

there were men and women glad enough to come and bring their own food, if they might be taught the things they were hungry to know.

And then to find a real, genuine, full-fledged Congregational Association with a genuine back-bone in it, not timid, not halting, not limp when it came to a hard and embarrassing piece of discipline, but standing up to its work with courage, and putting a man out of the church if he ought to go, no matter whose step-uncle or 'yard-grandfather,' he might chance to be, nor how many broad acres of land he owned. This was as refreshing as a June-rain, when one remembered how absolutely impossible it was to the clannish and fearful discipline of years ago. There was an enlarged and beautiful chapel to gladden my eyes, and there were people to fill it, and more than fill it. There were whole new circles of villages, some of which I have not set eyes on yet. There was progress, and blessed, healthy growth everywhere. I could have

"Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!"

"Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove!
Speed forth Thy fight;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!"

Prayer For Protection.

In contrast with the naturalistic views of some writers, we wish to quote a paragraph from a recent letter of our friend the Rev. H. B. Gage, of Riverside, Cal. It may not be possible for us to prove by scientific demonstration that the deliverance he records was due to the prayers offered, but we re-

and that would mean ice, and the loss to us of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, we did what Nehemiah did in his trouble. "We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch." A quiet wind blew all night, and when the sun rose the thermometer marked thirty-two degrees, and we were saved.—Occident.

How to Get on in the World.

Most of our successful men began life without capital. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:—

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.
2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety percent of what men call genius is only a talent for hard work.
3. Enter into the business or trade you like best, and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.
4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer your difficulties.
5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No one can rise who slights his work.
6. Don't try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom, and you will be surer of reaching the top some time.
7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner—"Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."
8. Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time, if you have to lose your dinner to do it.
9. Be polite. Every smile, every kindly word, will help to win friends.
10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.
11. Spend less than you earn. Do not run into debt. Watch the little leaks, and you will be able to live on your salary.
12. Make all the money you can, honestly; do all the good you can with it while you live; be your own executor.—"The Young Man."



CHINESE WOMEN AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

done without an almanac, and just called all the rest of the year one long Thanksgiving week. I had so much to rejoice over in my beloved Shantung.

But I have not told you the very best of all, which is that the same blessed Holy Spirit who has set all the rest of the world to thinking and talking about him, is working deep down in hearts here too. I feel such a different atmosphere everywhere, though that is partly because I got my own blessing at home and have different eyes to see with now. He makes the Chinese love to hear about him. He hushes rooms full of people into such a wonderful, marvelous quiet. He sends some to the missionaries to say that they are hungry and thirsty for him. Instead of the old struggle and strain to hold attention, he just makes the order and the quiet, and supplies the simple word that seems so little in itself, but goes home and does its work because his almighty power is behind it.

His work in some hearts that I have watched since I came back has been so marvellous in its gentle, quiet, but resistless power, it has seemed to me like a beautiful dream from which one must awake. Oh, praise God for life to-day, when the Holy Spirit is coming to his own, and having his own blessed right of way at last in hearts which for a lifetime had thought of him as an Influence, and had never known he was their tender, glorious, almighty personal Friend.

joyce that there is still strong among us a faith in God which leads his children to cry unto him in their anxiety and distress, and to give him thanks in their deliverance. Mr. Gage says:

"A few weeks ago the telegraphic reports came to us warning us of a coming cold wave. The weather prophets prophesied the coldest night of the season, and that the temperature would certainly drop below the "danger point," about twenty-five degrees. Ranchmen began flooding their orange groves and others prepared to light fires to keep off the frost. We had a union meeting for special bible study that night, and it was suggested that we pray especially that God would grant us protection. "He giveth the snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes." "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists." Well, we prayed, both publicly and privately.

"Practically, our crop here in Riverside is oranges. There are something like four thousand carloads of oranges hanging to-day on our trees, which means 1,200,000 boxes. Let the temperature drop to twenty degrees for one single night and our harvest, and our very living would perish. The trees would not be killed, but the fruit would be ruined. It had been blowing cold all day from the north, and as the sun went down, the thermometer was falling rapidly and already marked thirty-eight degrees, it would be fourteen hours before daylight,

Who Was to be Avoided?

There has just been unveiled in Boston a remarkable piece of sculpture in bronze, one of the very finest in the country, portraying Colonel Robert Gould Shaw at the head of his colored troops. This young hero was leader of the first colored regiment sent from the North during the Civil War. The large and deeply moved crowd that for days has remained in front of this noble memorial, is one of the truest tributes an artist has ever received. The dedication of this beautiful work of art has recalled a story of one of Colonel Shaw's sisters, Mrs. Minturn, who one day was riding in a street car, when a colored woman entered and took the only vacant seat, next to a fashionably dressed woman, opposite to Mrs. Minturn. This woman edged away from the colored intruder with every sign of disgust, and as soon as the seat next to Mrs. Minturn was vacated, she rose with a toss of her head, held her skirts away from the colored woman, and, crossing the car, sat down by Colonel Shaw's sister. Mrs. Minturn was a beautiful woman, and was richly attired. Imitating the airs she had indignantly witnessed, she promptly rose in her turn, flaunted from her seat, and sat down in the vacant place by the side of the colored woman. Now let us raise a statue to Colonel Shaw's sister!