

rush toward the boat-room that incloses all the apparatus that they use in a case of rescue. 'Open boat-room doors!' orders the keeper of the station. The doors fly back.

'Man the surfboat!'

The keeper nods toward a waggon on which rests as fine and trim a surfboat as can be found anywhere. Each surfman has a number, and knows where his place is on the drag ropes.

'Forward!'

Out of the boat-room the waggon is rushed, and then upon the beach sloping down to an angry sea whose surf whitens the hard white sand, and as it comes down like a foam-headed hammer, what a roar goes up, 'Boom! boom! boom!'

There is the wreck not more than a thousand feet away. The vessel is in a strange position, the bow up, the stern down, under the water; and holding out its arms to the men in the rigging, beckoning to them clutching at them, is death! But death is not going to have them.

The keeper is yelling:

'Take life preservers!'

'Take oars!'

'Go!'

And away through the surf they drive, rowing to the vessel, reaching every man aboard the wreck, and bringing this boat-load of helpless humanity safe ashore.

You say that is a noble mission to rescue the souls in peril. History is starred with the examples of men and women aiming to save lives exposed to the assault of some fearful evil. What were the attempts made by the brave-hearted apostles but a going out with the surfboat? John Howard visiting prison cells, the Wesleys preaching in fields and barns, Livingstone penetrating the wilds of Africa, were in a grand rescue mission. You can give your life an aspect of rescue. Some boy, some girl, is near you needing your help. Snatch them from the perils of evil companionship, of a life that neglects the Bible, the Church, Christ their Saviour. Who will go to tell the heathen of Christ the Redeemer? Who will say, 'God helping me, I will become a missionary?' Do not say the task is too difficult. Try, try, try! 'Man the surfboat!'—The Classmate.

What I Gained by Keeping the Sabbath.

Captain Alexander Innes writes:—'When I was a sea captain, in the forties, I once got to my destination, a port in Russia, on Saturday evening. Another ship arrived at the same time, the captain of which I knew. The town and port of loading was fifteen miles up the river, but it seemed unlikely there would be enough wind to take us there. On Sunday morning there was a dead calm, and he came on board my vessel and asked me, "What are you going to do?" "Drop off into the stream and wait till Monday!" I replied. "Well," he said, "I am going to commence to heave ballast, and if you don't do the same my men will strike." I said, "There are two ways of going about it, the Lord's way and the devil's way. You may do as you please, but I'm not going to ask my men to heave ballast on Sunday." He went away mumbling, "It's the fall of the year, and time is time." After breakfast I told my men to drop the foresail, that if there should be any wind we might get the benefit, and to let the ship into the stream. Immediately a puff of wind arose, and we sailed up as far as a bend in the river. I thought we should be obliged to drop anchor there, but just as we reached it another puff of wind came, and then increased in

strength so that we sailed on, and in a few hours were at the port of loading, while the other captain was busy with his ballast. As we went rapidly on, I said, "Now I see that God is here, and is sending this wind to take us right up." We made fast, and lay quiet afternoon and evening, and so were able to set to work on Monday morning. By that time the wind was blowing strongly in the opposite direction, and continued thus for over a week, so that the other captain was obliged to stay where he was, doing nothing, and when at last he arrived in port I was nearly ready to leave. Thus the Lord rewarded my desire to keep holy the Sabbath.'—Christian Herald.

The World Not Growing Irreligious.

Those who have read the chief books of science and scholarship bearing upon religion in the last thirty years must realize that the intellectual forces in Christian lands are more friendly to the essentials of Christianity than they were thirty years ago. Professor Drummond has said that 'The sun and stars have been found out. If science has not by searching found out God, it has not found any other god, or anything the least like a god that might continue to be even a conceivable object of worship in a scientific age.' How much more reverent science now is, and in what closer sympathy with faith, must be evident to those who have watched the evolution of so sincere and capacious a mind as John Fiske's. He is to-day one of the chief exponents and bulwarks of scientific and philosophic faith in a personal God and a personal, conscious immortality. Agnosticism is not so unknowing as it was twenty-five years ago. 'Each act of scientific examination but reveals an opening through which shines the glory of the Eternal Majesty.'

Is it not true that men are building more churches to-day than ever before? Is this a proof of growing religion? Are they constructing these costly edifices in cities and humble meeting-houses in towns and country districts from vanity or the force of habit? Are they putting millions of dollars into Christian colleges mechanically, and with no movement of faith in their hearts?—President Barrows, of Oberlin College, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

Try Your Wings.

A friend of mine had an eagle. He caught it when young and brought it up like a domestic fowl. Having to go to the other side of the world, he was selling off everything. He wondered what he should do with his eagle, and the happy thought came to him that he would not give it to anybody, but would give it back to itself—he would set it free. How astonished it was! It walked about feeling as if this were rather bigger than its ordinary run; but that was all. He was disappointed; and taking the big bird in his arms he lifted it and set it upon the garden wall. It turned and looked down at him. The sun had been obscured behind a cloud, but just then the cloud passed away, and the bright, warm beams poured out. The eagle lifted its eyes, pulled itself up. I wonder what it was thinking. Can an eagle recollect the crags and cliffs, the reveling in the tempests of long ago, the joyous thunders, and the flashing of lightnings? Pulling itself up, it lifted one wing and stretched it out, and it lifted the other wing and outstretched it. Then it gave a scream,

and soon was a vanishing speck away in the blue heaven. Anxious, disturbed Christian, you are an eagle living in a hen house. Try your wings!—John McNeil.

A Complete Outfit.

A native Chinese convert, preaching before a large conference of workers, says:

'Ask the Master for Peter's book to bring up the fish; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places; for Moses's guiding-rod; for David's sling to prostrate your giant foe; for the brazen serpent to cure the bites of the world's snakes; for Gospel seed with no tares in it; for the armor inventoried by Paul in Ephesians; and, above all, for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of Oct. 16:—

Undesignated.	
Previously acknowledged	\$202.33
Phillipsville Auxiliary Woman's Missionary Society	15.50
D. F. G.	5.00
Victor W. Menzies	1.00
For the Master's Sake	2.00
H. M. D.	6.00
D. McGregor	2.00
Robert Pea	1.00
Glencoe Sunday School	2.00
Inasmuch	6.00
Mrs. Peter McDougall	1.00
Elle M. Tweed	1.00
J. B. M.	1.52
Miss M. B.'s Sunday School class25
A Friend of the 'Witness,' Brome Co.50
Alice Dodd	50
Marjorie Robertson	1.00
Mary Bradshaw	2.00
Mrs. D. Bricker50
Richard Roberts and Mrs. M. B. Roberts	2.00
Mrs. R. Docking	1.00
G. A. Farmer	10.00
In His Name	1.00
Mrs. L. Des Brisay	1.00
D. T. and H. McCormick	2.00
Three People, Enderby	1.50
Mrs. I. Prevost	1.00
Mrs. Thomas Govenlock	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Stutt	1.00
Mrs. W. J. Hill	1.00
A Friend, Duluth	10.00
Mrs. Price50
R. R.	3.00
A Friend, city	1.00
Mrs. Jane Armstrong	20.00
Mrs. M. H. Ewing	1.00
Miss F. Thompson	5.00
W. H.	20.00
G. W. Dunham	1.50
Ernest Mitchell50
Union Sunday School, S.S. No. 4, North Oxford	2.50
A Friend, Rat Portage	1.00
Mrs. G. W. McLaren	5.00
Maude McLaren50
A Friend, Stanley	3.00
Mrs. W. McFarland	1.00
A. Rawlins50
Sydney and Fred. Mowat	1.10
John McPherson	1.00
For the Sake of the Dear Lord Jesus	2.00
C. M., Blackwood50
J. Elrick Rettle50
Mrs. S. Whelan	1.00
Annie Parson	1.00

\$356.75

Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission \$70.42
To Christian Alliance Mission 83.57
To American Board of Missions 16.82
To Methodist Episcopal Mission 6.97
To Southern India Famine Fund 20.83
To Church Missionary Society 3.77

202.38
\$154.37

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Oct. 21, Sun.—Kings and priests unto God.
Oct. 22, Mon.—Behold he cometh.
Oct. 23, Tues.—The Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.
Oct. 24, Wed.—I am the First and the Last.
Oct. 25, Thurs.—I am he that liveth and was dead.
Oct. 26, Fri.—Behold I am alive for evermore.
Oct. 27, Sat.—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.