LING TE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

I am a stupid little Chinese girl. Some days I am so naughty my grandma says I shall probably be a monkey after I die!

This scares me and gives me a big pain i my heart. I am sure I was born on an unlucky day. They tell me my mother cried a great many tears because I was a girl, and my grandma and father were very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old god to make me over into a boy. Alas!

It is of no use.

Sometimes I pray the god to help me to be good, so I can be a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he helps me any. I still have my naughty days.

They named me Ling Te, which means "Lead along a brother," but when another baby came she was a girl, too. I heard my father say, "We are too poor to keep another girl." Mother said, "I have had such a hard time I wish I had died when I was a baby; the poor little thing had better die."

She cried a great many tears. Father took the baby away and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did come, and that was indeed a joyful day!

I stood by and watched them tie the clothes around his little arms and legs. Day after day he lay upon the brick bed, looking toward heaven, making the back of his head so flat and nice.

I brushed away the flies and thought how proud we should all be to have him grow up and be a mandarin and wear a button on his hat and ride a big, black, shiny mule! Of course we shall find a wife for him, and then we shall have a slave, at last, of our own. I say, however, in my heart's centre, "I will be real good

When he was a month old we gave a big feast, and a barber shaved off every bit of his hair.

Oh, how pretty his little white head was! His black eyes looked as bright as buttons. They untied his body, and it was so funny to see his little hands and feet fly around!

Our guests brought money in big red envelopes, and gave him many presents,

Grandma gave him a red cap all covered with brass images and looking-glasses, because the devils get scared and run away when they see themselves in a glass. They put a chain around his neck and bracelets on his arms to keep the bad

spirits away from his heart. When I said, "Grandma, why do you put a cat's head on his shoes? she said. "Why, you small idiot, don't you know cats walk safely and never stumble or fall, and I wish the boy may go safely through life and always have a smooth road like the cat's."

Soon after this grandma bought bandages nine feet long, and I heard her say to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for she will fuss and cry and keep us awake nights.

You must surely do it," said grandma, ner stern way. "Why, how do you in her stern way. expect to get a mother-in-law for her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I heard some girls say it is terrible to have a mother-in-law.

I had to come home at night. Grandma was angry and said, "If you run away again I will send the foreign devils after you; they will dig out your eyes and your heart, and take off your skin, and take you off to America, and after you die you will be a donkey for them to ride." This scared me, of course, and she began to turn my toes under and wind the long bandages around my feet.

Tighter and tighter she drew them, and when I could not bear it and began to times I think her God must be nicer than struggle and scream and kick she called my | ours. father and mother to hold me. I could

not sleep that night for pain.

lame I could not walk. Once my mother said, real soft and sweet, "Poor child," and that seemed to make me feel a little better.

Now my feet are dead and do not ache so bad, and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes and I said, "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

For me."

"Why do you make them so fine?" Because they are my grave clothes. "Why! Are you going to die?"

"Yes. " Very soon?

"Who knows? Don't talk about it!"

"Why do you put in so much cotton?"
"Because the grave is so cold." When she told me how cold folks are when they die, her old face looked so bad I could not look at her, and it made me shiver. I hope I shall not die!

One day I heard father say, "My venerable mother is getting feeble. I must sell a donkey and buy her a coffin. I know she will feel better if she sees it all

ready for her. The next day our little black donkey was gone, but a fine big coffin came and was placed in the hall. When they lifted the heavy-cover I looked inside. It was painted black and looked big enough for

all of us! We looked in it a long time and said this and that, but grandma only looked

once and then hobbled away.
I ran after her and said, "Why, grandma, don't you like your coffin ?'

She did not answer me. I heard her say, Oh, Buddha! Oh, Buddha! Itlooks so black and lonesome! How can I lie there all alone?" I saw it made her afraid to think of being put in the coffin.

One day my mother put a long brass pin in grandma's hair. "What is that for?" I asked.

"To rap at the gate of heaven with," said she.

All these things made me wonder about death, but when I asked anybody about it they said, "I don't know," or else they got cross and said. "Don't talk about that; it is not polite."

During the sixth moon Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy'

I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but often my poor feet ached so I wished, in my heart, that I had boy's feet, too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan because she had been off to the mission school, but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"
'Because Jesus said, 'Love your ene-

'Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?'

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it, all the same.

We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Every-body went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright pictures and cards. She called them 'Christmas cards.' She said Christmas is Jesus' birthday and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said, 'Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible book over here and read to me, and I want to hear

about her Jesus God, too.' When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus but we are afraid of our gods, and some-

Now men in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well the devil than a drunkard. I can never tell how my feet ached; as the mandarins! One day she read where A thirst has often been started with after a few days they were so sore and Jesus said he was going away to prepare a teaspoon that barrels could not quench. great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandina said, 'That is very nice for the foreigners.'

But Wen Shan said, He is heaven's Lord our heavenly Father; we are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as

he does Americans.
'Do you think there is a heaven for me, too? said grandma and her voice shook so also reap.

it made me feel very queer in my heart. Yes, surely there is.

But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he won't want me in his fine mansions,' said grandma.

After this I noticed grandina did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with someone I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, 'She cannot live long.' My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at

Mother put the brass pin in her hair,

and she shut her fingers round it tight.

All at once she said, 'Send Ling Te to that Jesus school.' Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

'(), look! look! The door is open. O, how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion! So big! There is room for all of us—I'll go first and wait for you.

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor; I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so thought she would not need to rap.-Light Bearer's Leaflet.

PRAY ALOUD IN PRIVATE.

BY GRACE TURNER.

If you are as I was, you will say, on seeing this admonition, "Why, I could not." The president of our Christian Endeavor Society stated to us quite positively, one evening, that we did not get one-tenth of the benefit from prayer that we should if we prayed aloud in private. I thought about the matter and agreed with him; but when I knelt that night, it seemed to me that I never did anything more difficult. The sound of my own voice seemed to scatter my thoughts. But I persevered, and very soon I was of my friend's opinion. Whenever possible, not only on retiring and arising, but during the day, I pray aloud. I find the habit helpful in four ways.

1. My thoughts, which formerly (to my distress) wandered persistently, are well kept on what I am doing When I say, "Amen," I have a clear recollection of what I have mentioned in my talk with my Father

2. Hitherto, it seemed to me that I just touched on so many things. Now, when I pray about missions, for instance, I do not stop after simply asking a blessing on the work, but I pray for the missionaries, the schools, and that the contributing and praying Christians at home may grow in

3. My prayers are much more earnest. Just as I could not play a composition by Beethoven or Mozart while carrying on a conversation, I could not pray while my thoughts were wandering.

4. I can now pray in public without stammering or halting In fact, I have to watch myself, sometimes, that I do not pray too long in our meetings, as I almost forget where I am.

It has always been a great trial for me to try to pray in public. I thank God for putting it into the heart of his servant to ring me the message he did, and I pray that as I "pass along my blessing," it may profit you as it has me. Try it and see.— Golden Rule.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

A thirst has often been started with a The man who has temperance principles

should not keep them in the dark. The man who is not against the saloon

is not against the devil.

Every drunkard used to boast that he

could drink or let it alone. The man who forms good habits helps God.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he

You can sometimes tell where a man stands by his breath.

Nine drunkards out of ten are so today because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

The man who is not against the liquor traffic with all his weight, is in favor of giving the devil a license to do business on earth.

There are people who claim not to believe in a hell who live in plain sight of a drunkard's home.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is the devils way of saying he is ashamed of him-

Whenever you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

When somebody appears to prove that there is no hell, whiskey men are the first to throw up their hats.

The prodigal had to travel a long way from his father's house before he could be made willing to feed swine. Men have to get far from God before they can be induced to sell rum.—Ram's Horn.

REST.

Henry Drummond in his "Pax Vobiscum" says:—"Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. 'The Kingdom of God is with you.' We aspire to the top to look for rest; it lies at the bottom. Water rests you.' only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence be lowly. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men, above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it."

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