

God? You don't look very happy, but I want you to know that he cares.'

The brakeman called again the name of the station; the train had stopped; and in haste, and with the shawl over her head, the nameless one passed out.

When the lady reached home, she told her mother, as her custom was, of the experience she had had; and her mother made a note of it in a little book in which she wrote the names of those in whom her daughter had for any reason become interested. Not knowing the name of the stranger, for want of a better title she wrote her down as 'The woman and the pin.'

A few weeks after this the lady was passing through the station at Hartford, and she felt something pull convulsively at her arm. Turning about, she was surprised to see this same old woman; but there was a bright and happy expression upon her face as she said, 'I'm in an awful hurry, an' I know you be; but I thought I'd jest like to tell ye that I know God now.'

And with that she was gone. Like ships that pass in the night, they had met and separated forever.

'A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And bring it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unhelp strife.'

### Family Prayers.

A number of years ago, when the custom of holding family prayers was more common than it is to-day, a certain Mr. Winthrop, a man of sturdy Christian principles, took his family to Europe for a summer of pleasure.

There were in the family, besides the father and mother, several young sons and daughters, all of an age to appreciate and enjoy their first visit to the Old World. They were energetic young people, eager to see everything that was to be seen, and the summer days were all too short for them. Moreover, to their dismay, their father insisted upon having family prayers every morning in Europe just as he had been accustomed to have them at home.

The girls were embarrassed. No other travellers whom they had met had family prayers. They wished their father would be like other people. The boys grumbled about the loss of time when there were so many things to do. But obedience was a habit in the family, and not once during that delightful and long-remembered summer did a member of the family absent himself from prayers.

In Paris they had a private sitting-room into which their bedrooms opened; and the girls were made uncomfortable by the fact that one other person—a woman whose name they did not know, and whom they had not met—shared the privileges of the sitting-room with them. What if she should open her door some morning and come in upon the kneeling family?

'How mortified we should be!' said the girls.

But the woman never opened her door at that embarrassing moment, nor, indeed, at any other time while the family was present, although they spent three weeks in Paris.

Half a dozen years later the eldest daughter was at a 'tea' in New York, when a woman whose face was unfamiliar came up to her and said:

'If I am not mistaken this is Miss Winthrop.'

'Yes,' answered the girl, and added, 'but I am afraid I do not recall your name.'

'You never knew my name,' replied the woman, 'but your father once saved me from making a great mistake in my life, and I have

always hoped that I might some day see him and thank him. Will you thank him for me?'

'Yes, willingly,' assented the girl, and she waited for further enlightenment.

'It was in Paris,' the woman continued. 'I was all alone and in great trouble; I had no one with whom to consult, and I was in desperate need of help. A little more—a step or two,—and I should have ruined my life. Every morning your father prayed in the sitting-room. He prayed for the strangers far away from home, for the tempted ones, the lonely ones—he prayed for me. And his prayers gave me strength to resist my temptation. Your father saved my life.'

'You were the lady who shared the sitting-room with us!' gasped the girl. 'And we were always so afraid you would come in and find us on our knees!'

'I, too, was on my knees,' he woman answered, 'on my knees behind my closed door.'—The 'Youth's Companion.'

### Acknowledgments.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM AFRICA.

Some time ago we published the address of a lady missionary in Liberia, who wanted S.S. papers and cards sent her. We have received from Mrs. Wright the following letter of thanks:—

Dear Editor,—Please allow me space in your paper for a few words. I thank the many dear ones who sent me papers, cards and books for my mission work. I kept the names of all. There are so many, that I will not take up the room to mention them. May God bless each one of you for your kindness.

I am surrounded by heathens who know not God. I am trying to do all that I can for the up-building of God's kingdom.

These little boys and girls are anxious to learn. There is a great work to be done here for Christ. Dear Christians, while you are remembering China, Japan and India, please do not forget poor bleeding Africa, whose sons and daughters cry out, 'O send us the light.'

I have moved my mission to Brewerville, Liberia, as I have had better health here and more advantages. In your prayers, do not forget your sister in the dark jungles of Africa.

MRS. H. T. WRIGHT.

Brewerville, Liberia, W. Africa.

#### LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

Two Sisters, Whitby, \$10; Collected by Lucy Oliver and Matilda Cole, Mount Tremblant, \$10; Helen, Maple Ridge, \$5; Lama Sheppherd, Grimsby Park, \$5; Jas. McDougall, Blakenay, Ont., \$2.50; Santi, \$2; Friends, Port Daniel, \$2; H. E. Fisher, Douglstown, \$1; M. H. Thompson, Ottawa, \$1; Jas. Cairns, Chesley, Ont., \$1; A Young Christian, \$1; Virdenite, \$1; C. E. Warren, Walkerton, \$1; Agnes Warren, Walkerton, \$1; A Friend, Dunbarton, 50c; W. R. S. Dalhousie, \$1; A. Jean McIvor, Fox Harbour, 5c; total this week, \$44.30.

### A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

### Uuhasting! Unresting!

Without haste! without rest!  
Bind the motto to thy breast!  
Bear it with thee as a spell;  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!  
Bear it onward to thy tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed  
Mar for 'er thy spirit's speed;  
Ponder well and know the right.  
Onward, then, with all thy might;  
Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by;  
Do and dare before you die;  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time;  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;  
Meekly bear the storms of fate;  
Duty be the polar guide.  
Do the right, whate'er betide!  
Haste not, rest not, conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last.

—Goethe.

### A Great Promise.

(Anna D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A few days ago we went to visit a sick friend in a hospital. This dear lady had undergone a critical operation. The wound made by the surgeon's knife had been sewed up and the patient was told that she must lie very quietly or the stitches would break and they never could be replaced.

'Was it not hard?' we asked, 'to bear all this?'

'Yes,' was the quiet answer, 'it was hard, and especially at night, but when I was about to leave home, my dear sister pointed to a text we had upon the wall, and that has helped me so much. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."

"These are the words that calmed my fears, kept down my restlessness and even quieted my pain.

"When I was obliged to turn over or change in any way my position, I would pray, "please, Lord, don't let the stitches break," and then would whisper my comforting text, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."

"Oh," she said, "it has been such a help to me, and now I am getting better nicely and I believe it is all in answer to prayer."

We came away from that bed full of meditation. What a great thing to be a Christian, to know the Bible, to depend upon the promises so exceeding great and precious! Oh, that sick bed held comfort that the worldling cannot know. And what a wonderful promise that dear Christian had taken for her portion in that hour of need. She had great anxiety, as she said, 'I have my husband and children and could not well afford to be a stated invalid. But here was the Lord's assurance upon which to stand, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."

Let us store up the promises, they will be a hoard of comfort when all earthly props fail us.

We have of late seen our best beloved friend go home to God. She could view death as calmly as one views the thought of going to sleep at night. And why? The promises were all her own, she had lived by them, and she could die by them; and she knew that the beloved of the Lord ever dwells in safety.