A silent witness she, That Christ had helped His little one,— The childish soul was free!

A QUICK TEMPER.

WHAT did I hear you say, Theodore! That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over!

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with tears. God's Word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;" that "better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when He was reviled reviled not again.—*Child's World.*