

gatherings have been held at Rome, Berne, Chicago, Buda-Pesth, Hamburg and Rouen, and still the movement grows.

Most of our readers will remember well that the conference at The Hague was called by the Czar of Russia, who this year stands in a vastly different pre-eminence among the rulers of the nations. At this conference no less than twenty-six states were represented, and a tremendous impetus was given the cause of universal peace. The immediate result of the conference was the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, by which already a number of international quarrels have been settled, and to which doubtless more and more importance will be given. One whole session of the Peace Congress in Boston in October will be devoted to the work and influence of The Hague Tribunal.

The Boston Committee are sparing no effort to make the conference a success. They estimate that \$20,000 will be needed to conduct the matter in a proper way, but already funds are being generously subscribed. As some of the Boston papers says: 'Peace congresses such as this would be cheap for twice the amount. Twenty thousand dollars would not buy one good-sized modern cannon and load it once.' 'This sum about equals twenty days' interest at six percent on the cost of one first-class battleship.' 'If we would spend a little more in educating our people in peace principles, we should very soon spend much less on guns and gunboats. Peace congresses are better—and cheaper.'

As Canadians and Britons, we have as deep an interest in the coming conference as our friends across the border. It is for us as individuals, in Christian organizations, and as communities to give this matter a large place in our thoughts and interests during the coming month.

Sowing and Reaping.

D. L. MOODY IN CHICAGO.

A man has got to reap more than he sows. If I sow ten bushels I expect to reap one hundred bushels. You know very well it takes a longer time to reap than it does to sow. I can sow in one day what it would take ten men to reap. And so it is in God's kingdom the same thing. While I stand on this platform to-night between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, there will be some man in this great city, I haven't any doubt, that will commit an act that will take him all the rest of his natural life to reap, to say nothing about eternity. It does not take a man a great while to sow a tare.

I have been forty years building up a Christian character. I can blast it in five minutes. It took years to build the Washington monument, but a little dynamite will tear it all to smithereens in a second. When a man once loses his character or his reputation, it is very hard to get it back.

I was preaching on this line of truth once when a man in the gallery dropped his head. He put his hands up to his face and sobbed aloud. He sobbed so loud that he disturbed some of the people around him. When the meeting was over a gentleman stepped up to him and said: 'You seem to be in trouble; can I help you?' 'No, sir,' he answered, 'no one can help me.' 'What is your trouble?' He pointed down to where I stood and said:

'What that stranger said to-night is true; every word of it. For years I held a high position. I had the confidence of my employers, but one night in a saloon, under the influence of liquor, I committed an act for

which I was sent to prison for four years, four years with hard labor. I am just out. I called on my old employers the other day and they ordered me out of their place of business. They never wanted to set eyes on me. I have been hunting all over the town for work. Wherever I go and tell the truth I get nothing but a gruff answer. I met some young men on the street to-day that I am acquainted with, who held an inferior position to mine four years ago. I took my hat off and bowed to them, but not one of them returned the bow. It is all true, sir. It takes a longer time to reap than it does to sow.'

It does not take a man a great while to get down, but how long it takes him to get up! I haven't any doubt but what I am speaking to-night to some defaulter who has taken the first step down. If he goes on he is arrested, his character ruined, his reputation blasted, and he may never get it back again. It does not take long for a man to steal, to 'overdraw his account,' as it is termed. It does not take long for him to go into a saloon and gamble away his employer's money. It does not take long for him to stick his hand into his employer's till and take the money. But it does take a good while to get over it.

There was a man died in the Columbus (Ohio) penitentiary a few days ago who had spent thirty or forty years of his life in a narrow cell, and yet he was one of the millionaires of that state. Some thirty or forty years ago one of the great trunk roads came to the little town of Cleveland, as it was then a little town, and wanted to run its road through the outskirts. The farmers said, 'No, I don't want this farm divided.' He would not sell and he would not lease. The matter went into the court and the court appointed a commissioner to take the ground and assess the damages. Long after when the road had been built and the trains were running, some one put an obstruction on the line and there was a great accident. Lives were lost and suspicion fell upon that man. He was taken into court and tried and found guilty and sentenced to prison and hard labor for life. That little town has grown to be a big city. It has swept over his great farm, and he has been made a millionaire, but he was branded a criminal and died in his little narrow cell—a cancer released him. Perhaps it did not take him one hour to plan and execute that hellish act, but it took him a long while, to say nothing about eternity—it took him between thirty and forty years of this life. I am not preaching poetry to-night. I am preaching the most solemn truth there is in that book, and it ought to come home to every man here. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

Missionary Qualifications.

We are frequently asked what are the necessary qualifications for missionary work. In an excellent article by Mr. Eugene Stock, which has recently appeared in 'The East and West' (England), there is the most succinct answer to this question that we remember to have seen: 'For the actual work of missions, it is important to "make choice of fit persons" to serve in the sacred ministry. But to judge by some recent comments, there is little appreciation of the care actually taken by the missionary societies in this respect. Qualifications physical—health and strength for a foreign climate; qualifications mental—sufficient at least to indicate ability to acquire a foreign language; qualifications moral

—backbone of character, readiness to sink self; qualifications theological—knowledge of the Bible and intelligent Churchmanship; qualifications spiritual—a heart wholly given to Christ, and a life fashioned by his precepts and examples. None of these are forgotten in the society I know most about.' We believe that there are hundreds of Christians in England and America to-day who, if they read these few lines, would be compelled to acknowledge that God had granted them in fair measure to meet these necessary qualifications, and therefore to ask themselves, 'Why should not I go?' Will our readers help to bring these lines before the notice of suitable persons, especially 'young men,' and pray that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers into his harvest?—'China's Millions.'

When I Read the Bible Through.

(Amos R. Wells, in the 'Sunday-School Times'.)

I supposed I knew my Bible,
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis,
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!)
Twelfth of Romans, First of Proverbs,—
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!
But I found that thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
When I read the Bible through.

Oh, the massive, mighty volume!
Oh, the treasures manifold!
Oh, the beauty and the wisdom
And the grace it proved to hold!
As the story of the Hebrews
Swept in majesty along,
As it leaped in waves prophetic,
As it burst to sacred song,
As it gleamed with Christly omens,
The Old Testament was new,
Strong with cumulative power,
When I read the Bible through.

Ah, imperial Jeremiah,
With his keen, coruscant mind!
And the blunt old Nehemiah,
And Ezekial refined!
Newly came the Minor Prophets,
Each with his distinctive robe;
Newly came the song idyllic,
And the tragedy of Job;
Deuteronomy, the regal,
To a towering mountain grew,
With its comrade peaks around it,—
When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession,
As the pages rise and fall,
James the sturdy, John the tender,—
Oh, the myriad-minded Paul!
Vast apocalyptic glories
Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,
While the Church Triumphant raises
One incomparable name.
Ah, the story of the Saviour
Never glows supremely true
Till you read it whole and swiftly,
Till you read the Bible through!

You who like to play at Bible,
Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel, awestruck,
And yawn through a hurried prayer,
You who treat the Crown of Writings
As you treat no other book,—
Just a paragraph disjointed,
Just a crude, impatient look,—
Try a worthier procedure,
Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture,
When you read the Bible through!

Sample Copies.

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