

of the case), methinks there is scarcely a man in the kingdom that would not fall down on his knees and bless God for the Liturgy of the English Church."

DYSON MAGUE.

A NOBLE GIVER.

MR. QUARRIER, who is carrying on Christian work in what may be called "darkest Scotland," was recently asked to call at a certain address on the south side of Glasgow, and on doing so found that his unknown correspondent was an old woman over seventy years of age. She lived by herself in a house of one apartment, which was clean and comfortably furnished, and she herself was the picture of a frugal and tidy old Scotchwoman. In the course of conversation Mr. Quarrier learned that she followed the humble occupation of a washerwoman; that she had struggled successfully to keep house, and had year by year laid by something, until now her earnings in the bank, with accumulated interest, had reached a considerable sum. She had taken great interest in the work of rescuing poor street waifs, and believing that she could not put her savings to better use, handed Mr. Quarrier, to his surprise, cheques to the amount of £624.

Although quite an uneducated woman, she much impressed Mr. Quarrier by her shrewd, intelligent talk about the orphan homes, and stated from what she herself had seen and experienced in her struggle through life she was convinced that the only hope of success in such work was to get the young people away from their vicious companions and surroundings. Believing this, she was impressed with the great things Mr. Quarrier had already accomplished, and as it would brighten her closing days on earth to know that she had done what she could to help on the work of rescuing the poor street waifs, she freely made over the sum to the orphan homes.—*The Christian*.

GIDEON'S THREE HUNDRED.

God's close sifting was not to bring out the men who could fight, but the men who could obey; men whom He could trust simply to repeat what their leader did, and shout, and break, and then stand. "As I do, so shall ye do," was Gideon's word. God wanted the men who could trust implicitly, and then stand unbroken. That three hun-

dre had but one sword in their host, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and they dared to stand and see it work, and allow their blazing torches to burn with concentrated light out of their shattered pitchers. The light was unbroken, because the pitchers were broken. And so they stood, and stood, and then the reserve who could fight, but who could not be trusted to stand, came up and pursued the fleeing host.

What striking teaching there is here! God's heroes are those who can stand. Their heroism was to stand still and shout. They had already had the victory over themselves. They had learned self-control, or rather, they had yielded to the control of God upon them, and could stand still and see the salvation of God. "Be still, and know that I am God."—*Sophia M. Nugent*.

GOD'S MUSIC.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,
Water, and air, and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley, and gorge, and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the cords with might
He puts forth his hand to the ocean
He speaks and the waters flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low,
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams—
A tender song, like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams,
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the world began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man!
—*Temple Bar*.

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

DR. EREMETE PIERROTTI, a French scientist, architect and engineer, many years ago—when an infidel—journeyed through Palestine with the avowed intention of disproving the truth of the Bible. Visiting the heap of stones over Absalom's grave, he sat down to meditate with a heart full of unbelief, and while he tarried there an Arab woman came by with her little child, which she held by the hand. In passing she threw a stone upon the heap marking the tomb of Absalom, and bade her child do the same.

"What do you do that for?"

"Because it is the grave of a wicked son who disobeyed his father."

"And who was he?"

"The son of David," she replied. He started as if a blow had struck him. Here was an Arab woman, a Mohammedan, who probably had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and could not read a word of them, yet she held these ancient facts and was teaching her child to fling a stone at the monument called by the name of a son who rebelled against his father.

Dr. Pierrotti, Bible in hand, turned to the story of Absalom, and as he read it a new light shone on him.

This was the first of many convictions which so wrought upon him, that at length he embraced the faith he once attempted to destroy, and devoted his life to the proof and illustration of the sacred Scriptures.—*Hebrew Christian*.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

SEVERAL years ago, Miss Beilby, a young English woman who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow, India, was sent for by the wife of the native Prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one; if Miss Beilby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. The English woman was young and timid, but she knew her duty; she went, remained two months, and cured the patient. When she was about to return, the Ranees sent for her and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Ranees brought paper, pen and ink, and with tears besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors.

"Write it small, Sahiba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it into the hands of the great Ranees herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket with the message in her hands. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.