

very unhappy. I have tried to find rest for my soul by fasting; I have given alms; I have prayed day and night, confessing my sins before God; but all to no purpose, for I can find no rest. Whilst lately I was lying in the dust, praying, and confessing my sins and the sins of our people, it came into my mind that I must believe what Isaiah testified—'He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. Upon him was laid the iniquity of us all.' How then could I do otherwise than believe that Jesus of Nazareth is that Messiah, the Lord our Righteousness, the Word of God of which our writings are full?"

'All this and much more did that Rabbi tell me. We knelt down and prayed together, blessing God for his unspeakable gift, and praying for his wife and children and for all Israel.'

'And what was the result of this?' I asked.

'The Rabbi and his wife passed away in the Faith of Jesus Christ, and the children are all devoted, earnest Christians. But now no more. I must be off to bed. Good-night.'—From the 'Jewish Missionary Advocate.'

### Answered Prayer.

#### A TRUE STORY.

(Birdie Burroughs in 'Sunday Friend'.)

A friend once related to me the following little incident, as her first experience of answered prayer.

When a child, I had a few toys, was kept strictly, and obliged to spend my tiny allowance on materials for needlework.

One day, when about nine years old, I was strongly attracted by a doll in a shop window close to my home. It was marked threepence, but that small sum seemed quite out of my reach, and I was shy of asking my mother for it.

It occurred to me then for the first time, that I would cast my little burden on God, and I asked him definitely to give me the doll, and made the request that it should be mine at three o'clock next day.

Then I felt a weight lifted off my heart, and so sure a sense had I that God had heard and answered me, that I woke the next morning happy and expectant, and during the early hours of the day no doubt crossed my mind that my wish would be gratified.

However, the day slipped by, and when the clock on the mantelpiece marked noon, I began to feel discouraged. My hopes continued to sink, as the hands told off quarter after quarter, and there was no sign of an answer to my prayer. When they pointed to two o'clock I was in a very mournful mood. Surely, I thought, God has forgotten all about me. On sped the hand, marking a quarter-past two, half-past two, a quarter to three. My heart was now quite full.

At this moment, a small ornament, which I was nervously fingering, went to pieces in my hands. My tears, which only wanted an excuse to flow, burst forth. My mother, thinking they were caused by the accident, tried to comfort me. But finding caresses of no avail, she tried something else.

'Alice,' said she, 'I saw a pretty little doll in the shop close by (mentioning the name), would you like to run and get it?' and she placed a silver threepence in my hand.

It was exactly three o'clock!

### Gold Mottoes.

A vain man's motto—win gold and wear it.  
A generous man's motto—win gold, and share it.

A miser's motto—win gold and spare it.  
A profligate's motto—win gold and spend it.  
A broker's motto—win gold, and lend it.  
A fool's motto—win gold, and end it.  
A gambler's motto—win gold, and lose it.  
A wise man's motto—win gold, and use it.

### Betty Morton and the Archbishop.

The mother of Archibald Tait died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his nurse, Betty Morton. At thirteen, he went to the Edinburgh Academy, which was a day school only. The boys lived at home or boarded in the families of the city, so that little Archibald was, like all the rest, thrown upon the society of some one outside the school, and for him it was the company of Betty Morton.

The course of study was very severe; six hours' continuous work by day, and as many more at night. But Tait rose rapidly to the head of his class, though he had not, like some of the older pupils, the benefit of a private tutor. He scarcely needed one, for Betty served instead. And unlearned though she was, she seemed to serve his purpose as well as any other.

He used to repeat his memorized Latin lessons aloud, and Betty held the book close to her eyes, diligently following every word as he said page after page. To her Latin was an unknown language, but that scarcely made a difference.

'Ay,' she would say, by way of encouragement, 'it maun be richt. It's just word for word, and it sounds like it.'

Then there would be a sudden lowering of the book and an ominous, 'Na! na! It's no that ava!' and Archibald knew that he was wrong.

Three years later he went to Glasgow University. Here again Betty accompanied him, and she not only tended him with motherly care, but made sure that his hours of study were not interrupted, even repulsing his friends, with inexorable firmness, when they came to the door.

He was still a young man when she died, and throughout her illness he was with her constantly. As the end approached, he showed a depth of tenderness which no one had suspected beneath his somewhat stern exterior. The two took the 'Lord's Supper' together, and were then left alone. All night the young man sat beside the old nurse's bed, and gave her words of comfort, as she could bear them, and as the morning broke, on New Year's day, she died, with her hand clasped in his.—'Youth's Companion.'

### Not for a Woman.

Mrs. Wellington White, at a meeting in Toronto, referred to an incident which occurred while on her first evangelistic trip on a native boat up the river in China with a party of missionaries. Becoming tired of the slow motion of the boat, she, with other ladies of the party, were walking along the river's bank. In a short time they were espied by some women, who were working in the field, for in China the women work the same hours as the men, and are literally the burden-bearers. An old woman came up to Mrs. White, who quickly introduced the theme of the love of Jesus, and how he had died for her. For a time she listened quietly, but soon exclaimed, 'No, no, that is not true! He might die for a man, he might die for a man; but not for a woman! No, no, that is not true. Come away. He would not do that for a woman.' And she went away waving her hand—a gesture implying impatience, and warning her companions not to heed the strange woman. And as they walked along, Mrs. White was thinking of the old woman she would likely never see again, when she felt some one touching her shoulder, and on looking around, there stood the old woman, looking so anxious, and saying, 'Tell it again, is it true?' After talking

with her for some time, she was invited on board the boat, and again the simple story of Jesus was told her, and after praying with her that the Holy Spirit would give her light, she left after having been given some of the Gospels to take to her village. Before leaving she said, 'Come to my village, and I will give you a place to stay in, and the people will treat you well, for I am the oldest woman in the village.' For a distance she ran along the bank asking such questions as, 'If I forget some of what you told me, will he still hear me?' and 'Will he answer my prayers?' then saying, 'Oh, pray for an old woman seventy years of age.' But at last she went over the hills to her village.

### How to Help a Meeting.

Come.

Come early.

Bring somebody else.

Take a front seat.

Sing. Supposing you don't know one note from another, you will feel better for having tried and will encourage others.

Say something, if it is only two words; twenty-five short testimonies are better than a whole 'posy-bed of glittering nothings, or beautiful sunset sky rhetoric.' Men who come don't want gush, but they want life.

Don't keep your mouth shut for fear of making mistakes. Bless your heart, a hundred years from now the fact that you used frightful grammar won't bother you a bit if some soul was saved because you did say something.

Don't start a discussion.

Don't wait till the last one; somebody will say just what you wanted to. It always happens so.

Don't think about that engagement tomorrow.

Too much world in your heart will act like water on a fire.

If the meeting drags don't you drag; make it snap somehow.

Look just as pleasant as you can. It's contagious. Remember that it's God's service and not the human being leading.

Remember that the leader needs prayers, sympathy and support.

Remember that long prayers are too good for a good meeting.

Finally take home that part of the meeting that hit you the hardest, and think it over.

Don't pass it over your shoulder to the one back of you.

Make the stranger welcome.

Talk the meeting up and not down. If you cannot say anything good about it, keep quiet.

Pray much for blessing.—'First Church Herald,' Chicago.

### Doubt.

I have a life with Christ to live,

But, ere I live it, must I wait

Till learning can clear answer give

Of this or that book's date?

I have a life with Christ to live,

I have a death in Christ to die—

And must I wait till science give

All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather while the sea of doubt

Is raging wildly round about,

Questioning of life and death and sin,

Let me but creep within

Thy fold, O Christ; and at Thy feet

Take but the lowest seat;

And hear Thy awful voice repeat

In gentlest accent, heavenly, sweet,

'Come unto Me and rest,

Believe Me and be blest!'

—J. C. Sharp in 'Presbyterian.'