

remarkable scenes which have been witnessed at every point on the long route, show how great is the hold which his striking personality has come to have upon the people of the day and how high is the regard felt for his work.

The picture we give of the General is one of the latest.

'My Pride Won't Let Me.'

A CABBY'S STORY.

'Mornin', sir,' said Gentleman Jem, as I mounted to my chosen seat beside him. I always took Jem's cab when I could, for he knew the ins and outs of London driving better than any cabby I knew, and was very kind to his horses.

Many an interesting talk we had, for both of us had knocked about the world a great deal, and Jem enjoyed talking about 'furrin parts.' There were traces of far-off refinement and gentle up-bringing still clinging to him, traces that had earned for him his nickname.

To-day he was unusually taciturn until, as we turned into a quieter street, he suddenly said, 'I had a fare yesterday morning, whom I drove from one place to another for two hours, and if I'd just turned and said four words to him it would have been worth more than a thousand pounds to me!'

'What do you mean?' I asked in astonishment.

'I don't know why I seem to want to tell you, sir,' he replied; 'but my heart is full to-day, that's a fact, and you're a gentleman, and have always been friendly to me.'

'I was born and brought up in a beautiful home. My parents were rich and aristocratic, and I had every advantage they could give me, or that money could buy. But at Oxford I got mixed up with bad company, gambling, and the turf, and from that it was not far to the money-lender's hands. I became desperately involved, and to get free I did something that would have brought me inside a prison. To escape that, I left my country and lived in a wild, harum-scarum life at the ends of the earth. I knew that at home my mother would be breaking her heart about me and that my father's grey hairs would go down with sorrow to the grave. For years, in English and Colonial papers, there were advertisements begging me to come home, and saying that all was arranged and forgiven.'

'At last I got tired of my prodigal life, and had such a longing for the old country that I worked my passage back, and then, as I had always been fond of horses, I hadn't much trouble in getting a job as driver.'

'I had let my beard grow, and hot suns and hard living, to say nothing of shame and sorrow, had altered me so much that nobody would have recognized me as the stripling that ran away. I changed my name, and talked as the other fellows talk to make the disguise sure. And all these twenty years nobody has known me, though I have known many. But that gentleman, who was my fare yesterday and sat by my side so long, was my twin brother.'

'I knew him in a moment, and it made my hand shake on the reins more than once as he chatted to me. And if I had only said to him, "How are you, Will?" it would have been all right there and then. But I never said a word.'

'Yes, my mother's gone to rest years ago, but father is alive, and there's love and forgiveness, and a fortune waiting for me still,

if only I'd go home; but I can't—my pride won't let me. I shall live and die a cabby, and nobody be any the wiser.'

I pleaded with him to alter his decision, but I used my utmost eloquence in vain.

'No, sir, it's no use, I can't go back; my pride won't let me, and, besides, I'm too old to alter my way of life now. No, you must excuse me, I cannot give you the address. But this is the place you wanted; three and six, and thank you.' And then, signalling to another fare, and touching his hat to me in true cabby fashion, he whipped up his horse and drove off.

I was summoned away from town soon afterwards, and never saw him again. But he kept to his stubborn and misguided resolve to live and die a cab-driver. A few more months of toiling in all weathers on the box, and then came pneumonia, and he, the heir to thousands, died in a workhouse hospital, unwept and unknown.

'Oh, the pity of it!' men and women will say in reading his story. 'The pity and the folly of allowing pride to come between him and all that love and life could give!' But the true pity is, not that one man should so perversely stand in his own light, but that Satan has so darkened the eyes of thousands.

For sin-worn, toiling souls, groping and struggling afar from God, there is love and forgiveness and rest to be had for the asking, and an inheritance compared with which the richest fortune on earth is but the bauble of an hour.

But pride, or that other stumbling-block so often used by the arch-enemy, 'I'm too old to alter now,' keeps them back from God.

And though Jesus, the great Saviour of mankind, comes near, yearning to make peace and reveal himself in all his fulness of grace and power, they deliberately, and of set choice turn away, locking heart and lips against him and 'never say a word.' May this true story show to some starving soul the folly of silence and rejection, and open the way back to him and wealth, and all the fulness of blessing included in at-one-ness with God!—M. R. Jarvis, in the 'Christian.'

Answered Prayer.

In his book, 'Foreign Missions,' Dr. A. C. Thompson gives the following instances where prayer for missions has met with a speedy answer.

A missionary of the American Board among the Mahrattas, in India, once wrote thus: 'The first Monday in January, 1833, I shall ever remember. At our morning prayers in the native language three strangers were present, who said they had come to inquire about the "new way." At ten o'clock, Babajee returned from his morning visit to the poor-house in an ecstasy of joy, saying, "The poor people all come about me inquiring, "What shall we do?"' I appointed an inquiry meeting at three o'clock to-day, and to my surprise there were sixteen present. A heavenly influence, I am persuaded, was with us. Our Christian friends in America must be praying for us.'

The missionary afterwards learned that the day had been set apart by the General Assembly in the United States, and by other bodies of Christians, as a day of fasting and of prayer for the heathen world.

A lady missionary of the American Board was stricken down by an epidemic; recovery seemed doubtful. As she lay upon her couch, feverish and restless, a sudden and singular calm came over her.

Just then a co-laborer at the same station

came in to inquire how she was, yet fearing the worst.

'I am better, decidedly better,' she replied; 'I think I shall get well. I have had the very strangest feeling come over me the last hour, as if I had new life. I don't understand it.' Presently she added, 'I believe I know what it is. I am sure some one is praying for me. I think I will try to prove it.' She then asked the nurse to bring her Daily Food, and, turning to the day of month, marked it.

Many weeks afterwards a letter came to her, saying, 'In January I attended a meeting of the Woman's Board in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, and I wish you could have heard the earnest prayer offered for you by —,' naming a person who had led in the intercession of that hour. Comparing the date with the one in her Daily Food, she found an exact coincidence.

A missionary in Africa, while travelling on a tour of duty, came to a fork in the road, one branch going round a hill, the other up the hill. Hesitating which to take, he besought the Lord to give him direction. He found himself decidedly disposed to take the road up the hill. Once at the summit he had a clear view of the other path, in which he discovered several large lions.

Deeply impressed by this escape from certain death, he made a memorandum of the facts and date. Afterwards, when visiting England, a friend asked him whether in his missionary work he recalled any special deliverances; he narrated this incident.

His friend thereupon stated that on one occasion he became distinctly impressed with the thought that this missionary brother was in great danger, and accordingly at once he made him the subject of earnest intercession. So vivid and unusual was the impression that he felt moved to record the date. The two friends then compared their dates, and found an exact correspondence.

The Blotting Out of Sin.

What is the blessing of the blotting out of sin?

A little boy ran in one day to his mother, after he had read that promise, 'I will blot out as a thick cloud thy transgressions,' and he said:

'Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?'

The mother who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: 'Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Well, fetch it to me.'

He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said:

'Where is what you wrote?'

'Oh,' he said, 'I rubbed it out.'

'Well, where is it?'

'Why, mother, I don't know.'

'But how could you put it away if it was really there?'

'Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and is gone.'

'Well,' she said, 'that is what God means when he says, "I will blot out thy transgressions."—Ram's Horn.'

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, thus frankly speaks his mind relative to the cigarette evil in a recent address: 'I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversive of good morals, than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. This is my judgment as an educator.' These are strong words, but possibly not too strong.