

It was a sad blow to the mission and a crushing experience for Mr. Paton, who was now left to prosecute his difficult enterprise *alone*. For four years he remained at his post. During the whole of that time his life was in constant jeopardy from the superstition of the natives and the malignant influences of the godless traders. He was repeatedly urged to leave the place, alike by his friends connected with the mission on other islands, and by the few friendly natives on Tanna. But he resolutely refused to listen to their remonstrances as long as a gleam of hope remained. But things went on from bad to worse, until the mission premises at both stations were utterly destroyed, and everything the missionaries owned carried off by bands of frantic savages. It was with the greatest difficulty Mr. Paton and the Mathiesons escaped to Aneityum. Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson both died very soon after, and the Gospel was for the time driven from Tanna—though Mr. Paton has lived to see the fruit of his heroic labours and sufferings in a flourishing mission on that same island, where the seeds of faith and hope are bearing precious fruit in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Watt at the present time.

Household Words.

I WISH I HAD KNOWN IT BEFORE.

A beautiful woman lay on a bed of sickness in an elegant residence on one of the finest and most fashionable of Boston's broad avenues. She was surrounded by every luxury, and attended by kind friends anxious to anticipate every wish, and to relieve the monotony of her weary, painful days in every possible manner. One afternoon she opened her eyes and said, in a low, weak voice:

"Read to me, please, O dear, how I wish there was something new in matter and manner in the literary world! I am so tired of everything!"

Her sister went to the next room for a book of poems, and while she was gone, the professional nurse, who sat beside her bed, took from the pocket of her plain drab wrapper a small Bible, opened it, and began to read in a subdued voice:

"And seeing the multitude he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying."

The sick woman listened attentively until the nurse paused with the words, "And the

people were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

"That is beautiful," she said; "that will create sensation! Who wrote it? Where did you get it?"

"Why," said the nurse, in astonishment, looking with surprise at her patient, and thinking at first she was wandering in her mind; "it's the Bible! Christ's Sermon on the Mount, you know."

"That in the Bible! Anything so beautiful and so good as that in the Bible?"

"What did you suppose was in the Bible, if not something good?" asked the nurse, seriously, yet smiling, in spite of herself, at her patient's tone of surprise and incredulity.

"O, I don't know. I never thought much about it. I never opened a Bible in my life. It was a matter of pride with my father to never have a Bible in the house. How did this one come here? O! it is yours—your pocket-Bible. It is strange you should have surprised me into listening to a chapter, and that I should have been so charmed, and not know to what I was listening."

"You have certainly heard the Bible read in church?" asked the nurse in surprise.

"Not I; I have never been to church. We have always made Sunday a holiday. Papa got into that way in Paris. We have been to all popular places of amusement, of course, but never to church. I have never thought about the Bible. I did not suppose it had literary merit. I had no idea it was written in the simple, beautiful style of the portion you have just read. I wish I had known it before."

A few hours later her disease took a fatal turn. The physician came and told her that her time on earth was very short. She would never see another sunrise.

"It cannot be possible," she said; "I never supposed it possible for death to come to me. What was the prayer you read, nurse? 'Our Father, which art in.' Say it with me, husband," and he did so.

"I wish I had known it before, said she, over and over, until she fell asleep from which she never awoke, and that wail of regret was the last word upon her dying lips.

The nurse said it was the saddest experience of her career, to see that beautiful, gifted young woman, with kind friends, a loving husband and a beautiful home, who had all her life taken pride in ignoring the Bible and the Christian Sabbath, turn, when death came, from everything she had prized to the little despised book, and die with the cry upon her lips, "I wish I had known it before."—*Christian Observer*.

GOD IS NOT A MERCHANT.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."