

Trust and Wait.

Art thou sore distressed and weary?

Trust and wait.

Does the way seem long and dreary?

Trust and wait.

Still unseen, One's close behind thee,

Who will let no harm betide thee

Through all ill He'll safely guide thee,

Trust and wait.

Is thy dearest treasure taken?

Trust and wait.

Sad thy heart, but not forsaken,

Trust and wait.

All in love the blow was given,

But to mold the heart that's riven

For a sweeter rest in heaven,

Trust and wait.

Do thy friends misapprehend thee?

Trust and wait.

Do thine enemies offend thee?

Trust and wait.

Give thou love for hate full measure,

Hearts are God's to mold at pleasure,

He will give thee richer treasure,

Trust and wait.

Are thy cherished hopes defeated?

Trust and wait.

Is thy work still uncompleted?

Trust and wait.

Fret not at thy poor endeavor,

All to God commit forever,

He will disappoint thee—never.

Trust and wait.

Holding Father's Hand.

A recent writer tells this story:

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, 'Father, I've come to 'scort you home!' made known to me the presence of my six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour 'to take me home,' as she said.

Soon we were hand-in-hand in the homeward way.

'Now, father, let's play I am a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step, and how to go.'

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began.

'Now step up, now down,' and so on, till we safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying gleefully:

'Wasn't it nice, father; I never peeped once?'

'But,' said mother, 'didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?'

With a look of trusting love came the answer:

'Oh, no, mother; I had a tight hold of father's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places.'

Have we a tight hold on our Heavenly Father's hand, and a firm trust in his love?—'Religious Intelligencer.'

What a Word Did.

I was born in a poor man's home on the coast of Cornwall, Eng. When nine years of age I was sent into a ship-building yard to work for my living. My surroundings were of the sinful kind. Soon my young life drank in these influences. I drifted along up to the age of seventeen. At that time I used to go out after supper with young men of my age, and spend the evenings on the streets in some kind of street pleasure. I was out on this mission one evening, and a party of us was standing by a store window, when a party of Christians came by, going home from their

prayer meeting. When they reached us they stopped for some reason I do not know. One of the party—an old man—came up to me, and putting his hand on my shoulder, and calling me by name, said, 'I don't know why, but I always pray for you.' When he had said this he lifted his hand, and the prayer-meeting crowd passed down the street. I looked after them out into the darkness, saying, 'I wonder why that old fellow prays for me?'

The work was done. Conviction for sin followed. A desire to be saved entered my life, and two weeks after that I found Christ. The old man is in heaven long ago. I am here, doing what I can to make the world better.

Only a word—that was all. But as a result of that word, thousands will be in heaven, for the old man started forces at work that evening that will never stop—no, never!—The Rev. Robert Stephens.

Postal Crusade.

In a letter lately received, \$5.00 was enclosed for the Crusade from a reader of the 'Northern Messenger'; \$3.00 of this went to an orphan boy in India; \$2.00 to literature for India. Will the anonymous giver receive our grateful thanks.

'A Lover of Missions, Valleyfield,' has contributed \$40.00 towards a native preacher in Cocanada, India. 'A Friend of Missions,' \$15 towards a Bible Woman's support. Numerous gifts have been received and acknowledged with thanks. The situation as regards the 'Messenger,' 'Witness,' and 'World Wide' is this:

On Jan. 1, 1905, a long list of subscriptions for India fall due. The postage is heavy, and the rate on the 'Northern Messenger' has been slightly raised. What are we to do?

Shall we continue this work of being literary missionaries to India?

Wherever she goes, Miss Dunhill testifies to the great good the papers are doing in her native land.

Are we to continue sending them? If so, \$400.00 will be required. A great many gifts in small amounts from the thousands of readers of this paper will keep the subscriptions paid up, and bring a rich blessing to India. Kindly send your offerings very soon to the 'Witness' office. The King's business requires despatch.

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

(All gifts in answer to this appeal, whether for 'Messenger,' 'World Wide' or 'Witness' will be acknowledged through these columns. To avoid any mistake, please state clearly that they are for 'Postal Crusade' work.—Editor.)

Everlasting Patience.

It is said that the venerable Robert Moffatt, of South African fame, father-in-law to David Livingstone, once remarked in the hearing of a young friend that there were three qualifications a foreign missionary should possess. He was asked by the young man what the first qualification was. Moffatt replied 'Patience.' Thinking this a very ordinary virtue, the young man requested the second qualification, to which Moffatt replied, 'Patience.' Seeking to evade the point of the old missionary's remark, and evidently underestimating its value, yet not desiring to be disrespectful, he asked for the third qualification, to which the veteran missionary answered, 'Everlasting patience.'

Patience and plod were the secrets by which the old pioneers laid the foundation of the modern missionary movement.

Shall we be considered out of date when we suggest that these are still prime qualifications

for missionary effort? We need the dashing energy, the quick intellect, the ready mind, but we must look eagerly, too, for evidence of staying power, for the same 'everlasting patience' which alone can hold its own against the obstacles that beset the missionary's path to-day no less than in the days of the honored leaders of that great army.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide',
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 'World Wide' on trial,
free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

'World Wide' has been recommended
to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation
or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue
of Dec. 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Canada with the United States or with England—Fos on Reciprocity—The Boston 'Herald'—American Reciprocity—The Foss Flurry—The 'Evening Star,' Wash.ington.
Australian Governors—No More Imperial Appointments—The Manchester 'Guardian'.
International Arbitration—Extract from an Article by Sir Robert Finlay, in the 'North American Review'.
The Sale of the 'Standard'—The 'Spectator,' London; the 'Speaker,' London.
The Battle of the Standard—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The French Army Scandals—'Lettres des Caçnet'—New Style—From a Correspondent of the Manchester 'Guardian'.
Civilizing Uganda—The 'Daily News,' London.
Reunited to the World—The East Greenlanders—The 'Sun,' New York.
Plum Pudding for the Alake—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
General Kuropatkin—By Sven Hedin, in the 'Times,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mr. LaFarge's 'Binal'—Mural Painting Exhibited at the National Arts Club—By M., in the New York 'Evening Post'.
A Poet Praises a Painter's Work—By Henri Pene du Bois, in the New York 'American'.
Americans Sentimental, says Sir Charles Wyndham—The New York 'Times'.
Mr. Paxton's Binoculars—The Springfield 'Republican'.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Welcome to Winter—By Thomas Campion.
The Old Stoic—By Emily's Poets.
On His Blindness—By Milton.
Parable and Romance—Mr. Hall Caine's Version of an Age-Old Story—By Arthur Waugh, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Hall Caine and Rossetti—'The Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Popular Novel—By R.A.S.J., in the 'Daily News,' London.
Two Russian Books About the Jews—By Sophie Witte—Translated by Herman Bernstein, in the New York 'Evening Post'.
Hymns Ancient and Modern Revised—The 'Spectator,' London.
Ernest Thompson Seton—Animal Biographer—By M. E. S., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Thompson Seton in Birmingham—Stories of Wild Animals—The Birmingham 'Post'.
The Rarest of American Books—The First Edition of the New England Primer—The New York 'Sun'.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

English Schoolmasters—The 'Standard,' London.
Do Public Schools Make Moral Dyspeptics?—By Randolph Guggenheimer, formerly Member of the New York Board of Education, in the New York 'World'.
Can We Go Without Sleep?—The New York 'Times'.
On the Road to Mandalay?—Opening of the New Electric Railway—The 'Electrical World and Engineer'.
The Highest Mountain in the World—The 'Sun,' New York.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.