

his burning zeal for Christ. It is this, too, that makes his autobiography such fascinating reading. 'Dr. John Paton,' says a recent writer, 'was one of the very few men who did not need to acquire the power of expression by toil and painstaking. Whenever he set his pen to work the result was fresh, spontaneous, vivid, and arresting. The emotion that pulses through every page, the noble passion for Christ and the souls for whom Christ died, set the heart on fire.' This indeed is true. Dr. Paton's enthusiasm was infectious. His was the faith which could move mountains. Nothing daunted him, because he knew that he was but an instrument in the hands of the all-wise and all-loving Christ. His memory will live long among those who can appreciate high character, lofty ideals, passionate devotion, supreme self-sacrifice, and unflagging zeal in the service of the Master.—'Christian Globe.'

### Dr. Paton's Last Letter.

One of the last letters written by the late Dr. J. G. Paton was sent to Mr. W. R. Moody, the son of the evangelist, and printed in the Northfield 'Record.'

'I am not very strong in person now,' writes the venerable missionary, 'but praise the Lord that He enables me to go on with His work, addressing a meeting almost daily, and from three to five or six every Sabbath. . . . I yet suffer much pain from the buggy accident in which I was nearly killed. . . . The doctors say I must rest, but I say not till I am unable to move about with a staff. The work is urgent and our laborers in it are very few, only twenty-five at present, yet this last year (1906) has been one of our most successful years. Many heathen have joined the worship and service of Jesus. Yet chiefly through French traders the devil has been very busy, in many cases leading our heathen to kill themselves and their children by intoxicating drinks. On one of our islands 150 died from it, and also many on other islands have been killed by it. But nearly all our converts keep from it, and do all they can to keep others from it. In some places sixty-six per cent. of the population died with it when suffering from epidemics introduced among them from Australia.'

'We are also all grieved with the English-French agreement regarding the New Hebrides, which goes much against both the native and Australian interests, and makes our work difficult and dangerous among the heathen, but the Lord we hope and pray will overrule all for good.'

### A Chapel in a Mine.

A curious little 'sanctuary' has been hewn out of the coal at the bottom of a mine near Swansea. In this extraordinary chapel, which is fully one hundred fathoms underground, the miners meet for worship every Monday morning at 6.30 o'clock. The service is conducted by the aged miners, and the younger men, to the number of one hundred and more, take up the song and praise in the most hearty manner. The excellent voices of the Welsh miners are employed to advantage in this service, devoted to prayers for protection from dangers unseen, and those who have been privileged to attend, unanimously declare they never heard anything that so impressed them. In the dim artificial light the effect is very weird. The seats were uncushioned, without backs, and the 'pulpit' is but a rough deal desk. White-wash is the only pretence to adornment of the sanctuary, where the men have worshipped weekly during the last sixty years.

### How to Win Many.

People are not won to lives of Christian service by an institution. They are won through relations of fellowship with individuals, with whom they feel at home through common experiences. Christians do not really know those whom they see only on Sunday dressed in their

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

best clothes, or evenings when they are taught, fed or entertained in the church parlors or the parish house. Ministers do not know their communities unless they know the homes, and the burdens, desires and hopes of those who live in them and of those who have only lodging places. Each community must be studied and methods found by which the church may effectively serve it. They should not be spectacular, but patient, hopeful, upbuilding of individual characters and the church organization through personal relations of Christian fellowship.—'Congregationalist.'

### Shut In.

I ran at His commands,  
And sang for joy of heart;  
With willing feet and hands  
I wrought my earnest part.  
And this my daily cry,  
'Dear Master, here am I.'

Then came this word one day—  
I shrank as from a rod  
To hear that dear voice say,  
'Lie still, my child, for God,'  
As out from labor sweet  
He called me to His feet.

Called me to count the hours  
Of many a weary night,  
To bear the pain that dowers  
The soul with heavenly might;  
But still my daily cry,  
'Dear Master, here am I.'

His will can only bring  
The choicest good to me.  
So ne'er did angel wing  
Its flight more joyously  
Than I, His child, obey,  
And wait from day to day.

The humble offering  
Of quiet, folded hands,  
Costly with suffering,  
He only understands,  
To God more dear may be  
Than eager energy.

And he is here; my song,  
That I may learn of Him;  
What though the days are long,  
What though the way is dim?  
'Tis He who says, 'Lie still';  
And I adore His will. —Selected.

### What Infidelity Has Never Done.

It never raised a man or woman from sin. It never took a drunkard from the gutter, a gambler from his cards, or the fallen from a life of shame. It never found a man coarse and brutal in life and character and made of him a kind husband and father.

It never went into heathen lands among the morally depraved, and lifted them out of their degradation to a high state of civilization. It has never written down native languages, translated literature, or prepared text-books, or planted schools, or established seminaries and colleges. It has never founded hospitals for the sick or homes for the helpless.

What discoveries has it made? What improvements has it introduced? Has it added anything to human happiness? Does it bring any ray of comfort to the chamber of death? The religion of Jesus has done this and more too. 'The tree is known by its fruit.'

### Loyal.

Recently a gay dinner party gathered in a beautiful and luxurious home. The host was a man of wealth, a careless, good-natured pleasure seeker, and his guests were for the most part of the same sort. Among them, however, one of the junior members of the company was a young man whose church alliance seemed to afford the others some amusement. It was not that he should be connected with a church and attend its services more or less regularly—that was common usage, and good form, of course—but that he had accepted one of its offices that made his presence necessary, and entailed active duty, that was deemed a subject for mirthful comment. As the merry company seated themselves at the table, the host glanced along the glittering board, and remarked lightly.

'I suppose saying grace would properly

be the first thing on the programme, but there isn't one of us that could do it—except our young parson here.'

Quite unexpectedly, but gravely and unhesitatingly, the young man indicated bowed his head and, in the hush that fell, reverently asked a blessing. Whatever had been the motive of the host—presumably only a momentary inclination to embarrass—his face wore a hue several shades deeper than its wont as heads around the table were raised again. One lady, a relative in the home, leaned forward and caught the speaker's eye. 'Thank you,' she said with quiet emphasis. Then the ripple of talk began again, and the incident was closed; but one young soul had proved its loyalty, and an old man had grown somewhat wiser.—'Forward.'

### A Pointed Answer.

A lady was in society with a professed atheist, who talked much of his disbelief in God.

As none agreed with him, he exclaimed impatiently, 'I could not have supposed that in a company of intellectual beings, I alone could have been found without belief in God.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said the lady, 'you are not alone; my cat and dog lying yonder on the rug, share your ignorance, only they, poor beasts, have the wit not to boast of it.'—Exchange.

### Do not Waste Your Powers.

Youth is the time to do solid reading. If we fritter the hours of youth away over newspapers and novels, we need not expect to have cultivated minds. The fresh mind, the quick memory of young years, are given to us to use on the best things in literature. When we waste them on trash, instead, we are throwing away powers that never can be regained.—Selected.

### The Secret of Their Success.

They want their pay, but not until you can say 'Here is the dollar. You deserve it,' not until they have earned it, not until you are willing to send it to them, not until you want to send it to them, not until you are satisfied to pay it, not until they have proven to you that they have what they claim, not until Vitae-Ore has done for you what you want it to do for you. Until then, you pay them nothing. After that you will be willing to pay. Glad to pay, as hundreds of the readers of this paper, yea, thousands, have been willing and glad to pay. You are to be the judge! They leave it to you entirely for you to decide. If you can say that they, and Vitae-Ore, have earned your money, the Theo. Noel Company wants your money, but not otherwise. That is how this big Toronto medicine firm, who have advertized regularly in this paper for years, are offering their Vitae-Ore in their big advertisement in this issue, the secret of their success. That is how they have grown and grown, year after year, by acting fairly and squarely, that is how they have made hundreds of firm, true and lasting friends among the readers of this paper. Your neighbors have tried it, know it to be true; why shouldn't you? If you need medicinal treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if any one in your family is ailing, poorly, worn out, sickly, it is actually a sin and a shame if you do not send for Vitae-Ore upon the terms of their thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Read it again! Send for the medicine! Do it to-day! Each day lost makes your case older, obstinate, harder, hurts you more, pains you more. They take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. You are to be the judge!

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