

might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. How magnificent the precipitous mountains and the far snow-fields looked that afternoon! How insignificant our shallop and our own imperceptible selves in that majestic amphitheatre, and how trifling the whole episode might seem to God! But the place was one where we had enjoyed many singular proofs of the divine love which shaped the mountains, but has also a particular care for the emnets which nestle at their feet. And I was ashamed of myself for ever doubting the particular care of an infinite love. When we reached the end of the fjord, and had lashed the boat to the shore, I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen from heaven.

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayerless men. 'And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything!' And with a smile, not, I trust sorrowful or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply, 'Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father's love and compassion—those depths of God which you will not sound contain marvels greater, it is true; they are, however, ineffable, for the things of the spirit ever, ineffable, for the things of the spirit. These trifles are all that can be uttered to those who will not search and see; trifles, indeed, for no sign shall be given to this generation. If it will not prove the power of prayer by praying, neither shall it by marshalled instances of the answers of prayer.'—'The Christian Work.'

A Living Witness.

Two gentlemen were standing in the spring sunshine on the marble steps of the Authors' Club in a large city, when a modestly dressed woman hurrying down the thronged sidewalk, attracted the attention of one of them, who said:

'Look! What a face! Is the woman inspired?'

His companion smiled as he made answer.

'Your artist's eye could not fail to single her out,' and as she drew near, he lifted his hat and bowed courteously, receiving a smile of recognition in return.

'That woman's face is a living witness to the power of the gospel of Christ,' he said. 'Her life is full of trouble. I have known her ever since I have held my present pastorate. I was first attracted to her by the sadness of her face and the dejectedness of her whole demeanour. She sometimes came to church, but not often, and I occasionally, in my rounds, called upon her, without, however, being able to brighten her life. One evening she dropped into the prayer-meeting, as much to rest for a few minutes as anything else, she admitted to me later, and as she sat down, I was pained at the expression of utter hopelessness on her face. The topic for the evening was "Christ, our burden bearer," and as a hymn was being sung, I prayed that power might be given someone to reach that woman's burdened heart. It was one of those meetings where there was great liberty, and as one testimony followed another in rapid succession, I noticed that this woman was aroused. A new interest crept into her face. The Spirit was striving with her spirit. I did not try to guide anything: I just sat and prayed silently. Then someone gave out Fanny

Crosby's hymn, 'O child of God,' and at once I said: 'Let us rise and sing, and if there are any who would like to walk with God and to begin now, let them remain standing.'

'You know the hymn and how it seems to sing itself to Mr. Sankey's sweet melody:

"O child of God walk patiently
When dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On him who cares for thee.
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light."

'At the second verse the shadow on her face passed away.

"O child of God, he loveth thee,
And thou art all his own;
With gentle hand he leadeth thee,
Thou dost not walk alone."

'As the congregation sank into their seats died away there was the promise of a smile of hope upon her face.

As the congregation sank into their seats she remained standing, saying simply: "I need his love," and then she broke down, and so did I, and so did everybody else. A season of prayer restored quiet, and when she stood up again it was with the light on her face as you have seen it, and she went out with an elasticity in her step that proved the words: "He leadeth thee, thou dost not walk alone."

'And her troubles and burdens?'

'They remain, but she has cast them on the Lord. She does her best in every way and leaves results with him. They no longer drag her down. "Joy has come and filled her soul with light."

'Have people in general noticed this change in her?'

'Yes, everybody who knew her. The remark is made continually, "How lovely she is!" "How changed she is!" "There is reality in her religion, she shows it in her face."

'She is, indeed, a living witness. I am glad I saw her, it has strengthened my faith.'

'All Christians should carry bright faces,' said the pastor. 'The Lord intended it to be so. That is one way by which we are made separate. But Christians will not accept the perfect peace which illuminates the plainest face with heavenly joy that is more attractive than any merely physical beauty of color or feature, and that remains even when youth has passed.'—Annie A. Preston, in N.Y. 'Observer.'

Do Your Best.

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,
Time speeds along, and day by day,
Life is hastening away,
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of his goodness tell;
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring,
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds sing,
And if you think, I'm sure you'll say,
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man,
You'll find it is the nobler plan;
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work, you work with care,
And when you play you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man,
If you but do the best you can.

Jennie J. Lyall, in 'Lutheran Observer.'

On Learning Languages.

That remarkable traveller the late Sir Richard Burton, whose mastery of Oriental languages, and especially of Arabic, is well known, says: 'Learning foreign languages as a child learns its own, is mostly a work of pure memory. My system of learning a language in two months was purely my own invention, and thoroughly suited myself. I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learned them by heart, carrying them in my pocket, and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness.

'After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the gospels is the most come-at-able), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and I then chose some other book whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound like the Arabic "ghayn," I trained my tongue to it by repeating it so many thousand times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory.

I was delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and cuneiform, because I felt that they impressed themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by-and-by, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for translating Eastern languages, such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Syriac, into Latin letters; and whenever I conversed with anybody in a language that I was learning I took the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so to learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis.'

And, again, Lady Burton said that her husband taught her languages in this way, 'He made me learn ten new words a day by heart. When a native speaks, then say the words after him to get his accent. Don't be English; that is shy or self-conscious; if you know five words, air them whenever you can. Next day you will know ten; and so on till you can speak. Do not be like the Irishman who would not go into the water till he could swim. Then take a very easy, childish book in the colloquial language of the day, and translate it word for word underneath the original, and you will be surprised to find how soon you will find yourself unconsciously talking.'—H. J. Marston, in the 'Christian.'

A Weeping Child.

A pathetic incident occurred at the Central Police Office, Glasgow, the other day. The officer in charge was startled to hear a small voice piping from behind the counter, 'Please, policeman, will ye let my mammy oot?' and, looking over saw a small, and sobbing girl anxiously regarding him. He asked her name, and, upon reference to the books, found that her mother had been sentenced to ten days for drunkenness, or 7s 6d of a fine and she was 'doing' the ten days. When the situation was stated, the wee girl's tears flowed afresh, but she presently made the staggering announcement that she would pay the money, 'if ye'll let my mammy oot,' explaining that she ran with milk in the mornings for which she got a shilling and a scone on Saturdays. 'And,' she added, 'I'll bring ye the shillin' an' the scone till it's payed, if ye'll let her oot.' The policeman, being a humane man, found ways and means of releasing her mammy to the loyal little girl, without depriving her of either shilling or scone.—'Evening News.'