

reached the house. It was a squalid ruin. There was one room in the hovel, and a man was lying on a bed in that room. He was in the last stages of a loathsome disease. Drink and dissipation had put their brutalizing, debauching marks all over his body; the contagion of his life had extended even to the miserable woman who had brought me to the house; and the two faced me, one lying on the bed, the other standing by it, wrecks of humanity, blurred images of God.' The bishop stopped and looked out of the window for a moment.

'My boy,' he said finally, turning and resting his hand upon the young man's shoulder, 'weigh well your lightest action; you can never dream what results may come from it. That woman said to me: "Do you know what became of that book you threw from that car-window? Ask him. He got it! We were just married then. It's all come from that, and who's to blame?"'

Another Appeal for Papers.

Mr. John Bell, Box 168, Arnprior, Ont., finds continual opportunities for the distribution of undenominational papers, tracts and magazines of a religious character among the lumbermen of Kippewa and Temiscamingue districts. The supply sent him each year lasts only for a few weeks, and a larger supply could be easily used to the best advantage.

Mr. Bell asks that only papers that 'contain the Gospel and helps to Christians' should be sent him, as it is impossible for him to make use of light periodical literature, such as he has sometimes received, much as he appreciates the kindness that prompted the gift.

'I Never Pray.'

In the year 1827 a young man, then studying for the ministry, was requested to preach in a town in Kentucky. The meeting was held in the evening, in a private house. Knowing that two or three deists were present, some remarks were made upon the authenticity of God's Word. The president of an infidel club arose and interrupted the speaker, who mildly said to him:

'Sit down, and after meeting I will talk with you.'

When the service was closed there was hardly time for conversation, and an appointment was made that the parties should meet at the house of a friend on the following morning. At the appointed hour the president, with several infidel books under his arm, and a very large handkerchief full of pamphlets and papers, made his appearance, in company with two members of his club. No sooner were the parties seated and the large table covered with his religious dissecting knives, than the infidel began, with much warmth, to pour forth his contempt for the Bible.

'Stop, sir, stop,' said the student; 'let us commence right, and then we shall end well. Do you believe there is a God, who made all things; a God, who has a mind?'

'I do.'

'Do you believe he created you; feeds, and clothes, and watches over you and yours, without any reward?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, sir, that we commence right, please lead in prayer. Ask the God in whom you believe to direct us as to the rejection of that Bible, if it is false, and if it is true to receive. We do not want to be deceived.'

The man hesitated and said: 'I never pray; I do not believe in prayer.'

'Never pray, sir! Do you not believe in prayer when your God has done so much for

you; never thank him for his goodness. Have you a father?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you never thank him? If you had a child whom you had always blest, would he not thank you when you bestowed upon him some little trinket?'

'I suppose he would.'

'Well, sir, compare right. Just pray; pray and thank God.'

'I can't pray.'

The student then turned to his infidel companions, and asked them to pray, and they both declined. With indescribable feelings he knelt, and with great freedom poured out his whole heart to God. As he finished they all three arose from their seats. The president passed his fingers through his hair, and as he gathered up his books, said:

'I think we will talk no more. It will do no good.'

The student waited on them to the door, and in a short time heard that the club had disbanded.—Louisville 'Journal.'

Consecration Hymn.

Our prayers cannot do what our feet should have done

Our prayers cannot do what our hands might have done.

O, God, make me willing

To go at Thy bidding,

For prayers cannot do what a word might have done.

Dear Jesus, Thou lead, and I'll follow the way,
From Thy blessed footprints may I never stray,

O, make me more willing,

To go at Thy bidding,

For prayers cannot do what a song might have done.

Should'st Thou ask of me to some brother go
O, God, that my footsteps may never be slow,

O, make me more willing,

To go at Thy bidding,

For prayers cannot do what a song might have done.

O, God, for a more humble walk with Thy Son,
O, God, by His Spirit I'll follow Him on

O, make me more willing,

To go at Thy bidding,

For prayers cannot do what our lives might have done.

—Source Unknown.

Music and Sunshine.

A German whose ear for music was exceedingly sensitive, was attracted to enter a church, one, day, by the sound of singing. But the music proved to be a dismal tune, sung in a most discordant fashion, so that he wanted to cover his ears and rush out of the place. 'But this I feared to do,' said he 'lest offence should be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume, when lo, I distinguished amid the din the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones. One after another yielded to the gentle influence of her singing, and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony.'

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who tells the story, draws from it a happy lesson for all our living. 'The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. The temptation so often comes to sing louder than the rest and try to drown their

voices, or to stop singing and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they who endure to the end singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails.'

Mrs. Child herself was of this rare and blessed kind. A lady who wished to meet the distinguished authoress, found that she must climb many steep stairs high up in a plain boarding-house. She was received in a room the bareness of which seemed desolation itself; for Mrs. Child persisted in denying herself of even comforts, that she might have the more to give to others. As they were sitting there, the sun struggled through the clouds. Immediately rising, Mrs. Child took a prism and held it in the window where it caught the sun's rays, and at once the room was all filled with rainbows, and she kept turning it hither and thither until they fell on every object. The visitor says that since that day she has never seen a prism without thinking of her who, without having any accessories of upholstery or bric-a-brac, gave the best she had,—God's sunlight and her ability to use it, and she has hung a prism in her own window.—'Wellspring.'

Postal Crusade.

[The lad Vishnu, or Francis, about whose paper we inserted a letter some months ago, from 'Little Mother,' has written his thanks in a very neat, well-arranged letter.—Ed.]

'Mukti,' Poona Dist., India.

Dear Editor,—Thank you for sending me the 'Northern Messenger.' I really like it very much. I am going to write you a long letter and tell you about the boys here, but I will do so some other time. I have one brother and a sister. My brother is in the third standard (English), and I am in the sixth. I think 'Little Mother' has told you something about me.

Yours sincerely,

VISHNU — — —

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

What Could the Czar Have Done?—New York 'Times.'
Russian Tyranny To-day—Prince Kropotkin, in the 'Nineteenth Century.'
The General Strike a Practical Modern Weapon or a Utopian Dream—Translated from the 'Mouvement Socialiste' for 'Public Opinion,' New York.
Another Russian Repulse—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Unstable Europe—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Doom of Zionism—By M. J. Landa, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Free Loan Association—Honesty of the Poor Shown by its Books—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sport as an Influence in Modern Life—By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M. A., in the 'Sunday Magazine,' London.
The Church Crisis in Scotland—Extract from an Article by the Rev. John Watson, D.D. ('Ian Maclaren'), in the 'Hibbert Journal,' London.
The White Cattle of Chartley—By R. B. T., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Day at Home with Ysaye—By Frederick Miles Bernard, in the 'World,' New York.
A Notable Book on Japanese Art—Described by John La Farge—The New York 'Evening Post.'
More About the Encore Nuisance—The 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Le Roi d'Yvetot—By Pierre Jean de Beranger, 1789-1875.
The Spirit of Borrow—By B., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Hurrell Froude—The 'Daily News,' London.
Notable Book on Shakespeare's Tragedies—By William Archer, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Philosophy of Dickens—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Humanity of Bunyan—By C. H. Herford, in the 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

'Education' in the Village—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Memory of Ants—This and Other Human Characteristics Studied—The New York 'Tribune.'
Enormous Use of Rubber—The Chicago 'Journal.'

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