

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that God will recompense all that do good and keep His commandments, and that He will punish those that transgress them.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the Messiah is to come. Though He retard His coming, I will wait till He comes.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the dead shall be restored to life when it shall seem good for the Creator, our God, to do so."

Pray for Missions.

THE saintly mother of a missionary used to pray with a map of the world before her in her closet every day. She would plead with God in behalf of one country for successive days, and then for another, and another. When her daughter wrote home of the great awakening at Harpoot, and of the many conversions in that city and in the villages of the plain, the mother replied: "I am not surprised. I have been expecting this for months past. I have spent the hours before the dawn of every day praying to God for an outbreak of his Spirit upon Harpoot."

Judson's testimony as to prayer was: "I never was deeply interested in any object—I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came at some time; no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came."

Queen Mary trembled at the prayers of John Knox. What a quaking in the kingdom of darkness would ensue if our great sisterhood of churches would band together to fathom the meaning of that glorious promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Prayer, in certain circumstances is as natural to man as the throbbing of the pulse; as the respiration of the lungs. If God implanted that instinct in the human heart it was because in his own heart there is something responsive.—*Talmage.*

Our Young Folk.

Compensation.

JOY'S fair flowers—in life's fresh morning
Faded they fast and die?
Thou shalt gather brighter blossoms
'Neath a purer sky.
Stars of hope that sparkled o'er thee—
Do their lights decline?
Falter not,—for straight before thee
Heaven's glories shine.

Darkly doth the tempest threaten?
Dost thou helpless stand?
There is One who can protect thee,
Stretch to Him thy hand.
'Neath His pinions if He hide thee,
Storms may cross thy way,
Safely through them He will guide thee
Into cloudless day.

—Amy Parkinson.

Toronto.

The "Two Kinds Christy Boys."

FOR THE MISSION FIELD.

CHARLIE was walking down the street with his hands thrust down in his pockets, his head thrown well back, whistling like any blackbird. It was not a very pleasant day, but what does a boy care for March winds and flying dust when his hands each clasp a bright new quarter and his busy brain is hard at work trying to settle which of some half-dozen things he will buy with his birthday money: a kite or a ball, a new jackknife, or some "dandy" tops. Dear me! what a puzzling thing it is, this investing of one's money—but before the question was any-

thing like decided, something occurred to take Charlie's mind quite away from his quarters or himself. Round the corner came a Chinaman—by no means the common sight in Charlie's town that he would be in one of our large cities—and following him were some three or four boys, laughing and shouting, and calling out a great many things that they doubtless thought very bright and witty, and which, though probably the man did not altogether understand, he knew very well were intended to annoy and even insult him. He did look rather odd, to be sure, with his strangely-shaped clothing, and his long braid of hair wound round and round his head, and Charlie stopped and, with his hands still in his pockets, stood watching him, till, just as the man came near where he stood, he turned into what was evidently his shop, a poor little place with but one small window, and closed the door behind him. They boys did not follow. They were—well, not exactly brave, and preferred to remain at a safe distance; but they continued their shouts and gesticulations, and finally one very bold spirit caught up a stone and flung it at the window, of course, breaking it. At that, Charlie, as he would have expressed it, "came to his senses." His hands flashed out of his pockets, and he made one dash which sent these brave boys, who were all larger than he, flying in all directions. Knowing that nothing would be gained by following them, he turned back, and, opening the door of the little laundry, went in. The man was standing looking at his broken window, and shaking his head in the most dismal manner.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed Charlie, though by no means sure that he would be understood. "It is a shame for them to do that! You must take this money"—pulling out his precious quarters—"and have the window mended."

But the Chinaman did understand, as Charlie very soon found. For a moment he only looked at him with a puzzled expression in his face; then, with a queer little shrug of his shoulders, he said: "Me think me no more go where teachy to be Christy. Christy boys worse nor China boys; but—"

But Charlie could not stand that. Oh, the shame of it! His cheeks grew red and his breath came quick. He walked across the little shop and held out his hand. "They are not really Christian boys," he said, in distress; "I will see that they do not bother you again; and now, please take the money; or perhaps I had better see to it for you; and do go to school again; please do. Some day, perhaps, you will understand."

The man took his hand, still looking into his face with that earnest, questioning expression. "Me think me no more go where teachy to be Christy; Christy boy worse nor China boy. But don't know; seem some strange. They bad Christy boys; you good Christy boy. Two kinds Christy boys?"

Ah, it was no wonder that Charlie left the little laundry very thoughtfully and with downcast head. He had insisted upon leaving his birthday money, but it was not that which brought the cloud to his brow. How could he, how could anyone, make the poor heathen understand why there should be "two kinds Christy boys?"—a question which has puzzled older heads than Charlie's. But he had learned a lesson which he never forgot; and at least one Chinaman grew to understand—for they became great friends, these two—that there is something very good and beautiful in the Christian religion, something that his own had never taught him, even though there are "two kinds Christy boys."

GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, until a few years ago the Governor of Natal, said that "for the preservation of peace between the colonists and the natives, one missionary is worth more than a whole battalion of soldiers." He also says: "In travelling over South Africa, I have often heard in the evening hymns rising up from the mountain-side, often our revival hymns, beautifully sung; and I have ridden over to hear whence they have come, and have come to a *kraal*, and here were these people sitting together, not knowing that any white man was near—there was no humbug about it—and I have found them earnestly praying and singing hymns. Now, I feel convinced that when these things take place, mission work is of the greatest benefit and service to the country."