

gotten a great deal. She could not tell her last name, nor the names of her parents or brothers and sister. She did not know where she had lived, and though she remembered her own name, 'Regina,' she could not pronounce it so that others understood it. She remembered her home and her mother, but she had forgotten how her mother looked. She was so changed that her own mother did not know her.

Mrs. Hartman—that was her mother's name—went about among the captives looking for her daughter, but there was no one there who could possibly be Regina. The captives were in a large room, and Mrs. Hartman looked at them all and they looked at her. Then she went back to the inn with a heavy heart, for she was sure now that Regina was dead. The next morning she was to start early for home, for the way was rough and slow to travel, and she had to go on horseback. Before she started, however, she decided to take one more look at the captives, who had been brought out on to a green square between the old courthouse and the old stone church. Crowds of people from the town and all round the country had gathered to see them. Many parents were there looking for their lost children, and every now and then some one would be made happy by finding a lost child. When this happened every one shouted for joy. Twenty or thirty children were that day recognized by their friends.

Mrs. Hartman lingered until noon, watching all this happiness; then, as she was turning away with a heavy heart and sad face, Colonel Boquet came to her and asked her whether she was sure her daughter was not with those still unclaimed. He was so anxious that the mother should find her child that he asked whether there was not some sign or mark by which she might identify her—for he knew that nine years among the Indians would change a child so much that even her mother would not know her.

Mrs. Hartman said that there was nothing by which she could identify Regina.

'Was not there some song or hymn you sang to her when a child?' the Colonel asked. 'She might remember the song you sang her to sleep with.'

Then Mrs. Hartman remembered that old hymn she and Regina loved so much, and she began to sing, in a clear, loud voice:

'Alone, and not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear—'

And she had scarcely reached the second line when a tall, straight girl, with blue eyes, uttered a sharp cry, and rushing to Mrs. Hartman, threw her arms around her neck.

It was Regina. The old hymn that she had never forgotten had brought her mother to her. How God blessed that hymn!

When the mother looked at Regina she wondered how this tall dark girl could be her fair little daughter; but she took her into her arms and wept over her, and loved her, and thanked God again and again that he had at last answered her prayers.

Regina went home with her mother, and for a while everything seemed very new and strange. She had lived so long with the Indians that she had become accustomed to their rude ways, and it was hard to break herself off these habits. It was a long, long time before she could sleep in a bed or sit on a chair; for the Indians have neither beds nor chairs. They sit on the floor, and sleep on the ground upon a heap

of dried leaves. Then Regina had not used a fork or a spoon for nine years, and even the food her mother used was strange to her, but she gradually got accustomed to things in her new home, and began to speak her own language again. She learned to read and write also, and took great delight in reading the Bible.

Her mother was so worn and broken down by all the troubles that had crowded into her life, that her health began to fail, and Regina took the tenderest and most loving care of her. As long as her mother lived she watched over and cared for her.

Her brother, who was now a man, married and had little ones of his own, and the first girl he named after his sister Regina.

Thus through the generations the name Regina has come down from one little girl to another, until it has fallen to the lot of the little bright-haired, blue-eyed Regina, not far away, whose great delight is to hear the true and wonderful story of the great-great-aunt Regina who was carried off by the Indians.

Post Office Crusade.

The following sums of money for the 'Northern Messenger' Mission have been received by Mrs. Cole:—'In His Name,' Sault St. Marie, Ont., for Ramabai, \$1; Mrs. E. L. Mullan, Hudson Heights, Que., \$1; Mr. C. Tweedie, Montreal, \$2; Mr. Loudin, Westmount, Que., \$2.50; The Western W.C.T.U., \$3; Mr. McKinley, Coventry, Ont., \$5. Since April 1st, 1902, \$72 have been received by Mrs. Cole. Several friends are now sending yearly subscriptions, and the kindest of letters come. A few glimpses from home and abroad are these:

'I picked up a Montreal paper, and read about 'The Post-Office Crusade;' please tell me all about it. It seems just the work to interest our young people in the church.' This from a Kingston lady.

A lady in Ottawa writes: 'We have instituted a mite-box in our Circle and receive money at each meeting for the Post-Office Crusade. We have been sending to six addresses in India; also to the North-West, and to Quebec city. A large parcel went to Montreal for Mr. Laflamme's box.'

In addition to these several letters have come from Mission Circles connected with the Baptist denomination, in whose work the sending out of undenominational literature to India is becoming a marked feature, though in no way interfering with their gifts to all the other missions.

Every mail from India brings requests for papers from natives. Evidently an idea has gone abroad that a Carnegie has arisen in Canada. One letter says:

'I found the following in our Telugu paper: "A lady in Canada has determined to give the English handbills and periodicals gratis to the inhabitants of our land."'

As there are 221 millions of people in British India, and somewhere about six millions in Canada, it will be an undertaking. I must, through the 'Northern Messenger,' tell our friends in India, that this work is not an individual effort, but the united work of cheerful givers from every section of Canada. Please take our papers with our very best wishes, and when you have read them, pass them on to brighten the life of some friend or companion. After reading them aloud to those in your homes, if you can, write to the readers

of this paper in Canada. Address your letters to

The Editor 'Northern Messenger,'
'Witness' Office,
Montreal, Que., Canada.

One letter came from a grandson of the first Telugu convert in India. He wishes to translate some of the articles into the native language of his country. One was from a high school teacher, one from a postmaster, others from students and native preachers.

When the King was crowned, a number of Hindus held a public meeting to celebrate the event. In honor of the great occasion, their prince in India gave them land to build a hall. He also gave some financial aid. There is to be a reading-room, and the first literature supplied went from the 'Northern Messenger' Post-Office Crusade.

Every magazine we can possibly send is respectfully solicited.

Thus you will see that I can use all the money that anyone wishes to give for the work. Every subscription is paid and new appeals up to date are supplied. In March several subscriptions expire. An appeal has been received from a native, who writes:

'I request you to despatch the papers to me. I am a poor man, and I am searching for an opportunity to become a newspaper reader. This is a good opportunity. I hope I did not meet with a negative answer, etc.'

If the London 'Times' would wake up England and Scotland as thoroughly as it has created interest in India for the Post-Office Crusade, then we could have a great big undenominational mission by mail through a clean British and Canadian press. Especially would this be the case if a reduction on the postage of newspapers and books could be effected by the Home Government. Then the whole Empire might be united by leaves for the healing of the nations.

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

Address all subscriptions to
MRS. EDWIN COLE,
112 Irvine ave.,
Westmount, Que.,
Canada.

Under His Wing.

(Anna Withrow, in the 'Observer'.)

'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.'—Psa. xci., 4.

Covered with feathers of mercy,
Covered with feathers of love,
Covered from all that might harm me,
Safe till God calls me above.

Under His wings am I trusting,
Under His wings do I hide;
Safe in this beautiful shadow
Let me forever abide.

Here is my refuge and covert,
Under the wings of my God;
Here am I peacefully resting,
Trusting His love in His rod.

Under the wings of His healing,
Under the wings of His might,
Keep me forever, dear Saviour,
Sheltered by day and by night.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.