

a home in the streets. The testimony of one who had had frequent experience of the streets at night revealed the real bitterness of this aspect of life. "There is not much in being out all night if one is well fed and clothed; its the empty stomach, the painful retrospect, the present unutterable despair, the utter hopelessness of the future, which together make the experience so utterly wretched."

What revelations are sometimes afforded by a very brief conversation! A respectable-looking man was walking aimlessly along the Strand. The sad tone in which he informed his questioner that he was obliged to be out all night indicated much sorrow of heart. "When did you work last?" "About three weeks ago." "How long have you been out?" "Three nights running this week." "Have you a trade?" "I am a warehouseman. All my efforts to get employment have been unsuccessful." "When were you last employed as warehouseman?" "About two years ago. Since then I have been doing any kind of work I could get, the rough work of a laborer, or anything that came to hand."

The next one met was a labourer, who had walked up from Great Yarmouth, and for the last three weeks had been "knocking about" London, with frequent experience of restless wandering at night. A little further on was one upon whom consumption had set the mark of death. The sad, mournful expressions of this unfortunate were painful to listen to. Sandwich men, dock laborers, french polishers, tailors, bakers, commercial travellers, soldiers, sailors, and a host of others, were represented within the precincts of Covent-garden Market.

The case of a poor paralysed tailor seemed specially hard. A ticket for shelter and breakfast seemed, however, to re-energise his distorted limbs, and to impart fresh cheer to his ordinary weary life. Hope deferred was stamped upon the face of another man. "What do you work at?" "I follow dock work and the market; but I ain't earned ne'er a penny nor a farthing all the week." Another poor fellow was nursing old memories. "I didn't know what it was to be out until I lost my home. I've never been able to get another." The story was a short one, but it revealed a long course of sorrowful experience.

So the night passed on. At three o'clock, when the deep, sonorous tones of Big Ben sounded forth the hour, in striking contrast to the stillness which reigned on the western end of the Embankment, the work of exploring was still in progress. The Embankment itself supplied but a small number of nomads. On Blackfriars'-bridge about eighty were found, but as it was evidently impossible to accommodate all these, it was deemed advisable to pass them by. Some expectant watchers, however, were not to be overlooked in that fashion, and before the bridge was crossed, an extended rear guard was in attendance on the recognized dispensers of breakfast.

On reaching Colliers'-rents the vast crowd of ticketless but yet hungry and homeless men and women, who had assembled outside the hall, in the hope of gaining admittance, presented a most pitiable picture. Efforts were made to select the most necessitous, but the pressure was so great as to render this impossible. It was decided to serve the 100 assembled in the hall, and to select participants for the extra provision after the first party had been served.

AN encouraging feature of the present day is the prominence of christian activity in Colleges. It is no uncommon thing among the secular colleges of the United States to find fifty per cent. or more of the students professed christians. Our Toronto University has a Y. M. C. A. of its own, with many active workers, and our Theological Halls are fast learning that a part of their experience in passing through the much-needed training is wisdom in winning souls. Beaten oil for the sanctuary, the highest culture and knowledge for the Master's service, but with all this, an unction from the Holy One, and life in contact with fellow-men. God fill our Colleges with holy men, able to teach in all wisdom.

Correspondence.

ORGANIZATION OR NON-ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor:

Is it not worthy of consideration, whether the time spent in discussing the question of organization or non-organization is spent wisely? There is room for difference of opinion on the subject, and it is to be presumed that both sides have the same object in view; the extension of Christ's kingdom is probably before both; if not, it should be. Those who say, let us organize, doubtless expect to do the work better by organization; those who say, let each church work on its own line, doubtless want freedom in order to work efficiently.

The work presses on every hand. Souls are perishing! Let any man find out what is going on in the way of extending the devil's kingdom around him, and he will truly have little taste for disputes on such points with his brethren. But we may easily get oblivious to this side of the world's doings, in fact it is a constant temptation to Christian pastors and people alike to become oblivious. They may live devout and church going lives and never come in contact with the seething map of wickedness around them, so they do not influence it. They live in a different world. A church or group of churches may spend months in discussions about points of ecclesiastical order, while Satan is quietly reaping a harvest of damnation in their very neighborhood. Let us to our work then without hindrance from one another; we all need all the help we can