

girlhood, so that to all but her personal friends she remains Fanny J. Crosby. It is estimated that she has written some eight thousand hymns, some of which have encircled the globe and been translated into the language of most missionary lands. To-day in Central Africa, dark faces, lighted up with the joy of hearts made white through him who tenderly leads these 'other sheep also,' are raised to heaven in earnest prayer; while lips but lately used only to heathen chorus, sing 'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.'

As might be inferred from so large a number of hymns, not all possess the same literary excellence—some in fact might be justly criticized from an artistic standpoint, yet some of the weakest in form have proved the most popular and have rapidly sung themselves into the hearts of men. The spontaneity with which the heart of the author has expressed itself argues a nature overflowing with trust

and joy in the Saviour, and it is, without doubt, this spirit behind the words that has made them so acceptable to the average individual.

It is said that some of Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns were written very rapidly, at the urgent request of the composer of the tune who waited for the words to be finished. This was the case with 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,' which was composed in about twenty minutes for Mr. Geo. Doane, who played over the tune as he was waiting to go to his train, and said, 'Fanny, I want words for that—write me some.'

For many years, Mrs. Van Alstyne has spent a considerable portion of her time in going about the country speaking at religious gatherings, with great acceptance, as opportunity opened. The accompanying cut was taken some years since. She has a very pleasing ad-

dress and a clear, penetrating voice that is easily heard throughout a large hall. Even at her present advanced age, she still continues this service, accompanied by a sister who devotes herself entirely to this unremitting ministry. Their home is at 756 State st., Bridgeport, Conn.

One feature in the approaching celebration will be the letters and addresses that will be sent Fanny Crosby from individuals and churches who are prompted by gratitude and affection to do so. The opportunity to make a love offering is also presented; but happiest of all for the blind author will be the testimony of those to whom her words of praise to God, of hope and pardon to sin-sick souls, have been a means of rich spiritual blessing.

The subjoined hymn, though not so well known as others, is specially appropriate as her devoted life of sowing nears the time of its 'harvest home.'

THE HARVEST HOME.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Toil on with a trust-ing faith, Sow on, though in tears ye sow, Scat-ter seed with the dawn of

morn-ing, Scat-ter seed where-so-e'er ye go; The rain will come, the blade will spring, the grain will sure-ly

Chorus.
grow. Then sow on, toil on, reap-ing soon will come; Then we'll gath-er, gath-er the

A T E. Sow on, sow on, toil on, toil on,

gold-en grain, And shout the har-vest home.

2. Toil on in the noon-day heat,
Toil on through its sultry air,
Looking up when your steps would falter,
Looking up to the Lord in prayer
On Him your heavy burden cast,
Who knows your ev'ry care. **CHORUS.**

3. Toil on for the Master's sake,
Toil on till the Master come;
Labour on till ye see the sunlight,
Coming out from the azure dome;
Then go to reap eternal joy,
And shout the harvest home. **CHORUS.**

Superficial Religion.

Startling statistics come from Philadelphia, where it has been found by the Sunday Breakfast Association which provides a meal Sabbath morning for the outcast and hungry, that out of 950 of these unfortunates, 90 percent had been instructed in religion when young, and had Christian parents; 75 percent had been enrolled in Sunday School, and 75 percent had fallen through intoxicating drink; and 98 percent would urge the young not to walk in their way. It has always been beyond controversy among those that appreciated the power in religion that mere education could not be depended upon to keep one in the path of right, but what shall we say of this mournful fact that nine-tenths of these fallen men and women were graduates not of colleges but of Christian homes, and that three-fourths of them came from Sunday-schools? Simply this, that nine-tenths of the religious education in both home and Sunday-school, and almost to as great a degree in the church itself is in the nature of mere instruction. It

does not lead up to a decision on the part of the young to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, their Master and Lord. A person who enters life without the governing purpose of letting Jesus Christ govern him in every moral relation is scarcely more secure against temptation and ruin than is one who has never heard of Christ or Heaven. What our young people need and what the world needs is not alone instruction but conviction of their own unrighteousness and their need of a saving arm to keep them.—'Ram's Horn.'

Clouds From Puddles.

In a meeting crowded with young men, in Edinburgh, one Sunday night, Professor Drummond stood on the platform with a letter in his hand. That letter, he said, had come to him from a young man then in the meeting, who, knowing Drummond was to speak that night, had written his history in the hope that some word of Christian counsel might be spoken which would give him hope. The letter was from a medical student who had been

piously trained, but, in the vortex of city life, had been drawn down to drunkenness and to vice. He feared he had fallen too low ever to rise. Did Professor Drummond think there was any hope for such a man?

For answer the professor said: 'As I walked through the city this morning I noticed a cloud like a pure white bank of snow resting over the slums. Whence came it? The great sun had sent down its beams into the city slums, and the beams had gone among the puddles, even the nauseous puddles, and drawn out of them what they sought and had taken it aloft and purified it, and there it was, resting above the city, a cloud as white as snow. And God can make his saints out of material unfavorable. He can make a white cloud out of a puddle.' After this Drummond spoke of what Christ did for Mary Magdalene, and assured his hearers that what he did for her he could and would do for any depraved person who went to him for help now.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

There are worse things than being called 'a tack number.' There are worse things than walking in the old paths that have long been trod by Christian people.—The Rev. F. W. Hurt.