

enabled to distribute a large number of copies.

We are naturally drawn towards the prisons of Siberia, concerning which we have heard so many horrors. No doubt they are terrible abodes of misery, but it is comforting to hear some of the prisoners testifying that they learned to read the Bible first in prison, and that the Word of God had brought gladness and light into many dark cells.

We must not, however, think only of this class, we know too much about Siberia now to imagine that it is chiefly inhabited by convicts. It is also comforting to learn that with the stream of immigration flowing eastward into the wheat-growing districts, are to be found here and there those whose business it is to circulate the Bible, and still more cheering is it to learn that there is often to be found among these scattered settlers a hungering for the Bread of Life. One colporteur travelled during the past year 3,500 miles, being kindly welcomed wherever he went.

Who can tell what the result of this quiet seed sowing will be? We rejoice to know that many an ignorant Siberian peasant has already caught a glimpse of the unclouded Light of the World. We see, further, in the fact that many of the Russian clergy are recommending their people to read the Scriptures, the dawn of a reformation within the ancient Greek Church.

When we remember in our prayers the continent of Asia, let us not forget the northern half—vast Siberia.

F. H. DUVERNET.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE PLACE OF REST.

A SHORT while ago, in the course of my parish visiting, says a Church minister, the following incident was related to me by a lady parishioner: A little while ago I sat by the bedside of a dying friend. She had been ill for a long time, and there was no hope of her recovery. I said to her, "Do you not feel it hard to leave your children?" She had two little ones, one ten and the other eight years of age. She looked up and answered, "No; I do not feel it hard now. At one time the thought of leaving my children without a mother in the world was very hard to me. But," she added, with a faint smile on her wasted face, "I have given my children to the Lord. I have put them in His hands, and I believe He will

keep them." She spoke of it as a past, definite transaction between herself and the Lord. Her giving of the children was real, and she believed His acceptance of them was real also. By faith she saw His loving hands laid upon them. He had claimed them for Himself; and now she had rest, perfect rest, with regard to that great matter. When I heard the incident from my parishioner I said, why cannot we all do that, and do it with everything connected with our life? Why cannot we take our life, our health, our work, our business, ourselves, everything that concerns our welfare here and our welfare hereafter, and just place them in the Saviour's hands. He has invited us to do so. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And those who come, however feebly, however unworthily, he pledges and binds himself to receive. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." That is the place of rest. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." B. B.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

It may be in the morning
Ere the dew is off the grass,
When the little birds are singing
Their sweet welcome as they pass;
Ere the sound of busy thousands
Is heard upon the street,
I will listen for His coming,
For the coming of His feet.

It may be at the noonday,
When the sun is hot o'er head,
And the whirr of noisy insects
Comes from out the grassy bed;
When the wind is softly sighing
In the tree-tops as they meet,
I will wait me, hopeful listening
For the coming of His feet.

It may be in the evening,
When the busy day is o'er,
When the setting sun is throwing
Lengthened shadows on the floor;
Or the moon is slowly rising
Behind the meadow bars,
And the dark blue heaven is studded
With the tender light of stars,
That I will sit and listen
With a love so strangely sweet,
Wrapped within the Heavenly glory,
For the coming of His feet.

But in patience, uncomplaining,
I will wait and watch away,
Trusting that the Heavenly Presence
Will turn darkness into day;
And along the lessening dimness
Where the light and shadow meet,
I will know with sight unclouded
Of the coming of His feet.

—L.M.T. in *Our Dumb Animals*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE SCHOOL OF GOD.

A MEDITATION

"TEACH ME, O LORD."—DAVID.

"I HAVE LEARNED."—PAUL.

This is an *old* school; the entire Bible may be considered as the record of God's teaching. Poets may sing of the mighty men of the past, whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time, and scholars may venerate the ancient seats of learning; but this school was in being when time was born, and man was made.

This is a *wealthy* school, not in earthly estates or rich endowments as men generally understand these things; but wealthy in wisdom, in dominion, in far-reaching power; wealthy in peace, security and favour; wealthy in durable riches and righteousness.

Give what Thou wilt, without Thee I am poor, But with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

This is a *select* school. Select as to numbers, sometimes even to loneliness. Was not Noah lonely as he floated over the silent tomb of a drowned world? Select as to company: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." In "the narrow way which leadeth unto life," how select the company with:

Here and there a traveller.

This is a *free* school—free as to admission; money terms are not mentioned. Why? Because God is too rich to sell and we are too poor to buy—free as to audience. "In his favour is life." In the presence of Christ, in the family of the Redeemed, freedom finds its home, freedom is the law of the house, a perpetual benediction—free as to service. His service is perfect freedom, fight the good fight of faith, for we wrestle not against flesh and blood (then it would be easy), but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Quit ye like men, be of good courage, valiant sons of freedom, whose

"Banner torn but flying
Streams like the thunder-cloud against the
wind!" H. T. M.

It is well to let prayer be the first employment in the early morning and the last in the evening. Avoid diligently those false and deceptive thoughts which say, "Wait a little; I will pray an hour hence; I must first perform this or that;" for with such thoughts a man quits prayer for business, which lays hold of and entangles him so that he comes not to pray the whole day long.—Luther.