

Fliedner started with Minna, a degraded woman, who had just been discharged from prison. When Wichern opened the Raue-Haus, in the outskirts of the city of Hamburg, he gathered the outcast boys. Since those earlier days, deaconess houses and rescue missions have been established almost everywhere through Christendom, and Christian people have learned the value of the injunction of the Saviour after having fed the multitude, when he said, 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.'

No church or Sunday-school or home has attained its highest and greatest efficiency until it has fully learned what to do with the refuse, with the outcast, with the abandoned, with those whose cases seem to be hopeless, with those who bring heaviness to a pastor's heart and discouragement to a Sunday-school teacher's work, and anxiety and worry to parents. In Christian work in all foreign lands, effort is specially directed to the saving of the outcast; and when we have learned at home what to do with the same class, and how to convert them into upright Christian men and women, the Church shall most successfully have solved the problem for which it was established upon the earth.—'Observer.'

Day by Day.

(Sally Campbell, in the 'American Messenger.')

There is a certain youthful and gay-hearted little matron who has moved into the street just around the corner. As she asserts with a charmingly emphatic gesture of her pretty hand, she 'loves to keep house!' And a very capable, self-reliant, successful little housewife she is.

Yesterday several of our family were standing outside our front gate watching the frantic efforts of a small cousin to learn to mount a bicycle. Mrs. Waters presently came walking along, as smiling and fresh as a May morning.

'Let me congratulate you, Mrs. Waters,' said one of our party, 'on having your mother with you.'

'Oh yes, it is lovely! I am enjoying her so much.'

'She came up in the car with me last night. At least, I was told that it was your mother.'

'Yes, she pays each of her children a visit in turn. I can't keep her long; she is going on Wednesday.'

Here my mind wandered anxiously along the wobbling track of Harry's wheel. When it got back again Mrs. Waters was saying, 'My brother-in-law was laughing at me last night. He said, "Effie, you have not done one single thing since your mother came without consulting her about it. I do not see how you ever get on without her." I told him it just shows how much I need her.'

The words have been in my mind often during these twenty-four hours since they were spoken. What a sweet picture they conjure up of confidence and love! As they fell on my ear the thought instantly swept after them, why do we not all make so much of the wise, strong, loving Presence which is in our homes? Why do we not consult in everything the dear, patient Father, so ready and so sufficient to help us? What if each daily duty, or pleasure, or temptation, or disappointment were met under the advice of such a Counsellor? Oh, what homes we should all have! what heaven-like homes!

Suppose that you busy housekeepers in the many steps you take between breakfast and bedtime to the kitchen, to the market to the

attic, to the parlor, should hold ever in memory the idea, 'The Lord sends me,' would it make, do you think, any difference in you and in those dear to you? Would the daily household life be smoother and sweeter and more to be enjoyed?

And how it would adorn the doctrine if some day one of those next to you, watching the closeness of your fellowship with the Father, should say, 'I do not see how you could ever do without him!' It is a beautiful religion that gives light to all that are in the house.

Billy Kelly's Motto is my Motto Too—'Jesus Only.'

(S. H. Hadley, in 'Watchword and Truth.')

The above heading brings out a peculiar phrase in our work in Water Street Mission, and may show some how far-reaching is the grace of God. One night in the McAuley Water Street Mission is devoted to a free supper for the outcasts. Mr. John S. Huyler, the great candy manufacturer, who is, by the way, our president, has for years furnished the means for one big liberal supper for the worst outcasts in our great city. They begin to come about four p.m., and fill up the mission room so we have to lock the door when it is quite full up. We furnish a really fine sandwich with nice cooked pressed corned beef, fresh bread, and good fragrant coffee—some thirty gallons. It is a great night, and great is the disappointment of the poor fellows who do not get in. One night the door-keeper came to me and said, 'Brother Hadley, there is a man out there who will tear the door down if he don't get in.' I said, 'Go and bring him to me.' He did so, and I seated him close to me. He was a tough man. His coat and hat were gone and I saw he had delirium tremens. When the supper had been disposed of, and the cups gathered up, a fine looking convert rose and read the lesson and gave his testimony. He was, as all our leaders are, a redeemed drunkard, and told with glowing heart how Jesus had saved and kept him, had restored his family to him and made a man of him. This man watched him like a cat. Many others spoke and the invitation was given. Our drunken friend came out with some twenty more and knelt at our mercy seat. Some one prayed and I came to him and said, 'Brother, pray.' He lifted up his head and hands and cried, 'Dear Jesus, give me sleep, give me sleep, or I'll die.' We all knew what that meant. A man with the horrors dies for want of sleep. As many of us as could put our hands on him did so and we cried out, 'Oh, Jesus, here is something for you to do. You alone can raise this man up.' He arose from his knees a saved man. I shook his hand and said, 'My brother, you are going to have a good night's sleep, and I want you to come round in the morning and take breakfast with me.' He said, 'Do you mean that?' I said, 'Come and see.' I sent him to a lodging house, and he slept thirteen hours. He came back next forenoon, and I had him washed clean, and dressed clean from head to foot, hair cut, shaved, etc., and a good breakfast given him. I saw he was badly hurt mentally. He sat around the mission for over three months. This man was Billy Kelly, and he had been for thirteen years head bar-tender, general bouncer and all around fighting man for The Al- len, in his notorious dive hall on Bleecker Street, N.Y. He had become such a drunkard he was discharged and had become a helpless drunkard. He was one of the sweetest Christians I ever saw. I got him a position in a lodging house at six dollars a week, and

he lived his life there, though it was a hard place. I had and still have a friend who is treasurer of one of the largest (if not the largest) financial institutions in this country. I asked him to become one of our trustees, and he consented. He came down some weeks later and wrote me a letter to come and see him. When I came he said, 'Brother Hadley, I want to get off your board of trustees.' I was astounded and asked him why. He said, 'I was down there the other night and every one there talked of nothing but Jesus. I should have told you I was a Unitarian, and can't see things as you do, so I had better get away.' I said, 'What kind of men were these who were speaking about Jesus?' He said, 'They had been thieves and drunkards by their own stories.' I said, 'What kind of men are they now?' He said, 'They are the finest looking men I ever saw.'

I said, 'And must you leave us on this account?' He said, with much agitation, 'Will you keep me?' I said, 'Yes.' He came down again soon, and Billy Kelly was there and spoke, saying, 'Brethren, I have had a trying time to-day, and the devil has been after me all day, but I have made up my mind to take that for my motto,' and he pointed to a large silk banner on the wall: 'Jesus Only.' He took pneumonia about fourteen months after his conversion, and when I saw him in the St. Luke's Hospital, shortly before his death, he kissed my hand over and over, and said, 'Brother Hadley, how sweet Jesus is to my soul. He stood by my bedside all last night. Tell the boys down at the mission how sweet Jesus is to my soul.' He died that night about half-past twelve. The nurses walked about with noiseless steps, but the horses and chariot came down for Billy Kelly, the ex-bar-tender, and took him to the Saviour, who had stood by him beside all the night before. I brought him down to Water Street, and we had a characteristic funeral. We don't cry much when one of our boys goes home. We shout, because one more redeemed one has passed the dead line of saloons and gone to be safe with Jesus. The converts preached the funeral sermon, and as a long line of redeemed ones came by the coffin and shed tears of love on the peaceful upturned face of Billy Kelly, this gentleman slipped his hand in mine and said, 'Brother Hadley, Billy Kelly's motto is my motto from henceforth. Jesus Only.'

A physician is quoted in the 'Chicago News' as saying: 'My experience as a college society man has shown me that social drinking of alcoholic stimulants is not necessary to the highest social enjoyment. My experience as a physician has shown the habit of just such drinking to be uniformly deleterious. My observation of college men (extending over half a century) has shown that young men who habitually drink during their college days usually continue the habit in after life to their great injury.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at \$2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at \$1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.