

sing glad songs for us.' Then seeing a stranger she drew her veil and was silent.

'It is well, my child. We will give the bird its freedom: Go now to thy lessons for a while.'

The stranger watched the girl for a moment. Turning to Golok Nath, he said: 'You have done the noblest thing I have known of in all this land and I have known of many noble things done here. It is such an act as One long ago did for us that we through his sufferings might find freedom.'

For a while they sat, each thinking his own thoughts. Golok dreaming of the old village life; and the practical man of the world searching for some way to help the Brahman to whom his heart went out in sympathy. He realized more clearly than Golok Nath, that any day might end the peace and quiet of the home by the spring. Others would stumble upon it as he had done. The story of the girl's beauty would filter down to the city where beauty always brought great prices. To capture her would be an easy matter; and in some wealthy harem she would be as lost to her father as if the earth should suddenly open and then silently close back over her again. 'You know,' he said at last, 'there is a school for girls in the city. She would be cared for now and after your death.'

'She is my own soul. How can I part with her? They of the school are Christians and would steal her heart from me.'

No more was said about the matter then, and neither did Golok Nath speak of Piyara again during the frequent visits of the Englishman to the spring. Indeed, the new companionship appeared to have cleared away his cloud of depression. One day, however, fear came back. He had been in the habit of going once a week to the city for supplies, and once as he went down the hill, a sudden turn in the path brought him face to face with an evil-looking fellow who started to hide, but seeing that he was already observed, passed on. Golok Nath, too, went on, but not far. A presentiment of danger to Piyara grew, and at last he went quickly back by another path to the spring. Here he saw a sight that made him sick at heart. Piyara sat spinning, a pretty picture; back of her, with horrid gloating eyes, stood the man he had met on the path. The wretch caught sight of Golok Nath and shrank quickly away, but left a rope on the ground forgotten.

The father's heart died within him. All he had dreaded had come; and Piyara was no longer safe. In that instant of deep trouble he made a great decision; or, perhaps, it had been made unconsciously the day the old Englishman spoke of the school, and that very afternoon he took her to the city.

He left Piyara in the cool, vine-covered verandah while he talked to the motherly English woman who came to greet him.

'It is the end of my life; she is my all. Yet I would rather die than have her live as she must among my people—she is a widow.'

But the sympathetic woman would not let him go back to the hills. 'Stay with your daughter and let her keep your house here in the compound. We need just such a man as you. Your scholarship will be invaluable to my husband.'

Long the man stood lost in deep thought, and she urged again: 'Stay and study our language, that you may help us translate our sacred Book into your tongue, and let your daughter be trained in ways of womanhood by the women whom God has lifted out of the hopeless misery from which you have tried to save your child.'

Still he pondered the matter. 'Is it your Christian books you would ask me to study?' he asked at last.

'Yes,' she answered, quietly. 'Do you fear to compare ours with yours? You have sought truth long. What if there be a later, a higher truth concerning the One God you worship, would you miss it? You who have suffered so much for truth?'

He answered, 'I will stay.'

Post-Office Crusade.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT FOR INDIA.

At the Dominion W.C.T.U., lately held in Ottawa, Mrs. Sanderson, the president of the Quebec W. C. T. U., spoke of Miss Dunhill, National W. C. T. U. organizer for India, and the importance of sending all the help possible to India. One of the most practical things we can do is to pour 'Northern Messengers' into India. So let the Sunday-school Superintendents read the following article to the children and mark the result, which will be a Christmas Gift through the whole year for India.

The extracts from Miss Dunhill's own letter will also interest both the children and grown-ups.

It is due to the Editor of the Children's Corner of the Leaflet that the 'Northern Messenger' first became the special organ for our work. An undenominational, temperance, non-tobacco-using, live Christian paper was wanted, and she said: 'Why not use the 'Messenger'.'

Why not have a superintendent of this work in each Sunday-school where this paper goes, and pour out a stream from Canada into India? It can be done—do it, will you not?

E. Miller, of Macdonald's, very kindly sends \$1.00 to send 'Messenger' to India. The paper will be ordered at once to Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India, and will head the list of this fresh contingent which will surely rally to the work of making India a better country.

Rejoice with us. The money is all in the bank for another native preacher.

The money will be sent on as soon as arrangements can be made to have this work of engaging native preachers under undenominational control. The money is contributed by people of all denominations, and must be an undenominational work.

Faithfully yours,

M. EDWARDS-COLE,

112 Irvine ave.,

Westmount.

A Children's Crusade.

Many hundred years ago the Christian men and women of Europe were roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the thought that the Saviour's tomb, and the city of the Saviour's death, and the land in which the Saviour lived and worked, were in the hands of an infidel nation who did not believe in him or love him, that they gathered themselves together in great armies, marched over scorching plains and dangerous mountains, crossed stormy seas,

braved a thousand unknown perils, and fought with millions of fierce foes that they might make that land and tomb their own. Their wars were called Crusades, or Wars of the Cross, from a Latin word 'cruz' which means cross.

Once thousands of little children gathered to go on a crusade of their own, but the poor little mites came to a sorry end. Thousands of them died of hunger and of hardship, many were shipwrecked, and more than we can tell were sold into slavery, before ever they could reach their Holy Land. This is known as the Children's Crusade.

Now this thought brings us to the 'Post-Office Crusade.' Away across two oceans and a continent in far-off India are millions of boys and girls to whom the love of Jesus is all unknown, and who are without all the benefits that a knowledge of that love and life has brought to the children of this land of ours. One of the greatest of these blessings is the great supply of good papers and magazines. But in all that land of India there is not a paper published for its boys and girls.

Now, the Post-Office Crusade is a war of the Cross whose soldiers are the men and women, the boys and girls of Canada, and the weapons they use are great and good thoughts printed in good words packed into the Sunday-school and temperance papers of the country, a paper like the 'Northern Messenger,' that tell not only directly of the life and work of Jesus, but contain such thousands and thousands of all kinds of good things that nobody can read them without gaining something.

Can you not and will you not keep your papers clean and neat, set apart a portion of your spending money, be it little or much, for postage, and become one of the little warrior knights in this twentieth century crusade.

Your bundles of papers can be sent to:

Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India.

Remember to pay the full postage of one cent on every two ounces. Do up the papers firmly and send her also your name and address. Then she will acknowledge your gifts in this little paper.

London, England.

Dear Readers of the 'Post-Office Crusade':

May I suggest you kindly send papers that tell of the evils of tobacco? Smoking is increasing alarmingly. A Hindu woman travelling in my railway carriage put her cigar into her two-year-old babe's little mouth. It is stated that the increase—cigarettes—is 987., and that the officiating collector of customs in one of our great cities writes: 'Such a trade should have unlimited possibilities before it!'

I commend you and your work to God, while you pray for the Post-Office Crusade, offer praise for its birth. The Lord's word is 'Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.'

With grateful thoughts for all our helpers, yours for victory,

H. E. DUNHILL.

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.