

shall receive. Now, let us prove him more than we have ever done.

In closing I have two things to ask you to bear in mind. Do not be afraid of your feebleness in prayer. Your prayers do not answer themselves. God does that. Pray the best you can, always asking the Holy Ghost to pray in you. He will take care of your prayers if you will let him. Do not dishonor God by talking about the obstacles in the way of answers. It is a grievous sin to belittle the Almighty's power in this manner. 'With God all things are possible.' Take this saying for daily, hourly repetition during the coming month—first thing in the morning, during the day, last thing at night. 'With God all things are possible.' Do you believe it? Ask the Holy Spirit to make it real to you and with that blessed truth in your mind; pray, pray, pray. And may a sense of his power and a consciousness of his love dwell with us unceasingly!

Hoping to hear from some of you soon, and asking you to pray that God will bless this humble message, I am, your sister in Christ,
ANGELE COX.

Keep Off.

I once listened to a narrative from a boatman which made a deep impression on my mind. He said, as he stood at the wheel of a steamer, and guided her down the deep, narrow Cumberland, he saw directly in the channel a light. It was regarded as the signal of a small craft, which seemed to be anchored in the narrow channel. If a craft, it was evidently out of its place, and the first impulse was to run the steamer directly over the signal and the barque it protected. But as the vessel neared the signal fire, a voice was heard with a corresponding wave of the hand—"keep off, keep off!" So the pilot passed around the signal light. When he reached the port below, he was informed that a huge stone had separated from the mountain summit which hung over the margin of the beautiful river, and lodged directly in the channel. That the signal fire and the voice of warning proceeded from a sentinel, employed to protect the lives and property of his fellows.

God has lit the fire of truth, and utters a warning voice to mariners, on every rock that lifts its head in the stream of life. We are often turned and saved from shipwreck by the kind hand of God, while it seems mysterious and afflictive to us. And not until we reach our home will we be able to see and praise him for many great deliverances—"Bright Jewels."

Captain John's Vision.

Instances of so-called visions resulting in the reformation of a wicked character do not establish a supernatural truth; but they are interesting, and it is no abuse of metaphor if we call them 'angel visits.'

The Rev. J. H. Ecob, a clergyman of Albany, now of Denver, published some time ago in the New York 'Evangelist' the strange story of 'Captain' John Jinks, a river pirate. His father and grandfather had been river pirates, and he had inherited both their trade and their depravity. 'Ignorance, superstition, whiskey, tobacco, blasphemy, vices of all shapes and lines, had united their diabolic forces in begetting a man and molding his life for sixty years.' Gathered from the three-column story, which is told in Captain John's own illiterate language, the facts are as follows:

Feeling ill one day while at work in his doorway, he went up to his cabin chamber and lay down on his bed. Gradually, as he rested there with unclosed eyes, the bare rafters over

his head seemed to 'turn to gold;' then the roof opened, and a company of venerable old men in white garments, and with long, white beards, appeared in the room. They looked at him, silently, but kindly and pitifully, until he 'felt ashamed.'

The feeling almost forced him to cry out, but at that moment a white dove fluttered down and alighted in the middle of the group. The venerable old men smiled on the bird, and at the man on the bed—and the white scene faded away. It had come and gone, 'like a mist out of the river.'

Amazed and excited, Captain John went down-stairs, hardly knowing that he walked. The white dove seemed to have nestled in his breast and given him its wings. That day and through the night he moved about in a strange glow and lightness of spirit that would not let him eat or sleep. Next day he found Mr. Ecob and told him the story, with the tears running down his cheeks.

'I can't swear,' he said, 'I can't drink, nor steal, nor dare to do a wicked thing, with them good 'old men's eyes lookin' at me, an' the white bird stayin' right here in my heart.'

It was an eccentric experience; but the minister did not treat the man as a crank. He remembered the Teacher's emblem, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and questioned his gray-haired visitor as encouragingly as he would have questioned a little child. The man had never been inside a church, and scarcely knew there was such a book as the Bible; but he could learn the simplest elements of religion, as the minister taught them to him, and on these he lived for years, an upright, devout and joyful life. He died without knowing how to read; but 'the white dove in his heart' he declared was with him to the last.

It was a vision that made Cornelius, the Roman, send for a Christian preacher, and it was a vision that made the preacher willing to go. Science and human reason may not recognize spiritual phenomena, but neither reason nor science can consistently deny the possibility that the great Being into whose realm crowd the infinite mysteries of the universe, did send messengers of regeneration to the poor heathen river pirate.—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Read and Ponder.

A church in Michigan bought a carpet for \$800, and it was paid for by the women who raised the funds by a long series of sociables and entertainments. In commenting upon the purchase, after the carpet was laid, the pastor is said to have delivered himself as follows:

'This carpet cost not \$800, as shown by the bill rendered, but \$4,000. To the bill rendered must be added all the incidentals, the work and worry and nervous strain and bodily weariness and headaches and heartaches of seventy-five or one hundred women during all these years, while the purchase fund was slowly accumulating. To it must be added the colds and fevers and doctor bills, and also what you have paid to other churches, for when Methodists and Baptists come to your socials you must go to theirs. The incidentals do not stop here. A man buys some groceries and his wife at the expense of fuel and strength and time makes a cake or something else and gives it over to the social, and then the man and his wife and children go to the social and eat the cake and pay for it—count that in. Demoralization of church society, a curtailment of legitimate giving to the church proper, and various other things follow in the train of the church social habit.'

The pastor then expressed himself as 'opposed to any more sociables as revenue producers.' 'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way.' It is the way of Paul. 'Now concerning the

collection for the saints, as I have given order for the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings (sociables) when I come.'—Michigan Advocate.'

Swift Travellers.

Our dead—they travel fast!
Who sees them hurry past?

Scarce is the farewell said,
Than—where are they, our dead?

Out of our touch and reach,
Out of our sight and speech.

As swift as thought they go,
Past weariness and woe.

Yet, are they far away?
We meet, at break of day.

Not far from love and prayer,
But into higher care;

Far from earth's pain and strife
Into abundant life;

Far from the land of tears,
To where their Lord appears.

He bids all discords cease,
And takes them into peace.

Our dead—they travel fast,
And rest with God at last.

—Marianne Farningham, in 'Christian World.'

A Christian Farmer's Soliloquy.

'Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars—why, it's a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad that Brother King preached that sermon. He said that we should all find it a "good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited." He asked us to try the experiment for one year—to "set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work.'

'I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a closefisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, twelve hundred dollars. Three dollars is one four hundredth part of twelve hundred dollars.

'The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I, "I am not quite ready for the Jews' one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works." I got a big envelope and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put the sixty dollars into it. Said I, "Here goes for the Lord." It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done how good I felt over it!

'When this appeal came for foreign missions all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one-tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's funds up to seventy-five dollars; and if it does not I will make it up from something else.'—Canada Presbyterian.'

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