

which he held Sunday services. Returning to Blantyre by a quarter to six, he attended evening service at half-past six. Not seldom there would be a summons awaiting him from a patient at the Zambesi Industrial Mission, involving a trudge in the dark of some ten to fourteen miles. This went on year after year!

After Dr. Scott's marriage in 1892, his house became a hospital, with his wife as nurse, and the light-hearted doctor was seldom without some sick European inmate, added to a tremendous practice among the natives. One day there were sixty-eight cases.

It is impossible to give in further detail the varied and marvellous activities of those years. It was found necessary in 1894 to send home his dear wife and little daughter, but like a soldier he stuck to his post and he never saw them more. His habitual cheerfulness never forsook him, but two years after that vigorous frame, seemingly strong and sound as ever, suddenly succumbed to an acute attack of malarial fever, and not only the mission but the whole country was left sadder and poorer by his loss. Scotland has sent out many grand missionaries, but Dr. Scott seems to have been 'in genius, character, and devotion second to none.'

The fresh springs of this devotion were found in God. In youth he gave a morning half hour to prayer, and he wrote 'I find that as time goes on half an hour is far too little. We must give God time to speak to us if we want to learn of him. Ever since I gave more time to prayer, preaching, which as you know was like murder to me, has become a delight.'

Let us take as the lesson of Dr. Scott's life for us the words which he wrote in regard to the 'awful solemnity' of his ordination vows: 'I believe that every Christian is under exactly the same vows.' His noble example, if made widely known, may set forward the service of the Kingdom as efficiently as a longer earthly life.

Interesting Children in Missions.

(By Mrs. E. F. Clark, in 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

A young mother asks, 'How can I interest my little boys in missions?'

I have just received from an older mother a story of her own home life, and because I believe you could get a hint from it I am going to quote a part of it right here.

'A package was being made up for a home missionary. It had been talked over in the family, and each child had selected some little gift to be sent, and at last the mother suggested to little Kittie that she should send her favorite book, the 'Songs for the Little Ones at Home.' This was in the days when children's books were scarce, and this little book had been the daily companion of all the seven, and the nightly bed-fellow of little Kittie, who liked nothing better than to sing to the book, as she hugged it, one of its favorite little songs,—

"Now go to sleep, dolly, in mother's own lap."

'After hesitating a little, they all agreed to give up their right to the book, till I came to little Kittie. She was sitting as usual with the book in her hand. When I asked, 'Are you willing, my dear, to send the little song-book away off to those children who have so little?'" "What! not my own little dolly book?" exclaimed the grieved child, the tears beginning to start.

"Yes," said I, "I meant your own little dolly book. They have no little books like

yours there, and their mother cannot buy them any. Now you have your A B C book and your primer; and then you have great Susie, you know; and you can rock her in your little cradle, instead of the book. The others are all willing, and won't you be willing, too?"

"They may have Susie," she answered pleadingly. Poor little one, if I asked for any or all of her other books, she would have consented. Even Susie, the great rag baby, could have been given up without a tear. But after a little more wavering she summoned all her resolution, and said, 'Now, mother, you may have my dolly book; but may I look once more at 'Little brother, darling boy,' and 'Hush, my dear,' and 'Thank you, thank you, pretty cow?'"

Finally, with a few tears and kisses she bade good-by to Dolly, Birdie, and Rover, and all; and the brown paper cover was removed, and the bright blue covers were clean and new to send away; and Kittie bravely smiled through her tears as the package was sent away.

I cannot give you the rest of the story; but I was glad, as I read it, to know that some months later little Kittie had a present of a new dolly book.

Now this sounds to us like rather heroic treatment, and I am not sure how many mothers of to-day would try it, but surely we can at least get a hint from this mother. Next time your church is preparing a home-missionary barrel, find out all you can about the people to whom it is going. Then tell the story as graphically as possible to your small boys. Let them realize how many things home missionaries have to do without, and their little hearts will be easily touched if your own is moved. Let the boys give what you think best of their own playthings and toys, if they are good and pretty, not broken ones; and then let them make some little sacrifice to put in something new which they earned themselves.

Tell them, perhaps once a week, as a special Sunday treat, an interesting missionary story, home or foreign; sometimes illustrating it with pictures, and sometimes building with their blocks. You will find plenty of material for these stories in your missionary magazines; and, if you take pains to learn your story well and and tell it vividly, you will find your audience as interested as you are. Let each boy have a mite-box of his own, and give something regularly, if it is only a penny a week, and as often as possible let them drop in a special gift, and tell them stories of the people to whom the money goes. So, giving to missions, studying the work, praying for the workers, how can they help being interested? Try it, and keep on trying.

How to Study.

Before beginning a book it is well to look carefully through the table of contents and to learn all that we can about the general design of the author, the method he has followed, the relations between the various topics he has discussed, and the various arguments on which he has relied. After finishing the book, we should repeat the process. We should look at the book as a whole, and piece together all its parts. When we are trying to master the geography of a country, we place vividly before our minds the mountains which run through it and fix the watersheds. These determine the courses of the river. Then we picture to ourselves the outline of the coast. Then we distribute the mining districts. The physical features of the country suggest its natural political boundaries. The navigable

rivers, the harbors, the mines determine the sites where the great towns are naturally built; and these again determine the principal lines of communication—the roads, the canals, and the railways. It is in this way, and only in this way, that we can get a complete and organic conception of the geography of a country and we must adopt a similar method if we are to get a complete and organic conception of the contents of a book. Everything worth reading with any care may be treated in this way—an epic poem, as well as a philosophical discussion; a tragedy, as well as a theological argument; an impassioned lyric, as well as a sermon; the story of a campaign, as well as the decrees of a council and the articles of a confession of faith. If you acquire the power of grasping firmly and as a whole what other men have thought and written you will find it far easier to grasp in the same way what you have thought and written yourselves. And this intellectual mastery of a subject is necessary to the clear and effective exposition of it.—Dr. R. W. Dale.

A Philosopher's Conversion.

In a certain house a servant girl was the only Christian. Her master was a learned scholar and a philosopher, but without any hope of a future life. During an illness he was waited upon by his Christian servant, who was much concerned about her master's salvation. One night, sitting up with him, and supposing him to be asleep, she knelt down and prayed for him. The man was lying awake, and asked what she was doing. She told him she was praying to God to save him. Touched by the faithful creature's interest, the philosopher talked with her about her faith, and, being unable to sleep, continued the conversation for over an hour, interesting himself with the simple gospel that satisfied her. The servant dwelt upon the power of Christ to save all who trust in him. 'Ay,' said the philosopher, 'he may have the power to save, but is he willing?' The servant smiled with a faith the philosopher had not reached. She answered, 'Do you think he would have died for us if he were not more than willing?' The master had to acknowledge that her reasoning was sound.

A Powerful Name.

When John Howard wanted to visit the prisons of Russia, he sought an interview with the Czar, who gave him permission to visit any prison in his kingdom. He knew how jealously the prisoners were guarded, and how averse the gaolers were to permit any one to visit them, yet he set out in perfect confidence. When he arrived at a prison he made application, fully prepared for the refusal which invariably came. Then he produced the Czar's mandate, and the prison doors immediately opened to him. He had faith in that name, and it was justified by results.—'Biblical Illustrator.'

The workers in four churches in a Virginia town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants own and use to great advantage a gospel waggon, with which they go out into the surrounding country towns and hold outdoor meetings, attracting many of those living at a distance from churches or prejudiced against churches. Many conversions have resulted and the meetings have been greatly strengthened in consequence.