

Thus quietly, patiently, harmoniously, this noble work is being carried on. God bless this missionary society! God bless these missionaries!"

### SALOON PREACHING.

Rev. W. H. Rankin is known as the "Colorado Cowboy Evangelist." He has invaded the very haunts of the reckless cowboys of Colorado with his intrepid calls to Christ. Many times has his bold and fervid utterances, and calm and dauntless bearing in the cause of his Master, quelled the fierce tumult of reckless whiskey-fled passion, and won him the ear and respect of the wild rider of the cattle ranges.

As an instance of the power and intrepidity of this frontier evangelist, not long since he appeared at a certain isolated village in Colorado, calling sinners to repentance. He had no lack of field for his exertions, for the place was notorious as the chosen resort of as wild, dissipated, and reckless cowboys as ever crazed themselves on bad whiskey, or rode a bronche into a saloon. The evangelist of the border was in his element. Choosing the principal saloon in the place as the temple of worship he entered it one evening when it was rife with whiskey-laden breaths and alive with the voice of profanity.

Making his way in the place, he boldly mounted a chair, and launched upon the reeking air the pure precepts of the Divine Nazarene. At first his wild audience was too much taken by surprise to make any characteristic demonstration, but as they realized what was taking place the "wild and wooly capabilities" of the assembly suddenly developed themselves, and a perfect pandemonium broke loose. The preacher was proffered brimming tumblers of whiskey, from all quarters foul and loud epithets assailed his ears, while above all sounded the cheerful crack of the ready revolver, as the heavily armed cowboys strove to frighten the daring preacher by a general fusillade out of the windows and through the roof. Finally several of the wild riders mounted their horses and rode them into the saloon, firing their pistols promiscuously as they came. But they had mistaken their man. The intrepid evangelist was of the stuff heroes and martyrs boast, and his voice rose loud and clear above the sound of oath and pistol shots, as he told them "that they were wasting time and ammunition; that he had come to stay, and proposed to do it."

Struck with admiration of his pluck, the cowboys suddenly grew quiet, and when three cheers were proposed for "the plucky parson," they were given with a will. The next thing was a proposition to hear him preach. This was also eagerly seconded, and

the work of transforming the saloon into a church began at once. Beer kegs were ranged along the walls, and on these were placed planks. Here the cowboys ranged themselves, a most decorous and attentive assemblage. The sermon was preached, and to-day in that little frontier village, beyond almost the outskirts of civilization, there is a Presbyterian church with forty members in regular standing.—*Presbyterian Home Missionary*

Prohibition in Providence, R. I., for the last six months of 1886, reduced the arrests for drunkenness from 2,457 in the corresponding period of the previous year to 1,452. The police officers of that city say that the decrease of crime is in about the same ratio. Prohibition has certainly done some good in Providence.

The saloon is going. Of the seventeen cities of Massachusetts which held elections lately thirteen voted "no license." Fall River, New Bedford, Haverhill, Gloucester, Springfield, Waltham, Northampton, Brockton and Cambridge, all of which voted for license last year, have this year joined the ranks of temperance cities.

The financial report of the Holy See shows receipts of \$1,200,000, of which \$900,000 were derived from revenues on the invested capital of the Papacy. There will be a deficit of \$300,000 for the coming year. From Peter's Pence collections during the past year only \$300,000 were received, making a proportion of one-seventh of a cent for each Catholic in the world.

A vacillating walk, a backwardness to take a bold and decided line, a readiness to conform to the world, a hesitating witness for Christ, a lingering tone for religion—all these make up a sure recipe for bringing a light upon the garden of your soul.—*Bishop Ryle.*

In ten years more than thirty thousand people embraced Christianity in the Samoan Islands. It is thought there are not more than twenty houses in the whole group where there is not a Bible and family worship.

Not prosperity, but adversity, commonly quickens and intensifies faith. It is when all else seems to fail that God's loving control stands out as unfailingly sure.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.—*St. Jerome.*