

JOHN BUNYAN.

Two hundred years ago there lived in England a pious and godly man whose name was John Bunyan. His father was a tinker, and it may be supposed that John often tried his hand at mending tin vessels. If he was as fond of hammering and making a racket as are some boys with whom we are acquainted, he must have had a grand time in his father's tinker shop. Some say that he was a very bad boy. He even says of himself that he was very wicked. But he said this when he was very sorry for his sins, so that he may not have been worse, or perhaps not nearly so bad as some boys are who think they are pretty good. It is true that John did some swearing and that is always bad. He was cured of this wicked habit by some good man who one day kindly told him how bad it was. One rebuke was enough. He was also fond of engaging in immoral amusements. He regretted this very much after he saw what an evil influence they exerted over him.

When Mr. Bunyan was only seventeen years old he became a soldier under the great English statesman and general, Oliver Cromwell. While he was in the army he once had a very narrow escape from being killed. It was at the siege of Leicester. He had been appointed to do duty as a sentinel, but he wanted to go somewhere else at that time. One of his comrades kindly took his place, and before Mr. Bunyan returned his friend was shot dead. That must have made him feel very sad, and yet he always looked on it as having been providential. It does seem so, because he was spared to become a very good and useful man. In 1647 he was married. This was an advantage to him. It helped to lead him to become a Christian, at least, he soon grew deeply interested in religion. He had many struggles with doubts and temptations. Satan, that great enemy of all good feared that Bunyan would become a great instrument in God's hands to bring sinners to Christ, and so he tried in every way to discourage this young Christian. But at last Mr. Bunyan felt that he was truly saved, and then he went to work for his Master, Jesus, in great earnest. He began to preach to the poor of Bedford, and continued for five years. The enemies of the cause of Christ opposed and persecuted him a great deal, but he was now growing strong in God's grace and would not allow himself to become discouraged. His enemies were so determined to make him stop preaching that they put him into gaol in Bedford, where he had to stay for twelve long years. They then tried to tempt him with liberty if he would stop preaching. He said, "if you will let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow." While in gaol he preached to the prisoners. He made lace and sold it, and in this way secured money enough to keep his poor wife and children, one of whom was blind. The only books he had to read were the Bible, the best of all books, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. He was not very well educated, but he began to write books. The greatest and best book he ever wrote was called "Pilgrim's Progress," which is a figurative description of the travels of a Christian from this world to heaven. This book has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. He may have gotten his first idea of writing it from reading a book called "Palace of Honor," which was written in 1501, by a Scottish poet, by the name of Gavin Douglas. He made many mistakes in writing, but he kept at it, and now, perhaps, it can be said of his book that it has done as much or more good in the world than any other book except the Bible.

His enemies finally yielded, and he was freed from prison in 1672. He served a Baptist congregation as pastor for some years. In 1678 the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" was published, and in 1684 the

second part was published. He also wrote a number of other books, one of which is called "The Holy War." He spent the latter part of his life in Holborn. He died in London August 31, 1688. His death was hastened by exposure to the rain in returning from one of his many benevolent errands.—*Sunday School Messenger.*

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A Chinese fortune-teller became interested in the Gospel, but when he found he must give up fortune-telling he went back to his idols. Meanwhile his aged mother had heard from him of the Gospel, had become truly interested, and came to the mission asking to be taught to read the Bible. Miss Turner was then only a few weeks in China. Nevertheless she endeavored to help the woman. The Bible was printed in Romanized letters, and knowing a little of the Chinese pronunciation she would pronounce so far as she could the words which the old woman's quick instinct would take

need hardly add the argument was convincing, and Miss Turner patiently went over the rudiments with the eager disciple. Many such beautiful incidents, told in a simple and unconstrained manner, adorned Miss Turner's touching address.

MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen, or not to marry at all. The word is used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sun-browned their faces.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in the world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother, and age and experience have given them an insight into character which is natch beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you.

I never yet knew of a runaway match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

A HOMEY ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever and this throws the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barn-yard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform, for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water-springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CAPTIVE OF JESUS.—In the year 1742 a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his friends for his bravery, and dreaded by his enemies, joined the Christian Indians at Bethlehem. He was now at an advanced age, was full of scars, and all over tattooed with the scenes of actions in which he had been engaged. All who heard his history thought that it could never be surpassed. This man was brought under the influence of religion; and when he was afterwards questioned respecting his warlike feats, he modestly replied, "that being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds done while in the service of the evil spirit, but that he was willing to give an account of the manner in which he had been conquered."

CHICKEN SHORT-CAKE.—Cut the meat from the largest pieces of cold stewed chicken and remove the bones; the wish-bone and other small pieces may be left whole. Heat, and remove any gravy if necessary, and when hot pour one short-cake made as follows: Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one pint of flour. Rub into it a small half-cupful of butter, and then add one cupful of sweet milk. Bake in a quick oven, in a thin sheet.—*From Mrs. Gelpin's Frugalities.*



up; so, little as she knew, she managed to help the old lady. Eie long Miss Turner was sent off to another province, hearing however that the old woman had become a sincere and consistent follower of Christ. On returning to the city some years after, the aged woman sought her out and asked that the reading lessons should be resumed. She wanted particularly to learn correctly her spelling-book. "But," said Miss Turner, "you need not mind that; if you have forgotten the spelling-book, you can read and that is the point." The woman inclined the lady's heart to teach her the spelling-book. Being asked why she was so anxious about so small a matter she replied, "I am going to see my daughter, who was married and moved to a distant city, before I heard of Christ. She has never heard of Him, but I have prayed so long for her that I know she will believe when I tell her. Then when she believes she will want to learn to read about Jesus, and how can I teach her if I have forgotten my spelling?" We

sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is — one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not die old maids. But wait until the princes pass by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "Champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.