

warm that his wife leaned over and loaned him her fan, which he vigorously used.

'Now,' said the pastor, 'I am going to resort to extreme measures. Before I dismiss you I shall ask each one to give to the Lord for his work.'

There was breathless silence as he descended the steps, his face aglow with enthusiasm. It was a lengthy work, but not a vain one. Some gave for shame's sake; others because their eyes were opened and they feared God; and many because they had been awakened from a death-like slumber to a realization of God's demands, and their own need of exertion if they would save their souls from shameful sloth.

Uneasy looks vanished and pleasant smiles were exchanged when the pastor, completing his rounds, said: 'My dear friends, I estimate this paper is worth eight hundred dollars to foreign missions. Let us give thanks to the Lord in that he has allowed us to give even at this late hour.' And they were dismissed.

That aroused people never slumbered again on the subject of foreign missions.

The good pastor smiles as he presents the cause to them now, knowing that his work of labor and love is not in vain in the Lord.

Have You Made Your Will?

(Margaret Bottome, in 'Western Christian Advocate'.)

Many years have passed since the above question was asked by the physician of my noble father, who had hardly ever known a sick day in his life until he took the severe cold from the effects of which he never recovered. But he had not at all thought of death until the doctor said:—'Mr. McO—, have you made your will? If not, I advise you to attend to the matter as quickly as possible.' It was done, and then my father requested to have the Rev. Dr. Curry sent for. When he came, father said:

'Dr. Curry, since I was converted at the age of eighteen I have loved the Lord and have tried to serve him; but if I am going so soon and unexpectedly into the presence of Christ and the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, I feel that something deeper must be wrought in me.' And he added: 'I have again and again been moved to seek for a cleansing power that I did not have, and now, if I am going, I must have that baptism of the Holy Spirit. I want to be made clean.' Dear Dr. Curry, who loved him, prayed with him, and then father said, 'Leave me alone with my God.' Never can I forget that night. Dr. Curry walked the parlors all night; my sweet mother was only just outside the door. As the day was breaking father called, 'Mary! and mother went in, and when she saw his face—it seemed glorified—he exclaimed. 'He has come!' Yes, the comforter came, and for weeks he lived in the land of Beulah.

The first thing he did was to have us children come to his bedside, and then he asked mother to get the Bible, and told her where to find the words, 'A father of the fatherless, and God of the widow.' He told mother God would care for her and for all us children. He said to me during those days when the room in which he lay was 'quite on the verge of heaven,' 'O daughter, if I had only sought this bap-

tism when well, then I could have told the church and the world what Christ could do for a human soul; but I shall never go to church again.'

He insisted that all his friends should see him, his political as well as his church friends—for he had held important political positions—and they came, and the leading military men of Brooklyn stood at his deathbed, and he told them all what Christ could do for them. But to everyone he expressed the regret he had not sought this baptism when in health. He said the Spirit had been true, and again and again he saw that this was the privilege of Christians; but the cares of business and the cares of one office and another that he held seemed to prevent him; but he regretted to the last he had not known Christ as he knew him after the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Why do we rob Christ by not receiving the Holy Ghost? We rob God! We rob the church! We rob the world! Christ needs us to express himself through us; and do we not feel that only by the Spirit having full possession of our bodies, souls, and spirits can he manifest himself so that he can be seen in us? Who will say, 'What I would seek for on my deathbed I will seek now, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.'

A Missionary Tract

The following told by Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Telegu Mission, illustrates how much good may result from small beginnings upon which God's blessing rests:

Nearly forty years ago a tract, called 'Spiritual Teaching,' found its way into a Telegu village seventy-five miles northwest of my present station in India. It fell into the hands of one of the head men of the village. He was a high-caste man of noted probity of character. He read it, and then re-read it with more attention. It was the first that he had heard of any other religion but Hinduism. He had always longed for some help to get rid of his sin; this opened to him the way to get such help. He read the tract to his wife and his little boys, and told them it was so good it must be true. He read it to the neighbors, and some of them accepted its teachings.

At last he heard of a missionary who taught similar doctrines some seventy miles away. He went on foot across the then roadless country, through the hills, to the town where the missionary was said to live. He found him, told him what he had learned from the little book, and asked if it were true and if he knew about the God that had given his own son to save us from our sins. He went back and brought his family with him to hear more of this wonderful news. They were all baptized by the missionary, and the father placed his children in the mission school there to be educated, that they might make known these glad tidings to his countrymen. In 1861 I buried the old patriarch in a Christian grave. He was a man of strong faith and much prayer; he spent his last breath in sending up shouts of praise to his Saviour for sending this tract out to his village and through it saving him from his sins.

Two of his sons have since been laboring under my direction as preachers of the same gospel. The elder was pastor for a long time of the church at Palmaner. In

1884 I stood by his bed and saw him pass through the pearly gates. So much respected and beloved was he by all, that at his funeral, both at his house and at the grave, there was, besides the Christian congregation, a large concourse of heathen and Mohammedans present, and many a tear dropped into his grave with the flower or handful of earth that each one, Hindu as well as Christian, reverently cast in.

After the funeral a prominent Hindu said to me, 'Sir, he was a man who never ceased to tell others of his Saviour. When he was sick in your hospital, one of my family was a patient in the same ward, and I was there a great deal. Every day, and often during the night, he would gather groups of the patients and their friends around him, and read to them from the Bible, and talked to them of the love of Jesus Christ and of his willingness to take away the sins of all who would come to him and ask. Yes, sir, he was a good man, and we Hindus, too, mourn his loss.'

This was accomplished by that one tract that found its way all alone into that distant Hindu village.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Postal Crusade

Please acknowledge, with many thanks, the following amounts: \$5 from Mr. Amos Taylor, Winnipeg; \$2 in United States currency, from T. H.; \$1 from A Friend in Toronto; \$1 from Miss Wilson at Detroit, sent by Miss I. Smith.

I have no names of young girls in India to send to any one at present. As those who wrote did not enclose stamps for reply, perhaps they will kindly accept this reply through the 'Northern Messenger.'

Will friends who so kindly send in money for the work watch closely to see that their gift is acknowledged in the 'Northern Messenger.'

Four letters addressed to me lately never reached me. Two contained money. One of these was mailed in Ottawa, and the other in Montreal. It is always safer to send postal notes or post-office orders. Money in registered letters can be lost, and it is not the safest way to send money. I sent one once, but did not seal it with sealing-wax. It was opened, and the money extracted. It was never given back by the post-office authorities, as the thief could not be traced. Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS COLE,
172 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—A number of letters have reached me from India, to which I would like to reply; but I find that too much writing taxes my strength, and I trust that those who write will accept the 'Northern Messengers' which are being mailed to them as far better substitutes.—M. E. C.

Solomon took the world for a text and preached the shortest sermon on record—'all is vanity.'—'Ram's Horn.'

A drop of the oil of humility will save a man from a great deal of the smart of humiliation.—'Ram's Horn.'

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.