

passioned eloquence that he swayed audiences as never temperance lecturer had done since the days of John B. Gough.

One day a splendid-looking couple drove up to the office of Mr. Merritt, and alighted. The one was Mr. Woolley, now a prince among men; the other was his devoted wife, her face beaming with happiness. It was the anniversary of the day when the greenback had been given to the tramp. The interview that followed was very dramatic. When it was over, three people were wiping their eyes.

'I knew you would be glad to see the good your five-dollar bill has accomplished,' said Mr. Woolley.

'I'd sell out my business to-morrow, and go to work as a grave-digger,' said the grizzled veteran, 'if I could invest the money in chaps like you.'

### The True Lent.

Is this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?  
Is it to fast an hour—  
Or ragged go—  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour?  
No! 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.  
It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate—  
To circumsise thy life.  
To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick.

### 'Brighten the Lonely Homes'

Most people who live in cities and towns, or even in the rural districts of our more settled counties and provinces, will emphatically declare that reading matter, whether books or papers, ranks among the necessities of life; and very few are there of these who in their own homes or through the loan of a friendly neighbor or the nearest public library, cannot have all the reading for which they have time and disposition.

But those who have gone and are going, by the thousands and tens of thousands, to make new homes for themselves in the remoter parts of the Dominion, have stern cause to know that life can be lived—must often be lived, in fact—with very little in the way of reading matter. Where every energy is strained to provide for the physical needs, to get a home secured, and enough food grown for hungry mouths, books, desirable as they are, must of necessity take second place.

Just here comes in the opportunity that has been embraced by the Aberdeen Association. You could not offer your new neighbor who has just come from 'the Old Country' any of the necessities of life. He would resent it as a reflection on his ability to provide for his family; but you could offer him your paper or magazine or even a book or two that you had already enjoyed—or some fresh pictures for the children—or, perchance, some seeds for the goodwife's garden. His heart would be cheered by this expression of frank, brotherly sym-

pathy, while his sense of independence would be untouched.

This is what, in effect, is being done by the Association formed some ten years ago, largely through the instrumentality of Lady Aberdeen, having as its avowed object 'the distribution of good literature to settlers in isolated parts of Canada.' It has won the enthusiastic co-operation of many in the old land as well as in this country, yet there is plenty of scope for additional help in all departments since the population of the newer parts of our Dominion goes forward by leaps and bounds.

The Association receives application for literature either directly or indirectly, upon which a letter is sent out to the applicant to ascertain the number in family, religious preference, personal tastes, etc., of the household that, as far as possible, the packet may be acceptable, both as to religious and secular matter. So long as the family or individual writes twice a year to the branch which sends the supply, the packages are despatched monthly. The Christmas parcels, usually containing pictures, games, children's books, etc., where these are likely to be welcomed. Scores of grateful appreciative letters are received from those who have been cheered by these kindly ministrations, and many of these recipients, when able to provide themselves with literature, voluntarily notify the committees that their parcels may now be sent to more needy settlers.

A most interesting pamphlet was issued some time ago by the Association, entitled 'The Mission of the Old Magazine,' the chief feature of which is an address given by Lady Aberdeen herself before a large audience. In the course of this address, Lady Aberdeen says in reference to the settlers' letters:—

'Do not these letters give us an idea how the magazines and papers of the Aberdeen Association may shed a radiance over life, charming away the aching sense of loneliness, the feeling of desolation that so often comes to those shut out from the outer world? The story of adventure and the tale of heroism, the explanation of a scientific truth, the picture of the life of some leaders in thought or action, which we passed over so lightly as we cut the pages of the magazine, have a new meaning when received in those far-away places of the earth. Can we not imagine the rush for the papers when the mail arrives? Can we not picture the breathless interest of the group gathered round the father in the evening? Can we not conceive how new aims and new motives transform the whole life of many a young man and maiden who ponder over an article which has revealed new truths to their hearts?'

'This then is the work which those who support the Aberdeen Association are doing; they are helping many a family to fight the battle of life, lightening the burden of overworked fathers and mothers, educating the children in a thousand pleasant ways, and giving wholesome recreation and food for thought to many a solitary young fellow far from all kith and kin, and who may be thereby strengthened against temptation and directed toward noble ends.'

Those desiring to help this good work should write to the secretary of the nearest branch, enquiring what lines of literature are at present most needed, the address of the receiving room for the district, and any other information required. The post-office franks parcels not exceeding two pounds in weight from the branches to the settlers, but cost of sending supplies to the Branches must, of course, be borne by those wishing to share their pleasures with others and to 'brighten the lonely homes.'

The Secretary of the Association is Mr. C. F. Whitley, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, who will gladly give any further information desired.

The secretaries of the Branches are as follows.—

Halifax—Miss E. M. Ritchie, 'Winwick.'

St. John, N.B.—Miss M. Golding.

Montreal—Miss M. A. Reid, 2710 St. Catherine street.

Ottawa—Miss Jarvis, 361 Daly avenue.

Kingston—Miss Fraser, 228 Johnston street.

Toronto—Miss M. Macdougall, 41 avenue rd.

London—Miss M. McMillan, 230 Central ave.

Hamilton—Miss Bickle, 156 Hughson street, South.

Brandon—Mrs. Kirchoffer.

Victoria—Miss L. Angus.

### On a City Street.

A writer in the 'Presbyterian College Journal' relates a striking little street incident that came to her view:

'Strolling along one bright morning, I noticed, walking painfully in front of me, a very old lady. The sidewalk was treacherous with ice, and the curbstones between streets are so constructed as to make it a necessity to lift the foot a step down, and after crossing, a step up. At each corner she clung to a telephone pole, and when first observed was struggling to raise one foot to the sidewalk. Before I could reach her a little girl in a gray suit came quietly and guided her over, then left her with a smile in answer to the murmured thanks. At the next block a small boy who was going whistling past, performed the same office, and she looked up in pleased surprise. At the third street a prettily dressed young girl saw the pathetic movements of the frail pedestrian and ran quickly to her side.

'Then, with a nod and a smile, she turned up the street, evidently nearing home, and as I looked after her I thought with a tender pride of the young people who, unknown to each other, had been ready, upon first impulse, to help one so weak and helpless.

'It was a clear and sunny side light of a city street, that one so frail could not only walk in safety, but at once enlist the ready sympathy and aid of willing hearts and hands.'

We are so weak and blind and alone, that we ought just to let ourselves be led. 'I will guide thee by mine eye'; so can we go wrong?

### A Disciple's Prayer.

At sunrise pray: 'Now, Lord, Thy day begins; Receive my thanks; grant strength; wash out my sins;

My feet must stumble if I walk alone;  
Lonely my heart till beating by Thine own;  
My will is weakness till it rest in Thine.  
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine;  
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,  
My life is lifeless till it live in Thee!'

At sunset this: 'Now, Lord, Thy daylight fades;

Guide Thou my craft amidst the gathering shades;

I thank Thee that Thou steerest my frail bark,  
O faithful Pilot, o'er these waters dark;  
The waves have bared their threatening fangs  
of white,

But "Peace, be still!" Thou speakest. Now comes night;

I drop mine anchor in the silent sea;  
Through the long watches I am safe with Thee!'

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'