

after, I saw one hanging over a boy's mirror.

Then I was always in my place. Nothing but sickness could keep me away, and I was never sick.

Did I have discouragements? Well, I thought I did. One Sunday, after very special preparation, I found only one scholar,—an unheard-of event. But 'twas the most blessed hour I could know when that young man, who was to go out into the world that week, knelt with his arms about me and gave his life anew to my Master. From that day four years ago I never saw him until last week, but his record has been clean.

I held my boys—eighteen of them finally—by giving myself for them. I often spent much of the night in prayer. I often studied a large part of the night. I used all the helps 'getable,' but in the class we all used our Bibles, and not lesson helps.

Finally, I lived for them with the one thought in mind, and by love and God's help I held them, and do hold them.

P. S.—And we have the boy from the saloon with all the rest of it.

As may be readily imagined, after leaving the prison, John was often a welcome guest in the home of his chaplain, and was esteemed by all the household as an earnest Christian man. Once, for a purpose, the chaplain asked him: 'John, how do you feel when you think of that old wicked life of yours?' 'There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,' was his prompt reply with glowing cheeks and beaming eyes. 'But,' he added in subdued tones, 'when Major Cole was here, he asked me to write out my life. I took my pen and tried; but, as I thought of those old days, the hot tears came and I threw down my pen and told him I could not do it.'

Then the glad look came into his face again as he held up the open book he had been reading and continued: 'But, if my sins were written down all that page, with my name, John R., at the top of it, and upon all that page, with my name, John R., at the top,' moving his finger from top to bottom of each page as he spoke, 'the dear Lord would come with that hand of his, the blood flowing from the hole in it, and he would rub his hand over both pages and there would be no sin left for God to see.'

Taught by the Holy Ghost, this ignorant sailor had come to know the blessedness of him whose sin is covered by the atoning blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Watch.

(Rev. J. M. Lowden.)

Jesus's advice was, 'Watch.' Remember, the enemy most often comes as an 'angel of light.' Young people, look well to your associates and amusements. 'The devil as a moral farmer has many hired hands. He does most of his farming by night. The danger period of a young person's life is the space between sunset and bed.' Make it your purpose to give the devil no opportunity for seed-sowing in your heart.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Victorian India Orphan Asylum.

The abundance of the rainfall in Central India, greater than for some years past, and the sight of the country dressed in living green, has gladdened the hearts of the natives and filled with rejoicing the faithful missionaries who for some years past have worked amidst such terribly depressing scenes of destitution and suffering caused by the famines which have been so frequent.

Now all is changed and gladness prevails in the prospect of a good harvest, the relief works have been shut down, and the poor-houses closed; the latter, however, has had the effect of depriving a number of helpless little ones of temporary shelter, and some of these in a most pitiful condition have recently been received into our orphanage. As our funds are inadequate to meet the requirements of this most interesting, much-needed and successful work we trust the sympathy of more readers of the 'Messenger' will be aroused, and that they will gladly seize the opportunity of becoming helpers in this grand work of training India's neglected little ones to become shining lights for Christ in that land of heathen darkness, many of them doubtless to become Christian missionaries.

In the last article that appeared in connection with this work (Sept. 26), our fine new buildings at Dhar, Central India, were referred to; a letter descriptive of the opening, addressed to a friend in Australia, has recently been received, and the following interesting extracts are taken from it: Referring to the terrible famine in the Bhil country in 1899, when one-third of the population died, it says, 'Hardly three years have passed and who could recognize in the robust, clean, well-trained and happy girls we saw at the opening the other day, the miserable, sickly children who first lay trembling on the doorstep of the house, often too weak to stand, or even to speak; . . . they grind their corn and cook their food, they know how to read and write in Hindu, they sing their hymns and say their prayers with all their heart and devotion,—and they are living pictures of happiness. Among many other things they have learnt the use of a needle and can make pretty drawn-stitch work for tea-cloths, handkerchiefs, etc.; and last, but not least, they have given the greatest assistance in the construction of their new home. It was commenced about the middle of May, and from my window I used to see it grow with the rapidity of a mushroom;—there were the strong Bhil girls carrying to and fro, on their heads, baskets full of stones, or bricks, or tiles, or big gurras (earthen-jars) of water to help, and, I should say, put to shame the naturally slow and lazy Hindu mason. And only six weeks later there we were sitting in the verandah of the completed house with all the girls, neatly dressed in their red 'sarees,' with beaming faces, singing God's praises, the Political Agent (Britain's representative there) declaring the new orphanage opened, all the Dhar State officials, and the dear kind Miss O'Hara the picture of well-deserved contentment at seeing the completion of the work. Since, they have been laying out a garden and a cornfield round their house and you should see

them digging, planting young trees, etc.'

The above graphic description by an outside observer, of the good being done, fills our hearts with thankfulness, and leads us to hope that many others will deem it a privilege to have a share in this work which has been so richly blessed and has already yielded much fruit, though only commenced in 1897. The society is composed of members from the different Protestant churches; the membership fee is \$1.00 a year, and the cost of maintaining an orphan \$17.00 a year. A number of the children are supported by Christian Endeavor and missionary societies, as well as by private individuals.

Any contributions in aid of the work can be sent to the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, who will be happy to give any further information desired.

Living by Faith.

(The 'Northwestern Advocate.')

While climbing on his knees and in prayer the sacred stairs of St. Peter's, at Rome, which were said to have led to the judgment hall of Pilate, and whither worshippers are invited by the promise of papal absolutions, Martin Luther thought of the words of St. Paul in the seventeenth verse of the first chapter of Romans: 'The just shall live by faith.' There is a tradition that Luther immediately arose from his knees, turned and walked down the steps. That moment was a turning-point in Luther's life and in the world's history. The realization of the great truth that 'the just shall live by faith,' was the seed of the Reformation. Though the truth is old, every Christian must learn it anew. New converts readily understand that the just are saved by faith, but they and many older Christians have the impression that they must live by feeling, and because they lack feeling they think they are no longer God's children. The misconception has saddened many whose lives would otherwise have been filled with sunshine and peace. The scriptures nowhere teach that our Christian life shall be judged by feeling. That may be affected by a thousand things over which we have no control—temperament, the weather, our health, our cares. It is our character that affects our relation to God, not our feelings. If we are living by faith in him, we should pay no attention to our feelings.

OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS.

(Editor 'World Wide,' Montreal.)

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading the two articles on educational matters in this week's issue of 'World Wide,' and I feel that I cannot let the opportunity pass without thanking you for these and other good articles of a similar nature which have appeared lately in your columns.

What I and many other teachers feel we need is, not so much articles on education by educationists; we get plenty of that in our professional papers. What we want is to look at educational matters through the eyes of an outsider—to see our teaching as others (laymen) see it. It is for this reason I have found the articles referred to especially interesting and instructive.

EDUCATIONIST.

Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, April 13, 1902.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'World Wide' on trial at the rate of six cents a month. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' has still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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