

The divisions of the prayers are both striking and illuminating. There are nine studies in all, but there are suggestive points in each study that will lead to many lines of thought. We heartily commend this little volume, not only to preachers and teachers, but to every student of St. Paul's Epistles.

"Teaching by Illustration," by J. W. W. Moeran. With introduction by Bishop Ingham. London, England; Robert Scott (pp. 305, 3s. 6d. net).

A collection of illustrations, including incidents, quotations and pointed suggestions, drawn from various sources. It ought to prove of great service to preachers and teachers. The book is not only a compilation of ready-made illustrations, but shows by definite example how the habit of applying them may be acquired. It well deserves the recommendation given to it by Bishop Ingham, for it contains quite a number of fresh, helpful and vital illustrations suited to Christian work.

"St. Paul's Fight for Galatia," by C. H. Watkins. Toronto; Upper Canada Tract Society (pp. 312, \$1.25).

The English form of a German thesis for a doctorate. It is written with special reference to the struggle of the Apostle Paul with his opponents in Galatia. The treatment is decidedly critical, and is said to be "in the spirit of pure investigation." While there are many illuminating suggestions and quite a number of helpful ideas, suitable for the student of this Epistle, yet it must be confessed that the net result is somewhat small, because the writer seems to have no conception of the Apostle's Divine inspiration. His criticism of St. Paul is remarkably free, and the reader is often tempted to think that probably the Apostle knew at least as much about his own life and work as his modern commentators. While, therefore, the book will be useful if studied with discrimination, we object to the position as a whole, which seems to ignore the Divine element in the Apostle's writing.

The Family

THE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Oh! what do you think the angels say?
Said the children up in heaven;
There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,
She's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in,
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl,
Said the children up in heaven.

God wanted her where his little ones meet,
Said the children up in heaven;
She shall play with us in the golden street,
She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in.
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,
Said the children up in heaven.

So the King called down from the angels' dome,
Said the children up in heaven;
"My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home;
The home that my children live in."
Let us go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome the new little girl,
Said the children up in heaven.

Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?
Said the children up in heaven,
For the dear little girl has gone to sleep;
The shadows fall and the night clouds creep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl.
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little girl?
Said the children up in heaven.

Fly with her quickly, Oh, angels dear,
See! she is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Ah! hush, hush, hush, all the swift wings furl,
For the King himself at the gates of pearl,
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,
And is leading her into heaven.

MILKY WAY HAS PEERLESS BEAUTY.

The Milky Way, or Galaxy, is an apparent ring extending entirely around the universe of stars visible in the largest telescope. It is composed of suns in literal millions. They are so remote that, as seen from the earth, they appear to be close to each other, while in reality they are separated by millions and billions of miles, writes Edgar Lucien Larkin in the National Magazine.

To the eye, the belt of soft light, looks like a continuous band of cloth of pearl, but telescopes have the effect of bringing objects nearer. This separates the filmy cloud into many millions of glittering but minute points on the background of space. At a distance, forest trees seem to be close together, but as they are approached they separate and stand alone.

It is next to impossible to describe the matchless beauty of the Milky Way as seen in a telescope of great power. Carpet a large room with black velvet. Have many electric lights in the ceiling. Throw down and scatter all over the black floor a bushel of minute diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, opals, amethysts and other gems. Then turn on the light. You would have a faint imitation of the supernal glories of the Galactic hosts. For the appalling depths of space look black in our great telescopes.

In places, the suns look by perspective as though they were arranged in piles, heaps and banks, or built up into colossal windows, or twisted into spirals, or dashed into wisps and cosmic spray.

In some places the concentration is so great and dense that only the most powerful telescopes on earth can magnify enough to bring out details. A few clusters exist that have not, so far, been resolved into these needle points. And the height of human happiness is to watch these vast congeries of distant suns in a huge telescope.

COMRADES THAT WON.

The Story of Two British Soldiers.

By Rev. Gerrit Verkuy Ph.D.

They had grown up together as boys in Oldham, England—Jack Ellis and Jim Craig. When troubles arose in Egypt and the Sudan, about the early eighties, they both enlisted at the same time, and were sent out together, never separating until the life of one was sacrificed upon the altar of his country. Side by side they slept in the barracks; shoulder to shoulder they marched in the ranks; and arm to arm they fought in the skirmishes and the regular battles.

You are right in suspecting that they grew very closely attached to each other. No two brothers could have become more intimate. When Jack felt blue and longed for home, so did Jim; and, when one had a piece of good luck, the other was just as glad.

It happened not infrequently, while they were in the fight and heard the bullets whizzing past their ears, that they forgot about their country, and completely neglected their own interests; but they never forgot each other. Especially when it came to hand-to-hand skirmishes, they felt that they fought for each other's lives, and were constantly called to each other's protection.

One day, at that great battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when the British were led by General Wolseley against the unconquerable tribes of the desert, a big, burly Arab sprang forward with terrific force, and thrust his sword deep into the right hip of Jack Ellis. The thrust was not fatal, but it made the young soldier reel. The next move of the Arab was toward the head of his antagonist. But he had not reckoned with Jim Craig. In a moment the big man's skull was crushed and shattered by a blow with the butt of Jim's rifle.

If before that time the "soldiers two" felt like brothers, it need not be said that thereafter they were knit together by ties much stronger than blood. And yet a time came when they misunderstood each other, or, at least, when Jack misunderstood Jim. And this is the way it came about.

Though both comrades came from respectable and more or less Christian homes, they had never learned to think of Jesus Christ as their personal friend. On the contrary, they mentioned the Saviour's name in abusive language only. Had they taken a moment's time to think of it, surely, they could not have done it; but jesting and drinking and gambling kept them so busy while they were off duty that never a moment of quiet came to let their thoughts go back to the old home, their knowledge of God, and their personal relation to Him.

By virtue of the British army regulations they carried a little New Testament always with them in their knapsacks, but not once had they read it. They had been compelled, also, to attend worship on every Sabbath, but they had never taken an actual part in it. Devoted as they two were to each other and to their country, they were treacherous to their own best interests and to Him who had given them life and sustained them all the while. They never thought of it, but their greatest enemy was no Arab or Mahdi or Indian, but they themselves.

The change came in Bombay. There they were still the same old comrades, only the worse for the wear. Crippled and battle-scarred, they were heroes together, and they hoped to die together, until a new experience estranged them.

One evening at Bombay Jim Craig came into the barracks with a look on his face that made Ellis sit up on his bunk. He had never seen a look like that in his comrade's eyes. Had Jim been drinking? But drink never had that effect.

Jack did not have to guess very long, for Jim came swiftly forward to grasp his comrade's hand.

"O Jack," he cried out, "I'm saved; I've found Jesus."

"I did not know you had lost him," was Jack's jovial reply. "Come on, Jim, tell us all about it. What's up?"

Then Jim Craig told the story of the day, how in a mission that evening he had for the first time seen himself as the fool he was, and had also seen Jesus as He offered Himself for him.

Jim had fully expected that it was merely necessary to mention the story to his old-time comrade in order to have him share the blessed experience, but it did not work out that way. Jack soon broke out in a hollow laugh, and told Jim to get out with his nonsense.

From that day Jim stood alone—with Jesus. He prayed before his meals; he knelt at his bunk just previous to retiring; he warned his comrades in arms, especially Jack, against a future when regrets would no longer avail; he sometimes fell on his knees in the presence of the company, and prayed for each soldier by name; but not a man came openly to his side. Mockery and petty persecutions were his reward. And for three long years that brave boy stood up for Jesus Christ alone.

It was then, near Taung-ngu, India, that Jack Ellis and Jim Craig were facing the enemy once more together. The shooting had scarcely begun when Jim fell limply to the ground.

Jack stopped, and bent over him. The blood was spurting out of his bosom. No doubt the shot was fatal. As Jack looked down, he heard Jim whisper: "O Jack, I'm so glad it wasn't you. I'm ready to go, but suppose it had been you."

In a single moment, it seemed to Jack, his three years of bitterness against this hero passed before him. How could he have treated the man who had saved his life and who loved him to death in such cruel ways? "Will you forgive me, Jim?" he managed to say.

"I forgave you all the time," said Jim; "but please take out your New Testament and read to me from John fourteen. I'm dying, Jack, and that chapter has been my stand-by. Yes—in my Father's house—Tell Tom—" but James Craig, the true comrade, had gone.

Years later Mr. Ellis was sitting in the train from Buffalo to Chicago. In front of him, several seats ahead, he noticed a head that was shaped so familiarly it could not help attracting his attention. It was like the shape of Jim's head. Of course it could not be the old comrade, for him he had seen properly buried. At last the ex-soldier walked forward, and turned back to secure a full view of the face. The man in the seat was Tom, the brother of Jim. They recognized each other immediately.

"O Jack," Tom exclaimed with an oath, "where is Jim?"

"In heaven," was Jack's reply, and he lost no time in telling the story. And might he not at this time do something in return for Jim's saving his life twice?

To tell the truth, he did not feel, somehow, as if he could do justice to the plan he liked to work out. But a little in the rear he noticed a Salvation Army captain, whose help he soon engaged. Together they laboured and prayed, and before they separated Tom Craig was on his knees, right in that car, surrendering his life to the Saviour in whose faith his brother Jim had so willingly died.

To some it may sound like a story in its worst sense; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that every Christian in that railway-car was asked to come forward and shake hands with the ex-soldier and his comrade's brother; and that song and prayer went up to heaven to Him who saves to the uttermost.

Appleton, Wis.