

had drawn. And the workmen began to build, and the Cathedral rose in all its loveliness and grandeur. And the pious German folk say, and they say quite rightly, that it was built, by the prayer of a child. Remember, then, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and it shall be given him.'

### Up Hill to the Barn.

Farmer Holden, an intelligent citizen, a kind neighbor and loving husband and father, had arrived at middle life before he found God. When his interest grew into a half formulated belief, and his belief into certainty, a new life was opened before him that he wanted all his friends to share. For several years he was very active in church and Sunday school work, a help to the pastor and zealous in every good work.

It was noticeable, therefore, when he gave up attending the prayer-meeting regularly and was silent when he did come. At length, when he remained away from church two Sundays in succession, the pastor sought him out in the hay field and said, as he picked up a fork and kept pace with him in picking out the fragrant hay:

'I have come to ask what has come over you to lessen your soul's prosperity?'

For a time the farmer remained silent, and then, pausing to take a breath at the end of the windrow, he said: 'It all began by my happening to think that my barn sets up considerably higher than my house.'

'What can that possibly have to do with it?'

'Well, you see, pastor, when I was converted, and ever since, in fact, until this summer, I made a point every evening of enjoying a season of prayer at the barn, and had always an uplifting sense of spiritual freedom. One night in the spring, as I started out to go to the barn as usual for my devotions, I was confronted with the thought, and I was prompted to say just as I was speaking to someone else, "I am tired; you can pray here just as well; it is uphill to the barn," and, pastor, I was weak enough to kneel there at the turnstile at the foot of the hill. The next night I didn't go quite so far, and it wasn't long before I was making excuses to my sick soul by saying, "I can have my private devotions just as well when I am comfortable in bed," and soon after adopting this plan I dropped off to sleep, forgetting all about it, and for some time now I have ceased praying altogether, and have lost any inclination to meet with God's people.'

'It is just another instance of lost communion with God,' said the pastor, sadly. 'While you daily obeyed the injunction, "Enter into thy closet," your spiritual life prospered. As soon as you were tempted to disobey, and to neglect God in that important particular, your whole spiritual life felt the need of that stimulus, as a plant feels the need of the dews of heaven when wilted. Let us kneel right here and ask for showers of refreshing that your growth in grace may not forever die.'

Farmer (afterwards Deacon) Holden used to relate this experience as often as the church was gladdened by the new converts. 'Don't stumble over the stone that I did,' he said; 'don't make the excuse that it is uphill to the barn, or upstairs to your closet, but every day have your season of communion with God, and he will bless you in proportion as you honor him.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

### In the Hospital.

A distinguished surgeon invited a friend, who is a minister, to attend an operation which he was to perform, and the minister accepted the invitation. He had to submit to a series of preliminary washings, for in a hospital cleanliness is godliness. The two men entered the operating-room clad in gowns fresh from the steam steriliser.

The surgeon worked quickly and carefully, tying each artery before it was cut, to save loss of blood, and soon exposed the tumor which confirmed his diagnosis. Thus far there had been complete silence in the room, broken only by the surgeon's occasional quiet call for an instrument or a direction given in a single low word. But now he paused for a moment and pointed out the character of the growth which he was about to remove. Then he asked the minister, 'Who did sin, this woman or

her parents, that this disease has come upon her?'

The question was the same which the disciples asked of Jesus concerning the man born blind. The minister replied in a paraphrase of the answer of Jesus:

'Neither did this woman sin nor her parents, but that the words of God should be made manifest in what you are doing for her relief, and perhaps in other ways which we cannot now understand.'

When the operation was over, and the two men were clothed in their ordinary raiment, the doctor said:

'You ministers are fond of attributing all the evil in the world to sin. There is much in a hospital that tends to confirm your theory. In more than half my work I can trace its direct connection. But not always. To-day's case is one where there has been no evil life. And it is in such cases I ask myself the question which I asked of you, for there is a good deal of evil in this world which sin does not account for. And your explanation does not explain it all. In some cases—more than we like to admit—there is no manifestation of the work of God through what we are able to do. We do some remarkable things, but our skill and knowledge are very meagre.'

A few days afterward the surgeon called up his friend by telephone, and asked him to call at the hospital. 'I told the patient,' said he, 'that a ministerial friend of mine was with me at the operation, and she wishes to see you.'

'I was glad to learn that you were present,' said the woman, when the minister called. 'I am sure you prayed for me, and I am grateful for every prayer that is offered for me. I have lived too narrow a life. It has been a good life, as the world counts goodness, but here in the hospital, surrounded by the sick and unfortunate, I realize how little I have thought of others. And I have been asking myself how I can make this experience the means of good.'

'I sent for you to ask that you will join me in my prayer of thanksgiving to God for the years now added to my life, and a prayer of consecration of those added years to more kindly and unselfish thought for others.'

'It is not so much that I feel condemned for the past, as that I have learned what perhaps I could not have learned in any other way.'

The minister said to the doctor, 'I think the Lord's answer to your question was the right one. The works of God are manifest.'—The 'Christian Age.'

### The Narrow Escape of Lord Kelvin.

It is not often that the prosaic discussions in the House of Lords are enlivened by anecdotes, but an exception was made last spring in the recent moving of the second reading of the Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill. In the course of the discussion, Lord Kelvin cited as an instance of the danger arising from the use of two denominations of weights an experience which befel him many years ago, when he was an officer in the Volunteers. He had occasion to experiment with a rifle, and was told that the weight of powder to be used was 2 1-4 drachms. There was considerable difference between the troy and avoirdupois weights, one being nearly two and a half times as much as the other, but, owing to the resemblance in name of two weights drawn from different tables, he narrowly averted a serious accident. The mistake was discovered in time to prevent the rifle being discharged. Had it been fired it would have exploded and doubtless have deprived the world of one of its foremost scientific men.

### Sample Copies.

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### Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door  
And bid you wait and rise to fight and win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb,  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands  
and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say 'I can';  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou reel from thy lost youth all  
aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's page as white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy  
spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from  
hell;  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to  
heaven.

—Boston 'Journal.'

### A Short Sermon.

In the winter of 1854 there was much suffering among the poor in New York and Brooklyn. Business was almost at a standstill; money was locked up; manufacture ceased; no work could be found, and starvation seemed to stare in the face many of the poor who knew not what to do.

The mayors of the two cities united in a request to the ministers of all the denominations to preach charity sermons on a given Sunday, and take a collection for the poor. The money was to be given into the hands of a general charity committee for distribution.

On the morning of the day appointed Plymouth Church was packed. Many came from a distance, expecting to hear the famous preacher deliver one of his famous sermons upon a subject attracting so much attention.

After the prayers and hymns, Mr. Beecher rose and said:

'My friends, you are aware that the mayor has requested that all the ministers in Brooklyn preach a charity sermon to-day, and take a collection for the poor. They are God's poor. They are your brothers and sisters. They are starving. Don't give them a crust—give them a loaf! The plates will now be passed.'

The plates were returned overflowing. Mr. Beecher then delivered a regular sermon with no further allusion to the poor.—Selected.

### Value of Pictures.

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