

and call upon the Lord, lest they stay his chariot wheels by their unbelief.

And let his fainting, doubting, hoping missionaries, who still at their posts are toiling and waiting for a refreshing from on high, thank God for what he has done, and with humble faith gird on anew their armor, ready to do or suffer the will of their Lord and Master.

*Lac-qui-parle, March, 1854*

### The Praying Shoemaker

Not many years since, there was a poor man in the village where I lived, who, with a family of young children and a wife in feeble health, found it extremely difficult to obtain a livelihood. He was at length compelled to work by the week for a shoe dealer in the city, four miles from the village, returning to his family every Saturday evening, and leaving home early on Monday morning.

He usually brought home the avails of his week's labor in provisions for the use of his family the following week but on one cold and stormy night in the depth of winter, he went toward his humble dwelling with empty hands, but a full heart. His employer had declared himself unable to pay him a single penny that night, and the shoemaker, too honest to incur a debt without knowing that he should be able to cancel it, bent his weary steps homeward, trusting that He who hears the ravens when they cry, would fill the mouths of his little family. He knew that he should find a warm house and loving hearts to receive him, but he knew too, that a disappointment awaited them which would make at least one heart ache.

When he entered his cottage, cold and wet with the rain, he saw a bright fire, brighter faces, and a table neatly spread for the anticipated repast. The teakettle was sending forth its cloud of steam, all ready for "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates," and a pitcher of milk, which had been sent in by a kind neighbor, was waiting for the

bread so anxiously expected by the children. The sad father confessed his poverty, and his wife in tears begged him to make some effort to procure food for them before the Sabbath. He replied that he had kind friends in the neighborhood who he knew were both able and willing to help him, and that he would go to them and ask relief. "But first," said he, "let us ask God to give us our daily bread. Prayer avails with God when we ask for temporal good, as well as when we implore spiritual blessings."

The sorrowing group knelt around the family altar, and while the father was pleading fervently for the mercies they so much needed, a gentle knocking at the door was heard. When the prayer was ended the door was opened, and there stood a woman in the peltings of the storm, who had never been at that door before, though she lived only a short distance from it. She had a napkin in her hand which contained a large loaf of bread; and half apologizing for offering it, said she unintentionally made a "larger batch of bread than usual" that day, and though she hardly knew why, she thought it might be acceptable there. After expressing their sincere gratitude to the woman, the devout shoemaker and his wife gave thanks to God with overflowing hearts.

While the little flock were appeasing their hunger with the nice new bread and milk, the father repaired to the house where I was an inmate, and told his artless tale with streaming eyes, and it is unnecessary to say, that he returned to his home that night with a basket heavily laden, and a heart full of gratitude to a prayer answering God.—*American Messenger.*

### Happy Death of a little Caffre Girl.

It is just three weeks since I was called to part with a dear affectionate child, aged nine years; her end was, indeed, peace. Her name was Katarrena; she was a mulatto, had been in the school little more than three years,