

is doubtful if any Sabbath scholar, at a year's end, recall with any distinctness the contents of half the fifty volumes of pious fiction which are doled out to him week by week from the Sabbath school library.

The above paragraph has the ring of sound doctrine. Religious novels are like doing evil that good may come which the Apostle deprecates. The truth of God cannot abound unto His glory through falsehood or a statement of facts which never had any existence. Divine truth does not need the help of fiction; it is like Ahaziah the king of Israel, when he was sick, sending messengers to enquire of Baal-Zebub the god of Ekron, whether he should recover of his disease. The prophet Elijah said unto him, "Is it because there is no God in Israel to inquire of His word that ye go to enquire of Baalzebub the god of Ekron?" It is because the Bible is not able to make us wise unto salvation that men have recourse to fiction? Religious novels are like the "Piae frandes" of the primitive ages of Christianity. D. B. B.

Is it an Answer to Prayer?

St. Thomas, June 14th, 1881.

The following narrative has just been given me by a lady passenger on S. S. Alhambra concerning her sister in New York. She goes South with her husband, a medical gentleman to visit portions of South America:

In 1869 Miss L. had been confined to her room for above four months from a complication of disorders associated with meningitis. The best medical skill failed to secure any change in the progress of the disease. The sickness appeared to be unto death to physicians, friends, and patient. She set her house in order, gave instructions as to the disposal of her effects and for her funeral. While anxious friends awaited her dissolution, a humble female Christian worker came and requested permission to see the dying lady. She entered the room and asked, "Do you believe God will restore you to health

if you ask Him? After a pause she replied, "I think I do believe," the visitor knelt and led in prayer. At that time strength was given to the invalid, that afternoon she took nourishment and in the evening went to a prayer meeting. Tho unaccustomed to speak in public she testified to what God had done for her in answer to prayer. She immediately went to work for Christ, and for the last twelve years, in season and out of season, in cold and heat, in snows and rains, she has gone from wharf to wharf with words of Christian kindness and tracts to seamen. She visits the poor and diseased ministering alike to body and soul, no place too low or too vile for this angel of mercy to visit. I could enumerate other ways in which she seeks to be useful but I have narrated enough however to show the good fruit borne by a life lengthened in connection with prayer. Was it an answer to prayer? In olden times God heard prayer, that same God lives, He is our God and is still faithful to His promises. "Lord I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." If we not only directed our prayer to God but continued to look up our prayers would be more availing.

K. J. GRANT.

The Broken Jars.

"Teacher, teacher! will you give me a penny for another jar?" cried a little Hindoo girl between her sobs to a missionary lady one morning.

It was in India. The lady was just entering the yard in which stood the school-house, a few acacia-trees, and some rose bushes in full bloom. Twenty brown-faced, bright-eyed girls were playing there. But at sight of their teacher all play ceased, and, touching their foreheads with the right hand as a sign of welcome, they ran before her into a low building, made of sunburnt bricks, which served as a school-room. Here, seated upon the floor, they waited until school should open with a lesson from the New Testament.

But the lady did not open the good book this morning. She came slowly in, leading the weeping Tara.

In the corners of the bare, cheerless