

eth, that shall he also reap." Many are sowing the seed of the Word—the living Word—scattering it wherever and whenever they have opportunity, at home, abroad, in cultured congregations and in the dark, dreary places of heathenism, and while some, no doubt, will be choked by the briars, snatched up by the birds, or withered by the heat, some will fall on good ground and bring forth fruit thirty fold, sixty fold, or an hundred fold. Let us gladly, then, seize the bright and golden moments of this happy month, and sow diligently, faithfully, the Word of God on young hearts and older ones, and know that it shall not be in vain.

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To think of others is one of the finest traits of Christian character. How many of us fail to think at all of the trouble and even pain that our little whims may give to others, and of how much we might spare them if we only stop to think. The *Century* magazine tells the following fine story of Abraham Lincoln: "On a fierce winter night during the civil war a sentry was pacing up and down before the White House. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to night; step inside and stand guard there.' 'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied. 'Yes,' said the president, in his argumentative tone; 'but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.' 'I have been stationed outside,' the soldier answered, and resumed his beat. 'Hold on there!' said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; 'it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside.'"

SIR CHARLES MURRAY tells in the *Cornhill Magazine* a striking story of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, whose policy regarding Turkey Lord Salisbury recently regretted that England did not accept. In June, 1844, when the Czar visited England, "I had placed," says Sir Charles, "about the person of the Emperor one of the Queen's principal pages, named Kinnaird, who had attended him when he visited this country in 1817, and whom he had not seen for twenty seven years. When the Emperor entered the luncheon-room this day at two with the Queen, the Prince, and the King of Saxony, Kinnaird was standing behind the chair appointed for him. The Emperor fixed his eye upon him for a moment and said, 'I remember you very well; you attended me when I was here before.' 'I had that honour, your majesty'; on which the Emperor walked across the room and shook hands with him. . . . On entering his apartment that night the Emperor observed Kinnaird, whom he desired to come in and shut the door, after which he carried on the following conversation with the astonished page: 'Kinnaird, many years have passed since I was last here; I was very young then, and we saw some merry scenes together. I am now a grandfather. I suppose you think I am a happy man because I am what people call a great man, but I will show you wherein my happiness consists.' So saying, the Emperor opened a travelling desk, and showed to the page miniature portraits of the Empress and the Princesses. 'There,' said he, 'there are the sources of all my happiness—my wife and children. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but there is not a better nor a handsomer young lady in St. Petersburg than my daughter, the Princess Olga. These are the sources of my happiness.' With these words the Emperor closed the box and permitted Kinnaird to retire, who was so astounded and taken by surprise that he could scarcely speak, and when he related to me the above particulars the tears stood in his eyes." Can anything be more pathetic than the picture of this man, with the lives

of millions in his hands, turning for sympathy to an almost strange servant and telling him that the best thing in the world was domestic affection? The story is all the more touching when we remember the Czar's death a few years later, at war with England and France and heart-broken by the slaughter of the Crimean war.

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Years ago, Dr. Forrest, the present Dean of Worcester, was preaching in his London church one Sunday evening. At the close of the service a lady came to the vestry to thank him for his sermon, which had greatly moved her. In the course of conversation it transpired that she was Jenny Lind, the well-known singer. Dr. Forrest took the opportunity of telling her that he was visiting a youth in his parish who was dying of consumption, and who was an earnest Christian. One day Dr. Forrest asked him "what had led him to know Christ as his Saviour?" He replied that "some time before his illness he had gone to the Leeds Festival, and there heard Jenny Lind sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that then and there he had yielded his heart to Christ, and had been His faithful follower ever since!" Tears sprang into Jenny Lind's eyes, and after a long pause she thanked Dr. Forrest for telling her this touching incident. Then she added: "It is not the first time that I have heard of a similar result from my singing of that song, and I never do sing it without first asking God that it may be blessed to at least one soul in my audience."—*The British Messenger*.

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The Rev. W. G. Lawes, who has recently returned to England from the South Sea Islands, says: "At the first missionary meeting held at Port Moresby, New Guinea, a few months ago, men met within the walls of God's house who, when I first knew them, never came together except in strife and war. One of them in a speech picked up a spear and said: 'This used to be our constant companion; we dare not visit our gardens without it; we took it in our canoes, and carried it