

## A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The good that is being done by seeking to bring the children of Japan to Christ is well illustrated in the following testimony from a worker there: "One of our girls from the northern part of Japan has told me of her visit home, and how her friends had compelled her to attend heathen worship. "But," said she, "I knew those idols could not hear me, so I prayed to the true God all the time I was there. The priest often told his people to be good and kind to each other; but he said that the religion of the foreigners was foolishness, and they must not pay any attention to it. This made it very hard for me to talk about Christianity to the people, but I prayed often in my closet, and talked to them all they would let me. There are no missionaries there, but I truly hope God will send some one soon, or my people will all be lost. They think I am only a young girl, and will not pay much attention to me. I am praying for them all the time, that God will send some one to teach them of His love and kindness."

## The Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little, and his clothes were ragged, and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun shone, and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful "Here you are! A "Record," did you say?"

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff as the warmth penetrated his shivering body.

"It's terribly cold," I began.

"Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse," was the answer.

"But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?" I continued.

"Y-e-s, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can," nodding at the house across the way.

"Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?"

"No," with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; "scarce ever sell one here."

"Why do you come then?"

"Do you want to know the real reason?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, earnestly.

"Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go, I would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says: "He's richer'n Croesus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago." "A beggar?" says t'other fellow. "Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but luck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through." "An' his house is in the next street, you say?" "Yes, we go right past it."

"I followed 'em till they came to the house over there, and while I stood looking at it, something seemed to say to me that if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could, too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, "Pluck and the grace of God." Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't know just what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and

finish up with, "An' give me the grace of God."

"If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over, and say, "Pluck and the grace of God," over to myself a few times. Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the papers sell after that."

"He rose and shook himself like a big dog, and said: 'I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw off it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than to the man that built it.' And a moment later the youthful philosopher was shouting: 'Hyar's your morn'n' papers! "Tri-bune," "Yerald," and "Record" yerel!"—"Ram's Horn."

## The Winning of Hugo.

(By Margaret Lane, in the "Wellspring.")

The morning service was over in a prominent church of a large city, and the congregation was leisurely passing out.

Elizabeth Gray had waited in the vestibule to speak to a friend, when the minister saw her and stopped her for a minute. Dr. Macey had a request to make of her, and he was very much in earnest. Perhaps he saw that the girl was going to refuse, for after a minute's hesitation he went on: "I know it is a very hard thing to ask of you so soon after your great trouble, but that class of boys has become so incorrigible for want of a teacher who can hold them that unless we do something now, we shall lose them entirely."

"Then, you will pardon me for saying it, but I feel as if your very position, your charm of manner—and yes, your very attractiveness, are just so many talents put into your keeping to win those boys for Christ."

There was not a suspicion of flattery in her pastor's manner, and almost before she knew it, she had answered, gravely:—

"I think I should like to try it. You must have known how desperately I have wanted something to do. It has been so very lonely for me—at home, since mother went away."

Dr. Macey's face brightened with pleasure and satisfaction as he shook hands with her and promised to call that afternoon to take her to her new charges. When she thought the matter over in her refined, luxurious home, she grew dismayed at what she had promised, though she had no intention of drawing back.

"And maybe," thought the only daughter of the wealthy merchant, "I shall find what I have been longing for. Thinking about dresses and luncheons and calls isn't very soul-satisfying."

When the minister came, Elizabeth was ready, and his glance at the young face under the black hat was one of distinct approval; but the girl was a little afraid as she made her first venture into an untried field.

She had never been down in the part of the city where the mission school was, and the dirt, the wretchedness, the utter ugliness of it struck across her sensitive nature with painful discord.

The sharp contrast between the broad streets, pleasant parks, and handsome homes that had meant life to her, and the narrow, ill-smelling alleys, the unkempt, neglected houses, the dreary outlook that now met her eyes, came to her with a feeling of deep surprise and regret that she had never known of it before.

The mission chapel stood on an open square, a block or two above the river. Except around the church, it was strewn with rubbish. A few blades of coarse grass tried to make their way to greenness in scattered places, but for the rest it was rough and bare. Still, it was the only playground the poor children of the district knew, and on this Sunday afternoon it was crowded with them, playing, fighting, quarrelling, as their instincts led them.

Elizabeth noticed with amusement that the boys were finding great delight in rolling each other down into the ditch in a barrel. Volunteers to enter it seemed to have been numerous when the novel game was

first discovered, but they lessened perceptibly as bruises and cuts increased.

Dr. Macey smiled and said: "Those are your boys." Just then they caught sight of the two who watched them, and a shout arose, "Here's a new teacher," and there was a centre rush for the door. She drew a quick breath as she took her seat among the ten restless street boys that were to be her class.

It was quite evident that they thought the enemy had been delivered into their hands, and with many nods, winks, and whispers they announced their intention of making the most of it. The skirmish began when Elizabeth opened her notebook and asked the name of the boy who seemed to be the leader. An impudent wink from a pair of clear, gray eyes partially answered her question as the twelve-year Ismaelite looked round the class to command attention and replied with a grin: "It don't make no sorter difference to me, miss."

There was a scarcely suppressed giggle as the others realized that once more the honor of the gang had been defended, and they followed his example with nonplussing and impertinent answers.

But the "new one" was quite stupid, for she only said, with a touch of compassion in her tone, "It is too bad that you haven't any names, but I suppose you couldn't help it, and I am very sorry." The class stared as one man, but when she took up the lesson paper, hands that varied in shades of dirt all the way from brown to black dived into pockets with marvellous rapidity. When they came out, they held a wonderful assortment of small wares to be bartered away. Strings, nails, marbles, tobacco tags, playing cards were bought and sold under Elizabeth's very eyes. And yet not a single "Boys, you musn't do that" fell from her lips. And they looked at her curiously once or twice to find that she seemed as much interested as they were.

But when she took up a small, gray marble and asked its particular use, they felt that as a Sunday-school teacher she had taken an unfair advantage of them. The boy who had meant to lead the others to the discomfiture of Miss Gray hastened to illustrate with marbles in point their different uses, and when she said, a little wistfully, "I wish I knew how to play marbles," he returned, "I'll teach yer any day yer wanten, an' my name's Tom Jenkins, if yer wanten know it."

It was the beginning of a complete surrender, and after a little more talk the marbles, cards, and other things slipped quietly back into their owners' pockets. When they came to themselves, they found they were listening to a story.

The lesson that day had been about Daniel, but this story was about a real boy who was very brave and not afraid of anything. He grew up into the same kind of man, and was thrown into a den of lions because he wouldn't stop loving God and serving him. The story was thrillingly told, and the boys listened with intense interest. When it was finished, they broke out again: "Say, he was a great one, he was. Does yer know any more stories like that?"

Just then the superintendent's bell rang, and before its second tap came she had obtained the name and street and number of each eager lad. Then, with a bright smile and good-by, she left them.

The Preston Hill gang (self-named) came together for discussion at the back of the chapel.

"Well, Tom, how do this yere one strike yer fancy?" asked a bold-faced boy.

Tom turned with an air of studied indifference that was the delight of his admirers and said, "I tell yer what, fellers, she's all right an' no mistake." Then, with an access of fierceness, "An' the first feller what fools wid her is gwine ter git his head punched."

Elizabeth's first Sunday had won her a complete victory so far as the reverence of the boys went, but as the weeks and months flew by, this reverence deepened into an intimate friendship, which on the boy's side was only another name for undisguised worship.

As she grew to know them, their games, their haunts, their likes and dislikes, she became conscious that they were largely influenced and governed by a boy whom she had never seen at Sunday school, but who played with them and put swift feet in flight whenever she appeared. "Hugo" was the final