

NOT LOST ON THE AIR.

THIRTY years ago or more Mr. Spurgeon was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the Palace, and thinking of a passage of Scripture to repeat as he reached the stage, there came to mind, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone.

More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the bedside of an artisan who was near his end. "Are you ready?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, yes," answered the dying man, with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By these words I was convinced of sin, and Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour, and I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since.—*Christian Treasury*.

TO THE POINT.

AT a Woman's Missionary Meeting, while the question was discussed, "How to interest the daughters," an old lady, after listening to what the others had to say, finally related the story about the farmer hitching up the colt with its mother. When asked why he did so, he replied, "Oh, it's the way I take to break him into the work. Trotting by the side of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him." This certainly was to the point, and we believe that if all the mothers in our Church would get into the harness, and let the daughters get in, too, that when the time comes for the daughters to take up the work, they, too, would go right along, and the Church would have no trouble with them. "Well," says one, "what of the boys?" We would recommend the same rule, and say, "Fathers, get into the work, and hitch the boys up by your side, and let them do some lively trotting, while you are yet with them, and when the time comes for the boys to carry on the work, why, they will be so accustomed to it, that the Church will have no trouble with them. *They will go right along.* As a rule, the children will follow their parents.—*Missionary Messenger*.

A SCHOOL of theology is to be established by the Methodists in connection with the Denver University, \$150,000 having been given for that purpose by the wife of Bishop Warren, and her son, Mr. Will Iliff. Ex-Governor Evans also contributes \$25,000.

Along the Line.

ST. CLAIR INDIAN MISSION.

OWING to the death of my predecessor, Rev. J. A. Iverson, this mission was somewhat disorganized; but early in the autumn revival services were held with good results. Valuable assistance was rendered by Rev. W. A. Elias, of Walpole Island, Bro. John Chicken, of Muncey, Bro. John Wolf, of Kettle Point, an Indian brother from Michigan, and others. The services were full of spiritual power; the members were greatly revived, a few backsliders were reclaimed, and ten persons were received on probation. We hope the revival may not prove to have been simply a spasm of excitement, but that we may have a steady increase of spiritual power, and frequent accessions to the Church.

The people have shown a kind spirit in furnishing the mission house. The Indians put in fifty dollars' worth of furniture, and a white appointment twenty dollars in carpets.

A. S. EDWARDS.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

Letter from EDWARD EVES, Norway House.

ON Friday morning, August 2nd, we left home for a visit to Island Lake, God's Lake, and Oxford House, a trip of not less than 900 miles. Of course, no one knows the exact distance, as these water stretches have never been surveyed. We had two strong men, well used to the paddle, in a canvas canoe of our own manufacture, after the Peterboro' model, and if you will pardon the digression, we will tell you the men tell us it is one of the best that has travelled these waters. At early dawn the paddles broke the smooth, glittering waters, and seldom ceased their measured stroke until nearly sunset, excepting three times to eat, which is always done—fire lighted, food cooked, eaten, and everything in the canoe, with a despatch that almost sets one's head in a whirl. Two days, and we are nearly 100 miles on the road, and on a rocky point we spent our Sabbath. We never travel on the Lord's day; the reasons are plain to every thoughtful reader. But we speak the truth, though we commit ourself, when we say, that one of the hardest things we find to do, is to call the Sabbath a delight that is spent in the solitary wilderness, far away from the communion of saints. I look at my notes, and I find this written: "In the wilderness, away from the usual services, Sabbath seems long, though we endeavor to keep our heart right with God." After morning service, we read seven or eight chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel with great comfort and delight, after which we read an early June number of the *Guardian*, new to us (August 4th), and exceedingly sweet in this lonely spot. We read a letter from a brother missionary in India, and some others, the tone of which assured us that their hearts are in the work. Some may say, "The missionaries are always pleading for money." I have only to say, Send the closest-fisted man that ever contributed a cent to the Missionary Fund with us on one of our long trips, let