

been present again and again. The worship is very hearty. I use Mission Services, or Leaflets. Every one responds; every one sings. I am often thrilled by the roar of the voices as men and women join in the worship, apparently with their whole hearts. The fact that they are sitting or standing so closely together, that elbow of neighbour touches elbow of neighbour, gives courage to all to use their voices.

"Of course the car is for use only in very small places. Sometimes a number equivalent to the entire population of the village and also many from the surrounding country come to the service. In many places where I anchor the car for worship there is no room in any house of the entire hamlet where twenty persons could gather. In a village which numbered thirty-eight persons sixty-five gathered for worship in the 'cathedral.' The attendance in one place, with a population of forty, numbered seventy; in another of sixty persons there were eighty present at the service; in another where there were seventy-seven, there were ninety at worship, and several could not get within the door; and this is the story everywhere.

"Men who have not attended services of any kind for ten, fifteen, even twenty years, who scoffed through these years at the very idea, have been present again and again. They were absent from other worship because they claimed to be free-thinkers or agnostics or sceptics. They have looked on quietly, or they have joined in the singing of some popular hymn because they could not help it, so thrilling was the experience as every voice was lifted up in song.

"A new contingent for the Church's ranks has been reached. It is railroad employees. Everywhere they have been present at our worship. The church has, alas! in the past, busy as they are on all days, at all hours, seemed far away from them. Now it has come near. They feel that it is theirs and they welcome it, and come to it. The effect upon them has been a revelation to me. From the president of one of the largest and most important railroad systems in this country I have received a letter thanking me for the good already done among the employees of his road. As I go here and there all over North Dakota, brakemen, conductors, yardmen, engineers, firemen, telegraph operators, dining-car waiters, porters, switchmen, ticket-agents, baggagemen, express agents, superintendents, general managers—all ask affectionately about their 'cathedral,' where it is, when it will come to them again. It is a new ecclesiastical zeal and affection appearing in a new place.

"My highest comfort in connection with this work has come from the fact that more individual souls have been personally reached than in all the years of my ministry in proportion to the

number preached to. That is to say, I have had more *men* coming to me after the services to talk solemnly about duty, life, their souls, than ever in my previous experience. Careless men, godless men, reckless men, sinful men have come and opened out their hearts. The embarrassment which attends visiting a clergyman at his home or talking with him in a church is wanting in the car. It is open and free to come and to go in and out of at will.

"My custom is to do all the work necessary in the car with my own hands. It would be very unlike a missionary in this new North-West to bring a uniformed porter on my journeys. It would give unreality to the work. So I prepare the lamps and light them. I sweep the floor and make my own bed, and distribute the leaflets, and make the fires, and put the seats in order. About half the time it falls to my lot to play the organ. I find all this no hardship. Often I have three or four hours on my hands while waiting for service-time to arrive, on a side-track. Many then come to see me, and feel disposed to look on me as a workingman like themselves. I only desire to say in closing that the 'cathedral car of North Dakota' is pre-eminently a success."—*Spirit of Missions*.

WHY THE BISHOP ABSTAINED.

66 **D**OCTOR," said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party, a few years ago, to Bishop Henry C. Potter, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink, came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him because of his terrible habit. One day, I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now,—before God and in his help, I never will taste liquor again?' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation: then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body, found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man."—*The Armory*.