

already gone to his work. The room was hardly recognizable. It had been thoroughly cleansed and put to rights. The bed was transformed by its new dress of coarse but spotless linen. The sick man was washed, shaved and robed in clean night garments. A little flower-pot with a blooming flower in it sat upon the window sill. The pastor looked about the room in amazement. The sick man spoke with deep emotion.

'I have heard of church members who talked about being like Jesus; but the man you sent here last night was the first I ever met who made a business of it. He had done ten hours of hard work before he came here. He scrubbed the floor and cleaned up everything in the room. He brought these bed-clothes from his own spare chamber. He washed me and dressed me in his own clothes. When I cried a bit and tried to thank him, he stopped me and said:

'I am glad to do this little thing for my Saviour. I wish you would let Him be your Saviour, too.'

'If he has religion, and that's what makes him give up his rest to help a stranger who can never pay him back, then I'd like to have religion, too.'

Robert Lister was unanimously elected Church Nurse.

After awhile I learned that Robert had contracted the habit of humble helpfulness to others. He never neglected his own home, and was very happy in it, although it was very poor, and destitute of many of the comforts of life. He was busy every leisure moment in serving the sick and poor in some little way, of which very few ever heard. The pastor found him before him in many homes where there was sickness and distress. His name was always repeated with words of gratitude and blessing.

In one home the pastor learned of a new phase of Lister's character which was a great surprise. A widow had an only son, who in his early manhood had become the slave of strong drink. Robert had taken a strong liking to the young fellow, and tried to watch over him. Again and again he had carried him home and spent the night in nursing him through the effects of a filthy debauch. The young man at last began to exhibit shame, and tried for Robert's sake to reform. He had remained sober for nearly a month. Robert was delighted and greatly encouraged.

The mother rushed into Robert's house one evening in a frenzy of despair, sobbing that her boy had been coaxed into a saloon and his fortnight's wages would be squandered and she would be left in want. Robert hastened to the saloon and entered. The young man was in the centre of a circle of young fellows who were all drinking at his expense.

'Come, Will, your mother needs you,' said Robert, with a smile, as he took the young man by the hand.

'Oh, don't go yet, Will,' his companions shouted. 'Let's make a night of it!'

As Will, hesitated a moment, one spoke with a sneer:

'It seems to me you are old enough to take care of yourself without having a guardian trotting at your heels all the time.'

The saloon-keeper, seeing that he was likely to lose the young man's money, came around from behind the bar with a heavy mallet in his hand. In a loud, threatening tone of voice he said:

'You meddling Christian Endeavorer, or whatever you call yourself, mind your own business, and get out of my saloon, or I will break your head for you.'

Robert drew himself up to his full height, and said, quietly but rather sternly:

'Before I became a Christian, I learned to give as well as take pretty hard knocks. I do not care to try my hand on you, for I might hurt you, but you must not interfere with me in this matter.'

The infuriated saloon-keeper struck a savage blow at Robert's head with the mallet. It would have been fatal had it reached him. The descending arm was seized with a grip of iron, and wrenched back with such terrific force that the mallet flew across the room and dashed the plate-glass mirror behind the bar into a thousand fragments. Lister seized his assailant about the waist, and lifting him up above his head, tossed him over the bar, sweeping into one heap of ruins every bottle, glass and ornament, with their owner underneath them, upon the floor.

The crowd, aghast at the exhibition of such unexpected, marvellous strength, stood in silence, motionless.

Robert quietly said:

'Do any more of you gentlemen wish to interfere?'

Before any one could reply, Lister seized the young man in his arms as if he were a child, and walked out of the room. This heroic treatment completed the reform of the young man, to the great joy of his poor, unhappy mother. The young man signed the pledge, and became a regular attendant at church.

A change in Robert's employment necessitated his removal to another community. When it was announced that he had gone, there was universal dismay. Upon every hand it was said:

'What shall we do now? Who will take his place?'

The pastor, who had not lost a valuable helper merely, but a beloved friend, announced to the congregation:

'The most important place in our church is vacant. Our friend and brother, who has occupied it has gone to bless another church and community. He will be missed by every member in our church, but by no one more than by his pastor. Who is willing to earn his wages of love and appreciation by filling his place and doing his work? Who will become the Chief Member of the church by becoming the Church Servant?'

At the close of the sermon, another man, just as poor and diffident, waited near the pulpit until the congregation had gone. He then said to the pastor:

'I am not able to fill Robert Lister's place. If I was, I am not fit. But if you want me, I will try. I wish to do the best I can.'

Begin at Home.

After an enthusiastic missionary meeting a young lady went to the speaker and told him that she would like to become a missionary. Looking at her earnestly, the missionary said:

'I suppose you have been working in the Sunday-school and seeking to win the scholars there for Christ?'

'No,' answered the young lady, 'I never felt called to teach children; I am not suited for them.'

'Well,' said the missionary, 'perhaps you have been helping in a mothers' meeting and trying to bring those at home to Jesus.'

'No,' answered the young lady, 'I cannot say that I have done any of this work, but if I went abroad, I might be able to begin there.'

'Believe me, my dear young lady, if you cannot work for Christ at home, you will not find it easier to do so abroad. We want as missionaries those who have proved themselves soldiers of the Lord Jesus.'—'Scotsman.'

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A poor woman stood near the magistrate who was hearing the case—'Drunk; third arrest'—against her husband. It was soon decided, but somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: 'I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband.' She did not seem one who would be a deep thinker, but was there not deep wisdom in her sad and quick reply: 'Your honor, would it not be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?'—'Temperance Cause.'

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Anarchy—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
A Much Needed Protest—'The Nation,' New York.
The Fight Against Tammany—Frank Moss in 'Leslie's Weekly.'
Some Bore and Other Ideas—Poultney Bigelow, in 'The Independent.'
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The Future Possibilities of Siberia—'Scientific American.'
Mysterious Thibet—'Daily News,' London.
A South Sea Utopia—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Duck-hawk's Strategy—From 'St. Nicholas.'
The Late Empress Frederick—T. P. O'Connor, in 'M. A. P.'

Something About the Arts.

Popular Pictures—Fall Mall 'Gazette.'
At the White Gate—By Michael Fairless, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Opening of the Ruskin Monument—London 'Times.'
Remarkable Prices Paid at Art Sales—'Literary Digest.'
A Wayside Word on Architecture—By an Architect in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

Concerning Things Literary.

For England—Verse, by William Watson.
Verse by Ben Johnson (1573-1637).
Ave Atque Vale—To the Empress Frederick.—'The Spectator,' London.
A Song of Low Degree—
At the White Gate—By Michael Fairless, in 'The Pilot,' London.
On Style—'The Speaker,' London.
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