

numbers 146. In the evening I preached in the Zizkov suburb (named after John Zizka, the Cromwell of the Hussite wars) to over a hundred hearers, seventy of them Catholics. Their new church has twenty-seven members. Monday I visited the new Y. M. C. A. building in the Smichov suburb. These four churches have enrolled 554 members. I also visited the 'Demovina,' situated in the midst of an attractive garden. This refuge, the result of the efforts of our missionaries, is the only place in the city, and I believe in all Bohemia, where fallen girls are given a chance, under Christian influence, to return to a virtuous life. The police recognize its value and lend it their aid.

Prague is only the centre of our mission work in Austria, which numbers forty-four missionary stations, fourteen Y. M. C. Associations and eighteen churches, with a membership of 1,414. It is a wonder how our small missionary force, the Rev. Dr. A. W. Clark and the Rev. John S. Porter and their wives, have been able to accomplish so great a work. A considerable part of the time since Dr. E. A. Adams, now of our Chicago Bohemian Mission, and I were obliged to leave the field, Dr. Clark has been the only missionary in charge of the work. It is not strange that his health has suffered and that he needs rest.

The early experience of the American Board's mission to Austria and its present prosperity are aptly set forth in the words of the Psalmist: 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.' Its history should greatly strengthen the faith of our churches in missionary work and stimulate them to prosecute it with a holy zeal.

They Sang a Hymn.

They sat within the 'upper room'
At evening dim.
He spoke of His impending doom;
And then, as fell the gathering gloom,
They sang a hymn.
I wish I could have heard that song;
'Twas sweet, I know;
For loving John would sing out strong,
And Peter's bass would roll along
So rich and low.
Voice after voice took up the strain
As it arose.
The sweetness of that grand refrain
Excluded thoughts of loss or pain,
And cruel foes.
But purer, sweeter than the rest,
His voice was heard,
And angels in the regions blest,
With hands on throbbing harp-strings
pressed,
Drank in each word.
Alone to grieve and suffer there,
Alone, but for the angel's care
Of the Father's Son.
—John L. Shroy, in the 'Christian Endeavor
World.'

'As Dead as His Stick.'

At the close of one of Mr. Moody's meetings held in the large temporary building at Addison-road I, an accredited worker, wended my way into the 'Inquiry Room.' Already the room was full, and Christians were busy dealing with anxious souls—souls eager to be helped into the light and liberty of the Gospel. I glanced around to see if there was one without an attendant, and my eyes fell upon a young man seated not far from the doorway in which I stood.

Quietly I stepped up to him, and placed myself by his side, taking swift note of the fact that his whole appearance indicated him to be of the respectable, steady, and, as far as one could judge, moral living order. He seemed to be about five or six-and-twenty, and there was a seriousness on his face which betokened real earnestness. As I sat by his side I asked him, 'What is your difficulty?' 'Oh, ma'am,' was his immediate response, 'I have been trying so hard to be good, and the more I try the worse I get.'

This straightforward answer, with its revelation of effort, wrongly directed it is true, but honest, touched my heart and awakened a deep longing to be used to direct him into the way of salvation. One instant's swift

petition for help and wisdom, and the next my attention was attracted to a stout walking-stick which he was holding, and the clue was given me as to how to deal with him.

'Suppose, I said, that you should carefully plant and nurture that stick which you have in your hand, watering and watching over it with the greatest care—how long do you think that it would be before it would break forth into leaf, and bud and blossom?'

With a look of questioning surprise, he replied 'Never.'

'Why not?' I asked. 'Think, before you answer. Why would it not bear fruit or leaf according to its kind?'

'Because it is dead,' was, of course, his reply.

'Yes!' I returned, 'it is dead; and you are as dead as your stick; dead in trespasses and sin; yet you have been striving to bring forth the fruit of life. You need life, new life, and this you can only have by coming to Christ as a helpless lost sinner, and accepting eternal life as his gift.'

I had not time to add another word ere his whole face shone with a light which only those who have seen it can understand; to me it has always seemed like the glory sometimes seen on the face of a dying saint, and truly it is the glory of the other world shining on the soul passing from death unto life.

He burst out, 'Oh, I see, I see it; thank you, thank you.'

For a moment we both kept silence, our hearts filled with thanksgiving, and then it was an easy and delightful task to expound to him 'the way of God more perfectly.'

Then we parted to meet again no more; 'till we meet at Jesus' feet,' there to rejoice together and to praise him who loved us and gave himself for us. How strange it seems that we are so slow to learn, and even when learnt, at conversion, to retain practically the fact that this old nature cannot bring forth fruit unto God. How much failure we should be spared if we did but reckon ourselves dead—living only 'by faith in the Son of God who loved' us 'and gave himself for us.'—The 'Christian.'

Two things a genuine Christian never does, he never makes light of sin, and he never admits it to be invincible. In his inmost life he is at once anxious and hopeful; confident yet without presumption; alive to all that is at stake day by day, hour by hour; yet stayed upon the thought, nay, upon the felt presence of a Love which has not really left him to himself.—H. P. Liddon.

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The work carried on by this Society amongst the Famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, has been characterized by most encouraging progress during the last year. We have just heard from Dr. Mar. O'Hara, who after being on furlough in Canada, arrived in Dhar on the 22nd of December. The following is from her, but somewhat abridged.

Two miles out from the city I was met by four of the V.T.O.S. boys; they ran beside the tonga (carriage) some distance, and then I persuaded the driver to take up the two smallest, and they sat beside me, and the other two came with my luggage which was following. I was dark when we arrived, but immediately I got in front of the Mission Compound a band began to play, accompanied by a display of fireworks (given by the Christian young men), the light from which revealed almost the whole Christian community of Dhar assembled, and a fine triumphal arch over the gateway. Not until the performance was over was I allowed to proceed to the house; salaaming and handshaking continued until it was reached, when the welcome of the Canadian friends was given, more quietly, but not less heartily. Without waiting to sit down, Mr. Russell and I proceeded to the Orphanage, followed by the band; a second triumphal arch was erected over the gateway with 'Welcome,' but the best of all was the warm greeting by the girls; they all looked so happy, healthy and well-behaved; the improvement in them during my absence is most marked. We all proceeded into the new school building, and there we united in

thanking God for His mercies to us since we last met.

Christmas morning was ushered in by the boys all coming to the house and singing Christmas carols; as soon as the voice of praise had died away from their lips it was taken up by the girls, and wafted across from the Orphanage to where we lay waiting for daylight. By eight o'clock we were all assembled in the church, where a hearty Christmas service was conducted. If you could only hear the singing of these children you would feel repaid for all you do on their behalf. After the service all the girls and boys and their guests their 'sisters and brothers' (former inmates of the Orphanage who have remained in the district) assembled at the Orphanage for dinner. A sumptuous repast was prepared, liberal portions were placed before each inmate and guest, and ample justice was done by all.

While the young people were finishing their dinner and exchanging confidences with their former comrades, the senior portion of our Christian community were taking tea in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Russell. When feasting in both places was ended, all assembled in the new school building, and the presents were given to the children; each girl got a beautiful red jacket, and either a work bag, doll, or toy, while each boy got a red waistcoat, and a pair of leggings. What rows of smiling, happy faces beamed upon us, and what grateful hearts followed Mr. Russell as he led us all in a prayer of thanksgiving for all God's goodness during the past year; and, as the closing hymn of praise ascended we felt that it was good to be in Dhar once more to take part in winning souls for our Master.

During the evening the boys were entertained riding in the 'Merry-go-round,' which holds sixteen at a time. The next day the girls had it to themselves, and a happy day it was. This amusement was provided out of the balance of the special fund you sent for the Christmas treat.

The children deeply appreciate all that is being done for them, and send loving greetings and many salaams to all their kind friends in Canada.

Dhar, Central India. Dec. 28, 1905.

Information about the work of this society can be obtained from the Sec-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

James M. Munro, Slate River Valley, Ont., \$2.00; M. J. H., Eversley, \$2.50; Mrs. G. F. Spencer, Hoard, Ont., \$3.00; Miss M. Davis, Hoard Station, Ont., 50c.; total, \$7.50.

The Postal Crusade.

In His Name	\$2.00
Mrs. Lawrence, Manamin	1.00
Postmaster, Meyersburg, Ont.	1.00
Florence Smyth, Glenlea, Man.	1.00
Mrs. C. Walker, Farnington, N.S.14
Mrs. D. Taylor, Burntown, Ont.	5.00
Mrs. D. J. Meredith, Vernonville, Ont.	6.60
A Reader, Ingersoll, Ont.	5.00
A Reader of 'Messenger'	12.00
Total	\$33.74

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, and which will be found elsewhere in this issue, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year for the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture.