

He couldn't get it out of his mind. He got away from his work as soon as he could and came over here, but the doors were closed. The house was full, and no more could be admitted. And he thought, "It was God calling me. Suppose the time is gone; why didn't I rise with those who wished to be prayed for." He went down to the meeting in the Shaftesbury Hall, and there Major Whittle was preaching. He had taken this for his text, "Come." He felt then that it was God calling him, and Major Whittle had the joy of leading that man into the light.

WORK FOR JESUS.

Do not despise your work because it is humble. A mother may think that her work is lowly, only that of taking care of the children. But we can never know this side of Heaven what the mother of the Weasleys did in the training of her boys. It is estimated that there are twenty-five millions of adherents to that gospel, and five millions to-day who are saved as the results of the efforts of those men.

Suppose somebody had come into Jerusalem about nineteen hundred years ago, and said that something would take place in the little village of Bethany that would live through all ages. Suppose reporters had gone out to find what it was. They saw a woman going with a box of ointment to pour upon her Master's feet. They would not have thought that was the great thing that was to happen. They would have said—"Well, this isn't a matter of general interest; no good publishing this at length in the Jerusalem papers." That is the only thing which it is recorded that Mary did. She didn't think of making a name for herself. But the very self-forgetfulness in the action made it live, and will make it live for all ages.

Then there was the widow's mite. Who can say how much that woman's example has brought to the treasury of the Lord. The widow didn't think she was doing an act that would never die. But the Master was there, and he made her sacrifice an example to his disciples in all ages.

Some mean men have hid behind it, too. No doubt of it. I went to a rich man once to get support for a project. I was interested, and he said, "Well, Mr. Moody, I'll give you the widow's mite." "All right," I said, "give me all you've got." That's what the widow gave. It isn't the amount you give or the action you perform that God looks at. It's the heart service. If we only give a cup of cold water the spirit in which we do it may make that the most important action of our lives. My friends, we are living in an intense age. It behoves each one of us then to find out some work and keep at it and make a success of it, rather than try forty things and fail. If you are in the Sunday-school take a personal interest in your class. I never knew one that went to work that way who failed to bring his class to the Saviour. I cannot help but believe (said Mr. Moody in concluding) that we are on the eve of a great blessing. It seems as if Jehovah is hovering over us.

THE LAST MEETING.

The evening again brought together a magnificent audience, an audience which was an inspiration in itself, such an audience as has rarely, if ever, assembled in the city of Toronto.

There was not a woman present. Even the ladies connected with the choir were excluded from the evening meeting. There could not have been less than 4,000 men in the building. All classes and conditions of the people were there. The rich merchant side by side with the corporation labourer, the eminent professional man side by side with the mechanic. Broadcloth rubbing against home-spun, the shabby genteel against the more scrupulous gentility. As on the two previous evenings, a large majority of the audience were young men, and to this class Mr. Moody especially addressed himself. A choir of between 12 and 15 voices in charge of Mr. McGrahan led the singing. In reference to this choir, Mr. Moody said:—"Some one asks me where we got this choir. Well, we fished them up. I don't know exactly where. Mr. McGrahan told me that he had got them together. What's more, there are

ABOUT FORTY SUCH CHOIRS

in this audience. I think the Church ought to use them, don't you? I often feel kind of ashamed to get up and preach after hearing a hymn sung like that. It ain't quite time to go yet. Can't you give us another."

Mr. Moody's address was a plea for decision. He spoke with wonderful pathos and power, and hundreds of strong men wept at many points throughout its delivery. At the close about one hundred persons rose to signify their desire to accept the salvation Mr. Moody offers with such earnest zeal. The seekers remained standing while Mr. Moody led in prayer. Several hymns were sung, words of earnest exhortation were pressed upon the meeting by a number of clergymen, the great audience was then dismissed, and with the usual after praise and inquiry meeting, Mr. Moody's last service in Toronto was brought to a close.

ONWARD, 1885.



TIME flies, but work presses. The fleeting years bring no repose, even when the power for work seems gone. Life means action, both here and hereafter. There is no real value in life unless we are ourselves becoming better and wiser and stronger, and thus more able to help and bless those around us. To live for self is to lose the joy of living. To each of us there is given a work to do, and also the power to do it. Those who read the word of God, and who heed its sayings, know full well that a loving Father supplies the need and guides the steps of all his trustful and obedient children. He has for every one of them a duty to perform, and he always makes them fit for its performance. The Lord Jesus has taught us this lesson: for he bids us pray that our Father's will may be done on earth, as it is in heaven; and then in order that we on our part may do his will, he bids us ask each day for daily bread, that is, for all that is necessary to enable us to fulfil our every duty to his glory, and for the welfare of others.

It is with this certainty that we begin a New Year. The opportunities and the efforts, the successes and failures of 1884 are all gone on before us. Past failure need not hinder future success. On the contrary, if rightly used, it may help to secure it.

So, too, no past success will meet the wants of to-day, if in presence of new calls we are ourselves idlers. "At Home and Aboard," everywhere, the tribes and nations of far-off lands, and the hundreds of thousands of our own cities and hamlets are waiting for the news of salvation, and for the simplicity of "The old, old story of Jesus and his love." Everyone who reads these words may do something. The youngest and the oldest, those who know much, and those who know very little, all may do something. As we begin a New Year let everyone try to help everyone else to be better, and happier than ever before.

OUR BATTLE SONG.

BY J. W. W.

WE'VE heard the shrieks of victims sinking down to deep despair, We have heard the cries of mothers, till no longer we'll forbear; Now we hear the tread of millions to the music in the air; Our cause is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our cause is marching on.

We have waited long and patient for the great of both the clans. To rouse the power we gave them to execute our plans; But they sneer, and jeer, and titter, while they rivet tight our bands; Our cause is marching on.

Hark! the mutter of the thunder in the threatening western sky, Forging out the bolts of vengeance, tells the judgment-day is nigh. When the prohibition cyclone shall be sent from God on high; Our cause is marching on.

OUR GIRLS.

CAN we not help our girls to feel and to know that to become strong, helpful women they must be, in their measure, strong, helpful girls? that, if they are to be earnest and true women, they must be earnest and true girls? Can we not lead them to see that every gift and grace of mind or body is better and more beautiful if kept for the Master's use? Can we not show them that their refinement and culture are never so resplendent as when they shine in the darkened homes of the poor and the sorrowful? that the knowledge of "tongues" that won the language medal of school is never so well employed as when it interprets to dull ears the precious truth that God loves the world? that the voice which charmed the gay crowd at Commencement is sweeter and truer when it swells the chorus of praise at the prayer-meeting, or leads the children in glad songs at the mission Sunday-school?

Do we not too often in our schools shut our girls out from the real world with its real needs, and shut them in to the narrow ways of self and selfish aims. St. Paul says, "Be ye transformed from the world." Do we not too often say to the bright young daughters, fresh from college with honours and diplomas, "Be ye conformed to the world?" The human heart is all on our side, and self triumphs, and the blessed Jesus, who beholding them loves them, turns sorrowfully away.

Dear girls, do not wait longer for us. Say to the Master to-day—

"Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.

"Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee."

Begin with the little duties, very humble, very homely though they be, that are nearest to you. As daughter and sister and friend be faithful and true to every opportunity for service, and by the doing of noble deeds day after day, make life one glad, sweet song. Your work cannot be in vain, though the world give no medals. If you serve the Lord Christ, "of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." He said, "Let him that would be greatest among you be servant of all." "I am among you as one that serves."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

ANOTHER leaf in life's large book is read and folded by; Another message from this world sent, to eternity; Another book is written, sealed, and handed up to Heaven; Another like it ne'er will be to struggling mortals given; Another worn and weary waif is wafted to the skies; Another hand shall set it in the realms of Paradise; Another ribbon is unwound from off Time's golden reel; Another ghost has flitted to the "Kingdom of the Leal." Another link is added to life's long and lagging chain; Another rose has bloomed and gone, which ne'er shall bloom again; Another feather from the wing of passing Time is torn; Another and a deeper rut upon Life's road is worn; Another year has vanished with its weight of weal and woe; Another year has flitted to the land of "Long Ago." Another and another year shall swiftly circle by; Another day and Time shall glide into eternity.

Then ring the bells right merrily, with mirth and music come; Ring, for the road but leadeth all earth's weary wanderers home; Ring, for the year that cometh now is in sweet mercy given; Ring, that the sad, despairing soul may strive once more for Heaven. Ring, for the New Year cometh on with full, joy-laden lands, Ring, for a beam from Heav'n above, the New Year full-crowned stands; Ring, for the hearts are many which God's praises newly sing, R: loudly—hail the brave New Year; ring, joy-bells—gladly ring.

RECEIVED with thanks a package of books and papers from B. Batram, Esq., Superintendent of the Teetersville school, for distribution to needy schools.

PROFESSOR BREWER, of Yale College, says that fifteen of the twenty-four Presidents of the United States were farmers or the sons of farmers.

DURING a big thunder-shower, little Willie who slept up stairs alone, got scared and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Willie admitted that the thunder was a little too much for a youngster who slept alone. "Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage." "Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head—"suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go down stairs and sleep with pa."