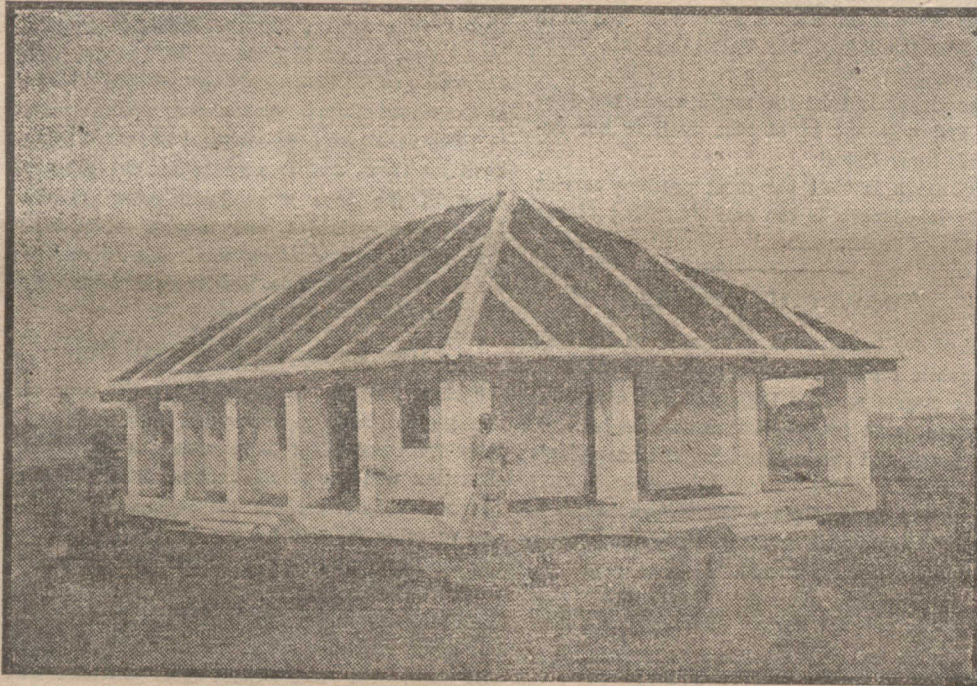


# Northern Messenger

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CORONATION READING ROOM.

One of the objective points of the Postal Crusade.

## Coronation Reading-room, Tekkali, India.

When King Edward was crowned, some of the natives of Tekkali, India, decided to erect a reading-room to commemorate the occasion. The native prince of their section of the Empire gave the land, and money was subscribed to erect the building. After it was completed a tennis court was added. The first literature placed in the Coronation Reading-Room was contributed by readers of the 'Witness' publications, through 'The Post-Office Crusade.' The papers, 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' have gone every week. The subscriptions for these periodicals have now been renewed for another year. In

addition to all the publications of the 'Witness' series, will you who read this take one of the magazines in your home, secular or religious, Canadian or British, and mail it, firmly tied, fully prepaid, one cent on every two ounces, to Mr. Higgins, Tekkali, Ganjam Dist., India.

Your contribution will be placed in the Coronation Reading-Room. You do not know what a source of pleasure and profit your gift will be to these natives who read English well, but whose salaries are so small that they cannot subscribe for more than a very limited supply of reading matter. Good, wholesome fiction with paper covers can also be sent. Mr. Higgins will be responsible for all literature sent to him. Do not lose this opportunity for God and the Empire.—M. E. C.

## The Kynance Coves.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Some years ago I spent a brief summer holiday in Cornwall, and one day I joined a party that were making an excursion to the Lizard Head. We left the rail at Helston, and drove by a pleasant road to the Lizard Lights. These twin lighthouses illuminated by electricity, cast a brilliant beam far out over the Atlantic Ocean, and are a great benefit and safeguard to homeward bound vessels, entering the English Channel.

After viewing the Lizard, it was proposed to visit Kynance Coves, a series of very beautiful caverns at the foot of the cliffs, which, however, can only be reached at low water by a precipitous path from the heights above. We found we were too early, for the ebbing tide had not yet receded far enough to permit our reaching the caves by the prepared way. An idea struck me that it might be possible to reach them from above, by climbing down the cliffs from a little distance, and to achieve our purpose without waiting for the ordinary way to be left dry.

Separating myself from my companions (who

were all strangers), and not speaking of my purpose, I strolled along the cliffs, which are very lofty, and in most places nearly perpendicular, till I reached a point where the face of the cliffs was of a more broken character. Here, thought I, a descent may be made with caution, and by working my way downwards in a slanting direction I shall be sure to reach the coves.

My first movement was to let myself drop from the summit upon a projection a little lower than I could reach with my feet, then to work my way carefully along the surface in a downward direction, then to suspend myself over a projecting ledge and drop again. This mode of progression was repeated many times. No thought of danger entered my head, nor did I imagine that I might fail of reaching the caverns and return by the path leading thence to the neighboring hamlet.

By-and-by, when about half-way down, I found my task becoming increasingly difficult, and extreme caution was needful to secure a footing and to advance further. At last, after several more drops from the rocks above to those beneath (some of these having lowered me many feet at a time), I found myself upon a narrow ridge of rock projecting from

the cliff, and looking below beheld a precipice more than forty feet deep, and beneath rolled the dark green sea, washing the base of the cliffs, and of a very considerable depth. My path was cut off. Suddenly as I looked around and behind me it flashed across my mind that the way I had come could not be retraced, and there was no path by which to return.

It took a little time to realize the situation! Alone, upon a green knoll, at a safe distance above the tide, but without means of communication with my fellows, without food or shelter, cut off, by my own mode of progression in dropping from rock to rock, from retracing my steps; and above, the frowning cliffs, some 300 feet high, rearing their massive walls nearly as abruptly as are the walls of a house.

Yet I knew at once that my only hope of getting back to the party, who in a few hours would be leaving the Lizard, was to scale the cliffs. So I commenced to climb! I got perhaps thirty or fifty feet upwards; but could get no further and gingerly climbed down again to my narrow platform. Again I essayed my task, and mounted aloft in another direction, and once more returned defeated to my starting point. Five times I tried to scale those steep shelving walls, and as often, after getting perhaps 20 feet, perhaps 100 feet, found that it was impossible to take another step upward from thence. So again and again I had to creep downwards to my platform, each time with decreasing strength, relaxed nerve, and increase of tremor.

I sat down upon my knoll overlooking the shining sea to collect my thoughts and to determine what next might be attempted. The beauty of that summer afternoon and of my surroundings soothed me, and much more the consciousness (which had been a habit of many years) that, though alone and in danger, the Lord my God was with me. I thought of my friends 300 miles away in a distant county, and of that ministry I was just commencing, and in which I had hoped for years of active and useful service; and I reflected that since I was Christ's servant he would bring me out of that peril, if so be he had further work for me on earth, and if not—still, all would be well! So I committed myself to his keeping and guidance, and then looked about me to see if any means would suggest themselves by which I might escape.

Looking upward, I traced with my eye a way by which it seemed just possible I might reach the summit. And again, and for the last time, I began to climb. Presently I was aware that I had placed myself in extreme peril. I could not go back, I could not remain an instant in one spot, I could scarcely proceed! I was clinging to the rough rocks, on the face of towering cliffs of almost perpendicular formation. Far below tossed the deep green waters. I had left all trace of foothold, and scarce found crag or projection for hand or foot. Above rose a mountain wall, and no human being knew of my danger, or would be able to account for my disappearance if I fell.

Suddenly I was aware of 'a still small voice' of reassurance and promise. Clear and close, as if from heaven, came the familiar and long-loved message, sent formerly to Israel by the mouth of Isaiah the prophet: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for