

her and prayed with her, and God rewarded their prayers by restoring her to health. Then this Bengali urged his followers, though lowcaste people, to proceed to obtain more books from the towns. In time they had collected five or six tracts, which they sewed together and made into one little book. They had no Bible, no missionary, no colporteur, no one to follow up the work, but from those tracts they evolved a little creed, a tiny creed which, though perhaps crude in character, helped to give those poor people the truth, and wield them into one body in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The creed was in three simple sentences, which were calculated to attract and influence the imagination as well as the enthusiasm of an illiterate people. It was in Bengali, and you will see it sounds somewhat remarkable. It was, 'Satya bolo,' Speak the truth; 'Sanga cholo,' Come with us; 'Guru dhoro,' Cling to the Master. And if you notice these three little sentences in one, you will see that they evolve a creed. 'Satya bolo' means Speak the truth.' In a nation where the very gods are liars, and the people would lie for the smallest gain, and were without righteousness, they learned, as soon as they had found the light in those tracts, to become a truth-loving people. The second clause urged to fellowship, and the third to abide in Christ. So this three-fold cord, a cord not easily broken, bound this little people together. For five years there was no missionary in the neighborhood. At last a visit was paid to the mission station, and the Bengali, with seven others, went to the missionary and said, 'We have read these books. We want to learn something more of Jesus. Will you tell us more?' For three weeks the missionary kept them, teaching them out of the word of God, and when they left that town and returned home they left baptized believers, carrying with them the first bible which went into their neighborhood. A few months later twenty-one others came on the same errand and were baptized.

That tract was a wedge that was driven in, and it opened a vast gap through which missionaries could pass into the interior to regions where they would never have labored unless God had opened the door. On going round, they found these people were not like the Athenians. They seemed interested, and truly wanted to know the Lord. Then the first place of worship was erected and the first service was held, and when the people gathered round in their new little building—a mere thatched building, supported by little posts, with mat walls all around, and the missionary put the question, 'How many of you want to follow the example of the twenty-nine men who have been baptized into the Christian Church? no less than 115 put up their hands that Sunday morning, and were baptized. The first little Christian church was organized, and was followed by a work which has spread and spread until to-day there are some 7,000 Christians in that district who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. In nearly every house you will find tracts, copies of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Holy War,' and other Christian literature, on little shelves around the walls. Some twenty percent can read, and in sixty-four villages, which are largely Christian, the yearly visit of the missionary is looked upon as an annual festival, where they gather in God's house and attend the services of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Light in the Home.'

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as guilty as any which has been practiced by the bravos of any country or any age.—John Ruskin.

'Me Die For Missionary.'

When I went to Ambrym in 1890, at that side of the island where there is no missionary, we saw the people on the shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go near, and whenever we approached them they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they continued doing this. At last two lads came off in canoes with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called out:

'You missionary?'

'Yes, I am a missionary.'

'You true missionary?'

'Yes.'

'You no got revolver?'

I bared my body and showed that I had none.

'You no come steal boys or women?'

'No, we have come to tell you about God. Thereupon he shouted:

'Yes; me savy (know) you! You true missionary. You bring Missi Gordon, who comes here long, long, ago.'

I said 'Yes,' and with one rush the two lads came in their canoe and leaped into our boat, calling ashore:

'Missi! missi! missi!' and something else that we did not understand. The cry was taken up and echoed throughout the entire island—you heard it everywhere—

'Missionary! missionary!'

The people laid aside their weapons, and we soon landed, the natives rushing into the surf and taking the boat up on the beach.

As soon as I got out I saw a painted, forbidding-looking savage making toward me. I kept my eyes on him, for I did not know what he was after.

He seized me by the arm, exclaiming in burning, broken accents:

'Me die for missionary. Me want a missionary. Me no got a missionary. Me die for missionary!'

Oh, how the iron entered into my soul as I felt the grip of the poor savage and heard his pleading cry, for, alas! we had no means of helping him.

I said, 'We cannot give you a missionary.'

'Do, do, do!' he said, looking appealingly at the young men with us.

I said they were for another island.

'No. You stop 'long o' me. Me die; me want missionary to teach me.'

If God's dear people could have seen and heard him with their own eyes and ears, then how soon his desire would have been fulfilled!

At length we went to the boat, and he said:

'When you come with the missionary?'

I said, 'we cannot come for a year.'

'Oh,' he pleaded, 'not say twelve months. Me want missionary; me die for missionary. Not say year.'

Three weary years have passed, and we have not one for them yet. Such is the desire on many islands. Oh, to enter with the gospel and see its blessed effects! — J. G. Paton, in 'Christian Work.'

A Fine Old Fashion.

(Ada Melville Shaw.)

I read about a fine old fashion, this morning, and I wondered if it would ever come about again. I have not many times seen its like in this mighty Babylon, where little children grow bent in gathering cigar-stumps, and old men with bag and hooked stick, haunt the garbage-boxes. Neither have I seen its like in the open country, where the hungry 'tramp' begs his way from farm to farm.

Truly it is an odd fashion—a fashion of gleanings. And the One who set it, spake on this wise, as if by authority: 'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not

wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God.'

Winter is upon us. The poor and stranger are among us. Are we gleaning—cleaning up every corner, gathering every grape, hoarding every dollar? Why not live awhile after this old fashion of days when men lived according to the word of the Lord?

Even Christians forget. And mother saves all her old dresses, with little half-worn skirts and coats, and uses her spare minutes in making rag carpets, rugs and patchwork quilts. How about the children of the poor, for whom she might have used those spare moments to mend the garments and shape them over for their shivering forms?

Some young woman, busy all day 'down town,' on a sufficient salary, sits up half the night to sew for herself, when just around the corner another girl almost starves and wholly despairs for want of that work.

A brother is in need, and borrows from his wealthy brother in Christ, and pays him again—with interest. The lender's money must be 'earning' all the time, even if it earn by another's whitened hairs and shortened life.

'I am the Lord your God!' What mean these words following each command in that chapter of laws?

Do they not mean: 'I have given you all — cannot you spare the gleanings — the cleanings? I fed you out of my abundance when you could not feed yourselves—will you starve my poor?' My harvests are limitless, my grapes are grapes of Eschol; do not be afraid of the future, give, give! I emptied heaven of its most priceless treasure for you—cannot you leave a few grapes for my needy ones?

Oh, housewives with your loaded attics, stored boxes, your carefully boarded materials that 'may come in some day' — you 'thrifty' people who have no absolute need to scrimp and save—you keen business men who pride yourselves on the calculations that make every fraction of wealth bring forth another fraction—get you quit of the fashion of this world and learn of him who said, 'Give! Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom.'

Better, indeed, be out of the world than out of this fashion.

You believe it not? Then have you made the Lord a liar, for the pattern and the promise are his and unto you that read.—Standard.

Saved From Fire.

The 'Canadian Link,' tells a story of a Chinese convert who had learned the secret of taking every difficulty to God in prayer, and expecting a direct answer.

His heathen neighbors were collecting a large sum of money to be spent in idol-worship to preserve the houses on their street from fire. They asked this Christian to contribute, but he answered that he trusted no more in idols, but only in the living God, and that he felt safe from all danger under his protection.

Soon after their expensive ceremony was over, a fire broke out in that very street, and more than a hundred houses were burned to ashes. Still this Christian believed that God would answer his prayers and save his home. Amid the jeers of heathen men he knelt down and asked God to show these people that he was able to save from bodily harm, as well as save souls.

The fire came nearer and nearer, until only one house stood between his and the blazing ruins. Just then God sent a sudden change of wind in answer to that prayer of faith. The fire was conquered. 'According to your faith be it unto you.'