

wished. He rejoiced to have the poor but he felt that the rich needed the Gospel. As they would not come and sit in front of the elaborate pulpit and hear his voice, he addressed to them two distinct circulars. He pitied them, and said:—

'I always consider the rich as under greater obligations to the preaching of the Gospel than the poor. For at church they must hear the whole truth as well as others. There they have no mode of escape. But let them once get home, and you will be troubled to get at them; and when you are admitted, you are so fettered with punctilio, so interrupted and damped with the frivolous conversation of their friends, that, as Archbishop Leighton says, it is well if your visit does not prove a blank or a blot.'

Newton's pity for the wealthy is illustrated by an incident told of him. Coming out of church on a Wednesday, a lady stopped him on the steps, and said: 'The ticket of which I held a quarter has drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds; I know you will congratulate me on the occasion.' 'Madam,' he replied, 'as for a friend under temptation, I will endeavor to pray for you.'

When Newton had become eighty years old, his friends were anxious about him, and feared the exertion of preaching would be too much. One said: 'Might it not be better to consider your work as done, and stop before you evidently discover you can speak no longer?'

'I cannot stop,' said Newton, with energy; 'what, shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?'

In that dark massive oaken pulpit before me he preached so long as he had power and breath, and many were started on the better way of life through such preaching.

A Dying Woman's Vision of Christ.

Mr. T. C. Willett, of Ch'ung-k'ing, says in 'China's Millions': 'Mrs. Yang, a member of the Ch'ung-k'ing church lived at the little village of Han-kuh Ch'ang, some twenty miles away from the city. She was brought to the Lord some eight years before by the loving ministry of another Christian woman, during an illness. In that little village she sought in her daily life to follow her Master. After some seven years of Christian life, dropsy developed, and it was only a question of time ere she should depart to be with Christ. One Sunday evening, just after the close of the afternoon service, a messenger arrived with a letter telling us she was no more. When told she was about to die, she confidently said, "No! I'm not going to die; I'm going to live." Her simple faith had laid hold of Life, and would not allow that it was death. Whilst sitting up one afternoon, supported by her spiritual mother, who had often ministered to her, she saw as it were the heavens opened, and said, "I see a bright, golden Person standing," and then, with outstretched arms and ready heart, she entered the King's presence, to be for ever with him. She had exchanged the tiny home amid the surroundings of a Chinese village for the courts of the King's house. The night after receiving the letter I reached the village, and there by the coffin we held an

impressive service, attended by a great number of people. Early next morning we laid her body to rest among the graves of heathen relatives.—'Christian Herald.'

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—Kindly acknowledge the following amounts. \$1.70 for Mr. Laflamme's fund; this from Mrs. Leaman, of Otter Lake, and Mr. Hamilton, of Sault St. Marie. Also \$1.00 from Mrs. Mat. Henderson, of Condi, Assa., and \$1.00 from A Friend, of Moose Creek, Ont. These last amounts to be used for 'Northern Messengers' to India.

From the India mail-bag I glean these remarks: 'The 'Westminster' is greatly liked by one of the young Hindus. As for our Christians, they are mostly taken by the Montreal 'Witness' and the 'Northern Messenger.' The former is a great favorite. I attribute this to the fact that while its tone is healthy and wholesome from cover to cover, it is not exclusively devoted to religious topics.'

A well-known prominent missionary of thirty years' experience in India, writes: 'Many thanks for your "Baby" (this is the little paper just being issued, called 'Post-Office Crusade,' whose mission is to collect funds systematically for literature to be sent by mail). I sent it,' she continues, 'to a medical missionary who is doing a splendid work among the high caste. In reply the medical missionary wrote: "I shall certainly write to Mrs. Cole. I never knew that such a plan existed, but I could weep for joy to know of it, for there is such a need."'

This medical missionary's letter came to me (such a nice one), and was it not a comfort to have that five-dollar gold piece waiting with it. I sent her all the publications of the 'Witness' Office. Four weekly papers will go regularly to this medical missionary, who writes: 'There are a number of high caste Hindu graduates of the Christian College in Madras who are continually asking for reading matter, and I am not able to supply them.'

This letter will appear in full, with the name and address, in October or November number of the 'Post-Office Crusade.'

Papers have also been ordered with the funds received from Condi and Otter Lake. One of these goes to the son of a Eurasian widow whose husband was a missionary, and another has been ordered for his brother. One day the door-bell rang, and on answering, I saw the sweetest little woman imaginable, with a charming little boy.

'Is this Mrs. Cole?' she enquired brightly.

'Yes,' I replied.

'I've come to ask you about the 'Post-Office Crusade.' Is there a society, and are you the secretary?'

I told her how it came about, and that the principal supporters were readers of a paper left by the late John Dougall to be a missionary paper.

She was amazed to find how far the work extended, and said, 'Oh, how glad I am. It is just what we want in India. I am a missionary under the Presbyterian Board. I return to India soon, and I will tell our missionaries all about it, and I will give you all the help I can.' Then she told me of this Eurasian family, where there were six young boys and no paper for them to

read. I said: 'If you get me their address I have the money to pay for a year's paper to two of them.' So she had her husband procure the correct address, and if those boys in India read this letter, they will know how we in Canada found them away off in India.

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
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Bringing Others to Christ.

You are not too young to bring others to Christ. A missionary in India was sent for, to go into an obscure village and baptize seventy adult native converts. He was examining the candidates when he saw in the corner a lad of fifteen, and questioned him. When he learned that he, too, wanted to join the church, the missionary urged him to wait until he was older, and confirmed in the faith. At once all the people sprang up and cried, 'Why, sir, he is the one who taught us all we know about Christ!'

You are not too ignorant to bring others to Christ. The Rev. L. Hudson Taylor, the famous missionary to China, illustrates this truth with a candle. When do you expect it to give out light? When it is half burned down? No; as soon as you light it. The demoniac whom Christ healed wanted to remain with Christ, to learn from him; but Christ sent him away, to preach the Gospel in ten cities.

Begin with the person next you. A man was once praying for an unconverted neighbor: 'Touch him with thy finger, Lord!' Suddenly the thought came, 'Am I God's finger?' He spoke to his neighbor, and won a soul for Christ. Spurgeon had the spirit of Andrew and Philip. One day a lad was showing him to a church where he was to preach. He asked the boy, in his great-hearted way, 'Do you love my Master?' The boy stopped and said, 'Mr. Spurgeon, for years I have shown ministers to the church, and not one has ever asked me that question.' The result was a new life for Christ.

Don't wait for others to ask you to bring them to Christ. An experienced bathing master says he has seen many men overcome in the water and all go down without a sound or an outcry. It is the same with drowning souls. Christ would never have had that talk with the woman at Sychar if he had waited for her to begin it.

Sometimes your victories will be in unexpected places. There is a remarkable collection of gold nuggets whose chief trophy is one worth \$985. It is so enormous that when it was discovered it was at first tossed aside without a suspicion that it could be gold. You may make just such a spiritual discovery.

And, finally, expect to win souls. A minister once came to Spurgeon and said dolefully, 'I have been preaching for so many years, and hardly any have been converted.'

'Why, man alive!' exclaimed the great preacher, 'you didn't expect that every time you preached a sermon somebody would be converted, did you?'

'No, of course I didn't expect that.'

'Well, that's why they weren't converted.'—'Union Gospel News.'

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