

would know well enough what to do with them.

Wedge turned the snowdrops over in his hand, and looked after Joe, who had nearly turned the corner. What could the man mean by giving him the snowdrops and never saying a word? He couldn't have known what had just happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange that he should come up and say all this about presents just when Wedge was thinking about that very subject and enjoying the excuse, too, 'that he couldn't afford to buy his wife anything.' But now having the snowdrops, and having heard so much about them, it seemed as if nothing else would do but he must give them to his wife, and this proceeding would be such a new and extraordinary one that the very thought made him feel sheepish.

Wedge's wife was a nice woman, but family cares were weighing her down, so that the light was fast dying out of her eyes and the color fading from her cheeks. She would not have minded them half, nor even quarter so much, if when Wedge came home she could tell them all about them—for, ten to one, he could have set things right. But he had always pooh-poohed when she ventured to begin the subject, so that she had left off looking for help where there was none to be got. It seemed to Wedge that if he paid down hard cash for clothing, feeding and schooling the family, he had done his share towards their bringing up. Such being the state of things, you may well imagine how surprised was Mrs. Wedge when she heard a cheerful voice cry out:

'Where are you, Mary?'

But greater still was her astonishment when her husband presented her with the snowdrops, declaring, as he put them in her hands, that, 'beautiful as they were, he thought the rosebud on her arm beat them out and out.'

Wedge had done many a handy bit of work with those tools on his back; but he did a neater job now with those snowdrops than ever he had done with all of them put together, for he, so to speak, sawed Mary's heart right in two, and got to the very inside, and planed down no end of knots and rough places, and French-polished her off as if she were some choice piece of cabinet work to be sold for nobody knows what.

That day was the beginning of brighter times; Mary's heart having been, as we before said, sawed right open, never closed up again, by reason of her husband's continually putting in one little thing and another on purpose to keep it open; and warm streams of affection came gushing out that nobody knew were ever there at all, they were hidden down so deep.

And as to Wedge, he never knew before how many pretty little speeches he could make. Without any notice beforehand whatever, they seemed to come from somewhere inside, all ready made, packed up and directed, ready to be delivered 'with care, this side up; to his wife, while the contents of these said parcels or sentences generally brought a smile to Mrs. Wedge's face, and made her as lively as a cricket for some time to come.

And if this new state of things brought happier days to Mary, Will was no less benefited by them. Not only did his wife return his love with interest, but it prompted her to do many loving deeds, the fruits of affection, which can make the humblest home a little paradise.—'Daily News.'

Make room, make room for Jesus,

O give Him welcome free;

Lest thou should'st hear at Heaven's gate—

'There is no room for thee.'

Beginning of a Revival.

In a recent number of 'Sword and Trowel' is a sermon entitled 'Revival Work,' preached by Mr. Spurgeon, in 1858, shortly after the great revival in America had begun. From it we give the following extract: 'The great revival in New England about the year 1740 was first produced under a sermon preached by President Edwards. There was an ordination, I think, and he attended it; but the expected minister did not arrive, and President Edwards was asked to preach. He had one sermon in his pocket, for he wrote his sermons and read them; and he was by no means a mighty speaker, in the common acceptation of the term, so he took out his manuscript, held it up close to his eyes, and stood still, almost without motion, except now and then the lifting of his hand; thus he read his sermon through from beginning to end. The Lord seemed to move among that assembly of people. A mysterious influence entered into all hearts. Men returned to their homes, and they told of the great things they had heard and experienced within. Ministers went home, and they began to preach differently from what they had done before; church members went home, and they began to pray more earnestly; and, on a sudden, from the spark that seemed to be kindled by the fact of President Edwards being called upon to preach, there came, as it were, one mighty sheet of fire, which spread throughout the land as the consuming element sweeps over the prairie.'—'Christian Herald.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Jan. 21, Sun.—The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Jan. 22, Mon.—I am the Lord that heal-eth thee.

Jan. 23, Tues.—Blessed be the Lord who hath delivered you.

Jan. 24, Wed.—Men of truth, hating covetousness.

Jan. 25, Thurs.—Moses spake, and God answered him.

Jan. 26, Fri.—Thou shalt have no other Gods.

Jan. 27, Sat.—Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me.

Our Book Corner.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

If I were dying and had the privilege of delivering a last exhortation to all the Christians of the world, and that message had to be condensed into three words, I would say, 'Wait on God.' Everywhere I go I find backsliders—Methodist backsliders, Baptist backsliders, Salvationist backsliders—all kinds of backsliders by the thousand, until my heart aches as I think of the great army of discouraged souls, of the way in which the Holy Spirit has been grieved, and of the way in which Jesus has been treated.

If these backsliders were asked the cause of their present condition ten thousand different reasons would be given, but, after all, there is but one, and that is this: They did not wait on God. If they had waited on him when the fierce assault was made that overthrew their faith, robbed them of their courage, and bankrupted their love; they would have renewed their strength and mounted over all obstacles as though on eagles' wings. They would have run through their enemies and not been weary. They would have walked in the midst of trouble and not fainted.

Waiting on God means more than a prayer of thirty seconds on getting up in

the morning and going to bed at night. It may mean one prayer that gets hold of God and comes away with the blessing, or it may mean a dozen prayers that knock and persist and will not be put off, until God arises and makes bare his arm in behalf of the pleading soul.

There is a drawing nigh to God, a knocking at heaven's doors, a pleading of the promises, a reasoning with Jesus, a forgetfulness of self, a turning from all earthly concerns, a holding on with determination to never let go, that puts all the wealth of heaven's wisdom and power and love at the disposal of a little man, so that he shouts and triumphs when all others tremble and fail and fly, and becomes more than conqueror in the very face of death and hell.

It is in the heat of just such seasons of waiting on God that every great soul gets the wisdom and strength that makes it a wonder and astonishment to other men. They, too, might be 'great in the sight of the Lord,' if they would wait on God and be true, instead of getting excited and running to this man and that, for help when the testing time comes.

The Psalmist had been in great trouble, and this is what he says of his deliverance: 'I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God: and many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.' The other day I went to a poor little corps where almost everything had been going wrong. Many were cold and discouraged, but I found one sister with a wondrous glory in her face, and glad, sweet praises in her mouth. She told me how she had looked at others falling around her, and had seen the carelessness of many, and noted the decline of vital piety in the corps until her heart ached, and she felt disheartened and her feet almost slipped. But she went to God, and got down low before Him, and prayed and waited, until He drew near her and showed her the awful precipice on which she herself was standing, showed her that her one business was to follow Jesus, to walk before Him with a perfect heart, and to cleave to Him, though the whole corps backslid. Then she confessed all that God showed her, confessed how near she had come to joining the great army of backsliders herself through looking on others, humbled herself before Him and renewed her covenant, until an unutterable joy came to her heart, and God put His fear into her soul, and filled her with the glory of His presence.

She told me further that the next day she fairly trembled to think of the awful danger she had been in, and declared that time of waiting on God in the silence of the night saved her, and now her heart was filled with the full assurance of hope for herself, and not only for herself, but also for the corps. Oh, for ten thousand such soldiers!

The secret of all failures and of all true success is hidden in the attitude of the soul in its private walk with God. The man who courageously waits on God is bound to succeed. He cannot fail. To other men he may appear for the present to fail, but in the end they will see what he knew all the time, that God was with him, making him, in spite of all appearances, 'a prosperous man.'

*From 'Helps to Holiness,' by Brigadier Brengle, published by the Salvation Army, 120-124 West Fourteenth street, New York city. (Price 15 cents.)

Kind Words.

'I am much pleased with the 'Messenger.' Its weekly visits are eagerly looked for. I wish you all prosperity and a Happy New Year.' So writes Mr. Arthur Likely, of Seely's Bay, when remitting for the club of 'Northern Messenger.'

Howard Deller, of Norwich, Ont., writes when renewing for club of 'Messenger': 'We have taken your paper in our Sabbath-school a number of years, and like it better than any other we have ever tried.'

The Rev. R. Beatty, St. John, N.B., says: 'We have taken one hundred copies of the 'Messenger' for two years, and find it very satisfactory, and think you are to be congratulated in furnishing such a clean Canadian paper.'