

It was gone there came quiet and blessing and every fountain was made fresher, every flower was made fairer, every soul was made better for the touch of the Shadow.

Can you read the riddle?

The Knight is suffering: his King is God: his work is—Love.—'Children's Messenger.'

### A Deputation Dream.

The Rev. John Gospeller was not given to dreams. Which is sure evidence that he must have been in an unusually excited state of mind when he retired to rest on one particular evening of last year.

What happened may be briefly told. He had been speaking at the missionary anniversary of a church in what would generally be reckoned a well-to-do suburb of London. Among the notices given out before his address was one to the effect that the 'loose cash' in the collection boxes would be devoted to the funds of the London Missionary Society. He had been away from England so long that he failed to grasp the meaning of the expression 'loose cash.' But the phrase jarred upon him. It suggested 'keep the change for yourself,' or the flinging of a few coppers to a beggar. On inquiring into the matter later in the day he discovered that it was customary on these occasions to give to the Missionary Society not the regular weekly offerings of the people, but only such additional sums as might be placed in the collection box. The church could not afford to give up, even for one week, its regular income. When he learnt further that in consequence of this system the total amount given to the Society as the result of the day's collection was something less than £3, the reverend gentleman's indignation got the better of him, and he spoke more strongly than was prudent.

Hence it was that he retired to rest in a somewhat troubled frame of mind. What followed can best be told in his own words, as he related the story at breakfast-table next morning:—

'I suppose I must have been dreaming,' he said; 'but the whole thing was so vivid that it is difficult for me even now to believe that it was only a dream. I was giving a missionary address at some large church, filled with a well-dressed and cultured congregation. After describing my work and the pressing need for extension and development, I was moved to do what I had never done before, and what I had certainly no intention of doing when I began my address. I asked the people to give as though they were putting the money, not into a collection-box passed round by deacons, but into "the hand of Christ himself.'

'Instead of sitting down I remained standing in the pulpit, watching the effect of my appeal upon the faces of the people. One or two faces bore a smile, half amused, half contemptuous. A portly business man in the middle of the centre aisle shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. I almost expected to see him rise from his seat and walk out. Some of the children looked up wonderingly into their mothers' faces, as if asking whether Jesus would really take the collection.

'And then—and then—but how can I describe what then I saw? At the back of the chapel stood the deacons with their collecting boxes. But they made no move toward the pews. At first I thought that my remarks must have offended them, and that they were refusing to take the collection. But then I saw, moving slowly along the pews at the back of the far aisle, a figure clothed in some soft, flowing robe.

'His face was turned from me, but my soul knew its Lord. A great hush fell upon the people, and, in the stillness, I could hear him

saying, as he went from pew to pew: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring." The voice was low and tender, yet there was no sadness in it. It was the voice of one whose warfare is accomplished. As men heard it, they bowed their heads and covered their faces. The only faces I could see in all the building were those of the children here and there.

'As he passed from pew to pew, some kept their heads bowed and made no sign. Others placed their purses in his hand, turning away their faces. A little child looked trustfully in his eyes, holding out her penny, and saying: "Please take my penny, dear Lord Jesus." The Saviour stooped and kissed her on the forehead. In one of the pews a young fellow put his own hand into the outstretched hand of Jesus, whispering: "I give myself."

'So he passed along to the top of the aisle, and then, as he turned to go down the other side, I saw his face for the first time. Then I, too, fell on my knees and covered my face, crying in my heart: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." What happened as he went through the rest of the church I know not, nor how long the time was. When at length I uncovered my eyes, he was standing beside the Communion table, on which he had laid the gifts. A moment later he turned and looked upon the people, with their faces still hidden from him. Then, with upraised hands, he blessed us all: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And so he passed from us. And by and by I awoke—and lo! it was all a dream.'

Yet, was it all a dream?—'L.M.S. Chronicle.'

### Ethel Raymond's Help.

'That's the fourth time I've been asked—"urged"—to lead the meeting, and I've refused every time,' and Ethel Raymond's lips quivered, as she laid her head on the soft, worn Bible in her dimly lighted room.

'It—it isn't because I'm not a Christian, or that I haven't interest in the work, but I just can't stand up before all those people and talk—I can't!'

A gentle tap, and Ethel lifted her tear-stained face, as her Aunt Rachel softly pushed open the door.

'All alone, dear?' asked the gentle voice. 'You've been—'

To sympathizing Aunt Rachel, Ethel brokenly told her trouble.

'And what will they think! I—I can't tell them the reason why I don't do it; I'm ashamed to. There's Mabel Welty and Esther Holman and May Downing and all the other girls! They lead splendidly, and make it ever so interesting. But my voice trembles, Aunt Rachel, even when I get up to testify. I never can say mor'n "I love Jesus; pray for me."'

'Have you ever asked God to help you; to give you strength for just such duties, Ethel?'

'I'm afraid not, auntie. It wouldn't do any good; I know I'd fail.'

'He never puts burdens upon us that are too heavy for his children to bear, and if he gives us a cross to carry he willingly stands ready to assist in bearing it.'

'Do—do you think with his help I could lead just once?' and Ethel's grieved face began to assume an expression of hope.

'Yes, child,' and Aunt Rachel quietly opened the little worn Bible, and read the Master's promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect

in weakness.' 'And the "thee" means every one of his followers, Ethel—it means you.'

When Ethel was left in the twilight, she had resolved to accept her duty, for she realized she had found for this task what she had experienced under other difficulties, 'the help that never faileth.'—'Epworth Herald.'

### The Postal Crusade in South Africa.

'The 'Northern Messengers' are reaching me week after week. I am quite glad to receive them. My chief work is here in Natal, and I distribute the 'Messengers' at railway stations, hotels, post-offices, schools and in other places. I have seen some of them reading the paper very interestedly.'

This message comes from the Rev. John Kangiah, a Telegu pastor in South Africa. He is the first missionary to be sent by the native Christians of India to Africa. During the late famine in India, a colony of Telegus emigrated to South Africa. They are employed there on the tea estate. Their chief employer is a gentleman who has received knighthood. He is exceedingly kind to these natives of India. In a former letter, Mr. Kangiah gave his name, but I, not having the letter to refer to, cannot give his name here. These Telegus in Africa wanted a pastor of their own nationality, so the Telegus of India sent Mr. Kangiah, and now he is helping the postal crusade in his new home, as well as being a missionary. He organized a church with 64 converted members at Christmas; fifteen have joined since that day. Writing of his work, Mr. Kangiah says:—

'The Telegu Christians are scattered through the country. I go from barrack to barrack and preach the gospel, and the people listen here with more solemnity than in India. There is a vast field here ready for harvest. Workers are needed. I request your earnest prayers.'

Twelve copies of the 'Messenger' go each week to Mr. Kangiah.

I would like to send the 'Witness' and the 'World Wide' if funds are donated.

Again, too, I want to ask you all if you will not rally round the leaflet, 'The Post-Office Crusade.'

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

112 Irvine ave., Westmount, Que.

### Family Worship.

One of the saddest features of to-day in home life is the disuse to so large an extent of family worship. Years ago, it was a very uncommon thing to find a Christian home in which the family altar was not reared, and the morning and evening sacrifice daily offered thereon. Now the cases are many where there is no recognition of God in the united worship of the household, and very little positive religious influence of any kind. How parents professing to be Christian can disregard this most sacred and imperative duty we cannot understand. To plead the lack of time to attend to this duty is tantamount to saying that all our time should be given to our secular affairs, and none to God and to the interests of the soul. It requires but a few moments before or after the morning meal, and at the retiring hour at night to call the family together, and read a portion of God's Word, and lead their devotions in a brief prayer. To refuse to give a modicum of time to such exercises as these is to ignore all Christian and parental obligations.—'Baltimore Advocate.'