

MOFFAT THE MISSIONARY.

One day a Scotch lad, not yet sixteen, started from home to take charge of a gentleman's garden in Cheshire, England. He bade farewell to his father, brothers and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry. "let us stand here for a few minutes. I wish to ask one favor of you before we part."

"What is it mother?" answered the son.

"Promise me that you will do what I am going to ask you."

"I cannot mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"O Robert!" she exclaimed, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks. "would I ask you to do any thing that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I ask you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scriptures daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise and read every day his Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother, not from any pleasure he found in the sacred book. At length inattentive though he was, the lad came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy, and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading, but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge, in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up in one book—the Bible. He did not pray, until his unhappiness sent him to his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistle of the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's words appeared different, though familiar to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighboring town,

he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries, told him by his mother, came up as vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose, which made Robert Moffat a missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.

LICENSED MURDER.

That is a very touching incident related of a heart-broken woman who came into Gov. St. John's office with a babe in her arms to beg the pardon of her husband, who was under sentence of ten years imprisonment for homicide. She showed papers recommending the pardon from the Judge who tried the man, the prosecuting attorney, and other prominent men. After closely examining the papers, he said: "If I were to consult my personal feelings, I should gladly let your husband go, but I am bound by my official duty and that forbids it." The woman fell at his feet in a paroxysm of weeping. "Then hear me," she cried, "till I tell you how he came to where he is: We were married seven years ago; we went to a town (mentioning the place); and there in our little village we were happy. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertion and self-denial we finally got our home paid for. But in an evil day the State licensed a saloon, and let it plant itself right between my husband's shop and our house. He was prospering so well that he could leave his business in other hands and lose an hour or two, without feeling it. He was solicited to enter this saloon, and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and fired by drink, struck a man, and killed him. He was tried, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. I had nothing to live on. By-and-by the sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed or plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick, and died. Then little Tommy, my next, fell sick, and died. Now, this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State licensed that saloon; the State murdered my children; and now, in God's name, I want you to set my husband free." "I promised I would—and I did," said the Governor.