

Death of the Queen.

Our readers will have learned from the newspapers the sad news of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, between six and seven o'clock, our loved Queen died at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the eighty-first year of her age, after the longest and most glorious reign on record.

At 6.45 p.m. the Lord Mayor of London received the following telegram from Osborne, Isle of Wight:—

'My beloved mother has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.
ALBERT EDWARD.'

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Her Majesty's eldest son, Albert Edward, who was born on Nov. 9, 1841, is now our King, and he will reign under the title of King Edward VII. His wife, who has been so long familiar to us as the Princess of Wales, is now the Queen Consort. She was fifty-six years old last December.

Tennent's Temptation:

The Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, N.J., was a faithful co-laborer with Whitfield in the revival services that marked church life in our country a hundred and fifty years ago. On one occasion Mr. Tennent was to preach at such a service on the following day. As he was preparing his sermon, suddenly the impression came upon his mind that the Bible was not the word of God, but the invention of man. Do what he could, that terrible doubt would not be dislodged. Rather did it seem to be more firmly entrenched.

The power to think, even the power to pray, was gone. The preacher was paralyzed. The hour of service came, but he had no sermon. Distracted, he went to the church, ascended the pulpit, and then when the time for prayer came, he rose, and with uplifted arms, he cried: 'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

No sooner was the petition offered than an answer came. Doubts, were dissipated, darkness was driven away. With mind illumined and heart all aglow, he finished the prayer, and preached a sermon which was blessed to the conversion of about thirty persons.

His experience was remarkable, but not unparalleled. Probably every preacher has been assailed by a similar doubt as to the divine character of the Scriptures; has momentarily been startled and stunned with the question:—'Is the Bible true?' A young minister once said that he had never doubted that the Bible was the infallible word of God. Whereupon, an older minister said:—'You are a fortunate man.'

Doubts of this nature are peculiarly likely to assail people nowadays. The Bible has gone into the crucible of scientific study, without reference to its traditional claims to be considered the infallible rule of faith and practice. The question has risen in many minds: 'Will the Bible stand the test?' Doubt on this point for a moment even, disturbs, distracts, darkens the mind, and paralyzes every faculty of true preaching power.

Varied methods of dealing with the difficulty are proposed. Reading what scholars say: resorting to those of firm faith; reading and rereading the word of God; recalling testimonies as to the truth of the Scriptures, all these methods have their value. But the essential thing is prayer: the prayer of the agonized Tennent above

referred to:—'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

Direct approach to God; direct appeal to God for mercy; this drives away doubt, and this alone. Thus relations of revelations are established and maintained. Thus light first shone from the Scriptures into the soul, and thus illumination is renewed. It was the mercy of God which blotted out those transgressions which like a thick cloud hid his face from us. Mercy renewed, we must seek daily lest the light of his countenance be obscured. Mercy, instant, overpowering, we must ask the moment a shadow falls on the Scriptures, for mercy gave us the word of God, and mercy alone can make it manifest that the Bible is that word of God.—Arthur Newman, in New York 'Observer.'

A Man Full of Religion.

On one of the Samoan Islands, John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm, to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while to bring home some religion.

'And when that is gone, I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?'

That is what is needed in all lands—a man full of religion.—'Ram's Horn.'

A Postal Crusade to India.

'MESSENGERS' WANTED.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger'.)

Dear Sir,—The first response to my appeal through the 'Messenger' for boys and girls to enlist in the post-office crusade for India, has arrived. Fred W. Kemp has the honor of being the first 'Messenger' Crusader. Now, as I am in hopes that we will have a fine little contingent to marshal forth for a peaceful warfare in India, I had better write the coming warriors a letter of explanation.

The land to which we are going by post with messages of goodwill is a long way off. It takes a letter one month to go there, then I have to wait one month for a reply. The lady to whom I wrote is touring in the villages; sometimes her mail is delayed in reaching her. I've written for the names, but we must have patience before beginning our attack. In the meantime send me in your names and addresses with a two-cent stamp for reply. By and by, if the editor has no objections, I will be glad to send a list of the names according to their arrival. I will keep watch of the dates, and those who come first will get their proper place.

Yes, the editor was right about the papers being clean and in good order. When any come to me that are soiled I cannot send them. We must be very careful, too, not to send any papers that have been in a house where there is any contagious disease. One missionary, in writing to me, sends this advice:—

'Ask those who send papers to tie up the rolls carefully, in wrapping paper, address clearly, and pay full postage.' Then she adds, 'Weight them with prayer.'

When you are saying your prayers don't forget to ask that your 'Northern Messenger' may carry a real message across the

sea. It may be that you will be a true foreign missionary and have the joy of bringing a soul to Christ.

The postage on one 'Northern Messenger' will be one cent for India. That is, if your wrapping paper is light. The postage for four 'Northern Messengers' done up in light wrapping paper is two cents. The postage-rate for papers to India is one cent for two ounces. If it is a shade over you must pay one cent more. Until I got my own postal scale I always carried my parcel to the post-office to be weighed.

In Montreal there may be some boys or girls who have 'Messengers,' but whose interests are in home missions. Could we get up a volunteer company among them? A lady came to me lately with this request: 'Will you get me papers for some French children who read English. They all want English papers.' I said, 'Yes, if you will ask these children to circulate the papers after they have read them.'

There are reasons which are wise ones why the 'Northern Messenger' is a paper particularly well adapted to French Evangelization. Now, who will volunteer in Montreal to join the 'Home Crusaders?' Will those who wish to enlist please send or bring their 'Northern Messengers' to 'Welcome Hall, 1207 St. Antoine street.' Let the parcel be marked, 'Mrs. Cole, for home missions,' and then I will know what to do with them. Will some Sunday-school teacher, or several, in Montreal kindly interest themselves in this golden opportunity for home missions by a Christian press. I would like very much if we could work up a splendid Sunday-school crusade through our 'Messenger.' The newspaper postage for Canada is one cent for four ounces. In case some one outside of Montreal is interested, I will be delighted to have you join us. I would like to emphasize what the editor said about the 'Sabbath Reading.' All the 'Sabbath Readings' we possibly can get for India and our French Mission in Montreal will be most valuable. The 'Sunday-school Times' also is in request, and as many Scripture texts as possible, remembering always the promise:—'My words shall not return unto me void.'

Faithfully,

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

Feb. 3, Sun.—Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.

Feb. 4, Mon.—The spirit of wisdom.

Feb. 5, Tues.—An habitation of God through the Spirit.

Feb. 6, Wed.—Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.

Feb. 7, Thur.—Be filled with the Spirit.

Feb. 8, Fri.—The fruit of the Spirit is goodness.

Feb. 9, Sat.—Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

Poem Wanted.

Robert Millar, Guelph, Ont., would be glad to get the words of a poem which he believes was published in the 'Northern Messenger' some years ago. It was on the tobacco question, he says, and was about a blacksmith's wife who found a pipe in her boy's pocket. The boy excused himself by saying that the minister smoked.

[Anyone having the words and caring to forward them should send them direct to Mr. Millar.]