

ment homes elsewhere. Neatness and paint would show faith as well as taste, and proclaim the confidence of the people in the future of their country.

It is not that our people are too poor to afford the cost of keeping their homes and their surroundings in order. They are more prosperous than the corresponding classes in most other countries. But it is because they have not learned to appreciate the value of tidiness. Even where a few have worked up to it their care of their own premises is largely neutralized by the general indifference and neglect. What is needed is some kind of education that will raise the general standard and lead to a higher appreciation of the importance of making man's share of the landscape as well as God's share as beautiful as possible.

Like most other things of this kind the education needed must come through the school and the church. And there is no better way in which it can be given than by making the school and church buildings everywhere models of neatness and tidiness. At the present time these and their surroundings only too often share in the general shabbiness of appearance. Let the trustees see to it that they are kept in good order, that the grounds about them are kept shorn and free from weeds, and that the fences are unbroken. Let the gates be properly hung and the pathways be well gravelled. Let it be made apparent in every way that the community is proud of them, and insensibly the people will come to treat their own surroundings with like respect.—'Presbyterian Review.'

'Who Were They Praying For?'

For ten long years Mrs. H— prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that he was 'faithful who had promised,' but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion as far from hers, as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how 'God so loved,' and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do his will.

One evening at the church prayer-meeting her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service, she rose timidly and said: 'For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?'

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H— was well known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter in to the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H— had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

'Tell me, wife,' he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, 'who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?'

'He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church,' replied Mrs. H—.

'Wife,' he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, 'who was it they were praying for?'

'The husband of one of the sisters, Charles.'

'Well, wife,' he replied, 'that man will cer-

tainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before.'

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, 'Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?'

'He was the husband of one of the ladies present,' replied Mrs. H—, and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. 'Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?'

There was joy in the presence of angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning he found Mr. H— praising and blessing God.

Blessed words of Jesus, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.—'Living Epistle.'

The Romance of Missions.

That there is romance in mission work, and that too of the noblest sort, no one who has read much of missionary literature can doubt; what I am regretting is that so much of that romance has to be read between the lines. Here is a little open contribution I would give to the greater wealth abler hands will yet bestow.

Alec Mackenzie was a child of our church, his father, head-master of the grammar school, being one of our elders. Alec was as bonnie and stirring a bairn as ever got into scrapes and scraped out of them honestly again. He was all alive, to the very tips of his ruddy, curly hair. There had always been a bit of gentleness between him and Maggie Stoddart; they were next-door neighbors, and had chummed it, with the usual tiffs and penitences, since they were born. Maggie's sedateness was a fine set-off to Alec's quicksilver.

So the years rolled on till Alec was sent to Edinburgh to be trained for a doctor. The letters which passed between him and Maggie suggested that if he was as regular in attendance on his classes he was a model student. There was nothing particular to note regarding his first vacation home; he was the same breezy fellow. Maggie and he were seen together oftener, perhaps; which was a circumstance not at all ungratifying to the parents on both sides.

In his second year Alec passed through the great change of his life, and solemnly dedicated himself to the work of medical missionary. Maggie, if possible, was even more enthusiastic on this prospect than he was, and if Alec's mother had a bit of a sore heart over it, she yet bowed and said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

Alec finished his studies in due course, and applied to the Missionary Board of the Church for a post abroad. He was heartily accepted, conditional, of course, on the examining doctor's permit as to physique. It was all arranged; he and Maggie were now formally engaged; he would go out first and then, in due time, would send for Maggie. I have seldom seen a woman more devoutly glorying in her future life-work.

The shock came; the doctor readily passed Alec, but would on no account pass Maggie! Her life, he said, would not be worth a year's purchase if she went to Alec's post.

It is not for me or any man to try to pry into all that passed between these young people; there must have been many a sad hour, with many a prayer for guidance. I only know that she bade him go, and that he went—without her—and that she saw him off. They may have meant and trusted that the separation was only for a time; that a good providence would bring them together

again. They never met more on earth. An outbreak of fever had kept Alec very busy among the natives—too busy to look after himself—and one night of pain ended his work.

There is a thin, consumptive-looking lady here, who is known amongst the neighbors for a fad she has of attending every missionary meeting, and reading every missionary paper. That's all most know; there are others, however, who feel that this dear soul's prayers are furthering the Lord's work abroad more than may ever be known till The Day reveals all the caskets of precious ointment that have secretly been broken at the Redeemer's feet.—Zeta in the 'Presbyterian.'

Always on Guard.

(Annie A. Preston in 'American Messenger.')

I never realized that I was growing old until one November when my husband and I were in New York for a week or so.

We had been looking after various little details of business, and one morning had been in Lord & Taylor's, where I had purchased a new bonnet, and putting it on, started out with great complacency to call upon friends in Brooklyn.

Arrived at City Hall Square, we thought, being so near, we would step over to the Astor House for a lunch before crossing the bridge.

While the waiter was filling our modest order I glanced about at the people crowding the large cheerful room and thought to myself,

'That little budgety old woman over opposite has got her bonnet all pushed to one side; and she, poor thing, is entirely oblivious—and how tired out she looks!'

Then something familiar about the bonnet arrested my attention, next I thought how much the man reading his paper opposite her looked like my John. Just such a little bald spot on the back of his head, and by that time I had discovered to my astonishment that the woman was myself!

The shock was something to remember. People were always saying to me that I did not change in the least, and I had believed it.

If ever I was guilty of making faces in the glass it was at that moment, as I began making excuses to myself.

'I am tired,' I said, 'and being here the same as alone among strangers, for John is lost in his paper, I let myself go and caught myself off guard.'

I straightened my bonnet, sat erect, asserted my will, smiled, and as the waiter appeared, interested myself in the beautifully served lunch.

'Your new bonnet is exceedingly becoming,' said John presently, and I ventured to glance again at the mirror.

There was an improvement. The color had come back while we had been eating our chowder, and I felt quite myself again, but the lesson was a salutary one.

An American house, extensively engaged in the manufacture of stained glass windows, reports that the demand for biblical subjects represented in this form has greatly fallen off, because those who are ordering them for the churches are so ignorant of the Bible that they do not appreciate the fitness of a Bible story for this purpose. They have to be taught their Bible before they can rightly value the art which they desire to employ. In other days the richest forms of stained glass have been those that reproduced the familiar scenes of the Bible and their lessons.