

then, the King could receive him as the astronomer. That pardon written by the King's own hand and sealed by the King's own seal must come first and clear the way. Then, but not till then, could the King hear the story of the astronomer's discovery, and how that he proposed to honor the King by naming it after him—Georgium Sidus.

Forgiven first—then the King could bestow the marks of royal favor. He is appointed Astronomer Royal, is to come and live near the King's own palace, and there is an order given that a telescope be made for his service larger than any that was then in the world. Then the King can complete the honor, and make the astronomer Sir William Herschell. Forgiven—then crowned.

So it ever must be. And such is the gift that waits for us when we come to our God. He forgiveth all thine iniquity, then he crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

Meeting People Halfway

A company of summer campers sat together under the trees on Sunday as the sun was setting and sang songs and hymns. Under the influences of the quiet woods and the gathering twilight some thoughtful words were spoken revealing inner experiences and aspirations. Then one young woman, who was a stranger to most of the company, said she had resolved to live for Christ and that she took that occasion to avow her purpose for the first time. Her statement was unexpected, for the gathering was informal and it was not a revival meeting; but it was in harmony with the spirit that had been awakened and it left an agreeable impression.

A gentleman present sought the young woman after the meeting dispersed and advised her to tell her decision to the pastor of the church she attended, on her return home, and to enter into fellowship with the church. To his surprise she flatly refused. She told him that she knew hardly anyone in the church, that she was a working girl whom the people would not welcome into their society, that they were cold and indifferent and that the pastor had never shown any interest in her. The gentleman wrote a note to the pastor, mentioning the incident and commending the girl to his attention and the matter passed from his mind.

Several months later the young woman called at his office. She told him she had a Sunday-school class of young ladies, all of whom wanted to be Christians, and that as he had helped her at a critical time, she had ventured to ask his counsel how to guide those in her charge. She was animated and earnest, and her eyes kindled as she spoke of her interest in others, in marked contrast to the reserve and indifference she had shown in that first interview. 'Why,' said he, 'you told me the people in the church looked down on you because you were a working girl, and that you could not feel at home with them.'

'Oh,' she replied, 'that was because I did not know them. When I came back home last summer, I found some of the people welcomed me. I went into the Christian Endeavor Society, and now I'm an officer in it. When I came to get acquainted with the people I found them delightful. I can't tell you how kind they are to me, nor how I enjoy working with them for the church. All my Sunday-school class love me and they will all come into the church, I am sure. I want to show them how to work for Christ and I want to do more for him myself.'

The lonely, disheartened, suspicious girl of the summer had become in the winter a win-

some, loving and generous servant of others, feeling herself rich in associations and friendships which she had formerly regarded as either beyond her reach or as worthless. A new light was in her face, an exuberant tone in her voice, created by a new interest in humanity. It was evident, too, that the church had been blessed by her coming into it. Not long afterwards her friend heard that she was soon to have a home of her own.—'Congregationalist.'

A Pilgrim's Prayer

(C. Maud Battersby, in the 'Christian.')

'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?'

'Let him trust in the Name of the Lord, and stay upon his God' (Isaiah 1, 10).

Lord, I am wandering—lead me.
Lord, I am hungering—feed me.
Far from my Home—direct me.
Fearful and faint—protect me.

(Ps. lxxiii., 24.)

Lord, I have none beside Thee,
Into the safe path guide me;
Give me Thy strength in weakness,
Give me Thy power—with meekness.

(Isa. xxxii., 2.)

Tempest and dark surround me,
But Thou hast loved and found me;
Onwards I press, not knowing
Whither my steps are going.

(Ps. xxxviii., xvi., 11.)

Lord, is there joy before me?
(Deeply the sharp thorn tore me),
Fiercely the rain-drops beat me,
Cold are the eyes that meet me.

(Isa. xli., 10.)

Still—let me know Thee near me,
This shall suffice to cheer me;
Darkness and death appal not,
Held by Thy hand I fall not.

(Phil. iii., 13, 14.)

Hush Thou my feeble fretting,
Thus, the sad past forgetting;
Peace to my heart is stealing,
Thou the Unseen revealing.

(I. Cor. xv., 57, 25.)

Yea, let me love Thee dearest,
Yea, let me feel Thee nearest;
Come, for my heart is failing,
Love over loss prevailing.

A Christian Teacher on the Frontier.

The Rev. Bruce Kinney, general missionary in Utah, relates this anecdote:

Along the only line of railway which traverses a certain portion of our great Northwest, there is a stretch of 321 miles in which there is only one town in which religious services of any kind are regularly held. In that one town a young girl was converted and united with our church. She soon went to one of the other towns to teach school. Appalled at the spiritual desolation, she organized a Sunday-school and was the superintendent. There are only two professing Christians in the town, herself and another woman. This town is situated in the centre of a great stock-growing region. Crowds of cowboys often come into town, fill themselves with bad whiskey and on their departure 'shoot up the town.' In one of these saloon brawls a cowboy was shot to death. One of his rough companions knew of a praying fa-

ther and mother back East and sought Christian burial for his boyhood chum. He sent for the nearest 'sky pilot' many miles away. His message found this 'gospel slinger' too ill to come. There was no time to send for another. What shall be done? There was not a man in town who could say a prayer. Their thoughts turned to the little teacher.

They asked her and told her they wanted to give the man better burial than they would a coyote. Though almost crushed by the thought of such an untried task, she consented. With a resolute faith which would have done credit to the martyrs of old, she stood beside the rough pine box and told those cowboys, saloon men and gamblers the old, old story of the Cross and him who died for them. They stood with bare heads—sober for once—and many a tear ran down cheeks which were not ashamed as they thought once more of father, mother, home and God.

Is it any wonder that when the little school 'marm' left a testimonial to her valuable work was signed by every saloonkeeper, gambler and cowboy within reach?—'Standard.'

What the Postmaster did not Know.

Recently the assistant postal officer at Hankow, China, was talking with his superior. The latter, a Scotchman, was expressing himself on the subject of Chinese Christians. He spoke as foreign officials, tourists, and others, who know little about the subject, generally do. 'The minute you tell me a Chinaman is a Christian,' said he, 'I want nothing more to do with him. He is no good.'

The assistant postal officer happened to be not only a Christian, but also well acquainted with the facts. So, he asked the postmaster a question. 'What do you think of Mr. Liu?'

'He is a good man,' said the postmaster, 'a [very] capable man. We could not do without him.'

'Well,' said the assistant, 'he is a Christian.'

'H'm!' was the postmaster's only comment.

'What do you think of Yang?'

'Thomas Yang, in the registry department?'

'Yes.'

'He is good. We have just promoted him to entire charge there.'

'He is another,' said the assistant. 'What do you think of Tsang?'

'You mean John Tsang, that big fellow in the registry department?'

'Yes.'

'He is a first-rate fellow, very trustworthy.'

'He is another Christian.'

'Oh!' said the postmaster.

'What about Joseph Tsai, at Han Yang?'

'Well, we have given him entire charge of that office,' said the postmaster.

'He is another Christian.'

'Indeed,' said the postmaster.

'How about Tsen?'

'You mean the man we have just sent to Hunan, to take charge of the new office at Hsiang-t'an? There is nothing the matter with him.'

'Well, he is a Christian.'

'Oh, keep still!' said the postmaster. 'That will do!'

The facts are even better than this incident indicates. Of eight Chinese employees in the Hankow office, four are Christians, and these four are the ones who have steadily earned promotion, and now occupy the highest positions. They are the best men in the office.—'Lookout.'

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