

was passed about and left empty, and the best library books were drawn and not returned. Miss Cruttenden was urged to take the class. She went into it and made no allusion whatever to its past record, although she had the superintendent move the class away from the door to a spot where entrance and exit would be less easy. Then she said: "In a Bible-class of course there ought to be no time for conversation outside the lesson, but we can't even talk about the lesson if we don't study it."

"From her pocket came a half sheet of paper, and she proposed that all who wished to form a class on a new basis should sign their names. The agreement was very simple: not to enter the class unless intending to stay until the school was out; never to come without at least fifteen minutes' preparatory study; to talk of nothing outside the lesson; to bring a regular contribution, however small, to the missionary offering of the school. The result was, a studious, prompt, thoroughly interesting Bible class, instead of a floating membership, spending time in gossip, giggling, and irreverence.

"I sat behind Miss Cruttenden once when she had eight little boys who behaved as if they were stuffed with fire-crackers and must explode with fun and laughter before she could quiet them, but some way she did, and then it was curious to see the tact with which she caught up the flying thoughts of those youngsters and bound them close into the lesson idea. Right into her account of the nativity broke one boy: "Pshaw, babies are no good! We're always having them at our house!" For one second Miss Cruttenden's face was a study, but in the next she had seen her chance to show how this child was called wonderful, and soon every boy was eager and reverent in telling how the infant Jesus differed from a mortal baby.

"Well, Aunt Mary, I see why Miss Cruttenden succeeds, and now I know why Miss Perry does not. Miss Perry says her class is so uninteresting she cannot tell one girl from another."

Value or Memorizing Scripture.

(Wayland Hoyt, D.D., LL.D., in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

During the terrible persecutions of the Huguenots in the South of France, the persecution flamed against books as well as against men and women. Here is an account of a single book-burning: "One day in June, 1730, the Intendant of Languedoc visited Frismes, escorted by four battalions of troops. On arriving the principal Catholics were selected and placed as commissaries to watch the houses of the suspected Huguenots. At night, while the inhabitants slept, the troops were called out, and the commissaries pointed out the Huguenot houses to be searched. The inmates were aroused, the soldiers entered, the houses were rummaged, and all the books that could be found were taken to the Hotel de Ville. A few days after a great auto-da-fe was held. The entire Catholic population turned out. There were the four battalions of troops, the gendarmes, the Catholic priests, and the chief dignitaries; and in their presence all the Huguenot books were destroyed. They were thrown into a pile on the usual place of execution, and the hangman set fire to this great mass of Bi-

bles, psalm-books, catechisms and sermons. The officers laughed, the priests sneered, the multitude cheered."

And this is but a single instance. Steadily, through the long and bloody years of the persecution, the Bible-burning went on together with the slaughter of the saints of God.

As a consequence, Bibles became a scarce treasure in that ravaged 'Church in the Desert.' In this way they offset the scarcity. When, by any means, a New Testament had escaped capture and the flame, persons—often boys and girls—were put at learning it. And when, in some midnight, and in some cave or secluded place among the mountains, the 'Church in the Desert' met for its worship, those who had memorized the Scriptures recited it; and thus the nourishing and girding Scripture was fed on by the hunted saints. We are not thus forced to the memorizing of Scripture, but I am sure the Huguenot habit is still a good one for anybody, though, amid our gracious religious freedom, he is not thus forced.

It was the custom of F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, to have his Greek New Testament lying open before him while he was dressing in the morning, and to use those first moments of the day in a careful memorizing of its Greek text. I am quite sure that the singular fascination of his sermons, their deep, swift insight, their often surprising disclosures of profound meaning, their wise, strong applications to modern sins and needs, their delightful and various freshness, were as much due to this memorizing of the Greek original as to any other reason.

Think of some of the values of the memorizing of Scripture. One value is, you are apter to get at the meaning by brooding over the memorized Scripture. What you have thoroughly memorized does not lie upon the outside of you, it has gotten inside of you. You hold it as the nest holds the egg for the brooding bird. It is there, and your mind meditatively wraps it. What wonder if amid such warmth innermost meaning begin to stir? In the mental realm, as well as in the realm of bird-hatching, nothing is so good as brooding. 'Do not be dismayed or discouraged,' says F. W. Robertson, 'if the reading of the Scripture does not suggest as yet. Receive, imbibe, and then your mind will create.' And you are aptest to receive and imbibe from what your memory lovingly and warmly holds.

Another value of the memorizing of Scripture is that you have it ready for quick use. 'The sword of the Spirit,' the apostle calls the Scripture. And sometimes, on emergency, swords must be swiftly drawn and instantly set at duty. There is no hand better for the quick grasping of the sword of the Spirit than the hand of the memory. How quick the flashing and how straight and keen the thrust of the sword of the Spirit by our Lord in his conflict with the tempter in the wilderness! How the 'It is written,' held in our Lord's memory, sped Satan to defeat. The law of opposites is a great practical law of life. You are tempted to some mean thing; instantly you discomfit it by summoning to your thought some opposite and lofty thing. You will not think of the mean thing; you will think of the opposite and lofty thing. Happy he who has his memory so filled with lofty Scripture that instantly he can summon to his thought some noble truth or pre-

cept as against the suggestions and solicitations of an evil world.

After all, is not the old Huguenot habit a good habit for our day also?

Postal Crusade.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Dear Editor,—The kind letters coming are very encouraging. As a subscription to the leaflet, 'Post-Office Crusade of Canada,' one friend sent \$5, another \$1, a number have sent thirty cents and others signify their intention of becoming subscribers. However, I want 1,000 regular subscribers. Thirty cents from 1,000 people will put me in a position to send out 200 papers every week to India and supply 1,000 of the leaflets, 'Post-Office Crusade,' at home once a month. In addition, there will be the commission for Canada's free papers.

You will have noticed that Sir Wm. Mullock, our Postmaster-General, is in correspondence with all the colonies of Great Britain regarding the reduction of postage on newspapers. If he succeeds, then I can send out 400 papers to India every week from the offices of publication. Multiply 400 by 52, and consider what the result may be of such 'Literary Missionaries' as the 'Northern Messenger,' the 'Sabbath Reading,' and other periodicals of the same stamp becoming regular factors of Christian intelligence at home and abroad. My friends, this is a serious matter. Please send in a quick and cordial subscription for the 'Post-Office Crusade.' The first number, a small four-page paper to be printed at the 'Witness' Office, in nice type, will be sent you in May if thirty cents is received for a year's subscription. The more subscribers the better. Every 1,000 will mean an increase of free literature for India and Canada.

"I wish I could thank the one in Canada who sends me the delightful little paper, the 'Northern Messenger,'" writes a young girl in Burma. Numbers of letters have come from native readers lately, but these are to be kept for the 'Mail Bag' of the 'Post-Office Crusade.' A friend who has had years of experience in literary life, Sunday-school work and public school duties, is going to edit a page now and then for the new leaflet. It is to be for children, and in time contain children's letters from abroad.

Thirty cents will bring you the brightest we can obtain, and every thirty cents means so much sunshine for India and Canada.

Pour them in, my friends, and let the Crusade have 'Showers of Blessing.'

Faithfully,

M. E. COLE,

112 Irvine avenue,

Westmount, Que.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.

'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.