

and always seemed so sorry that Jesus had suffered so much for us. She would sometimes say 'When I see him I will look for the marks of the nails in his hands and feet.'

She liked to talk of his return, and looked for it in a most natural way. We were expecting to take her and George—her younger brother—to Chefoo this spring, and, to her loving nature, the thought of leaving home was not easy. One day we overheard her say to her brother, 'Perhaps we won't go to Chefoo, Jesus may come before then.'

On another day, when talking about the same subject—the return of the Lord—the children said, 'When we hear the trumpet sound in the sky, we will run in very fast so that we may all go together.' Jessie was always ready for a Bible story, and liked especially to hear of Jesus rising from the dead. Her life in China, with her brother George, and her two little sisters, Nellie and Isabel, was a very happy one.

She was fond of sitting by my side on the 'K'ang' or brick-bed, while I talked to the Chinese women about Jesus and his love. Often when we passed people in the street she would say, 'Do you think they have heard of Jesus?'

But the time came when our happy home was to be broken up. Oh! it was so sudden and unexpected! On June 26, 1900, we had passed the day as usual; I had been busy preparing apricot jam for our winter use; after the children's tea they had their romp as usual and their bath, after which we always liked to have a hymn and a little reading before they went to sleep. That evening the portion in 'Peep of Day' was, 'The Crucifixion of our Lord,' and when I left our darlings in bed, Jessie was still looking at the picture of Jesus on the cross.

In the cool of the evening, Miss Guthrie, Mr. Jennings, my husband and myself were sitting in our courtyard, when our native helper came to tell us that wicked men were burning our house and preaching shop in the city. Knowing that they might come next to our house in the suburb, we went inside and prayed to God for guidance; we knew we were in his hands—a very safe place to be at all times.' These were the closing words in the last letter of Mr. Wm.

Cooper to us. While on our knees, the crowd came and began throwing stones, etc., into our courtyard; so, quickly taking the children from their beds, where they were so peacefully sleeping, we escaped by another gate, and, going up a long country road, we reached another gate of the city and went to the Mandarin. He said he could do nothing for us, and advised us to leave the city quietly at daybreak, which we did. This was the beginning of a long, long journey full of weariness and peril.

Dear Jessie often cheered us by her simple faith. She would remind us Jesus was on before. One day we were in an inn and were attacked by a band of 'Boxers,' who treated us badly; we prayed, and Jessie would say, 'Keep on praying, mother.' I said to her, 'Darling, let us all pray in our hearts; we are so tired.' But she said, 'Mother, just once more,' and after that prayer the crowd left the inn-yard. How the dear child's eyes glistened as she said, 'Jesus has sent them away!' When on the road we were robbed of everything, including most of our clothes, and as we went on with our bare, blistered feet in the burning sun, with no covering for our heads, we were treated very cruelly. Stoned and beaten, often hungry and thirsty, and for several nights sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, it was so comforting to know she did not think harshly of these poor people who were treating us so. She would say: 'If they loved Jesus they would not do this'; and so many times she reminded us that Jesus was hungry and had no place to lay his head. When our clothes were taken away she said: 'They took Jesus' clothes when they put him on the Cross'; and again, when one day we were lodged in a place where animals were fed, as we put the children into the stone manger and I was fanning Jessie, who was very weak, she looked up so sweetly and said, 'Jesus was born in a place like this,' and the thought seemed to help her very much.

She often spoke of the native Christians, mentioning them by name, and expressing the hope that they were not being hurt or killed. After we had been a month on our journey our sweet baby, Isabel, was taken by the Good Shepherd to heaven; she had been so patient and passed away so peacefully, we could

only rejoice for her that she was safe for evermore. A week later Jessie joined her little sister. She was tired and worn out but also very patient though the last few days she would often say 'Mother, I do want a comfortable place.' Jesus heard her cry, and took her to that beautiful place prepared for her—what a lovely change from our awful surroundings to his own presence!

Though we miss our darlings very sorely, we must not wish them back, they are still our little girlies; George and Nellie often say, 'We are still four, two in heaven and two on earth.' When Jesus comes, and 'the time will not be long,' he will bring them with him, I. Thess. 4: 14. When Jessie was asked whom she loved best, she would answer, 'Jesus.' Dear young friends, whom do you love best? Jesus loves you; he died for you, and is now in heaven preparing a place for you; he is coming again. Will you be ready when Jesus comes? Are you doing anything for him?—'China's Millions.'

Phillips Brooks and the Cross Child.

Bishop Phillips Brooks was much attached to children, and had many familiar acquaintances among them. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling him of some childish grievance and concluded her story with the words, 'It made me real cross.' 'Cross,' exclaimed the Bishop, 'why, C—, I didn't suppose you were ever cross.' 'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?' 'I don't know whether I would or not,' said the Bishop; 'perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?' 'No,' said the girl. 'Did it make anybody feel any better?' 'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly. 'Then,' answered the Bishop, 'I don't see any sense in being cross, and I wouldn't be again if I were you, little woman.'

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