

hands of the girl. 'It is his work, and he will perfect it in due time.'

And the girls went back home with a more earnest thought in their hearts than when they started.—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

The Pain Caused by Hasty Words.

If we could but know half the pain and bitterness caused by a single hasty word, would we not surely have made the little effort necessary to check it ere it fell from our lips? Incidents such as the following are of such common occurrence that—sad as the fact may be—they will not sound unfamiliar to the reader. Who that has had any experience of life has not seen the quiver of pain produced by a word hastily and thoughtlessly uttered?

At one end of a table sat a father reading, and at the other stood his little son busily and happily intent on placing the pieces of a new picture puzzle together. Time after time he had to commence anew, but quickly and patiently he would bend to his task, and rearrange the pieces with an amount of steady determination and self-reliance not often seen in so young a child. His father, deep in his book, was unconscious of his presence, and had even forgotten that he was in the room.

But, interesting as his book might be, the study his son presented just then should have been more interesting still. And what a splendid opportunity was thus lost to him to read the indications of traits of character that, directed aright, would lead in the future man to a career of usefulness and worth, as with glowing cheek and sparkling eye his son placed the last piece in the picture! Just then, as with difficulties overcome, the young conqueror gazed in admiration that was all the deeper for that very reason, his hand made a sudden slip, and the pieces were all scattered, some falling to the floor with a crash. And then, with the feeling of disappointment which was none the less keen because it was childish, came something more painful still in the harsh, 'What do you mean, sir, by making such a noise? Put those things away at once, and go to bed.'

With a quivering lip the poor little fellow gathered up his scattered toys, and placing them in the box, turned away with his heart almost ready to burst. And as his devoted little head sought the pillow he murmured: 'I don't think my papa loves me one bit. And I wish—oh! I wish—God would let me go up to my mamma in heaven.' The father, after looking frowningly at the retreating figure of his son, turned to his paper again, and long before the shadow cast by his hasty words was forgotten, he had quite forgotten that he had spoken them.

At a picnic one beautiful day in early summer, a group of friends were seated a little apart from the rest, under the shade of a tree. The day was simply perfection. The very air seemed to quiver with joy and happiness, and the golden bars and gleams of sunlight fell athwart smiling, happy faces. Among the group were a young husband and wife, the latter having a sister by her side. As the young wife looked up from the smiling babe on her knee, and gazed around, drinking in all the pleasures of sight and sound, the beauty of the scene seemed to come upon her like a new revelation.

Her glance at last rested on her husband, who was now standing at a little distance, talking to a friend in tones of animation, as if carrying on a discussion. At that moment her sister called him by name, wishing to ask him a question. With a hasty gesture, ex-

pressing impatience, he turned round, saying, 'Well, what now?' But seeing who had spoken to him, he added, with instant change of manner and tone, 'I beg your pardon, I thought it was—' Shame or some other feeling prevented his finishing the sentence; but it was apparent to both wife and sister that the impatience was checked on finding that it was not the former who had spoken to him. The poor wife bent her head in shame over the unconscious face of her babe, with a heart quivering as from a barbed arrow's sudden thrust. For her the beauty of the day was gone, and the joyous sounds around her turned to discord by 'the rift within the lute' that never closed again, but widened and widened as the years went on.—'Christian Globe.'

Tell Me About the Master.

Tell me about the Master,

I am weary and worn to-night,

The day lies behind the shadow,

And only the evening is light—

Light with a radiant glory,

That lingers about the west,

But my heart is aweary, aweary,

And I long like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master—

Of the hills He in loneliness trod,

When the tears and the blood of His anguish

Dropped down on Judea's sod,

For to me life's weary milestones

But a sorrowful journey mark,

Rough lies the hill country behind me,

The mountains before me are dark.

Tell me about the Master—

Of the wrongs He freely forgave,

Of His mercy and tender compassion,

Of His love that was mighty to save,

For my heart is aweary, aweary,

Of the woes and temptations of life,

Of the error that stalks in the noonday,

Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,

Or pain, or temptations befall,

The infinite Master has suffered,

And knoweth and pitieth all,

So tell me the sweet old story,

That falls on each wound like a balm,

And the heart that was bruised and broken

Grows patient and strong and calm.

—'The Advance.'

The After-meeting.

(M. E. C., in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly'.)

'The young people hold a fifteen-minute meeting in the room adjoining, immediately after the close of this service. In their behalf I invite you to join them. It is a meeting for prayer; the thought gathers round the topic of the evening. We invite you cordially to come in with us. We remain together only about fifteen or twenty minutes.'

This was the purport of the invitation given to the congregation by the pastor of a large, so-called fashionable church at the close of the usual Sunday evening service. Perhaps it would be more correct to say unusual service, for though held every Sunday evening during several consecutive winters, it might well be called unique in some of its features. On account of distance and other reasons, comparatively few pewholders and attendants upon the morning service were ever present. Yet the large audience-room and commodious galleries were well filled. Strangers tarrying at hotels, people who had drifted from one place of worship to another and as yet found no church home, and many young people, students or employees boarding in the city, as well as

pillars in other churches where no evening service was held, gravitated here with one accord. The seats were all free at this service. Groups of young men stood near the doors of entrance with welcome in their entire demeanor, waiting to give each attendant a neatly printed programme of that particular evening's service, as well as to hospitably lead the way to a comfortable seat. The music was the choicest that wealthy church afforded, and anthem, solo, and congregational hymn, as well as sermon and Scripture lesson, each bore upon and illustrated or enforced the topic enfolded in the text. Crisp, pointed, sympathetic, practical, the sermon closely held the attention of all. Fairly and sharply bringing out the lesson, it closed the moment that was done, and as the pastor turned from the desk the choir softly responded in the words of the hymn printed in the programme, aptly enforcing or continuing the evening's lesson. The entire service in a special manner seemed adapted to 'all sorts and conditions of men.'

But I think a great deal of the power of these services came from its series of fifteen-minute after-meetings. Availing myself of the invitation to attend, I entered the door beside the pulpit and found in the lecture-room an earnest group of young people. Soon a few gray heads entered. The pastor came in almost unobserved from a rear door, and quietly seated himself at the piano. A young man led the meeting, and short prayers closely followed each other. There was a greater variety of expression than in any church prayer-meeting I ever knew. Help to carry into practical life the teaching of the evening was implored. Blessing upon the pastor, the church, the congregation, and the stranger was besought with great directness. A young man recently converted told of the wonderful mercy and keeping power of the Saviour. Two verses of a closing hymn were given out by the leader, and the pastor played and led the singing. He said a few words to the meeting and then closed with brief prayer.

Then what an earnest, holy, social time there was! New-comers were introduced to old members. A young man wanted to speak to the minister about joining the church. His address was taken and an appointment for an interview was made. Five, six, seven young men, some strangers, waited their turn for confidences with the pastor. And older men pressed near on other errands bent.

How much would have been lost without that little after-meeting! What a gathering up it was of the best influences of the day! What a sympathetic place it was for a soul feeling the burden of sin to find help! What kindlings of fellowship were felt, and what a girding up for the little informal business afterwards of appointments, addresses, information, and introductions had in it a nameless grace.

When nearly all were gone a word of appreciation of the uses of the after-meeting was spoken to the pastor. Very heartily and sentimentously came his quick reply, 'It's a great help to me!'

Acknowledgment.

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