

studied the matter. You haven't thought of it or prayed over it. We must help them, or God will hold us accountable. We read in God's book these words: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The people are eager to be fed, they do hunger and thirst, and there is, God help us, a dearth of spiritual meat.

'I drive over alkali districts where nothing flourishes but sage bush and cactus, and, I know. They haven't anything, these poor people. No Sunday-schools, no churches, and for many the discouragements are too great. By and by dust gathers on their Bibles, and they sink into darkness and desolation—lost—lost.

'We talk about the famine in India. I sometimes question which is the greater evil. Starved bodies, or starved souls.

'What do you suppose it means to be outside the pale of the Christian religion, to be beyond the reach of church bells, to never hear a sermon or a song? Oh, friends, you don't know.

'I didn't come here to appeal to you for money this morning. I know you are few in number and burdened already, but if you could make just a little offering. Can you? Will you? It isn't for me, friends, it is for him.'

The missionary sat down. There was a moment's hush. Then the minister looked at his wife. She was sitting on one of the front seats, and her eyes were wet. They both thought of the two crisp five dollar bills that were to go toward her new clothes. A question flashed in his eyes and was answered in hers. She nodded vehemently. The minister understood. He took the two five dollar bills that had meant so much to them, and slipped them into the missionary's hand. The missionary's face flushed. He was too close an observer not to appreciate the sacrifice. He rose and faced the congregation.

'Friends,' he said, a little huskily, 'our pastor here has just given me \$10. That is more than he ought to give, God bless him. You all know that. Now will some one else contribute. If you haven't the money with you, you can each sign the sum you can afford to give on these little slips of paper, and the amount can be forwarded to me.'

Old Horace Stephens sat apparently unmoved, as pencils came out and papers rustled. He motioned away his slip with a grim face. 'The minister's a fool,' he said to himself. 'Why, the man's positively in need, and that little wife of his hasn't had a new bonnet for two years. Yet here they are, giving ten dollars to missions. Rubbish! I don't know as it's any of my business, but the man can't afford it. Well, well, let 'em make ducks and drakes of their little money if they will. It's nothing to me.'

He went home that morning, but he ate his dinner absently. He seemed to hear the missionary's vibrant voice full of power and pleading. He seemed to see again a sweet, shining face under a shabby hat of faded roses and worn ribbons. 'Missions—rubbish,' he said, irritably. 'But I like that little woman,' he added, his grim face relaxing a little. 'I like and respect her, and bless me if I don't hate to think of her giving up that ten dollars to missions. I don't believe in 'em, but I must own I was a little touched myself, the way that man put things, but ten dollars, poor as they are! It worries me. Bless me if it don't make me feel like doing something handsome for 'em. I'll make that ten dollars good to 'em yet, as sure as my name's Horace William Stephens.'

And Mr. Horace Stephens did do something. He walked up to the little parsonage

on Monday morning. The minister was in his study. 'May I see him for just a moment?' he asked the little brown-eyed woman who came to the door.

The minister's little wife smiled. 'Come right in,' she said, hospitably, 'of course, you can see him. He'll be very glad, I know.'

Old Horace Stephens walked into the small study. He held his gold-headed cane firmly in one hand.

'Claxton,' he said, gruffly, 'I've come here this morning to tell you you're a fool—yes, a fool, sir. What did you give ten dollars to missions for yesterday? Aren't you poor enough already?'

The minister's thin face flushed. 'I'm glad I did,' he said gently. 'The mission cause lies very close to my heart. Poor? Yes, we're poor enough, but it only means a little more sacrifice and self-denial, and we're willing, aye, happy to do it.'

He looked at the grim old face opposite and hesitated a little.

'I'm going to tell you the facts,' he said. 'I—I don't often have ten dollars to give, and I had put that money away for some new things for my wife. They were two wedding fees, and they don't come often, you know, but she was willing, bless her; she wouldn't have been happy not to have given it.'

'Of course, she wouldn't,' cried old Horace Stephens with some asperity. 'Your wife's a saint. I've watched her and I know, and she shan't go without her new fixings either. Here, take this,' thrusting a slip of paper into his hands. 'Now mind, it's to go to her, all of it. No, don't thank me, I'm only a gruff, cross, selfish old man, but bless me if I don't feel ashamed of myself, and I'm going to tell you something, too. I sent that missionary some money this morning—enough to do some good. Me, old Horace Stephens, who never gave a cent in his life before to the cause, actually made a contribution to missions, and I'm glad of it, and proud of it, sir.'

He was gone. The minister looked at the slip of paper with dazed eyes. It was a cheque for fifty dollars. 'Ruth!' he called, 'Oh, Ruth!'

His wife heard and came to his side. He put his arm around her, slipping the cheque into her little work-worn hand. 'For you, darling heart,' he said, then he told her about it, adding softly the missionary's words, 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

Songs in the Night.

In a book of travels, 'In the Path of Light Around the World,' the Rev. Thomas H. Stacy tells of the experience in a shipwreck at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. Owing to heedlessness on the part of the seamen, caused by intoxication, the 'Tehihatcoff' was permitted to run upon the rocks, and was badly broken. After many hours of terrible suspense, most of those on board were brought safe to land, though for a time there seemed to be no hope for any. Speaking of the time from the striking of the vessel (about 4 a.m.), until the break of day, Mr. Stacy inquires:

'Who can describe that hour and a half, which seemed much longer, spent in the dark, sea-flooded saloon? The mighty sweep of the sea, the putting on of life preserver, the darkness—all were very trying. The pitiful cries, "Oh, Lord, save my soul," from the unsaved, assured us that this was indeed a late time to prepare to meet God. Mr. Sanford and myself bowed our heads to-

gether in prayer, each gave the other a message to carry to those at home, in case either should be drowned, and the other saved; and, then, all agitation ceased, my heart rested in quiet confidence; it was well with my soul, and I could trust all with God, even my child, to whom I had been both father and mother, and who might never understand. Another promise was proved; "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was true that morning upon the rocks of Jaffa, with the sea breaking over us, and no assurance of ever getting ashore.

'The two missionaries came up from below, women separated from all earthly friends; but they had bravely answered the injunction of their Lord, "Go ye, and teach." Now, they were in the hands of him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway." For a moment Miss Graybiel bowed her head upon her folded arms; and then, with as much serenity as though she sat under a mango tree in India, teaching a group of Hindu children, she said, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." It was like a benediction from heaven; and one after another we repeated the passages from the Word of God: "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand;" "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waters thereof are stilled"; "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee." Some people say that there are modern poets who have written better psalms than David did, but I do not believe it; when we want verity we find it nowhere as in the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Book.'

Daniel Webster on the Bible.

Daniel Webster was not a professing Christian, but he placed the highest value on the Bible. Concerning it he once said: 'If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go on prospering, but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity.' Again he says: 'I have read it through many times. I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is a book of all others for lawyers and divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rules for conduct. From the time at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents for instilling into my mind an early love of the scriptures.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Mind has been defined as 'Infinite riches in a little room.' Riches suitable to the mind may easily be acquired through the columns of 'World Wide.'

Read the list of contents of 'World Wide' on page 7 and see if the subjects do not interest you. If the subjects prove interesting the articles certainly will, for a first consideration in their selection is that they be the most entertaining writing to be found in the great publications of the day. Very few articles are taken from Canadian publications which are already within the reach of our readers. The subscription price is one dollar a year, but seventy-five cents will be accepted any time before the end of January. Sample copies free. Address—John Dougall & Son, Montreal.