

sible to sink when stretched out, face or back down. So salt was the water that one inhaling it in the mouth or nostrils would be in danger of strangling. During June, July and August large numbers of people visit the place, and it becomes a great pleasure resort, full of life and animation.

Courtesy to the Stranger Within Thy Gates.

(By Estella M. Amory, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Though the Church is not as much at fault as it used to be in this matter, yet it is not always prompt in offering courtesy; perhaps for the reason that it does not know just what would be agreeable to the 'stranger,' more than for only lack of hospitality.

This occurred to me recently when attending church in a small town as a stranger. After service the pastor's wife at once introduced herself to me, and asked me to remain for Sabbath school. I told her I would gladly do so, but without introducing me to the superintendent, or telling me where to go, she left me to go to her own class.

This was rather unpleasant; but shortly after the superintendent came and asked me to take a seat in the bible class. This dear young brother, however, did not ask my name, or introduce me to the teacher or class. This was very embarrassing to all, as the class was small, and, of course, I did not feel at liberty to give expression to a single thought.

Now, how much more delightful would have been that hour had the superintendent but said, as he placed me in the class, 'Ladies, this is Mrs. S—, of R—.'

I do not relate this incident because of myself—not at all; but I thought, as I sat there, how would a stranger—a young man or young lady—take such a greeting? It might prove a serious chill to a tender, budding Christian experience. On another Sabbath they might prefer the more social, friendly company outside the Church, and thus this little lack of courtesy might prove the open door to many unhallowed, and, perhaps, pernicious influence, while a hearty handshake of Christian fellowship, a courteous inquiry as to home, etc., an introduction to the teacher and class would warm the heart and be like an anchoring line in a strange city or town.

Of course, attentions can be made burdensome and annoying, and care must be taken to avoid this extreme as well as the other. The study of the Golden Rule will help us to strike the happy medium. Let our welcomes be hearty and sincere, and especially to the young and to the old—'strangers within our gates.'

Y. M. C. A.

A PRACTICAL TESTIMONY.

A young man lived in one of the large cities of the United States, whose friends were anxious to induce him to attend the Presbyterian church in the city. The young man, however, had no such desire. One day a companion described to our young friend the pleasure of attending the exercises at the gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. He went to see for himself. Thinking such physical exercise would be beneficial to him, as well as pleasant, he decided to join.

The following evening, after the exercises, his companion said to him, 'Before we leave, we always go up to a little room and

have a few minutes' prayer. Of course, you will come?' He went. One after another of the young fellows engaged in prayer, or spoke a few words. The whole proceedings were so new to him and so different to anything that he had even thought of that the next evening he went to the prayer meeting without an invitation, and before long was himself one of those to engage in prayer.

The uncle began to wonder how his nephew was succeeding, and also how he spent his evenings. Consequently, one night he entered the little room just as his nephew was praying aloud. He was greatly astonished, and could scarcely believe it was the same young fellow so great was the change in him. He soon became a successful Sunday-school teacher, and was afterwards elected superintendent of the school, and was greatly blessed in the work.

Some time after the minister was discussing with a friend the question whether the Y.M.C.A. were really a useful and helpful organization, and expressed himself in these words—'For my part I do not think the Association does any real good.' The friend to whom he was speaking replied by asking what he thought of his Sunday-school superintendent. The minister answered at once, 'I cannot speak too highly of his character and efficiency.' His friend then informed him that it was, humanly speaking, almost entirely to the Y.M.C.A., that he had the young man in his school and church, as the Association had been the means of his conversion through the gymnasium. Thus ended the minister's scepticism as to the usefulness of the Y.M.C.A.—'The Christian.'

Saved By An Unspoken Sermon.

How a sermon did good though it was not preached, is told by the Baltimore 'Herald.' The sermon was written by the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and the subject of it—the 'Unemployed Masses'—was announced in the usual course in the Saturday papers. One of the papers sent a reporter to Mr. Greigg's house and secured a copy—or perhaps an abstract—of the sermon, and put it in type for the Monday issue.

At that time evangelistic services were being conducted throughout the city, and the committee in charge of them sent several speakers to address Mr. Greigg's Sunday evening congregation. He at once gave way to the evangelists, and the sermon he had prepared was not preached, but was laid aside for another occasion. The next morning, however, the daily papers contained a long report of the sermon, which was as yet undelivered.

On that particular Monday morning there was in Baltimore a homeless and penniless young Scotchman. Every hour his prospects had seemed to grow darker, and finally desperation crushed out what little hope had been left in his heart. He determined on suicide.

With his last few pennies he purchased poison enough to end all, and was leaving the drug-store when his eyes fell on a newspaper. Probably the glance would have been but a passing one if he had not noticed the headline, 'To the Unemployed Masses.' This phrase struck a responsive chord and he read the abstract of Mr. Greigg's discourse.

Then it occurred to him that a minister who preached such a sermon might be interested in his case. The better man in him rose and he made up his mind to search out the preacher, if only as a last resort.

Securing Mr. Greigg's address, he went to the house and was received with a heart-

iness that changed desperation into hope. The preacher himself was a Scotchman, and listened with interest to the discouraged man's story. What was more, he promised help. He communicated with the Scotch societies of the city, and many hands were extended to the young stranger in distress. He was given temporary aid and finally a position, which he is now worthily filling.

And this was the result of a sermon never preached.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Son of God.

An incident in the travels of Henry M. Stanley is cited by 'The Christian.' Mr. Stanley tells how once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only, 'I am a son of God, I would not steal!' This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station when they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who though brought up in all villainy and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, 'I am a son of God, I would not steal.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Yet There is Room.

Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall
of song,

With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;

Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;

Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee;

Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Yet there is room. Still open stands the gate;

The gate of love, it is not yet too late;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;

Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in:
The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Louder and sweeter sound the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Ever night that gate may close and seal thy doom;

Then the last low, long cry—'No room, no room!'

No room, no room—Oh, woe! woe! cry, 'No room!'

H. BONAR.