

Granger briskly, 'and if all goes well, we can do it in this way. We'll give a supper at the parsonage, and get the minister's wife to help. She does make such lovely rolls; and then afterward, we'll have a postoffice and a grab bag—sell chances you know.'

'A grab bag,' chorused the ladies, 'but do you think the minister's wife will approve of it?'

'Oh, she won't object,' easily replied Mrs. Granger, 'she'll be so glad to get the back salary and—'

'You'll have to tell her,' spoke up Mrs. Hastings in a decided tone. Mrs. Hastings was a plump little woman with quite white hair and a motherly face.

'Very well,' was the reply; so that was how Mrs. Granger happened to drop in at the parsonage the next morning.

She found the minister's wife darning stockings by the sunny window. The work was done and she wore a clean gingham dress and a white collar and looked every inch the lady she was in it, too. The skilful small hands moved rapidly over the rents. Darning was one of the fine arts with her; she practiced it so much.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Granger, taking the chair pushed forward.

'Busy as ever? Well, we ladies had a meeting yesterday and we have figured out how to raise the back salary.'

'Have you,' replied the minister's wife, gently.

'Oh, yes—we've decided to have a supper here at the parsonage. We will all help you, of course, and then afterward in the evening, you know; we'll have a post-office and a grab bag. You have to pay so much for a parcel and for a grab.'

The minister's little wife looked across at her visitor. Her cheeks were flushed. 'I cannot co-operate in any such plans as that, Mrs. Granger,' she said firmly.

'What!' Mrs. Granger opened her round blue eyes; 'but think of the cause.'

'I cannot help that. Listen, dear friend. Much as we need it, I would rather do without the salary, than resort to that kind of means to get it. I have never murmured when the money fell short—my God has sustained me—but I could not feel as if I had His approbation if I consented to put myself on a level with grab-bag methods in order to get it.'

'Oh, very well.'

Mrs. Granger arose stiffly. Her mouth was set in firm lines. 'Very well. We'll give the matter up, but you may have to do without the money.'

'That is as God wills,' replied the little wife bravely, but womanlike, as soon as the gate closed on her caller, she burst into tears.

'Hey, what's this?' cried old John Marshall, five minutes later, as he stood in the parsonage door. 'Crying, why this will never do. My dear woman, what is the matter?'

The minister's wife brushed away her tears. 'You must not mind me,' she replied. 'It's only a matter that troubles me somewhat. Come in—you want to see my husband, do you not? Well he's out for all morning, I suppose. I'm sorry—take this chair, won't you?'

The old gentleman sat down and talked for ten minutes on general matters, but as he walked slowly home, he was busy thinking. 'That little woman was not shedding tears for nothing,' he told himself. 'I'd like to know what troubles her. She's clean grit and don't make a fuss over nothing. The best helper we've ever had in the church.' At the next corner he met Mrs. Granger and she explained the mystery.

'Isn't it a shame she won't help?' she said when she had finished.

Old John Marshall smiled.

'Do you know,' he replied quizzically, 'I believe she's right. Grab bags and the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ don't seem to me to go together. Well, well, we'll see what can be done, but bless me if that little woman shall go without the money.'

That very day, a man made good a note to him that had long been outlawed, and as he paid it John Marshall smiled. 'Praise the Lord,' he said, 'here's the minister's back salary. I can give it as well as not.' He took it over himself and put it into the minister's hands. 'It's money I loaned years ago and thought I had lost, but it came back to-day to strengthen your wife's faith and to en-

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, Jan. 20:

Monday, Jan. 15th—Jas. Riddle, Danville, Que.

Tuesday, Jan. 16th—H. W. Fowler, Melbore, Que.

Wednesday, Jan. 17th—W. F. Newcombe, Brooklyn Corners, N.E.

Thursday, Jan. 18th—S. Bower, Guelph, Ont.

Friday, Jan. 19th—Robt. Dewar, St. Telephore, Que.

Saturday, Jan. 20th—Mary Ferguson, Cayuga, Ont.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?

Flesherton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—It was a real surprise to see my name in the list of awards as I truly was not expecting to get one. And such a beautiful Bible as it is. I thank you very much for it and wish you greater success in your work. The first time I subscribed for the 'Witness' was about the year 1857 and for the last thirty years I have been a constant reader of it and the 'Northern Messenger,' and the 'World Wide' from the commencement.

WM. CLAYTON.

Millbank, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Allow me to thank you for your beautiful and valuable gift of the red letter Bible. It came to me as a very pleasant surprise. I did not think of securing any prize other than your valuable papers. They, to my mind, are reward enough. My father has been a 'Witness' reader for over fifty years. We look upon your papers as old and true friends, and value them

for their unflinching opposition to the gross and impure, as well as for their bold advocacy of righteousness and truth. I have always admired the way the temperance cause has been handled. With every good wish for continued success, Yours respectfully,

ADDIE GILLESPIE.

Tatehurst, Que.

Gentlemen,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the handsome and valuable premium of one of your red-letter Bibles, just received. I feel amply repaid in this gift from you, for any trouble I may have taken to have your publications read in the homes of this community. Yours sincerely,

M. J. CAVERS.

Melbourne, Ont., Jan. 11.

Dear Sirs,—I received your beautiful Bible. I appreciate it very highly, and thank you for sending it. Yours truly,

E. N. CAMPBELL.

courage her in the way she stood. Tell her how glad I am to give it.'

The minister wrung his hand. There were tears in his eyes. Nobody knew how much that money was needed.

'I can't thank you,' he said huskily.

'Don't try,' said John Marshall, and as he strode down the walk he was smiling.

'Grab bags,' he whispered. 'Those that trust in the Lord, don't have to get up such contrivances, praise His Name.'

The Martyrs in China.

'Counted Worthy.'—Acts v., 41.

It may be that they never saw

The flashing of the sword—

Perchance their eyes were holden

With the vision of their Lord;

As he stood with arms extended

To fold them to His breast,

And whispered thro' the tumult,

'Come unto me and rest.'

We cannot tell how near to earth

The angels stooped that day;

What music from their harp-strings woke

It is not ours to say;

The martyrs only heard the song,

Their spirits to it thrilled,

Till every doubt was lulled to rest,

And terror, too, was stilled.

What could they know of pain or death,

When straight before their eyes

Heaven opened; and the Lord of Life

Led upward to the skies?

Heav'n was so close to earth that day,

And death so close to life,

That God's own glory rested

Upon earth's closing strife.

Author Unknown.

Why the Church has to Beg.

This is how a writer in a contemporary calls down the man who complains that the church is always begging: 'People complain that the church is always begging. If the world would pay up the back taxes which it owes the church for making this old world fit to live in, we could run all the church's activities from now till the millennium without asking again for a single dollar.'

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses, he has an everyday greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. Pearl Cameron, Alberni, B.C., \$1.00; Duncan Whyte, Forest, \$2.50; Mrs. T. Smith, St. Catharines, \$1.00; J. H. Levis, \$1.00; A Sympathizer, Inchagala, \$5.00; Mrs. A. Lough, Cumberland, \$1.00; Alex. McInens, Cumberland, 50c.; J. P. G., Cumberland, \$5.00; Annie Duncan, Glenlea, Man., \$2.00; T. Swann, Drayton, \$2.00; Mrs. David Taylor, Burnstown, \$5.00; Old Brewery Mission, Montreal, \$5; Melvin's Union Sunday School, Winchester, per E. G. Frith, \$4.25; Amy and Willie Robertson, Lachute, 50c.; Georgina and Nellie Minthorne, Morefield, 50c.; A. M. Boosey, Embro, \$2.30; Stewart Lough, Cumberland, 25c.; total, \$38.80.