

and deal with it on the plan of the natural divisions of the narrator. Dwelling largely as he does on the Divinity of our Lord, he is nevertheless in full sympathy with those who lay stress on his humanity, and he displays wonderful power in illustrating how He was "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

A man of splendid physique, he used to indulge in all manly sports, such as swimming (he once swam three miles at a stretch), throwing the hammer, and tossing the caber. Even yet he could give you a valuable hint as to putting the stone, and might name the Australian cricketers as easily as the twelve Apostles. To alcohol and tobacco he has always been a stranger. He possesses that mysterious magnetism which gives a man power over his fellows, he unites in his character the shrewdness and humour of the Scot with the emotionalism and generous impulse of the Irishman.

London has coveted Mr. McNeill, Highgate Presbyterian congregation having given him a call which he declined, though not without hesitation. Soon afterwards the Free Church offered him the post of their evangelist for Scotland at a large salary. This, too, he declined, partly for domestic reasons, and partly because of his opinion that Scotland can be evangelized to a great extent in Edinburgh, whither the flower of Scottish youth resort for education and professional training.

Mr. McNeill has a happy home, and three little rogues exercise him in the joys and sorrows of fatherhood.

Mr. McNeill is very popular in London. He has preached several times in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Besides his regular morning and afternoon services in Regent Square Church he preaches on Sabbath evenings in Exeter Hall, to the throngs which gather there.

THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

Something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit the little parlor, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, by the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child, at its mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and its rosy lips uttering each word

with childish distinctness. The father listened, spell-bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocent! The man himself who stood there with bearded lips tightly shut together had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbared to let her pass through. But the child had not yet finished; he heard her, "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self." Then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," lisped the little one; "and—please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed, in a clear, inspiring tone; "God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened suddenly, and they saw who had returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked in bed after such a romp with papa, she said, in the sleepest and most contented of voice, "Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

FAITH'S FRUITS.

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."—John xv: 8.

Are you a fruit-bearer in your Lord's vineyard? Are you seeking to make life one grand act of consecration to his glory—one thank-offering to his unmerited love? You may be unable to exhibit much fruit in the eye of the world; your circumstances and position in life may forbid you to point to any splendid services; or laborious and imposing efforts in the cause of God. It matters not. It is often those fruits that are unseen and unknown to man, ripening in seclusion, that he values most: the quiet, lowly walk, patience and submission, gentleness and humility, putting yourself unreservedly in his hands, willing to be led by him even in darkness, saying, "Not my will, but thy will," the unselfish spirit, the meek bearing of an injury, the unostentatious kindness—these are some of the "fruits" which your Heavenly Father loves, and by which he is glorified.