

long. Now, go with us as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O Lord; thou hast been our dwelling-place in all—in all—

And here there was a break, and, in the silence, the sound of a woman's sobbing was audible.

A new idea broke upon Mr. Clover's mind, and greatly agitated him.

'Can it be that Martin has foreclosed that mortgage?' he thought. 'Yes, it must be; I heard that the deacon was hard pressed to raise his interest. Nothing else would have moved him out of this old place. I declare it's too bad. It's awful!'

His errand was forgotten; he was in a fever of desire to do something helpful. When Deacon Simon came in he went toward him with extended hand and such earnest sympathy in his voice as no troubled heart could have refused.

'Brother Simon,' he said, 'I hadn't heard when I came, but it's just come to me that you're going to give up your home.'

'Yes; I'm obliged to. It's the Lord's will.' 'Oh, no,' said Mr. Clover, 'I can't believe it yet. Wait—wait; I want to talk to you.' Deacon Simon drew another chair from the corner, and seated himself.

'I came,' said the visitor, 'to ask your forgiveness for the rude way I spoke to you at the meeting last month. I'm ashamed that I spoke so; ashamed that I showed such a temper. Do forgive me!'

The deacon looked bewildered for a moment, then he seemed to recollect.

'Oh, that,' he said, 'I didn't lay it up against you. I might, perhaps, if I hadn't had so much trouble since; but other things put it out of my mind. I haven't anything against you, brother; I'm used to finding the church folks differ from me.'

He looked so meek, worn and patient—the old man who had been sometimes stern and severe—that Mr. Clover's heart was broken. 'The Lord forgive me,' he said.

'And me too' said old Simon. 'I know I've been too dogmatical with my judgment, and tried the brethren. I can see it all, now I'm going to leave.'

'To leave! You don't mean you're going to leave the church?'

'Why, yes; we're going up country to my wife's folks—for a while at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again, yet, I'm an old man to begin again.'

'But we can't spare you. We can't spare you out of the church. We can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting.'

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

'You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest,' he said. 'Well, thank the Lord. Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad, and it hurt me most of all just now. I—I have loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than I.'

'No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't either, if I can help it. Come, I want to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near-by the town, rising in value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it of him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me.'

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily,

'The farm won't bring you the interest on your money; I've done my best on it, and I know.'

'Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots. And, besides, wouldn't it pay if there was some capital put into it, you know—fertilizers and new

machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment? But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you stay and help me out in it?'

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him. 'What a joyful day this will be for us,' he said, as he bade his visitor good-night.

'You won't mind, Ellen,' said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, 'if the church is not decorated this year, will you?'

'No,' she replied, 'it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers.'

'You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar by changing my plan with it?'

'No.' And presently she repeated: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' — M. E. Bennet, in 'Christian Work.'

The Bountiful Giver.

Now sing we a song of the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
The fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To deliver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it in mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And they have been gathered and garnered
Some golden with honor and gain;
And some as with heart's blood are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

Oh, thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating,
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.
—Waif.

Correspondence

Humberstone.
Dear Editor, — Will you please give Ella R. my address, as I would like her to send me some of her papers. My address is, Kittie Carley, Humberstone Post-office, Ont.

Kenilworth.
Dear Editor, — I am a little girl, seven years old. I go to school, and am in the second form; I like going to school. I take the 'Messenger' and I like it very well. I live on a farm, I have one brother and two sisters. I have no pets; but my father has nineteen young pigs and six cows. I hope my letter is worth printing. I shall try and do better the next time. With many good wishes to your paper, I am yours,
MYRTLE L.

Black River Bridge.
Dear Editor,—We take your paper, and like it very much. My brother and I have twenty-nine ducks, and eighteen turkeys. We go to school every day and have lots of fun playing baseball and football. When it is wet we play prisoner's base. In winter we take our sleighs to school and sleigh-ride. We live near the water, and in summer it affords us lots of enjoyment. We go in swimming and out rowing; and in winter we go skating, but the skating does not last long, as next snow spoils it. We go to Sunday-school as well and enjoy it very much. We have a Christmas tree in the church at Christmas. I have read many

books, the best being 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and 'Adventures in Australia.' I like to read your paper, and enjoy the Correspondence. Yours respectfully,

CLARENCE

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I read letters from Pender Island, B.C., written by a little girl named Nellie. I have a pet, it is a hen. My father was sick all summer, but he is better now. We had twenty-five barrels of apples. There is a new house being built in this place, next to us.

I have one sister, and no brothers. Your little reader,

NELLIE,
Age eleven years.

Hardwick Village, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think I ought to print you a letter. My sister takes your paper, and there are the best stories I ever heard.

I go to school.

When I am a man I am going to see you. My cat, Georgiana Foster, and the kittens, Romeo and Juliet, send, with myself, best wishes. Please print this in your paper for,

XANDIE AMBROSE,
Age 6.

Hardwick Village, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a constant reader of your valuable little paper; a messenger of all that is pure and good.

I live by a lovely bay. We have had a wild storm, lasting from Saturday till to-day; the breakers coming in from sea make an awful sound as they break on the shore; the foam from a distance looks like a line of white clothes.

You wish to know what are your correspondents' pets; mine are books, (my favorite being 'In His Steps,' and 'The Wide, Wide World'.) And also babies. I have always had a passionate love for infants. They are so pure, and innocent and lovely; there is something wonderfully beautiful even about the plainest child. If you do not confine this letter to the waste basket, Mr. Editor, may I write again? As you do not publish the full name, I remain your friend,

S. ELM. W.

Ellisboro, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I read with interest every week the letters from little people in the 'Northern Messenger,' and think I would like to add one to your column. I live with my parents in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley. My father keeps a store. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a pony called Diamond, and am very fond of riding. I am earning money from papa to buy Christmas presents with, so that they will be really mine to give. Nearly all the people around here voted for prohibition; we are hoping to have it in the North-West. We have a cat called Tabby, who goes to temperance meeting sometimes. I wonder if all the little girls who read your paper, have read 'Teddy's Button.'

Yours sincerely,
BIRDIE E.

Pasqua.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old and I have been reading the 'Messenger' Correspondence for some time. I have two cats and a kitten, white as snow; its name is Polly. I have also a dog whose name is Sport, and two ponies, named Dance and Fred. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and I get the 'Messenger' and 'Pleasant Hours.' I have been sick with a sore throat the last three weeks, and could not go out. I remain yours truly,

ETTA. A.

Howick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. My father is a farmer, and we have five milch cows, and seven calves. In our family there are three girls and three boys, and myself. One of the girls is married, and she has got a dear little boy. He is at our place to-day, and my sister is minding him, while his mother and my mother are at a paring bee at my aunt's.

For pets we have a little white kitten called Muri, and a grey and white cat, named Rose, and one called Jennet. I am the only one of the family going to school. I remain your little reader,

ANNIE G.