

either the superintendent or her assistant, so it shows an independent interest on the Juniors part that augers well for future work.

In February the society gave a children's concert, under the management of two of the Senior Society, who undersook the task of training the children. This proved to be a great success and the proceeds, \$17, devoted to Home and Foreign Missions, and local church expenses. For several years the society has held one share (\$4 per year) in Miss Barnes' salary, and are surprisingly well-informed as to her work in the Balasore Orphanage, where bundles of papers, and packages of cards are often received from these self-same busy hands.

Thus, along different lines these Juniors are making themselves felt, and their place assured. The churches who do not have a Junior C. E., or A. C. F. Society are missing a great factor in the training of their children for systematic church work.

A SENIOR.

THE WEALTH OF OLD MAN JONES.

"There one thing that I can't understand," said my friend with a questioning mind.

"What is that, Hanson?" I asked.

"About old man Jones down there at the foot of the hill. If there are any Christians in this country, he is one. He has prayed twice a day for forty years, and proved his faith by his works. He has worked hard, and has been ambitious to lay up something for his family, yet he is exceedingly poor, has always been poor,—often his family lack the bare necessities of life. That little cabin with the rocky patch of ground around it is all that he has to show for a life of drudgery. Yet the Bible says that all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord, and to him that asketh it shall be given. How do you explain it?"

"Let us go down and talk with him about it?" I replied.

The old man warmly welcomed us into his simple cabin, and set chairs for us by the open fireplace, for it was a frosty November day.

"I'm glad to see you, Will." He always called me Will. "I have been wanting to tell you about a letter I got two weeks ago from Dave. Dave has professed religion, and joined the church." The old man's eyes grew bright, but his voice shook a little. "I've been praying for that boy for many years, and I knew the Lord would save him." The light on the face furrowed by care and toil and age was good to see. "I'm perfectly happy now," he continued. "Mary married a good man, and they have a good home. Sam is preaching the gospel, and now Dave has chosen that better part. The Lord is wondrous good to his servants, and I can say with David, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' and he repeated the whole Psalm.

"But haven't you often needed things that you did not get?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, yes! certainly, there have been many times in our lives when we did not have all the worldly goods we wanted, but some way we pulled through," replied the old man, cheerfully. "Perhaps it was the result of bad management, perhaps it was best so, but that matters little. The Lord

has made us so rich in everything else we do not mind a little poverty."

"I understand now," said my friend.—William H. Hanby, in Sunday School Times.



HOW TO BE SAVED.

A young man came all the way from Holland once to ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question: "What shall I do to be saved?" He was sitting in his vestry, seeing inquirers, when the young Dutchman came in and spoke in broken English.

"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"I came from Flushing, sir, by boat."

"And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here. I have believed in Him a good many years, and I do trust Him; but if you know anything against Him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir, I do not know anything against him."

"Why don't you trust Him, then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes; I would trust you with anything."

"But you do not know much about me."

"No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the Word, and I believe you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you would trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ? You must have found out something bad about Him. Let me know it."

He stood still and thought for a moment, and then said: "I can see it now. Why, of course, I can trust Him; I cannot help trusting Him. He is such a blessed one that I must trust Him. Good bye, sir," he added; "I will go back to Flushing; it is all right now."



THE OFFENDING MEMBER.

A young man who lives on Chapline River, Kentucky, was out setting traps one evening for coons, when, by an accident, he got his finger caught in his own trap. It was an ingenious trap, made by a hole bored into a large log and nails driven in so that if the animal put his paw in for the bait, he would catch on them, and the more he tried to get away the worse he would be off. The boy caught his own finger, and found it impossible to get it out. He stayed all night on the log, and to his horror found the next morning that the water was rising in the river, and that he would soon be swept out on that log, and that would mean drowning sure, so he took his knife in the other hand and cut off his finger to save his life. This is a grim story, but not more deadly serious than those words of Jesus which tell us that it is better for a man to cut off his right hand, or pluck out his right eye, than to lose his soul. Better to give up any habit, however dear it may be, than to lose eternal life.

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THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

History tells us of a hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his armed followers were urging him to more rapid flight, very coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness.

While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunders, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and he vanished from the view of his enemies. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his cheering comrades.

There is in daily life the same hurtful haste, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents or great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if he be left in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wise who sets all in order before the march begins.—Dr. Hamilton.



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