

HOW HE HELPED.

A young man had just joined the church. He was eager to do something to prove himself worthy of the Christian name. It was a country church. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical everyday Christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard, but had reformed, and become a changed man.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influences for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said :

"What shall I do?"

"Do?" said the other. "There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away."

The poor fellow went, and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any of the members present.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. They who had vowed to cherish and help the penitent and the fallen, went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the house of God.

"It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite," one said to another as an excuse for his neglect.

"It is no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish," said a third.

The young church member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. The sight troubled him. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last, he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and summoning all his courage he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He

had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping.

"Oh," she said, "help me! May be you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed for what he has done, and the way they've treated him. He can never hold up his head again. Oh, can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?"

The young man forgot his timidity. "I will t.y," he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour later the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

"Well, Jennie," he said "seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too."

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The unselfishness of the young Christian, in doing what others did not do, accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Who can you help, boys?

YOUNG FOLKS IN CHINA.

It is believed that the first clothes worn by a Chinese baby should be made out of the coat and trousers of an old man of seventy or eighty years, to ensure a like length of life to the wearer.

The third day after the baby is born the friends of the family are invited to make a call. Each guest brings an onion and some cash, the former an emblem of keen-wittedness and the latter of wealth.

When he is six years of age, a Chinese boy is sent to school. He presents himself at the school, carrying with him two small candles, some sticks of incense, and some paper money, which are burned at the shrine of Confucius, before which also the little fellow prostrates himself three times.

There is no alphabet in Chinese, so the young folks of that country when they go to school have to plunge right into the midst of the subject by learning to read *the san tsze king*, a work written in sentences of three characters. It is very, very hard for them, as you may suppose.—*Sel.*