

to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you.'

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself:

'Anything for a quiet life.'

His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair, the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman.

'He wishes to see how I drive,' thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said:

'Tell me if you are saved?'

Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

'God has followed me to Scotland,' he said to himself. 'I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!'

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. By this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing with him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt, for the first time, that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the despiser, and he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, 'We love Him because He first loved us!'

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of God who so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings:

'God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!'

'Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

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My Lord and I.

I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully;
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why He came to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear,
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

—Mrs. L. Shorey.

The Image of the Master.

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred that scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer, and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the bishop returned, and as he saw the picture in its frame on the wall, he was startled. It seemed as if his child were living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists that were there also. The artist, however, had brought it out in strong, living beauty, until it was like life in its tender charm. In every true disciple of Christ there is the image of the Master. It may be very dim. Its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness, more and more clearly, until at last it shines in undimmed beauty. This is what Christ is doing in many of his ways with us.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Individual Work.

On one occasion the writer took as his guest Henry T. Durant, who had been so successful in winning juries and in winning souls, into an inter-denominational meeting of clergymen. The subject of the day was the 'Relation of the Preacher to his Audience.' Mr. Durant, being invited to speak on the subject, gave some suggestions which were both fresh and helpful to those present. He began by saying:

'Brethren, as a lawyer I have been trained in my preaching to feel that I must win every man in my audience or lose my case.'

Then Mr. Durant went on to speak of a

lawyer's duty to know, before he began to speak, just how every man on the jury stood as to the case in hand. This knowledge he could gain by watching carefully each member of the jury during the coming in of evidence. Then he showed how the advocate proceeded to win over the individual members of the jury.

In the line of this thought and practice, Henry F. Durant and Charles G. Finney, as lawyer-evangelists, always addressed their auditors rather than their audience; and thus it was that they won so many souls. The converse of this method was illustrated by a well-known 'great preacher,' who said that he never liked to look at an individual in his audience while he was preaching, lest it should distract his thoughts from the subject of his discourse. Verily, each sort of preacher has his reward.—Editor 'Sunday School Times.'

A Mental Post Office.

'I am trying to establish a mental post office,' said a bright little woman, the other day. 'So many good things belonging to other people come to me, and so often, when there is a sudden call for one of them, I cannot find it until it is too late. Then it has to go back to the dead-letter office, lost opportunity office, or whatever you choose to call it, so that I am trying now to put such things in the boxes where they belong. When I hear a clear explanation of some question that has been troubling a friend, I mentally mark it with her name, and lay it away in my memory for her. When I read a story that is a pat refutation of some dangerous theory advanced by our young student, I store it up where it will be ready the next time I talk with him. The bit of life history I have learned from my brave washerwoman, who thinks "there's no end of kind folks in this world," belongs to my well-to-do neighbor who is always bewailing human selfishness.

'No, I don't mean that I am filling my brain with arguments and preachments to pour out upon the unfortunate people who come in my way—not that, at all. But there are so many things which seem to "belong," and can be mentioned naturally, if one only remembers them, and then left to do their work.'

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand. 'Well, what is it, my lad?' 'Being sorry for your sins,' was the answer. A little girl on the back seat raised her hand. 'Well, my little girl, what do you think?' asked the gentleman. 'I think,' said the child, 'it's being sorry enough to quit.' That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

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