

you will look upon the map of the world with new eyes. You will no longer find your chief interest in battle scenes where man has engaged in mortal combat with his brother, but you will delight most of all in the war that is being waged in so many lands with superstition and sin. In every page of the atlas of the world you will see the silvery light of the stations of the Cross, and you will watch with grateful heart and loving eye every extension of the empire of Christ. Think of how William Carey studied geography. 'I remember,' says Fuller, 'on going into the room where he employed himself at his business, I saw hanging up against a wall a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which he had drawn with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he had met with in reading relative to its population, religion, etc.' If you have a much-loved friend settled in a foreign land you look upon the map of the country in which he has made his home with a new interest. As far as you can, make all the missionaries your friends; you cannot know them personally, or even by name, but you can read some brief story of the lands where they are living and the people among whom they are laboring. By your gifts and prayers and loving interest you will become partners in their holy crusade; and as you have fellowship with them in their many trials, so you shall be able to rejoice with them in each new triumph of the grace of God.

### As a Little Child.

(Rev. Rockwood M'Questen, in 'New York Observer'.)

In the year 1860, or thereabouts, in a certain English village there lived a little orphan girl, tenderly cared for by her grandparents. A by no means healthy child, she was the object of unusual care. When about five years old, a playmate accidentally hurt one of her eyes. The hurt increased in violence, and, in spite of medical and surgical skill, acute inflammation set in, until both eyes were seriously affected. For several months this condition continued, until the child was threatened with total loss of sight. At length, however, the bandages could be removed; but it was then seen that the eyes were hopelessly crossed. So painful did they also continue to be, that the child was compelled, when at play, to cover one eye with her hand, while using the other, changing as either eye became too painful to bear the light.

The child had been taught, as became a Christian household, of the earthly life of our Lord, how he went about doing good, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf. At length, one day she said to her grandmother: 'Why don't you take me to the city, to Jesus, and let him cure my eyes. He would do it, if you were to ask him.'

'Why, my child,' answered the kind-hearted grandmother, not wishing to bring added sorrow to the afflicted life, yet not responding to the child's faith—'you do not need to go to the city; you can ask Jesus right where you are—he can help here as well as in the city.' The child was so feeble in her general health, that her guardians feared to subject her to any further

suffering, lest it would occasion her death.

Perfectly satisfied in her childish trust, the little girl returned to her play, and, as she played, began to talk with Jesus about her eyes. As she talked it seemed to her that Jesus came to be very near. Looking back to this time, for the subject of this sketch is still living, herself the mother of beautiful children, she says: 'Jesus has never seemed so near and so real to me since as he did then, as I talked with him, telling him of my pains and troubles and loss of sight.'

This condition continued for several months, when all at once the grandmother was startled with the exclamation: 'Why, my child! what is the matter with your eyes? They look as well as can be.' And sure enough, the eyes were straightened, perfectly natural, restored to their true relation and the inflammation gone. They have so remained to this day. There is still preserved in the home of this lady, a painted portrait of herself, when a child, showing the condition of the eyes, as described above. The general health of the child was fully restored, and has continued so up to the present time of her residence in this country.

As these facts came to our knowledge, together with further details of experience, the only comment to be made, seemed to be given in the words of the Master: 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.'

How sadly do we sometimes grow away from Heaven as we grow away from childhood. As a further illustration of this thought, we may cite a passage from the early life of J. Hudson Taylor, from whose consecrated leadership sprang the great movement of the China Inland Mission. Calling upon a minister for the loan of a certain book on China, and expressing his purpose of spending his life as a missionary there, he was asked:

'And how do you propose to go there?'

The young man replied that he did not know, but supposed that he would need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy had done, go without purse or script, relying on the Master for all needs. Kindly placing his hand on the shoulder of the lad, the minister replied:

'Ah! my boy, as you grow older you will get wiser than that. Such an idea would do very well in the days when Christ himself was on earth: but not now.'

Fortunately, however, for China's millions, and for a lesson in applied Christianity in these modern times, Mr. Taylor did not grow 'wiser' as he grew older, but he ever grew towards the blessing of the little child in the kingdom. The story of his life and of the marvellous results to which it led, is a most magnificent vindication of the power of obedient, consecrated faith.

This is a monstrously clever world, steam and telegraph and photography, and planets discovered before they are seen. Great Eastern and St. Lawrence bridges are very fair credentials. But there is a kingdom into which none can enter but children, in which children play with infinite forces, where the child's little finger becomes stronger than the giant world, a wide kingdom, where the world exists only by sufferance, to which the world's laws and developments are forever subjected, in which the world lies like a foolish, wilful

dream in the solid truth of the day. 'Shall we ever fathom the ultra-philosophic depths of that phrase: "As a little child?"'

### Not Ready for Surrender.

(*Christian Herald.*)

Gipsy Smith, speaking recently at one of the services at St. James's Hall, London, reminded his audience that when the close of the Boer War was drawing nigh, a great many people said, 'There can be no terms with them except unconditional surrender.' That was just it. Repentance meant unconditional surrender to God. To illustrate this point, he told the following story: 'When I was preaching in Glasgow some time ago, I conducted a mission that lasted sixteen weeks, and a committee of ministers, twelve in number, dealt with over three thousand people who passed through the inquiry-room. One evening we noticed a gentleman underneath the gallery, who had been before to all the services. I saw him there when the service was over. He sat and I sat, and when the people had gone I left the pulpit and went and spoke to him, and said, "My friend," I know you are concerned about your soul.' "Yes," he said, "I am very much interested." "Well," I said, "it is no good telling you what to do." A Scotchman knows his Bible; he only wants setting fire to." "Yes," he said, "I know." And I was urging him to do what it was on his conscience to do, whatever it might be, to put God in his right place, and he listened. Presently, to my surprise, there was a gentleman behind, who said, "Excuse me, Mr. Smith, I have heard your conversation. May I have a word with this brother?" He read a text to him, and said, "Don't you believe that?" "Yes, of course I do." Then he read another, and said, "Do you believe that?" "Yes, to be sure I do." So with a third text. "Well, then," he said, "you know Jesus died for you, and rose again for your justification, and can save you where you stand. Why, then," he said, "you are saved!" The gentleman looked at him, and said, "No, I am not. Turn to Isaiah lv., 7. Please read it to me." He read, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. Let him turn unto the Lord." "Now," he said, "stop. I have to do that, and I am not willing to do it. I know God can save me, but I have to do the turning and forsaking and renouncing, and I have got something in my heart that I am not willing to give up, and my common sense tells me that God won't save me until I do." That is the whole thing in a nutshell. The Lord help us to be willing to give up. If you will meet the conditions, yield yourself to Jesus unreservedly, you will indeed find that Jesus Christ is mighty to save.'

### Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.

'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.