

girl about 13 years of age, and of whom the mother is very fond.

The three, mother, daughter, and daughter-in-law, sat on the bed, and after finding out all about me, asked Miss Rodger to read something to them. She read a part of Christ's sermon on the Mount, exhorting His hearers to return good for evil, blessing for cursing. They all listened earnestly, and when the reading was finished the mother said that these words were very good, but did any one act on them. When Miss Rodger told her that Christians at least tried to do so, she shook her head rather doubtfully and said: "Perhaps one in a thousand may do it." This woman had been anxious to learn to read herself and had asked to be taught. Though done as quietly as possible her stepson got knowledge of it and influenced his father to forbid it, so the lessons had to be given up.

FORMOSA.

Mrs. Jamieson writes:

"I wish you could have seen the effects of a typhoon (a violent wind) that passed over us lately. It lasted two days, and the most solid buildings suffered more or less. The wind roared almost like thunder, tiles were cracked or torn off, the rain came pouring down, and fences were flattened. The Colleges stood it well, but the trees were bent over or torn up by the roots. Dr. McKay was in the country, exposed to the full force of the storm, and narrowly escaped drowning when trying to cross some water in a little boat.

Seven chapels were destroyed, which were among the best. One of these was opened a little over a year ago when I was baptized. To the right and behind this chapel lived Rev. Tam-He, the native assistant who was ordained last year. He had notes carefully written out of all Dr. McKay's daily teaching for the last 14 years; they were stolen and no doubt destroyed.

A PASTOR.

The Church of England has nine mission stations along the Panama Canal.

THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT.

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he "I'll have some candy; for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap, and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; and then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed,—

"Mother, the heathen have beat!—the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat'?"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want bibles and tracts. Help us little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh! I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Sel.*

THE PIOUS WISH.

Oh, that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might closely tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each
thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.

Sel.