

LOST!

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

What! lost your temper, did you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
The laughter, and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it—never, never!

—Harper's Young People.

MOVING THE FENCE FURTHER OUT.

"Well, I'll just tell you all about it," said Mrs. Brookes. "You see we'd been poking along in the same way for a good many years. When we started our Foreign Missionary Society we agreed to give fifty dollars a year, and for eleven years we gave that right straight along. We took great credit to ourselves that we never fell below the mark. In fact, every annual meeting some of us were sure to remark how faithful we'd been in holding meetings and always raising the fifty dollars, and it never occurred to any of us we might move forward a step or two. Our meetings were very small, generally seven or eight present, and we thought twelve a large attendance. Like other societies, we had a good many contributing members who never came near the meetings. We'd sit there and say they ought to come, but didn't do anything to bring them. They'd give their money willingly enough when we went for it; but I declare there were some who, in all those years, never seemed to get it through their heads what the Society was, or what the dollar was for. They'd say: 'Foreign Missionary Society? Let me see—there are so many societies in the church. Is that the one Mrs. Benton is president of? Oh, yes; to be sure. Well, how much do I give?' and that's just all they knew or cared about it. 'Bands?' No, we didn't do much in that way. We had a sort of a band; one not very much alive, and not dead enough to bury—that kind, you know. It needed looking after. That's the way we dawdled along.

"Well, after a while, Miss Winsted—you know who she is, a real downright smart woman—she began to get restless, and tried to stir us up. She'd keep telling us we might do so and so; but you know how hard it is to get people out of ruts, when they once get in.

"One winter she went on east to visit her father's folks in New York and Philadelphia. While she was there she went to some big missionary meetings, and talked with the ladies who engineered them, and met some missionaries right straight from the 'front' (as it is called), and saw the places where the missionary magazines are made. The upshot of it was she got wonderfully stirred up, and when she came home just talked right and left.

"Pretty soon it came time for our annual meeting; and when the treasurer's report was read there were some of the usual remarks about how well we'd done, and so on; and Mrs. Corey, the treasurer, says she: 'Yes, for eleven years we've never failed to come up to our pledge.' Then it just seemed as if Miss Winsted couldn't keep in any longer. Says she: 'That's all very well; but don't you think, friends, that eleven years is long enough to be faithful over a very few things? We've cultivated our little plot of ground perseveringly; but isn't it time to move the fence further out?'

"We were all taken aback by that speech, and sat staring without saying a word, till Mrs. Corey managed to gasp out: 'I don't know what you mean.' 'I mean,' says Miss Winsted, 'we ought to do more in this work.' 'What more is there to do?' says Mrs. Corey.

"Why," says Miss Winsted, and her dark eyes just flashed, 'what's a woman's

society for, if not to stir up the whole congregation on the subject of missions? We are losing splendid chances. Why, I think a society that's contented merely to give some money annually, and holding meetings once a month in the corner of the lecture-room, doesn't live up to its privileges.'

"Privileges?" says Mrs. Corey. 'Yes,' says Miss Winsted. 'It's our privilege to do everything in our power to interest all the women of the church, and the children too. Who's going to look after them if we don't? Instead of that poor little dead-and-alive Band, we ought to have all the children and young people enlisted; we ought to be working missionary literature in among the congregation; we ought to encourage our pastor to get up popular meetings; and here we sit, not doing much, if anything; we don't even help along at monthly concerts.'

"How are we going to help that way?" Miss Aldrich asked. 'Women are not allowed to speak in meeting in our church.'

"Nobody wants you to speak," says Miss Winsted. 'There are other ways of helping. Just you go regularly, and sit up in front, and look awfully interested, and sing out loud, and see if that don't help.'

"Miss Aldrich, she's a great laugher, and that appeared to tickle her, so she burst out laughing, and the rest of us joined in. That put us all into better humor, for some were beginning to be real vexed with Miss Winsted for taking the wind out of our sails at such a rate. Then, before any one could say anything more, Mrs. Benton said, 'Miss Winsted, you're right; we needed just that said to us—we've not been doing our duty. Dear friends,' says she, 'let us kneel down and pray over it.'

"Such a heart-searching prayer I never heard in all my life. After it, we were ready to take hold of and do any amount of work.

"Then we had a great discussion about what to do and how to do it. Suggestions were as thick as blackberries; it made one wonder where they'd been hiding all this time. One wanted to begin with the Band; another wanted to have the congregation canvassed; another thought that a big meeting would be a good send-off. Miss Winsted thought where we ought to begin was right in our own Society.

"Let's aim to get our contributing members all interested," says she. 'Let's get them all together, just once, to see each other, and realize they belong to the Society.'

"How are you going to do it?" asks Miss Corey. 'They won't come together. We've invited them many a time to the meetings.' 'Let us try it socially,' says Miss Winsted. 'How would it do to have a missionary tea-party—just the twenty-eight women who contribute this fifty dollars?'

"That idea took, and there was such a buzz about whether we ten who were present should club together and give the party to the rest, or whether we'd go round and talk them into having a kind of picnic. While the rest of us were talking as fast as our tongues could rattle, I saw Mrs. Hirst getting red in the face and fidgeting in her chair as if she wanted to say something. She's a first-rate woman, but not so bright as some, and no talker at all. She never opens her mouth in the meetings; but as she is always there, and the only one who gives as high as ten dollars, we elected her vice-president, as then she'd have nothing to do. We were surprised to hear her speak up and say she would like to give that tea-party herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Hirst," says Mrs. Benton, 'it wouldn't be fair to let you have the whole burden of it.' 'Oh, yes, it would,' says she. 'I can't talk and pray like the rest of you, but if a tea-party is going to help mission work, I'll take that for my share. If the good Lord didn't give me smartness, and did give me property, I think he means me to serve him with property instead of brains.'

"Now wasn't it humble-minded in her to talk that way, and wasn't it good of her to offer to have the tea-party?'

"Well, the long and short of it is, in two weeks from that time we went to her house to tea, and she and Mrs. Benton had managed so well that all the members of the Society, old and young, rich and poor, were there.

"Mrs. Hirst had just the nicest kind of tea, but it beat me to know how they were going to make a missionary tea of it; but half a dozen of the leading spirits were all primed, and before the tea-cups had got half-way round, they began talking about how pleasant it was to see all the members together at once, and Mrs. Benton got Miss Winsted to tell about a meeting in New York with one of the teachers from the school in India, where our money had been going so long. This interested them mightily, and some asked questions; and Miss Winsted, she just started in and talked, and Mrs. Benton and two or three others backed her up, so, among them, the tea was missionary all the way through.

"In the parlor we found the tables covered with Oriental views and curiosities that some of the ladies had contrived to collect, and the whole evening, except when we were singing some missionary hymns, was spent in looking at them, and, as they led on, talking about missions. On one table were a lot of missionary magazines and leaflets, and Mrs. Benton told the folks to help themselves, so everybody took something home to read.

"They were all just as pleased as they could be with the party; and when we were upstairs, getting on our things, I heard Milly Harmon say: 'Just to think how much I've missed all these years! Here you've been learning and feeling so much, and I might have had a share in it all if I'd only realized that I belonged! I feel like a long-lost sister.'

"You can't imagine what a start that social meeting gave us. We set right to work after it, and now, as far as the missionary spirit is concerned, you wouldn't know our church to be the same place it was three years ago. We're only sorry we didn't think of moving the fence out sooner."—From "Woman's Work for Woman."

THE LATE CYRUS FIELD.

The following graphic statement from an eye-witness will interest the many friends of the late Mr. Field:

To the Editor of the London Times:

SIR,—Only those who were on board the "Great Eastern" on August 2nd, 1865, can have any idea of the "shock" which the sudden breaking of the Atlantic cable that day gave to those who were interested in the great undertaking that so far had progressed without impediment. Captain (now Sir) James Anderson, Mr. Thompson (now Lord Kelvin), Mr. Varley, and the staff of electricians, the directors and their friends, all on board the great ship in fact, were so elated by success and so confident of the accomplishment of the work that the sudden cessation of the strain on the indicator and the cry that followed: "The cable is gone!" produced an effect not short of consternation on every one save one man—Cyrus Field. He rushed up on deck when the fatal announcement reached his ears in the saloon, made his way through the silent, despairing group astern who were gazing into the sea, in which, thousands of fathoms deep, their hopes were buried, satisfied himself that the cable was broken beyond remedy, and then, calmly surveying his associates, without a trace of agitation on his face, said: "Well, it's so. I must go down and prepare a new prospectus immediately. This thing is to be done," and stalked quietly back to his cabin, where he set to work to write out the proposal for a new cable ere the end of the other had well settled down in the Atlantic. You have only done simple justice to the energy and commercial courage of Cyrus Field in your leading article of July 14th; I relate what I saw and heard on the occasion to which you referred.

Your obedient servant,
W. H. R.

CONVERTED IN CHINA.

Mr. Thos. Eyles of the China Inland Mission writes from Kin-Kiang:—

We have had the pleasure of seeing one of the most depraved and sunken of the foreigners, and a fearful opium-smoker, brought to rejoice in Jesus as his Saviour. I had many very happy seasons of prayer and reading of the Word with him during his severe illness. When derided by a former companion in sin, who asked, "Do you think it manly to become religious because you are sick?" he summoned all

the strength of his weak body to reply: "Manly! Do you call it manly for me never to write to my dear father and mother and sisters and brothers for twenty-six years?" He sent word home after having come to the Lord, and his sisters and family in Canada were so overjoyed to know that he was yet alive that they were two hours before they could leave the breakfast table, their thoughts were so full of him.

One day he told me he had it in his mind to build a bungalow and present it to the C.I.M., and although he had not sufficient means at present, he believed the time would come when he would be able to do so. On another occasion he told me that he dreamt he saw his walls covered with the words, "I trust in the Lord," and he said "This is going to be my motto." When I get into my house (which was then being varnished), I intend to have these words in large letters opposite the front door, so that they shall greet me every time I come in, and be a standing testimony to all who come to see me."

When suffering very acutely from asthma, bronchitis, dropsy, and a complication of complaints, he said, a very few days before his death, "Oh, won't it be grand when a few of us can gather together over the Word!" To read the Word was his great delight. When I found him suffering too much to bear conversation or reading, I bent over him and asked, "Shall we have a little prayer?" He replied, "Yes, please; I am always ready for that."

He also manifested another sign of the new birth by his intense longing for the salvation of the other foreigners. He longed to do something for this newly-found Saviour, to whom he had dedicated the remainder of his days. His house he offered to me for religious meetings. He also voluntarily offered to come and help me in my services by exhibiting the lantern.

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