

greatly in size and grandeur. Presently they halted before one of unusual magnificence. The grounds, gates, windows, and balconies were all of the highest order.

"Whoever can be going to live here?" cried the lady, in an ecstasy of delight, and was amazed, after the angel had consulted his book, to hear the name of her gardener. "Impossible! There must be some mistake!" she cried. "Why, he is quite a poor man—poorer, in fact, than he need be, for he is continually spending time and money upon widows and orphans instead of upon his own affairs. That little one-roomed cottage would be far more suitable for him."

The angel looked at his lists again. "That one is for you," he replied. "For me? Why, I have always been accustomed to living in a mansion; surely there is a mistake here." "I am afraid not," said the angel quietly. "You see, the building up here is done with the material sent up. Your gardener's life of self-sacrifice down below has produced the mansion you admire so much up here, but yonder cottage is the best we have been able to make of what we have received from you."

UNMANNED SHIPS.

"God Himself is our Captain."—2 Chron. xiii. 12.

A passenger on board in a time of terrible storm tells the following:—

"I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him, 'Do you fear the storm?'"

"'Not in the least,' he said, 'for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep.'"

"Then I said, 'Do you fear the fog?'" "Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas."

"What then," I said to him, 'do you fear the most?'"

"He said, 'We are the most afraid

of derelicts, for a derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbour, a ship without a crew, and without a captain.'

"As he spoke it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts to-day all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbour, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives."

"It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is One who waits to board every drifting vessel, to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that One is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation."

WHOM GOD HATH CLEANSSED.

"God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."—Acts x. 34-35,

In a home for native Christian women in India a low-caste convert had been admitted. The other women ostracised her, and some objected to sitting and eating with her. Even the chief Bible-woman said to the missionary: "If you bring that woman into the church by baptism, I will never take communion with her, so she or I must go." Shortly after some special meetings were held, which had been made the occasion of much earnest prayer. At one of the services, suddenly, in the midst of the address, the Bible-woman rose from her seat and went to where this poor outcast was sitting, took her hands, kissed her, asked forgiveness for her unkind treatment, and said she would love her as a sister.

THE SOURCE OF LIFE.

"Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life."—John v. 40.

The migrating birds seek the south by an instinct that carries them straight across ocean and continent to the very place where they set out to go. The roots seek the water when they go direct to it from the base of the great stem. And we are to seek God knowing exactly where to find Him—that is, in Jesus Christ, His Son.

FIELD CHANGES.—NOVEMBER, 1906.

Table with multiple columns for London Province, South-West London Division, West London Division, Eastern Province, Cambridge Division, Midland Province, and North Birmingham Division. Columns include Corps, C.O., Lieut., and names of officers.