

realized that the Lord had accepted her service, and answered her prayer so directly. It was almost as if the Master himself was before her smiling approvingly.

How graciously God makes use of humble instruments to carry out his purposes. As with Freda, so with us, he accepts what we have to give.

Lead Thou Me On.

(Ola Livermore, in 'Standard.')

'Lead, kindly light'—'twas easy thus to sing

When all the way with flowers was blossoming,

'Neath sunny skies, and pastures green along,

My heart cried out with joy, 'Lead Thou me on!'

But when at length, lest pride should rule my will,

Thou didst send clouds the air with gloom to fill;

Wild tempests raged and all my peace was gone—

'Twas different, then, to say, 'Lead Thou me on!'

Thou'rt teaching me, resigned, to say through all,

'Keep Thou my feet,' lest in the dark I fall;

Lead, step by step, as on Thee, Lord, I lean—

'I do not ask to see the distant scene.'

Yea, since my life 'so long Thy power has blest,'

Thou knowest what for me, dear Lord, is best.

So, till, 'those angel faces' and that throng Celestial I shall see, 'Lead Thou me on.'

How the Prayer of Katie Douglas was Answered.

(Harriet E. Guild, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Katie Douglas was a little girl only six years of age, who had been led to Christ by her Sunday-school teacher. She had studied her Bible enough to know what being a Christian meant, and she had learned the beauty of service. But Katie had a burden on her mind and heart which caused her to lose much of the joy which she might have otherwise experienced. Her father and mother and brothers and sisters were not Christians. Each night before going to sleep she had asked God that they might learn to love him, but her quiet prayers seemed to make no impression on an ungodly home.

A revival was in progress in the church where she was accustomed to attend Sunday-school, and she was finally successful in persuading her people to attend.

After a most searching and convincing sermon by the pastor and an appeal to the unsaved to come forward and take their places at the altar, the pastor was surprised to see Katie, who had been seated at the rear of the church, wedge her way through the crowd and kneel down with a number of others who had accepted the invitation and had come to seek Christ.

The pastor, upon noticing the child in her rather conspicuous place, and fearing lest she might create a disturbance and thus become a barrier in the way of those who were seeking the Saviour, decided to

go to her during the interval of prayer and tell her to return to her seat in the rear end of the room.

As soon as circumstances would warrant it he went forthwith to where Katie was kneeling. But as he drew nearer to her he heard her breathing forth a little petition to her heavenly Father, 'O Jesus, bless my papa and my mamma. O Jesus, bless my sisters and my brothers. Amen.'

As those words ascended through the stillness of that solemn night, the pastor's heart softened and the entreaty seemed to come to him as it did to the disciples on that other occasion when Christ was here upon earth and children clamored to see him. 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

To deny Katie the privilege of communing with God would now have seemed to the pastor a sin almost too black to be forgiven.

On the following night when sinners were again gathered about the altar Katie Douglas wended her way up to the front and once more took her place among the crowd. She was again heard to repeat the message, 'O Jesus, bless my papa and my mamma. O Jesus, bless my sisters and my brothers.'

While Katie was still praying this simple little prayer a young man and woman came forward and knelt beside her at the altar and surrendered themselves to God. This was a brother and a sister for whom the child had been pleading. Ere the meeting closed the other brother and sister likewise came forward and likewise repented of their sins. What a beautiful picture that was! Four young men and women at the feet of Jesus, seeking pardon for their sins.

But the picture is not yet complete. The papa and mamma for whom the little daughter prayed are still in the back-ground.

Just before the close of this service, however, when the question was asked where the next meeting should be held, for it was customary to hold the village revival meetings in the several homes of the church people, Katie's father said, 'For God's sake hold it at my home.' The father and mother both sought the Lord, and they too were added to his kingdom.

Several years have elapsed since the incident in the little country church occurred, and Katie Douglas has done much in Christ's vineyard since then. But never has she forgotten the joy which was hers as she witnessed the coming of the entire family into the fold.

His 'Shillin' or Two.'

Here is a characteristic anecdote of James Tyson, bushman, the wealthy, benevolent, and eccentric Australian, a sketch of whose life appeared not long ago in these pages:

A few years ago, when the large cathedral of Brisbane was in course of construction, a collector for the building fund called upon a well-known mercantile firm for a subscription, but he was politely told that he should go to the rich people, who might be in a better position to 'help the work along.'

'Go to Jimmy Tyson—he has more than any of us.' Up to that time the name of the late Mr. James Tyson, the Queensland millionaire, had never been seen on any

list for more than a comparatively small sum.

'Well,' said the collector, 'as Tyson is a rich man, I will go to him for a donation.'

'Do,' said the head of the firm; 'and whatever he gives you we will guarantee the same amount.'

The collector, a few days after, called upon Mr. Tyson, and related to him what had taken place, and concluded by saying: 'So, Mr. Tyson, I do not know what amount the other firm is going to give until I have your name on my list.'

'Well,' said Mr. Tyson, in a gruff voice, 'give me your pen and ink, and I'll give yees a shillin' or two.'

'Jimmy' then went into a private room, and, writing out a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars, gave it to the astonished collector.—'C.E. World.'

Incidental Lessons.

Incidents arise in every school which the skilful teacher may turn to good advantage in inculcating a moral lesson. A child has lost his dinner, who will share with him? Who will contribute to the cleanliness, the comfort, and the adornment of the schoolhouse? Who will refrain from injuring or soiling the schoolhouse in any way? Not a day or an hour passes without affording an opportunity for repressing actions that will give pain to others. The attendance at school of a deformed child, or one so differing from the others as to attract attention, may be made the occasion for deep and lasting moral impressions, and the school life of the unfortunate may be made so pleasant by the affectionate attitude of his schoolmates as to compensate, to a large extent, for the privations which his unfortunate condition entails. A case of destitution in the neighborhood may occasion the voluntary offer of service which requires sacrifice of pleasure, time and comfort; and when this is accomplished a great step is gained in the triumph of duty over selfishness.

Care must be taken by the teacher in all such cases that the good deed has a distinct recognition; and care must also be taken that the feeling excited, and the consequent benevolent action, shall be directed to cases of real distress; for misapplied benevolence and sacrifice always lead to evil results.—'Johonnot's Principles and Practice of Teaching.'

Postal Crusade.

GOLD FOR THE POSTAL CRUSADE.

'A Friend' has sent me a bright and beautiful \$5.00 gold piece for literature to be sent to India. Will the kind giver please mail the address of the missionary mentioned. In the meantime I will make enquiries. The name is not familiar to me.

With many thanks, faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

Address until September—Thurso, Que.

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