

talk to me,' which was his way of asking to be taken to about Christ.

As he grew, he was a very outspoken Christian boy, and in his preparatory school, where he was almost head of the school, he hung a roll of Bible texts on his wall, so that all might see his colors. He was as sincere and whole-hearted as he was outspoken. He wrote from Harrow, when he was seventeen, to a friend, that he did not care to go to theatres and certain kinds of parties, because Christ always seemed to be left out, and he did not wish to go where he could not take Christ. In another letter he said his favorite hymn was 'Rutherford'—'The sands of time are sinking,' and he especially liked the second stanza—

O Christ! He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge University, and he soon gained a great reputation as a bicyclist. On November tenth, 1874, he won the ten-mile race in thirty-four minutes, the fastest time on record then. In writing of that race, he said he intended the next day to ride a big wheel he called 'The Leviathan,' eighty-six inches high, and with several steps up the backbone. He got great amusement from the terror this monster wheel inspired as he rode along, and he enjoyed the pleasure of the risk connected with it, for he knew he would break an arm or leg if he fell off. In April, 1876, he won a four-mile race, at Lillie Bridge, breaking the record again. On October 23, 1878, in a five-mile race, he defeated John Keen, the world's professional champion then, in the time of fifteen minutes, eleven and two-fifths seconds. Four years later, on July 29, 1882, he won the fifty-mile amateur championship at Crystal Palace, beating all previous records by seven minutes. But his most interesting bicycle feat was a ride this same year of nine hundred and ninety-four miles in thirteen days, from Land's End to John O'Groats. It was bad weather, but he rode through the rain, and was the first man to make on a wheel this continuous journey from the south-western end of England to the northern extremity of Scotland. At his old school at Harrow a map was hung on the wall, and the whole school traced his course as he sent word from day to day of his progress.

But to be the best bicycle rider in the world was not enough for Keith Falconer. He determined that he would excel in shorthand. So he taught himself. At Harrow he practiced taking down sermons. Later, he came to know Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, who had a great admiration for him, and to whom Keith Falconer wrote a letter regarding his great race with Keen. Keith Falconer wrote the article on shorthand in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' when he was only twenty-eight.

But to be, perhaps, the best shorthand writer in Great Britain was not enough, either, to satisfy this young Scotchman. At last he thought he had found his place in the study of the Semitic languages,

which he took up, resolved, as in everything else he touched, to be at the top. In 1881, he went to Leipsig to study especially Arabic. Two years later he became lecturer on Hebrew at Clare College, Cambridge, and it was one of the testimonies that his students gave to his fairness, that he took as much pains with the most stupid as with the most clever. Professor Noldeke spoke of him as a young 'master' in many lines, and before long he won the place in Arabic scholarship that he had been accustomed to win in all he undertook, and in 1886, he was elected Lord Almoner Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University, to succeed Professor Robertson Smith.

Now, surely, this should have satisfied a man, but Keith Falconer was not satisfied. There was something beyond all this. He had always been a Christian worker. At Harrow he was ever on Christ's side, and at Cambridge he was one of the little band that stood by Mr. Moody on his visit, when his welcome was not very encouraging. Later, he was one of a little company to buy a theatre in one of the worst parts of Cambridge, and turn it into a Christian meeting place. After this he threw himself into mission work in London, on Mile-end Road. And he was always having talks with men, trying to bring them to Christ. When he came home in the evening, and said to his wife, 'I have had such a good talk with a man,' she knew he meant that he had tried to win the man for Christ. And he was ever writing hopefully, too. 'Remember sinking Peter,' he wrote to one poor fellow. To Carrington, with whom he was working in London, he wrote regarding the inevitable choice between making self or God the centre of life. And he was greatly interested in Bible Conferences, such as the Broadlands Conference for deepening the spiritual life. Chinese Gordon heard of him, and invited him to go with him, but he declined.

His own plan was maturing. Why had God given him such a constitution, such strength, such rounded knowledge, such acquaintance with Arabic, such wealth as he and his wife possessed, such a company of strong friends? To use for self? Not in Keith Falconer's judgment. All must be used for God. How could they be better used than in a mission to the Mohammedans in Arabia? So Keith Falconer went out and looked over the ground. Then he came back, saw the Church of Scotland Missionary Committee, got a medical missionary for a companion, visited the Scotch Universities to arouse interest in the work, and then set out on his hard task.

The people were fanatical, but he knew their minds and hearts, and he had tact and love. The climate was hot and full of fever, but he was strong and he did not count his life dear to himself. The foundations of the mission were laid, and Keith Falconer was soon mastering Hindustani because he thought a knowledge of that language also would help; and then the fever seized him. Not to be dismayed he kept up a cheerful heart, and read books by the dozen while he was lying sick—Scott, Rider Haggard, Besant, Pressensé, Blaikie, Bonar, Dr. J. Brown. He did not complain of the heat, which was fierce. He only wrote, 'Read Bonar's Life of Judson, and you will see that our troubles are naught.' And then at last he fell asleep

on May 10, 1887, having, as the quaint wisdom of Solomon says, though 'made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.' One of his last words on the day of his death was, 'How I wish that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ, nearer, nearer.'

All young men should read the short, manly life of Ion Keith Falconer, written by Robert Sinker, and entitled, 'Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer.' For he was one of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and in his mouth was no lie, and he was without blemish. Not all of us have his talents, but each of us may have his devotion, and all may live as earnestly and strongly as he lived, believing with him that—

'One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.'

### Sword and Plough.

There was once a count, so I've heard it said,

Who felt that his end drew near;  
And he called his sons before his bed,  
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plough, he called for his sword—

That gallant, good and brave—  
They brought them both at their father's word,  
And thus he his blessing gave—

'My first-born son, my pride and might,  
Do thou my sword retain,  
My castle on the lordly height,  
And all my broad domain.

'On thee, my well-beloved younger boy,  
My plough I e'en bestow;  
A peaceful life thou shalt enjoy,  
In the quiet vale below.'

Contented sank the sire to rest,  
Now all was given away;  
The sons held true his last behest  
E'en to their dying day.

'Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,  
Of the castle and its knight;  
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,  
And the humble peasant wight.'

Oh! ask not of me what the end may be;  
Ask of the country round:  
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,  
The height but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide, in the golden pride

Of the autumn sunlight now;  
It teems and it ripens far and wide,  
And the honor abides by the plough.  
—From German of Wolfgang Muller.

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