### 8

## NORTHERN MESSENGER.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN. Over and over again,

- No matter which way I turn,
- I always find in the book of life Some lessons I have to learn.
- I must take my turn at the mill;

I must grind out the golden grain . I must work at my task with a resolute will

Over and over again.

We cannot nieasure the need Of even the tinicst flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands

That run through a single hour ; But the morning dews must fall, And the sun and the summer rain

Must do their part. and perform it all, Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows, And over and over again

The ponderous mill wheel goes ;

Once doing will not suffice; Though doing be not in vain ;

And a blessing failing us once or twice May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod Is never so rough for the feet ;

And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears must fall, And the heart to its depths be riven

With the storm and the tempest, we need them all

To render us meet for heaven.

#### THE MILL GIRLS AND THEIR MONEY.

(G. GRAHAM BROWN, IN 'CHINA'S MILLIONS." I come from the north-west of China, from the city of Lan-chau, two thousand four hundred miles from the coast, and I want to tell you, in as few words as possible, how it is that God has used some members of a class of girls in Belfast to do his mighty work in the heart of a man in China. There was a little Y.W.C.A. class for mill-girls. They were very poor. They had very little money of their own, but they felt that they could well afford to give their time, and to do some work, and then have a missionary sale and send the proceeds to China.

Parts of the proceeds of their work was sent to us to get a Bible-woman to be employed in the place where we were; but we could not find a Bible-woman, the money lay in my hands unused, and we felt a difficulty. At last we determined that since a woman could not be found, we should attempt to use it for a colporteur, and our Lord sent the man we wanted. We had him for some little time, and then when he proved his fitness, he went out into the street, but not to preach-his mission was to sell books in this enormous city, with two hundred thousand people in it, full of the mandarin class and of the literati, men with bitter feelings, and men who hate foreigners.

One day he went out to sell his books in a temple where there was a great idol theatrical performance; it was the temple of the god of the city of Lan-chau. When he was selling his books in this temple courtyard, an old man passed. You know that our idea of the Chinese is that they are short and square. and have a continuous smile, and are anything but like ourselves. But this man was a great, tall fellow, nearly six feet high, with broad shoulders, eyes like a hawk, and a face that meant command and power, He stopped, and listened to the little man as he was selling his books, and he said, 'Give me one of those books,' and he bought it.

GENERAL MA DEFENDS THE COLPORTEUR.

The colperteur met this man again, not in the temple courtyard, but in the outer residence ; and, as he was standing there, guards of the Governor. The highest rank there was a great crowd round him, and he that a brigadier general can obtain is to was rather abused. People came running command this right wing, out, and they said to him, 'What are you He came to my house a colporteur said, 'I know my business as well as you do. When the other men who are huckstering here go, I will go too; but clear. Mr. Ma's answer was this : 'I cannot till then.' Then again they came out not go.' several times, each time getting more angry

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little colporteur stood up, and said, 'Very | stayed where he was, and he is there towell, tell him to beat me.' But just as he day. said that, this old man was standing there. Now, is not this something to give God said that, this old man was standing there, and hesprang forward,—and he said to the messenger, 'Go back to your master, go back ; and tell him that I will stand re-sponsible for this man ; and if he asks you who I am, say that General Ma is my name.' He was not only Treasurer of the province, but also the General commanding the forces of the city. The men went back, for there was no man in the city but knew and feared the name of this general -one of the greatest officers in China of the rank of brigadier general. He had fought in the Man-chu rebellion.

What else can I tell you about him in the time I have? It would take half-anhour nearly to tell you that man's history, but it is connected with that class of millgirls over in Belfast, and connected in the way I have told you.

That man had been a most religious man, and he has told me himself that he had been seeking after God for twentysix years. Long ago, at the commence ment of his career he had met one of his friends from the south, and this man said to him, 'What do you worship Mr. Ma.' 'I worship so and so, and so and so,' he said, and he ran off a string of idols. 'Well,'said his friend, 'you should worship the God of the foreigners. He is a very powerful God.' The old man said to me as he told me the story, 'Instead of putting God here (first), I put Him here (last). I put Him on the list, at the lowest point of my list, but I have worshipped Him.

After twenty-six years this general held the second button of rank in the empire the red button; he determined to throw up all his rank, all his position, and he never attended the levees of the Governor again. He stayed in his house and his desire was to be a holy man as they call it, to sit down and become contracted through sitting in one position, never moving, never speaking, doing nothing but eat, and in his case, alas, eat opium. He had three years of that. Think what the man's three years of isolation in his own house must have been ! After three years he determined that it was not possible to continue it, and he gave it up, and a day or two after, as he was returning to his old haunts again he met the colporteur.

Is he baptized ? No. What keeps him back? Opium. He used to smoke an ounce a day, and when I was speaking to him about it he told me how, after he had become a disciple of the Lord Jesus as he said, he had spent days alone, trying to break off the opium. He said to me, Teacher, you do not know what the craving for that is, when it is in your bones.' No, we do not. We never can.

Shall I tell you one thing before I sit down, to show what a proof of devotion to the Lord this man has given, this unbaptized believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? It is this. He had been at service in the chapel attached to our house, and as he came away from it and was walking along the road, he was astonished at being met by a runner or messenger from one of the yamens. The man gave him the salute of a servant, and said, 'Is it possible that I speak to the great man Ma?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Ma. 'that is my name.' The mes-senger said, 'I have been charged by the Governor of the next province to invite you to come up to his capital. He sent me down especially to invite you, and I have travelled fifty-four days' journey, and have been seeking you for three months, and as I could not find you on the Governor-General's register, I was just going back again. My message is in this letter.

#### RANK DECLINED FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

The message was that he should come up court of the Governor-General's official and take command of the right wing of the guards of the Governor. The highest rank

He came to my house and said, 'I want doing-selling that vile stuff here? If you to talk over this matter with you.' We do not go out we will beat you.' And the talked it over; and of course before very talked it over ; and of course before very long we got upon our knees, and prayed to the Lord that the way might be made

I said, 'Think what it means.' 'I have and more abusive, until at last they said, 'The great man himself, the Viceroy, has sent out a message that if you do not go, he will have you publicly beaten.' The there is no one there to teach me.' So he the unit of the unit which there is no one there to teach me.' So he the plane of the unit which him may have found him. If I went to that place the unit trouble yet.'

thanks for? Those mill-girls little knew what they were doing-as little as I knew; but knowing what they did know, they gave this money. They may well give thanks to God to-day because He put it into their hearts to send the money to China for a colporteur.

#### THE LITTLE REFORMED DRUNK-ARD.

#### BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

A strange thing happened to-night at the Temperance meeting. When the time came to take names to the plodge, a woman came forward bringing in her arms a little boy about two years old.

'I want my Jimmy to sign the pledge," said she. 'Oh, he's too young. Mrs. Lott,' said the leader. 'You had better wait till he is

older. 'No, no, I can't wait a minute, Mr. Lucas ; he must take it now. He's a little reformed drunkard, and I sha'n't be easy

in my mind till his name is down. 'A reformed drunkard ? Why, what do

you mean, my good woman ?' 'Why,' said the mother, 'he's been a whiskey-drinker ever since, he was born, a regular little toper, and I never knew till I've been coming here what was the matter with him. You see, when he was a bit of a baby he cried and cried all the whole time. I thought he had the colic, and nurse told me to give him two or three drops of whiskey in some warm water and sugar ; and I did, and he went right off to sleep. Mrs. Curran, my neighbor, said he was drunk. 'Drunk? What should make him drunk ?' says I, quite angry. Well, when he cried next day I gave him some more drops, and he went to sleep again ; drunk again, you see. Every single day about such a time he would cry, and no thing would stop him but the whiskey. I thought I had found out a nice way to manage my baby, and I told some of my neighbors about it. One of them said to me one day, "Did you ever go to Mr. Lucas' temperance meetings up at the hall?" "No," says I, "nor I don't want to; none of your crazy temperance for me." "You'd better go," says she ; "you'll get a new wrinkle up there." "I don't want none of your new wrinkles," says I; "I've got enough a'ready.'

'But one night I came with her, and I s'pected she had been telling about me, for that night there was a woman here a talk-ing to mothers. She told 'em how bad it was for them to be drinking beer on account of their nursin' babies, and then she told some stories about feeding babies with beer and gin and whiskey, and how the poison stuff kept their babies drunk day and night. The babies didn't cry, she said, and so the mothers were easy about them, and didn't know the poor little creatures were drunk. Then, I tell you, the new wrinkle came over me. She told how the liquor, even only two or three drops, served their little stomach and brain and heart, and she said ten to one the baby would die before it was a year old. She fairly frightened me, and I declared I'd never give Jimmy another drop, if he cried his eyes out. I went right to work and weaned him from his drops, you'd better believe I did; and now I've brought him here to-night to sign the pledge. He's just two years old come the first day of next month, and he's the littlest reformed drunkard you've ever seen, I bet.'

Mr. Lucas smiled at the enthusiastic little woman, and opened the book. 'Jimmy's name shall go on,' said he. And it went down.

'And now give me a card, please,' said the proud mother, 'and I'll hold his hand, and we'll see if we can't make him write his name on that too ; and from this night he'll be a cold-water boy. I'll nail this card up in my room, and the first thing I shall teach him will be what it's all about.'

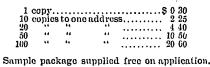
'You'll have to be very careful,' said the leader, 'when he grows old enough to go out in the street with other boys, lest he should get led away and be tempted to drink. For this love of the drink which

counsel of the leader were heard by all present, and made quite an impression. He went on to tell them about the Nazarites in the old Bible time; and how the mother of a little Nazarite like Samuel, or Samson, or John the Baptist, had to watch her boys from their earliest days, lest they should go with any one who would tempt them to taste wine; and how she had even to forbid their eating raisins or grapes lest they should get a taste of the juice which would lead them to drink it. How important it is for the mother to watch her boys and girls and keep them from every danger of being led astray.

And Mrs. Lott was heard to declare on her way home that she would do that very thing if she should ever have another child. 'It shall never see or smell or taste the stuff,' said she. 'Oh, how careful I will be; I am sure it won't be anything like the trouble I've had with breaking Jimmy into temperance.

She was beginning to see that 'prevention is better than cure.'-Temperance Advocate.

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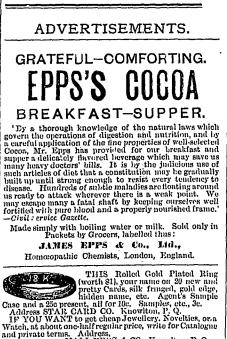


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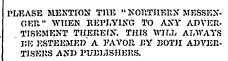
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