

he knows just as well the kind of a congregation you will have next Sunday night as he does half an hour before. If you should be in perfect harmony with his will, could he not direct you to-night to select a suitable subject?"

"But what good would it do if I were to announce the subject a week before?"

"If you, a minister of the gospel, who devote all of your time to the study of the truths of the Bible, are obliged to study beforehand to properly present a subject, how can you expect Deacon Jones, with his limited education, to make any really brilliant or even interesting remarks on the subject that you present? He has probably been reading about David and he might just as well have been reading about consecration."

At this juncture Mrs. Clark left the room, and the minister sat and mused on her words.

Suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered the room.

Surprised that one should enter unannounced, the minister started to rise, but the appearance of the stranger stopped him, and in silence he watched developments. The stranger looked about the room for a few minutes, and then turning with a magnetic look at the pastor he simply said, "Come."

Mr. Clark arose, and impelled by some unseen force followed the man out into the street and out into the country.

After several miles of travel, they stopped at an old-fashioned farmhouse, etc. They entered and Mr. Clark was surprised, more than ever that their appearance attracted no attention.

The stranger led Mr. Clark up stairs to a large open window overlooking a field of ripe grain, and pointing to a chair he motioned the minister to sit down. Soon the sun began to peep over the distant hills and objects could be seen in the distance.

As they drew nearer they proved to be men, and each had a different article in his hand. One had a sickle and began to reap the ripened grain. Another had a spade and began to spade up the grain. Another had a pair of horses hitched to a waggon which he began to drive through the grain, thus treading down and destroying it.

The hours passed, and at noon a little grain had been harvested but more had been destroyed.

All at once a man came out and looked with astonishment at the work of devastation. He called to the men to come to him and they obeyed. He began to scold about so much grain being destroyed. One by one the men began to answer him, and their answer was the same: "You ordered me to come and work on this field. You did not say whether you were going to harvest grain, dig potatoes, haul wood, or dig a well. You told us to take our tools and come to work. You did not tell us what tools to bring and you went away before we could ask. If our work is not a success it is because you did not tell us what you wanted done."

The stranger here again motioned to Mr. Clark, and they again returned to the parsonage.

As Mr. Clark entered the study he turned to ask the stranger his name. He saw that he was alone.

The striking of the clock startled him, and he found himself seated in the chair as he was when his wife left him. "I have been dreaming," he said.

The next Sunday morning, as Mr. Clark

finished his sermon, he said, "My brothers and sisters, I am about to try a new experiment with our prayer meetings. In the future I shall announce the subject for Sunday evening at the close of the morning meeting, and I wish during the afternoon that you would pray over it, study it, and be prepared to clinch what I may say by condensed right-to-the-point remarks. To-night I shall talk on "faith," and may God help you all to be ready for work on this line."

The church Sunday evening was crowded, and as soon as the meeting was opened Deacon Jones gave a brief yet telling testimony, followed by one after another—all on the same line.

Near the close of the meeting one young man arose and said: "Friends, by profession I am a lawyer. When in court, when I hear twenty or thirty witnesses testify to essentially the same thing I must accept their testimony. I have heard forty to-night all testify to the results of faith in Christ. I, too, desire to renounce the claims of infidelity and accept the blood of Christ."

This was the beginning of a glorious revival in Fairview. As the months rolled around people said, "How the Fairview church is advancing. I used to think them old fogies, but, I declare, some of the most pointed and telling remarks are made by those who always used to say the same thing over and over again."

The Rev. Mr. Clark says he is satisfied with his experiment, and sometimes laughingly remarks, "If the people keep on I shall be forced to resign on account of lack of ability to lead the people farther on."

Pastors, suppose you experiment in the same way, taking care that it is God that selects the subject—not you.

Advice.

A reader of the 'Messenger' has asked us to reprint the following poem from the 'Weekly Witness' of 1889.)

DON'T MARRY HIM TO REFORM HIM.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true.
Don't link to his vices your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promises led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooling,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—
To repent it, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's path alone, dear,
Than wed with a lover that's 'fast.'

Mankind's much the same the world over;
The exceptions you'll find are but few;
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.

To 'honor and love' you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil,
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you, then, never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man,

And the world will be better when women
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong-doing under a ban;
And let him who would win and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man!

A Man's 52 Years' Diary.

A man died lately at the age of 73, who at the age of 18 began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. The book he left states that in fifty-two years this 'natural man' had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about £2,000. In fifty-two years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,085 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent £1,000. The diary closes with the words: 'I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing.'

A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.' (Tim. iv., 7.)

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Mar. 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Poetical Addresses to Statesmen—The 'Academy,' London.
Death of Dr. Newman Hall—The 'Times,' London.
A Daughter of the Caesars—'M.A.P.,' London.
Spain—'The Pilot,' London.
The German Press—New York 'World.'
Emigration to Western Canada—Correspondence of the 'Mail,' London.
Canada's Farm Wealth—By Herman Whitaker, in 'Ainslee's' for March.
Welsh Colony in Patagonia—'Birmingham Post.'
Harvest on the Prairie—By Harold Bindloss, in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.'
Lacrosse—By Angus Evan Abbott in the 'Morning Post,' London.
On Playground Education—Springfield 'Republican.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Art of the Demure Babe—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Connardum of Art—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London.
Soundless Music—'The Spectator,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Florentine Night—Poem, by Mary Robinson Duclaux, in New York 'Tribune.'
Aubrey De Vere—Poem by Edmund Gosse, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
Where the Bee Sucks—'Saturday Review.'
Dickens as a Boy—London 'Globe.'
A New Critic on Tennyson—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Old Humor—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
A Blind Guide—'The Speaker,' London. Abridged.
Monaco's Expensive Criminal—By Count Leo Tolstol.
Translated for the Springfield 'Republican.'
The True East—'The Christian World,' Boston.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Stars Made White—You Wait—'Fall Mail Gazette.'
Marconi on His System—'The Century.'
The Migration of Man Over the Face of the Earth—By Prof. Lindley M. Keasby, in 'Popular Science Monthly,' Excerpt.

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