

felt like getting down upon my knees beside the old man; for I felt sure that I stood on holy ground. I was sure that the words of that old man would reach the ears of Him up yonder who could bless "old massa's little boys." We saw him die about five months after. My father took us children into his cabin. I heard my father read to him the thirteenth chapter of John, and I heard him bless my father and bid him good-bye. I heard him bless us children. I heard his feeble voice say: "Now, Lor', Jesus, take me by de han' and help me over de river." And then he died. Friends, I believe that day the Lord Jesus stooped to the humble cabin of the slave and took uncle Joe's hand in his and helped him over the river and into Immanuel's land; and if ever I get to heaven, just as sure as I get there, I am going to hunt up old Uncle Joe Price and take his dusky hand in mine and thank him for the prayer he offered for "old massa's little boys."—'Christian Educator.'

Emancipation.

(By Matthie D. Babcock.)

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh, glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead.
Till you awake and rise—here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind,
A day and you will meet—a night and you will greet.

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath.
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

The Power of Little Things.

(By J. R. Miller, D. D.)

We do not begin to know what power even very little things, if love be in them, have to put brightness and a blessing into dreary or empty lives. The memory of a kindly word stays oftentimes for years in a heart to which it brought cheer and uplift. A flower sent to a darkened room in some time of sickness or sorrow, leaves a fragrance which abides ever afterwards. A note of sympathy with its word of comfort and love is cherished as dearer than gold or gems, and its message is never forgotten. 'Love never faileth,' never dies. The greatest deeds without love make no enduring record, but when love inspires them, the smallest ministries of kindness leave imperishable memories in the lives which they help and bless. It ought to be the deepest wish of every true heart to leave in this world something which will last, which will not perish amid the wastes of time, which will live in blessing and good.

Is the world better or worse where I tread?
What have I done in the years that are dead?
What have I left in the way as I passed—
Fables to perish, or blessings to last?

Jesus said of Judas that it had been good for that man if he had not been born. Judas left a terrible curse in the world instead of a benediction. That which he did made infamy for him instead of honor. No doubt the case of Judas was an extraordinary one, but there are countless others of whom the same is measurably true. It is a dreadful thing to miss a ministry of blessing in one's life, to

be a tree of poisonous exhalation, like the fabled upas, instead of a tree planted by the streams of water which bears its fruit in its season. It is a sad thing to live in vain, to spend one's years in doing things that will perish. We should not be content to let a single day pass in which we do not speak some gracious word or do a kindness that will add to the happiness, the hope, or the courage and strength of another life. Such ministries of love will redeem our days of toil and struggle from dreariness and earthliness, and make them radiant in God's eye and in the record they make for eternity.

'For me—to have made one soul
The better for my birth;
To have added but one flower
To the garden of the earth;
'To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die—
To have been a link in the chain of life,
Shall be immortality.'

What the Guest Might Infer.

A conscientious gentleman importuned a wise and gracious friend to become his permanent guest and counsellor. The invitations were repeated and earnest. In fact, the burden of the one's communications to the other was, 'Come! Come! Come and abide with me.'

The invited guest willingly came, but only to find his host plunged in a whirlpool of business. He apologized for taking time for only a few hurried words with his guest, after breakfast and while the carriage was waiting, and then whirled off to business, at railroad speed, immersed in a newspaper.

'But I shall have a chance to be alone with him at the noon hour,' said the guest, 'and it will not then be too late to counsel him concerning part of the day.'

But when noon came, the gentleman snatched only a few moments for a hasty lunch, and with apologies tore himself away from his disappointed guest, and buried himself again in business.

'I surely shall have a good long talk with him to-night,' the guest consoled himself. 'I shall have him all alone, and with his day's work done, we can shape to-morrow.'

But when evening brought the gentleman to his home, he was tired, and his mind was distracted by the lingering cares of the day. He gave his guest a few short minutes before retiring, but even in them his mind was jaded and too much preoccupied to receive lasting impressions, and he seemed relieved when he could bid his guest good-night and sink to rest.

And so day after day passed, and the gentleman's purpose in inviting his guest was likely to be frustrated for lack of opportunity. Some of the gentleman's friends who noticed the unsatisfactory way in which things were going suggested that he set apart for confidential intercourse with his guest at least fifteen minutes, immediately after rising each day, when his mind would be most open to suggestions, and they would tell most on the day.

But, to their surprise, the gentleman demurred that he could not spare so much time in the morning. It would make him late to his business. He must try to get along the old way.

Would it not have been a natural inference for the guest to make that, if his host could not make a way to give him fifteen minutes, undisturbed by other things, he did not, after all, prize his advice so highly? Have we not all invited such a guest? Are we not continually asking the Holy Spirit to abide with us and direct our lives? Yet do we not, many days, almost crowd him out of a proper place in our thoughts, by the hurly-burly of our daily lives? Do we not need to revise either some of our prayers for the constant guidance of the Spirit, or else our daily programme, so as to leave space for a Quiet Hour with God?—'C. E. World.'

A Fascinating Story.

A story full of human interest and one of which the readers will not want to lose a word, is the 'Paths of the Righteous,' by Miss Lily Dougall, which is to be run as a serial in the 'Witness,' commencing AT ONCE. See special trial offer on another page.

Religious News.

Hitherto we have had only estimates, but now China is about to take a census of the uncounted millions within her borders. In accordance with the programme for constitutional reform, an edict, which has been received at the State Department, has been issued directing police and provincial treasurers to enumerate the individuals and families of the empire. The returns for the census of families must be completed by 1910 and for individuals by 1912. After returns are made the records of families will be reviewed each two months and the records of individuals every half year. The edict provides that the communities not yet organized into provinces, such as Inner and Outer Mongolia and Tibet, must be enumerated by their respective officials, who will report to the Board of the Interior.

From 'The Chinese Student in Japan' for November, 1908, are taken the following facts:

There are at present 700 Korean students living in Tokyo, Japan. Their studies embrace the practical subjects of law, commerce, agriculture, medicine, theology and technical courses. The average age of the student is nineteen. The intense desire of these young men to fit themselves for spheres of honor and usefulness is evident from the fact that out of the total number there, only eighty-one are at the expense of the government. As Tokyo is conveniently near and as it offers excellent facilities for mental advancement, it is more than likely that some years to come there will be a steady increase in the number of students. This year there is already an increase over last year of two hundred. In the various centers of learning the progress of the Korean students is not a whit behind that of their compeers. Mr. Kim, Young Men's Christian Association secretary among the Koreans, a capable and active leader, gives a report full of encouragement. In every branch of the work there is a steady increase. The enrolment of students both in the English and in the Bible classes is over 100. Since the secretary began his work more than twenty of the students have become earnest Christians.

In a recent 'Westminster,' Minot C. Morgan tells of two 'experiences' he had in Corea, of which the first was in Seoul. 'Wednesday evening we attended prayer-meeting. There were 600 present, and this is only one of a number of churches in the city. Six hundred, think of it, ask yourself what it means. It means that Christianity looms large to these people. It is the whole thing, and they know it. The whole congregation comes to prayer-meeting, to Sunday-school, to church twice on Sunday, and how they listen.'

But his Sunday in Pyeng Yang brought his 'greatest experiences.' First came the 11 o'clock service for women in the Central Church, with more than 1,000 present, and Pastor Kim, a native Corean, presided. 'At 2 p.m., we were back for the men's service. It was full, about 1,400 present. Think of it, a total of at least 2,400, and in a town which was wholly and unanimously heathen only fourteen years ago, with the reputation of being the worst town in Corea!'

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