

so forth, oblivious that there is neither 'submission' nor 'piety' in unbelief.

David heard the homily through, and utterly unchilled, with a vivacity, which seemed unbecoming, said, 'I am going to pray.' Cheerful as usual, he strode on his way. Some two or three months passed; David came and went for his 'daily portions,' but the conversation above reported was not reverted to. The hope was felt that the blind disciple had been taught the lesson of 'sweet submission.'

One morning destined to be underscored in the calendar of memory—while out on pastoral work—glancing behind, I saw Brother David in evident pursuit. His strides were unusually long and the clatter of his stick sounded ominously. There was an eager joyousness in his face, and—yes—there was a somewhat heavy package under his arm.

'Brother Osborne!' he shouted with a loudness and emphasis which were startling.

'Yes,' I replied, 'what is it?'

'Stop,' he said, 'if you please.'

'Well, David, what is the matter?'

'Oh! nothing; only I wanted to show you something.' Producing the package, which was stitched in cloth, he said, 'Someone pushed that under my arm as I walked, and I wanted you to see what it contained.'

'Oh! I made sure it was some gift of clothing from one of the many kind friends who ministered to David. And so I carelessly cut the stitches open and unwrapped the package, when lo!—an English copy of the Gospel according to St. John, in characters for the blind!

For once I was glad that David was blind! Speechless again; was it 'sweet submission?' At length I asked—'Who gave this to you?'

'I don't know,' replied David (and let me add, the name of that donor has not transpired to this day): 'but what is it?'

'Why, this—this—is a copy of St. John's Gospel in characters for the blind!'

'Oh! bless the Lord! I knew my Heavenly Father would send it to me! Now, Brother Osborne, won't you pray my Heavenly Father to teach me how to read?'

'Now, Brother David, I certainly will.' It was as the clearing of one's eyes from a smoky mist.

And so David prayed and toiled; and being already able to speak English well, very soon he was able to spell along the precious lines. If he was joyful before, he was fully radiant now. He had the mine all to himself, and he could extract the rich nuggets at pleasure.

'Why, Brother Osborne, I shall be able to preach with you now!'

And so we stood in the streets together, David and I, and the blind reader attracted a great crowd, and if he didn't preach, he 'told his experience.'

But David was not altogether pleased with his performance. The volume was bulky; he had to hold it with one hand, and trace the letters with the fingers of the other. 'I lose my place sometimes, you see. I wish I could have something to hold the Book, so that I could use both my hands.'

In a few days David appeared with something unusual slung around his neck. 'What is this, David?' we asked in consternation.

'This!' replied the blind disciple, looking somewhat surprised at our obtuseness: 'Why, this is a hanging desk for my Gospel. See here, how beautifully it works.' And so, adjusting it around his neck, and spreading his precious Scriptures upon it, with both hands at liberty, he carefully traced the letters with his fingers, and as the scarred face turned upward with an expression of loving reverence, the words never seemed more sacred as he read with lingering rapture.

'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'—'Bombay Guardian.'

### The Homeless Christ

He left the Father's bosom and His throne  
And took our life of mortal woe instead;  
Home, love, dominion were in heaven,

On earth He had not where to lay His head.  
He saw the sun whose torch of light and heat  
His breath had kindled, in the west grow dim,

A thousand lamps flashed out for homeward feet,  
Not one was trimmed, or candle set for Him.

And while unseen, the keys of death and hell  
And life and glory at His girdle hung,  
No lowly latch as master knew him well,

No door for His tired footsteps inward swung.  
A borrowed boat for journeying to and fro,  
A pillow open to the midnight wave,

The poor accustomed haunts wayfarers knew,  
And then a lodging in a stranger's grave.  
He had no privacy from human sight  
Where tryst with the Eternal One might keep;

No safe retirement, save some far-off height,  
When friend and foe below were hushed in sleep.

Out on the mountains, where no roof might part  
His gaze from starry highway lately trod,  
The passionate, homeward longings of his heart  
Alone He uttered to His Father, God.

His hour at hand, He spake with yearning love  
To His disciples of the mansion there;  
Had they left all for Him? In heaven above  
He would, Himself, for such a home prepare.

That never soul redeemed should vagrant go  
Unhoused through the hereafter, rest denied,  
That all who would the Father's house might know

A stranger, pilgrim, Jesus lived and died.  
Without the walls that spurned His love as  
dross

'Mid faithless scorn and alien pity hur'd,  
He suffered, outcast, that His sheltering cross  
Might be the roof-tree of a homeless world.

—'Waif.'

### Family Prayer.

A man of my congregation, about forty years of age, after quite a protracted season of anxiety, became, as he hoped, a child of God. There was nothing in his convictions or in his hopeful conversion, so far as I could discern, of any very peculiar character, unless it was the distinctness of his religious views and feelings.

But this man did not propose to unite with the Church, as I had supposed he would deem it his duty to do. One season of communion after another passed by, and he still remained away from the Table of the Lord. I was surprised at this, and the more so on account of the steady interest in religion and the fixed faith in Christ which he appeared to possess. I conversed plainly with him upon the duty of a public profession of his faith. He felt it to be his duty, but he shrank from it. He had a clear hope, was constant at church, was prayerful, but he hesitated to confess Christ before men. All the ground of hesitation which I could discover as I conversed with him was a fear that he might dishonor religion, if he professed it, and a desire to have a more assured hope. What I said to him on these points appeared to satisfy him, and yet he

stayed away from the Lord's Table, though he said, 'I should feel it a great privilege to be there.'

In aiming to discover, if possible, why a man of such clear religious views, of such apparent faith, and so much fixed hope in religion, should hesitate on a point of duty which he himself deemed obligatory upon him, learned, to my surprise, that he had never commenced the duty of family prayer. He felt an inexpressible reluctance to it—a reluctance for which he could not account. He wondered at himself, but still he felt it. He blamed himself, but still he felt it. This cleared up the mystery. I no longer wondered at all at his hesitation on the matter of an open profession of religion. I had not a doubt but his fears of dishonoring religion, and his waiting for greater assurance of hope, all arose from the neglect of family prayer. I told him so, and urged that duty upon him, as one that should precede the other. His wife urged it; but yet he omitted it. Finally, I went to his house, and commenced that service with him. He continued it from that time, and from that time his difficulties all vanished. Before he united with the Church, he said to me, 'It was a great trial to me to commence praying with my family, but now it is my delight. I would not omit on any account. Since I have commenced it I find it a joyful duty. It comforts and strengthens me.' He had now no hesitation in coming out before the world and openly professing his faith in Christ.

Neglect of one duty often renders us unfit for another. God 'is a Rewarder,' and one great principle on which he dispenses his rewards is this—through our faithfulness in one thing he bestows grace upon us to be faithful in another. 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance.'—From 'A Pastor's Sketches,' in 'Light in the Home.'

### On the Upper Congo River.

My journey out has been in every way a happy and enjoyable one. We reached here in just fifty days from Southampton. It was a matter of great delight to me to find the 'Goodwill' at Stanley Pool when I arrived there. By the combined and arduous efforts of Mr. Howell and Mr. Williams a satisfactory repair had been made to the broken engines; and although we have had two minor accidents on the run up river, they have not proved of a serious nature, and our travelling has been but little delayed thereby.

It was a truly great sight that met our gaze as we steamed near to the beach. The crowd that I found there waiting to shake hands with me. When I could get ashore I was nearly pulled to pieces in the eagerness of old boys and girls and townspeople to shake hands with me. At length, when I got to the top of the steps, and found a whole lot of women with their babies, I clapped my hands in front of them and nodded a greeting which they returned in the same fashion with much heartiness and laughter.

My first day spent here was a Sunday, and I think we all appreciated to the full the blessing that the day is to us, and the blessing that it is becoming to many of the people. You know that we have now a chapel, and a beautiful building it is too. When I left here the foundations were the only visible promise of the building that we longed to see completed. Now we are worshipping in it.

On Sunday morning, as the boys and girls gathered for their service, to the number of nearly 150, my thoughts reverted to the Sunday-school that we first had three and a half years ago in the sitting-room of my old house. We could not accommodate many, and from twelve to eighteen used to come. Our hearts went out in praise and thanksgiving for the great change, and we prayed fervently that these might prove the first-fruits, and soon give themselves, soul and body, to the Saviour whom we adore.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'