

in her life, really praying. When they arose from their knees, she said:

"This is just what I've wanted so long; now I feel peace in my heart. How different it was when I confessed to the priest!"

From that time she has given evidence of being a true believer. She did not go near the shrine of the Virgin, but during her stay in Zaragoza came to all our preaching services, and to the prayer meeting and women's Bible class, and went back to her village rejoicing with a large-type Testament, which she promised us to learn to read as fast as possible, as she already knew a few letters.

Since then she has not gone back to the superstitious rites of Rome, and is known throughout the village as the Protestant or heretic. She came afterwards again to Zaragoza, and seemed very happy to be once more in the meetings. When she called at our house with her good friend Maria, we were pleased to see how much progress she had made in reading. She said she always carried the Gospel about with her, wrapped in a handkerchief, and, when she found a chance, took it out and tried to read. If any one asked her, "What book is that?" she answered, "A very good book. Read aloud a little to me and you will see." In that way she had got them to read to her many chapters. So Hermenegilda is not only learning much of the Bible herself, but is learning others to know about it. May it be as precious to them as it is to her!

THE DOG AS A CULPRIT.

A dog had worried and much injured some fine sheep at the distance of a quarter of a mile from its master's house, but being discovered by the farmer, who knew the dog, it made all haste to its master's house in the neighbouring town, where the master was sitting by the fire, and another lay at his feet asleep. Advancing with all the appearance of conscious innocence, the culprit lay down by the side of its canine friend, and presently assumed the appearance of being also asleep.

The pursuer, however, soon appeared also, and began to tell the tale of the injury inflicted on his sheep. The really innocent dog continued to sleep on, but the conscious, guilty one, without looking up, crept silently away, not directly, but round the room, and was not long in quitting the house. Very near the master's house was a cellar which was used for the purpose of *barking* the nets of fishermen, and a portion of the apparatus consisted of a boiler with a flue, into which latter it crept entirely out of sight, and there it was discovered and made to suffer the necessary consequence of its crime. It is evident that the dog not only knew the person of its pursuer, but also the purport of his tale, as well as that its attempt to lull suspicion had completely failed.

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

The superintendent of a street railway leading out of New York into the country, tells how a father and mother erected a memorial to their dead boy:

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand, and after some little hesitation, said:

"I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put it away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box.

"We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer.

"It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.