

night. But I know him, and I know he is not what he professes to be.

Here it was at last. Held back by another man's insincerity.

'But you must not let his life influence yours. You must stand or fall by yourself,' I said. 'Because he does wrong that is no warrant for your not doing right.'

But it was vain. The meeting soon closed, and I never say this young man again. God bless and keep him, wherever he is.

It seems to me I never before realized the awfulness of not living right as I have since that night. All one may say vanishes in the light of what one does. Life and word must correspond if we would win souls to the light. It is a terrible thing to stand between any soul and the light. Argue as you may, life counts. Men 'seeing our good works,' not our good words, follow Jesus. Should we not then walk very carefully before the Lord?

If I May Help.

(Mrs. Frank A. Breck.)

If I may help some burdened heart
His heavy load to bear;
If any little song of mine
May cheer a soul somewhere;
If I may lead some grieving one
To know that loss is gain,
Or bring some shadowed soul to light,
I shall not live in vain.

If I may help bewildered ones
To find life's grandest clue;
If I may steady faltering feet,
Or help some heart be true;
If I may bring a tender touch
To some love couch of pain,
Or whisper words of hope and strength,
I shall not live in vain.

If I may give disheartened ones
The impetus they need,
Or rescue the oppressed from hands
Of cruelty and greed;
If I may bring concord and love
Where strife and hatred reign,
Or be a friend to friendless ones,
I shall not live in vain.

If I may battle some great wrong,
Some worldly current stem,
Or give a hand of fellowship
Where other hearts condemn;
If I grow strong to do and bear,
Amid life's stress and strain,
And keep a pure heart everywhere,
I shall not live in vain.

If I may give forth sympathy,
And keep a heart of youth,
Or help myself and fellow-men
To grander heights of truth;
However small my part may be,
To cleanse the world of stain,
If I but do the thing I can,
I shall not live in vain.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

For the Work in India—Acknowledgment From Miss Dunhill.

Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.,
Nov. 14, 1904.

The Editor of the 'Northern Messenger':

Dear Fellow-laborer,—India's thanks are again due to you for inserting a letter a few weeks ago. And now, on behalf of your fellow-subjects in that land, will you let me say, I acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude, two dollars from an anonymous friend, M—, of E— A—, who prefers it to be 'used for widows and orphans of India'?

A recent letter tells of one dollar I had the privilege of remitting, being very useful, two-thirds going to a worker who had no money left, and one-third to clothing for boys of the Orphanage. Constant travelling had made me late in responding to M.'s gift of love.

Yours, with best wishes,

(Miss) H. E. DUNHILL, of India.

Qualified.

An undertaker advertised for a driver for a hearse, and from among the applicants he secured a good looking, strong fellow, with a solemn countenance. 'Before employing you,' said the undertaker, 'I want to know if you have had any experience in this business?' 'Well, I never drove a hearse,' admitted the applicant, 'but I've driven the next thing to it.' 'What do you mean?' 'Well,' said the applicant, with confidence, 'I drove a brewer's dray for seven years.' He secured the post.—'New Voice.'

Remarkable Answer to Prayer

There were seven of us children in the parental home. We were all converted in early childhood. Charles was a model youth in every respect but one. He was not a Christian. This gave our parents much anxiety, and caused them many tears and prayers. He asked them why they felt so much concerned about him, adding, 'What have I done to give you trouble?' Their answer was: 'Charles, so far as your life is concerned it has always been exemplary, all that parents could desire of a son, but we know that you have never been "born again," hence we know you could not enter heaven if you should die in that state. We don't know what might happen. We know that life is uncertain, and you might be called into eternity without a moment's warning.'

When Charles was about to leave home for college, three hundred miles away, mother said: 'Now, Charles, as we shall probably be separated for years, and perhaps never meet again in this world, I want you to promise me before you go that you will seek the Lord and become a Christian.' With deep emotion the promise was solemnly made. A year passed and no ray of hope came to assure his dear parents that the promise had been fulfilled. Anxiety had become so intense that father and mother resolved to spend a whole day in fasting and prayer for Charles' conversion.

Two persons of great faith and power in prayer were invited to join with them, and a day was set apart for that purpose. They all spent the entire day in fasting and prayer. About the setting of the sun the burden was lifted; the agonizing prayer had turned to joy and praise. The answer came. It came two weeks ahead of the old slow stage-coach. It came from the mercy seat by wireless telephone. In process of time a letter came from Charles, saying: 'Dear father and mother, your prayers are answered at last. Your stubborn son is born again. On such a

day (giving the date) I felt as I never did before—that I was a great sinner, and that I needed a Saviour. Being alone in my own room, I spent the entire day in prayer. About sundown I went out into the grove and there on my knees I gave my heart to God through Christ, and I was truly converted. I am now saved.'

Comparing the hour of conversion with the time of the answer in the parental home, they were found to coincide precisely.

Charles was my own dear brother, C. W. Royal, late of Mount Tabor, Portland, Ore. With a peaceful smile he assured me in his last illness that all was well with his soul.—The Rev. T. F. Royal, in 'Pacific Christian Advocate.'

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.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 19, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.
The Plea for Peace—The New York 'Times.'
Roosevelt, Folk and Douglas—Three Men with Great Opportunities—The New York 'World.'
Morley for Free Trade—His Advice to Americans—The New York 'Evening Post.'
'Emperor of America'—Goldwin Smith Discusses Possibilities of an Expansion Policy—The 'Sun,' New York.
Investors and Investments—The 'Outlook,' London.
Institute of Bankers—Trade and Fiscal Question and Growth of Municipal Debts—The 'Standard,' London.
John Burns to John Workman—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Dogger Bank—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Armenian Blue-Book—By H. N. Brailsford, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Church Congress at Liverpool—G. K. Chesterton, on Aggressive Infidelity—The 'Church Times.'
Hunting in the Saskatchewan—The New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.
Is Art a Hobby?—By L. March Phillipps, in the 'Speaker,' London.
A Musician's Memories—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY
Indian Summer—Poem, by John G. Whittier.
The Closing Scene—Poem, by Thomas Buchanan Read.
The Lovability of Miss Edgeworth—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Moncure Conway's Memories—A Remarkably Interesting Autobiographical Work—Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Emerson and Froude—Moncure Conway's Autobiography—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Poetry of Swinburne and Scott—The New York 'Tribune.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.
A Great Eton Trio—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Parent and the Teacher—A Plea for Closer Co-operation of School and Home—By Principal Alfred E. Stearns, of Phillips Academy, Andover, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World,' Boston.
Curiosity a Disappearing Trait—The Chicago 'Journal.'
About the Chinese Calendar—How Its Errors were Rectified by a Jesuit Astronomer—The 'Living Church.'
Steel Ties or Preserved Wood—The 'World,' New York.
Filling a Sink Hole—The 'Street Railway Journal.'
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD
Our Tricky Tongues—By J. Macdonald Orley, in the 'Tribune Magazine.'