

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith, tells the story of his last dollar.—Peterson's Magazine.

CONQUERED BY LOVE.

A soldier was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome and vicious. As a result, he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said:

"Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"O, no," said the captain, quietly.

That evening the captain called his sergeant, and said:

"Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"O, no," said the captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him."

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, brave and daring.

"Take a seat, sir," said the captain.

The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked

defiance. The captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately, and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honor as a soldier that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the Army. Love conquered him.—Christian Work.

DO YOU KNOW.

Do you know, dear young workers, that in China, which has one-third of the population of the whole world, there are still four hundred millions of souls that are in heathen darkness, groping blindly without the light?

Do you know that in India, that great heathen land, where the people "bow down to idols of wood and stone," more than two hundred and fifty millions have yet to catch even a glimpse of the precious light of the world?

Do you know that in Africa, the Dark Continent, where men still slay and eat each other, there are two hundred millions of souls untouched by the sweet, glad rays of the gospel?

And now that you know this, can you and will you refuse to let what light you can shine forth, so that many of these sad hearts may be made to rejoice in the radiance of the life eternal.—Sel.