

THE ROPE OF FAITH.

Billy Dawson was one of the quaintest and mightiest evangelists British Methodism ever had. Here is a specimen of his style:

"Brethren, I am now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by grace; and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a miserable man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now, let us ask him how he got there, and how he means to get up." Then, leaning over the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved and hollowed his hand, and applying his mouth to it, spoke aloud this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit-shaft, after the manner of the "banksman" at the colliery:

"Hallo! hallo, who's down there?"

"Oh, minister! a poor sinner, a miserable sinner."

"How came you there, my poor brother? how came you there?"

"My load of sin weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper."

"Oh, wretched man that you are; how do you mean to get up?"

"I never shall get up. I am lost! lost for ever! I've been trying ever so long, to climb up by the side of the shaft, but I cannot; I fall down again."

"You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the rope of faith. Lay hold of that, and you will be got out. Cling to it; cling to it; here it is!" (imitating the paying out of the rope). "Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the only hope set before you. Have you got hold now?"

"I'm so feeble, I can hardly grasp it; but I think I have got a good grip now."

"Then pull-hoy, lads! Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh, how heavy he is. Why, what have you got besides yourself hanging on the rope?"

"Only a few good works of my own."

"Good works! good works! Throw them down. Down with them, or they'll break the rope."

"Well, if I must, I must, but sure they would do me some good."

The preacher continued to represent the lifting, but suddenly stopped, as if his arms had received a check, exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant:

"Why, what is the matter now? What are you struggling with?"

"Doubts and fears, sir. I am afraid I cannot hold on."

"Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again. What is it now?"

"A great fight of afflictions, master; and I cannot hold on."

"Hold on, sinner; hold on, you'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this? shaking again? What can be the matter now?"

"Strong temptation, master. Oh, I shall fall! I'm falling! Oh, help me! Oh, help me!"

"So we will, but, ah, what dreadful thing has happened now, the weight is three times as great. What a horrible noise. What have you got there?"

"It's the devil himself has gripped me.

He is gripping me hard. Oh, minister, I'm lost! I'm lost!"

Hereupon, the excitement in the congregation became intense. Women wept, men rose up, and the minister, seizing his opportunity, continued:

"Now, lads, let us all pray and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan cannot long buffet him. The great Captain is with us, and He is too strong for demon or devil."

Straining at, and lifting the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excited himself as well as his hearers. Finally, he appeared to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then with great effect, he uttered the words: "Lads, he's safe! There he is! The rope of faith never broke yet, I knew it wouldn't break now."—Sel.

SHOTS AT SALOONS.

Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker.

Drinking to the other man's health is sure to ruin your own.

Ice does not take the heat out of alcohol.

The saloon holds its patrons by the throat.

The great curse of the laboring man is intemperance.

If you get the best whiskey, it will get the best of you.

Prohibition does not make law-breakers, it simply reveals them.

If an open saloon is bad on election day it is bad on any day.

Liquor is the devil's way to man, and man's way to the devil.

Go to the police court to see the finished product of the liquor traffic.

It is easier to keep fifty lives straight than to straighten one in fifty.

The trouble with the "poor man's club" is that it keeps the poor man poor.

A saloon is a place where moderate drinkers are converted into drunkards.

The best way to get rid of blind pigs is to elect officials who have eyes.

Whisky fools the man who fools with it.

It does not cost the "drys" one tenth as much to fight the saloons as it costs the drinking men to support them.—Ex.

The drunkard makers always hates his old and most reliable customers and is proud of cursing and kicking them out. How surprised we would be to hear a shoemaker slam the door against an old customer and say: "You villainous old scamp! I have made boots and shoes for you and your family for twenty years, and have been paid for them, and here you are after more shoes! Get out, and don't let me see your face again!" How funny it would look to see a tailor basting an old schoolmate into a gutter because, after getting his clothes there for more than fifteen years, he wants to buy an overcoat. Or a minister assaulting an old stand-by because he has been twenty-five years a communicant and elder in the church, and therefore must be unfit company for anybody. Isn't it time for drunkards to be ashamed of the drunkard makers?—Morning Star.

NEWS ITEMS FOR THE PRESS.

Ottawa, January 29th, 1917.

The Post Office Department is in receipt of a cablegram from the British authorities stating that no parcels containing foodstuffs or articles of clothing should be forwarded in future from Canada for Prisoners of War in Germany.

The British authorities represent that it is absolutely necessary that the above regulation should be complied with. Therefore, on and from the 1st February, 1917, the Post Office Department will refuse to accept any such parcels for prisoners of war in Germany. The Department is advised by the English authorities that such parcels cannot be accepted for transmission to the prisoners, and could not get through.

The Canadian Red Cross Society through its London Office undertakes that every prisoner shall receive adequate relief in food and clothing, sending one parcel every week to each prisoner. Therefore, existing organizations should continue their work of collecting funds to be sent to the Canadian Red Cross Society; and it is most desirable that they should not relax their efforts in this respect.

Persons desiring to have additional food or supplies sent to a Canadian Prisoner should send money for that purpose to the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society.

A letter containing a remittance and asking the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, to send food or other articles to a prisoner of war should be addressed to the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, and should contain information in the following form:—

No. 12345 Private A. G. Robinson, 48th Highlanders, Canadian Contingent, B. E. F., Canadian Prisoner of War, Gottingen, Germany, Care Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society.

The remittance should be in the form of a Post Office Money Order drawn in favour of the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, for the Prisoner of War in question.

Any person wishing to send a remittance direct to a Prisoner of War may do so by means of a Post Office Money Order, which is issued free of Commission. Instructions as to how to proceed can be obtained from Postmasters of Accounting Post Offices.

Parcels for prisoners of war containing articles which are not prohibited, may be sent fully addressed to the place of destination in the form above care of Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England, to be forwarded after they have been censored.

Detailed regulations respecting communication with Prisoners of War are being issued to the Postal Service generally, and full information may be obtained by making application to any Postmaster.

THE MOST POPULAR SUNDAY HYMN.

Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

1. Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,
Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Refrain—

Brighten the corner where you are!
Brighten the corner where you are!
Some one far from harbor you may guide across the bar,
Brighten the corner where you are!

2. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,
Let not narrow self your way debar,
Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,
Brighten the corner where you are.
3. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,
Here reflect the bright and morning star,
Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Don't forget that there is only 28 days in this month and send all communications for the Highway early.