

which she had sunk, and also the height of happiness from which she had fallen. What should she do to be saved?

But the greatest sense of her evil condition was that she had forfeited her husband's great love, rather than that she had abused God's mercy.

'My sister,' said our lady visitor, as she listened to the sobbing woman, and laying her hand gently on her shoulder, 'there is hope for you. Will you do as I ask you? If you will, your case is not hopeless. God will not only pardon you, but he will restore your will power to you.'

'I want you to kneel down with me in earnest prayer, here and now; confess your sin, trust in Christ's death for pardon; but especially I want you to entreat God for power to keep you. You know you have signed the pledge many times; but that of itself has not kept you. You feel it to be useless; but now ask God for the power.'

There and then the two women knelt side by side, and if ever a distressed and helpless soul did really pray, that poor drink-sodden woman prayed to be delivered from her burning chains. It was one of the holiest sights under heaven. It was the awful conflict with the powers of darkness. Angel and devil were locked together in mortal combat. Which should win?

At length the poor woman rose from her knees, and somehow there crept into her heart a feeling of sacred confidence she had never known before. It seemed as if new power had really been given her. No longer confident of herself, she was confident that Christ could keep her.

'I will see your husband,' said her lady friend, 'and see whether we can persuade him, even now, not to leave you.' She found the unhappy man was willing to give his wife another trial under the new conditions.

Thank God, a dozen happy years have justified his decision. The power of God has kept his wife. She is now a new creature in Christ Jesus. Few know about her unhappy past; and only recently she said to the writer, as her face glowed with rapture, 'God has completely taken away from me the desire for the thing that nearly ruined me.'—The Rev. Dr. Docker, in the 'Christian.'

### No Fear of Death.

'Do you know,' said a poor boy in a hospital in India, to a lady who daily visited him, 'what I've been thinking of all the morning?' 'Of how soon you will see Jesus?' replied the lady. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I've been thinking that I began this Sunday a poor sick boy in the hospital, surrounded by wicked men and sinful talk; and I think I shall be at home before night. I think I've begun a Sunday that will never end. I don't think I shall ever see another week-day.' In the evening she visited him again, and found him lying with his eyes closed, sinking rapidly, but calmly. Stooping over him, she whispered, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' 'Dear Willie, is Jesus with you?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Have you any fear?' 'No; none. I have been wondering why they call it a dark valley. I have found the light growing much brighter every day since I first believed; and now it's so bright that I must shut my eyes.' After praying, he said, 'That is my last prayer; now it shall be only praise for ever and ever.' So thus the poor suffering boy passes away from the Indian Hospital into the presence of his Lord. What a grand thing it is to be thus ready, ready for the call that might come at any moment. Oh! to live, that when our life's

pilgrimage is o'er, and the doors of earth close in upon us, and the gates of the grave clang behind us, we may be found ready!—The 'Christian Ambassador.'

### Victorian India Orphan Society.

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt from an unknown donor at Christievillie, Quebec, of a subscription of \$17.00 for the maintenance for one year of a famine orphan at Dhar, Central India.

(MRS.) A. S. CRICHTON,  
Sec.-Treas.

### Christ's Intercession.

The ordinary notion of intercession is not the New Testament idea. We tend to limit it to prayer for others. There is no such thought in the New Testament use of the phrase. It is a great deal wider than any verbal expression of sympathy and desire. It has to do with realities, not with words. It is not a synonym for asking for another, that some blessing may come upon him; but the intercession of the great High Priest who has gone into the holiest of all for us, covers the whole ground of all the acts by which, by reason of our deep and true union with Jesus Christ through faith, he communicates to his people whatsoever of blessing and grace and sweet tokens of ineffable love he has received from the Father.

Whatsoever he draws in filial dependence from the Divine Father, he, in brotherly unity, imparts to us. And that, the real communication of real blessings, and not the verbal petitioning for gifts, is what he is doing from within the veil. The great High Priest has 'passed into the heavens,' and is 'able also to save . . . to the uttermost . . . seeing he ever liveth to make intercession' for us.—Dr. Maclaren.

### The Savage Kaffir.

Suppose that way in South Africa there is a woman whose husband has gone on a long journey in the interior. He is to be away for months, cut off from all postal communications. The wife is very anxious to receive news, but has had no letter or tidings from him.

One day, as she stands in her door, there comes a great savage Kaffir, carrying his spears and shield, and with a terrible face. The woman is frightened, and she rushes into the house and closes the door. He knocks at the door, and she is in terror. She sends her servant, who comes back and says, 'The man says he must see you.'

She goes all affrighted. He takes out an old newspaper, which he had brought from her husband, and inside the dirty newspaper she finds a letter from her husband telling her of his welfare. How that wife delights in that letter! she forgets the face that has terrified her.

Weeks pass away again, and she begins to long for that ugly Kaffir messenger. After long waiting he comes again, and this time she rushes out to meet him because he is the messenger from the beloved husband, and she well knows that, with all his fierce looks, he is the bearer of a message of love.

Beloved, have you yearned to look at tribulation and vexation and disappointment as the dark, savage-looking messenger, with a spear in his hand, that comes straight from Jesus? Have you learned to say, 'There is never a trouble by which my heart is touched or even pierced, but it comes from Jesus and brings a message of love?'—Andrew Murray.

### Bible Law.

In the early days of the State of Missouri, old Judge Evans cut cord-wood, cleared up his homestead farm, and was employed on nearly every case that came up; for he was for some years the only lawyer in the county. He had few books except an old leather-covered Bible and an odd volume or two of history; he had only studied law a short time during his youth.

A young attorney from the East settled in the little country town, with his library of half a dozen new and handsomely bound law-books, and on his first appearance in court he brought most of his library to the justice's office in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet-bag. Evans was engaged against him, and, as usual, had not a book.

When his opponent drew his books from the pretty carpet-bag, Evans looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources, and asked the justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried home, put his old Bible and histories into a sack, brought them into court, and laid them on the table.

The evidence was introduced, and the Eastern man, who was for the plaintiff, made his opening argument, and read at some length from his text-books. Evans made his speech in reply, closed by reading from his old Bible a law just the reverse of that read by his opponent, and took his seat. His adversary reached over, picked up the Bible, and looked at it.

'Your honor,' said he, eagerly addressing the justice, 'this man is a humbug and a pettifogger! Why, sir, this is "the Bible" from which he has pretended to read law!'

The old justice withered him with a glance. 'Set down!' he thundered. 'Set down! What better law can we get than the Bible?' He decided the case in favor of the defendant.—'Friendly Greetings.'

### The Gospel of Small Things.

(Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in 'Young Templar.')

A crumb will feed a little bird,  
A thought prevent an angry word,  
A seed bring forth full many a flower,  
A drop of rain foretell a shower!  
A little cloud the sun will hide,  
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,  
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,  
A smile some cheerless spirit warm!  
A step begins a journey long,  
A weak head oft outwits the strong,  
A gull defies the angry sea,  
A word will set the captive free!  
A hornet goads the mighty beast,  
A cry of 'fire' breaks up a feast,  
A glass shows wonders in the skies,  
A little child confounds the wise!  
A straw the wild wind's course reveals  
A kind act oft an old grudge heals,  
A beacon light saves many a life,  
A slight will often kindle strife!  
A puff of smoke betrays the flame,  
A penstroke e'en will blight a name,  
A little hand may alms bestow,  
A message small brings joy or woe!  
The widow's mite a great gift proved,  
A mother's prayer has heaven moved;  
'Then let us not,' the poet sings,  
'Despise the Gospel of small things.'

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