

The Revds. Lal Bihari and Ragbir addressed the guests, and their speeches were well received. Other speakers followed; and after the centre of the hall had been photographed by Mr. G. Adhar, and thanks accorded to Mr. Sirju for the accommodation he afforded the Managing Committee, the gathering was brought to a close some time after 11 o'clock by the appropriate Hymn, In the Sweet Bye and Bye, followed by prayer by the Revd. Mr. Grant."

We have given the above in full because we feel that it is one of the best missionary sermons that we have ever seen. When we think that but twenty years ago Mr. Grant began work in San Fernando among the Indian immigrants who knew nothing of a Saviour and contrast with that the event described in the above lines we may well say "What hath God wrought?"—Ed.

HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE.

In the following style a contemporary deals with the saloon:

"Have you a boy to spare? The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory; and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. 'Wanted—2,000,000 boys,' is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you satisfied, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?"

WHO WINS?

Who wins in any undertaking? He who starts in life with a resolute determination to succeed, and sticks to it. In every thing there is discouragements and obstacles to be overcome. A pretty illustration of this is found in the following anecdote: At one of the mills in Boston a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts: "Boy wanted. Call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted, but

the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he, "Now, boys, when I only want one of you, how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he called them into the yard, drove a nail into a tree, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with the stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys each tried three times, and failed to hit the nail. They were told to come again next morning. When the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy said, "You see, sir, I have a mother, and we are very poor. I have no father, and I thought I would like to get the place, and so help all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed, and this boy is now a prosperous man. His success has come by perseverance.—*Sel.*

DO NOT JUDGE HASTILY.

A bidder at an auction sale was unjustly condemned by the whole company recently. The *Constitution*, of Atlanta, Ga., in reporting the sale of auction of some household effects, says, that one of the lots was a pretty pair of crutches. In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the right length for him. He was the first to bid on the crutches. An elderly well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" in the crowd. The boy made another bid, and once more he was overbid by the same old gentleman. The boy bid all he was able, and turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, and to the great surprise of all he took them to the poor little boy and made him a present of them. There probably never was an old man who was more abused and praised in such a short space of time as was the purchaser of the crutches. But he learned none of it, and disappeared even before the grateful boy could thank him. The time will come when many events which now we speak of as the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, will be seen in a similar light. God thwarts our efforts, and brings to nothing our well meant designs, in order that he may do better for us than we hoped to do for ourselves. Rom. 8:28.—*Christian Herald*