

school. He saw the answer to his prayer in the young man who had just undertaken the office of superintendent. For three years he had been striving to get the school to take up the International Lessons, and to enter the examinations, and though he several times attempted to start a training-class, his efforts had altogether been a failure. The only thing that would bring a number of the teachers and older scholars of Bryn together was the announcement of a picnic or a soiree.

Young Pritchard and the minister of Bryn soon became great friends, and the old people at Bryn began to doubt their choice. Great changes were constantly taking place in the government of the school, and a new spirit was manifest in the teachers. The International Lessons were adopted by the younger classes, and a special class was conducted by the minister to prepare for the examination. This innovation was regarded as a sign of heterodoxy on the part of the new superintendent and the minister. 'For,' argued the ex-superintendent, 'these International Lessons be not teaching our doctrines and principals. You can venshure, brethren, that this will be the dath-blow of our school.' He laid emphasis on the words—our doctrines and principles, and there was a loud assent to his words from the older members.

'We shall see how many it will kill during the next twelve months,' replied young Pritchard, 'and we shall see how many it will make alive. Let it be judged according to its practical results.'

But it was hard work, terribly hard, for some time; for even the children were taught at home to take new lessons just the same as they took medicine. However, in less than two years the old Bryn School had doubled its number of scholars, and over thirty of these had joined the church. 'What the loaves and fishes failed to do,' said the new superintendent in a teachers' conference recently, 'we have been able to accomplish by sound teaching of the word of God and by prayer. You congratulate me for the recent success of our school; but, brethren and sisters, all I did was to show you the way. You have been kind to the scholars; you have taught them faithfully the simple word of God; you have prayed for their salvation, and by these means you have taught the children to love you, to love the school, and to love the religion you profess.'—*English Sunday-school Times.*

In Darkest London.

In one of the darkest and most dismal quarters of London there is a bright and cheerful refuge where men and boys are always sure that they will be welcomed. It is in Shoreditch, one of the most densely populated districts of the city. Every night it is thronged with poor boys, who are allowed to amuse themselves in their own way.

There are tables where chess and checkers are played. There are magazines and books for those who care to read them. There are vaulting-bars, swinging-rings, dumb-bells, and other gymnastic appliances.

A hundred or more boys may always be seen in this cheerful refuge up to ten o'clock at night. They are under no restraint, and are not reproved when they raise their voices and shout hilariously, from sheer excess of animal spirits and youthful vitality.

There is no policeman in attendance at these nightly revels. A clergyman greets his guests with quiet dignity when they enter the hall, and his presence suffices to secure the maintenance of good order. When the hour for closing strikes the boys shake hands with their host, and return to their squalid

homes with faces aglow with healthful exercise and youthful pleasure, and morally benefited by the influence of the 'refuge.'

But the clergyman's work has not ended. After ten o'clock the rooms fill up with men who are homeless and without money to pay for a night's lodging. They are admitted if they are sober, and are allowed to sleep in bunks with a blanket over them. The doors are closed at midnight, and the clergyman remains in an upper room where he can overlook the swarm of tramps. In the morning they are expected to wash themselves, and then are suffered to go, with a kind word from the minister in charge.

The man who spends his days and nights in laboring among these poor unfortunates is a well-born university graduate. He preaches on Sundays in an upper room, which is fitted up as a chapel, and he has sick people to visit and all the details of a great mission work to supervise. He devotes his life to the service of the poor, and is cut off from companionship with people of education and refinement.

He has his reward for his labors and self-sacrifice, when he hears, as he often does, of the rescues from crime which are effected through the agency of his work. Sometimes he receives letters from India stating that the writers owe their redemption from sin and shame to the kind words which he has spoken in that play-room and lodging-house. Or, again, it is from Australia, or South Africa, that the boys whom he has befriended send him word that they owe to him their chance of making an honest living.

It is a degraded section of darkest London, but it is illuminated with the purest light of practical Christianity. The educated gentleman who buries himself alive there embodies in his life the divine spirit of self-sacrifice, and his reward is found in the approval of his Master.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Life of Walking on the Water.

It is the life of abiding peace and power. It is the life of constant victory in God's service. It is the life in which we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. The possibility of this life was revealed to us by the Lord Jesus. Peter did not think that it was possible to get across the sea otherwise than by toiling at the oar, until he saw Jesus walking on the water. That was a revelation to him of a possibility hitherto undreamed of. We did not know that a life of abiding peace, and joy, and holiness, was possible on this earth until we read the life of Jesus. And there we saw it realized. It was something entirely different from the life we were living. It was a life, the meat and drink of which was to do God's will. It was life altogether without backsliding, a life that grew more and more in beauty till the perfect day. So now we know that there is another way of doing God's will, and getting across the sea of life than by toiling at the oar.

'But,' you say, and the voices of some of you quiver with feeling as you say it, 'is this life for me?' Is it possible to flesh and blood, or possible only to phantoms? Is it possible to flesh and blood beset with sin, or only to the sinless Son of God? It is possible! Jesus was man, flesh and blood, and he did it! Peter was man, flesh and blood, and a sinner like ourselves, and he did it! That shows what is possible.

But, you ask, if this life is possible, how is it to be attained?

It begins by an absolute surrender of

everything to Christ, and a venturing wholly upon him.

If you would have the power over sin which you seek, you must surrender everything to Christ, and venture wholly on him.

Venture on him, venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude,

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,

Can do helpless sinners good.

This life of victory, this experience of fullness of blessing, which is begun by surrender, is continued only while we look to Jesus.

This answers the question whether this experience may be lost or not. Certainly it may, and—alas! even by those who know it best—sometimes is. Begun by surrender, it is continued only while we look to Jesus.

This is the life, dear reader, which God means for you; this is the life to which God calls you; will you not enter on it now? Will you not say, as you give yourself utterly away to the Lord,

'Over the waves to thee, dear Lord,

Over the waves to thee,

At last, at last, I come, I come,

Over the waves to thee,

I know thou canst not fail,

I know thou canst not fail,

I trust my all at thy dear call,

And give myself to thee?'

—From Booklet, 'Toiling, or Triumphant.'

A Prayer Heard and Answered Out of Old Ocean's Depths.

In November, 1866, I was capsized in an open boat in Galveston Bay. Being something of a sailor, I tried to right her. I took out the mast and ballast, then, placing myself at the stern, I tried to roll the water out of her. The sea being very high, I could not succeed, and becoming exhausted by my efforts to save myself, I got into the boat, and sat down, or knelt down, holding a gunwale in each hand. At this time I was quite exhausted, and seemed to have lost presence of mind, through great fear of loss of life, etc. It was a dark night, miles from land, and no possibility of human aid at that time and place, a heavy wind, and waves running high.

Stripped to my underwear, spray flying over me every moment, I was being chilled to death, and, as I thought, about to perish. I thought of God, and, as I had been taught in youth, I believed that all things were possible with him, I prayed. I asked him to save me from a watery grave. I don't remember just the words I used, but God was there and answered as soon as I asked him, without a moment's delay. He saved me! Who else could have done it? Remember the situation. Kneeling in the water, waist deep, with wind and spray flying over me, chilled near unto death, paralyzed with fear, no human hand near to help, God, in his love and mercy, sent into my body a glowing warmth, wonderfully warming me up, restoring my presence of mind, and casting out all fear, and giving me his thought, 'Who wishes God's help, must help themselves.' So I seized a paddle, which I had secured by jamming under a thwart, and worked with it all the long night, and until I was picked up by a Houston steamer next morning and carried to Galveston. Yours sincerely, Wm. E. Parker, Denison, Texas.—*Ram's Horn.*

Alcohol is a foe, we very well know,
To enterprise, business, and wealth;
But what is still worse than taking our
purse,

He robs us of morals and health.