

To them that have no might He increaseth strength.  
Isaiah xl. 29.

His work, and to encourage our brethren in other places to labor on.

Mr. Schiverea leaves us next Tuesday. On Monday evening he will meet with our Workers and the friends who have been led among us at these meetings. He will address the young converts, on Christian work, and urge upon them the necessity for immediate connection with some Christian church, and of entering heartily into some branch of Christian Work. We thank God for Bro. Schiverea's visit, and hope that he may be led to entertain our proposition to come and work among us again, either next spring or fall. We are sure he will be followed by the prayers of the Young Men of our Association.

### MR. MOODY'S VISIT.

As we go to press, the great topic of conversation is Mr. Moody's approaching visit. He holds three days' conference, with three sessions each day, the evening sessions being for men only. The Committee has been working almost night and day replying to applications for tickets from the city and elsewhere. Nearly 30,000 tickets were applied for, and 26,000 have been issued. This covers the seating capacity of the church in which the sessions are to be held. A ticket is required for each session. We trust that God's blessing may rest upon the meetings. "Our Mission Union," published by the Willard Tract Depository, has arranged to print a verbatim report of the Convention. Our readers desiring a copy of the report should at once address Mr. S. R. Briggs, of this city.

## YOUNG MEN'S MEETING

Every Saturday Evening,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.

COME

### I FEEL IT PULL.

WALKING one day past a row of cottages that ran along one side of a common on the outskirts of the town, I noticed a large paper kite in the air, and soon saw that the string was held by a little boy, who was standing quite motionless on a door-step, his face raised to the sky. In passing, I turned to look at the child, and a thrill of pity went through my heart as I saw that he was blind. And yet the upturned face was so full of gladness, and I thought I must surely be mistaken; and stopping, and speaking as gently as I could, so as not to startle him, I said, "My boy, you have a beautiful kite up there."

"Oh yes," he answered, in a happy tone, as he turned in the direction of my voice.

"Then, can you see it?" I asked.

"No," he said, the bright look spreading over his face like sunshine, "but father can, and he tells me what a beauty it is; and I feel it pull."

I stooped down and kissed the gentle face, speaking a few words of kindness, and then as I walked away I felt that no sympathy of mine, however sincere, could repay the child for the lifelong lesson he had taught me.

I had for many days been burdened with perplexity, a thick cloud hiding from my view the next turning in life's road, and forgetting that when my heart was overwhelmed within me, then a heavenly Father knew my path, though I did not.

I understood then that the true care for all earthly disquiet and discontent is to believe so simply and strongly a heavenly Father's description of our "treasure in the heavens," that it will be impossible not to set our affections upon it; and as I walked along, new light was flashed on many an instance of bright Christian endurance that had hitherto seemed to me almost unaccountable.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.