NORTHERN MESSENGER.

PAW MAING NAUNG.

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Mrs. Harriet C. Stevens, of the Baptist Missionary Union, tells in the Independent an interesting story concerning a Burman convert. Mrs. Stevens says :-A recent visit to Bahmo (our northern most mission station in Burma) has brought to mind afresh the story of Paw Maing Naung's conversion. He was chief of a village in the mountains east of Bahmo and when from the lips of one of the Karen missionaries he heard of Christ, he said : I like that religion and I want to enter it. 'But,' said the preacher, 'if you become a Christian you must give up opium and not work on the Sabbath.' He agreed to these conditions and immediately stopped taking opium. Of course this made him very sick; and as he rolled on the floor in his agony his friends begged him to take 'just a little.' Some added : 'You will die if you don't ;' but he remained firm, saying if he must die he must, but he was going to be a Christian. After a time health returned Then came the occupation of Upper Burma by the British. The Karen preachers were recalled to Lower Burma, and this man was left without any one to help him on in his Christian life. When the British troops came to the mountains and reached his village he promptly came forward, saying : 'I am a Christian, only I have not been bap-tized yet.' 'All right, if you are a Christian show us the roads here,' replied the officer in charge. He gave them the information they wanted, and they moved on. Then his friends and neighbors came down upon him for befriending their Their threats became so loud enemies. he concluded the wisest course would be to leave. So, with his family, he fled to town, and there got work at a rupee a day in charge of a gang of coolies. When Sunday came he was ordered to take his men down to the steamer landing, as some timber had arrived for barracks. He said he could not do that, as it was Sunday. What's that to you?' said a petty Burman official. 'Why, I'm a Christian, only I haven't been baptized yet.' 'Very well, if you don't work to-day, you need not work at all,' was the rejoinder. After some days he was missed by the English officer in charge, and on learning the story he said : Let him work; only deduct his pay for Sundays.'

It was at this juncture, six years and a half ago, while Mr. Stephens paid his first visit to Bahmo, and while there he had the privilege of baptizing this man and one other Kachin.

Naturally enough, on arriving again at this frontier station two months ago Mr. Stevens inquired how Paw Maing Naung was getting on. We were much gratified to learn that he had been elected deacon of the Kachin church, and that his wife also had become a Christian.

In return for the losses he had suffered in befriending the British Government they have granted him an acre of land free that Christ has for us, and how some of from taxation adjoining the Kachin mission compound, and there we found him look-ing after his little field of paddy. He has a comfortable house also, surrounded by a thriving garden, showing his energy and industry.

He gave up all for Christ ; but in his life has been exemplified the truth of the saying that 'godliness is profitable for this life as well as the life to come.' May he be followed by many more such sturdy Christians from that sturdy race 1.

SEATS OF LEARNING.

'We usually think of the citics as centres of cultivation,' said a college professor recently, 'but my observation convinces me disappointment or loss to come into their

in the cities. These people are 'too busy spirit. to read,' but not too busy to go to theatres, or base-ball matches, or promenade the streets. The life of the city is unfavorable to reading habits.

minds. Involutions, lew larm-nouses are do with our high white our hinds mind of unprovided with periodicals of various do' for the Master in this spirit of loving sorts. Many farmers' families possess ex-service, how our lives would be filled with cellent books of their own, with sets of sweetness and gladness. If our love were

o 'look up' subjects.

The state of things on the farm, especi lly in the winter, encourages evening reading instead of discouraging it. It is a change from the farm work-a delightful peep into a new world.

The farmer who wishes his boys and girls to acquire habits of reading can cultivate in them these habits nowhere so well as in his own sitting-room or living-room. Books from the village library, good periodicals regularly subscribed for or taken with reading clubs, and a book now and then bought with the children's own earnings, will be read eagerly, if the home surroundings are made pleasant.

The president of a great college has said that the most that a college education can do for a man is to teach him how to read, and in these days of Chautauqua circles and university extension, no one need go to the great cities to acquire the essentials of cultivation. - Youth's Companion.

HOW LOVE CONQUERS.

BY AGNES J. BEARD.

There is no higher honor in this world than being a faithful Sunday-school teacher. My class of boys is so much a part of myself that I truly rejoice in their joy, and grieve in their sorrow. And the key-note of it is, I love them, and show them that I do. To each one in a different way, to be sure, because the individuality of each one is so different. Some were easily won ; others I yearned over and longed for with an earnestness that few but Sunday-school teachers can understand.

Those two that resisted my overtures were polite, attentive, and, to an outsider, all that the others were, but I knew they did not give me what my heart craved,love. I felt there must be some dcor that I could enter in, if I could only find the key. They had souls that would forever carry the marks of beauty or marring upon them, and just at the time when impressions are made which shape their characters forever, and mould their destinies. But at last my hand held the key that unlocked the closed hearts. One of them was ill. I went to see him. On my first visit he seemed embarrassed, and only talked when I talked to him. But the second time I went to his room, his face lit up with something more than an ordinary friendly greeting ; it was genuine heart-love shining out. I had won him.

The other boy, I was beginning to feel would never be anything but indifferent to me, when, one sad day, a message came from him that his mother was dead. I hastened to him, and, grown-up lad as he was, the first thing he did was to put his head on my shoulder and sob out his grief. My steadfast love to him had conquered. can dimly understand, in a limited human sense, 'the love that passeth understanding his professed followers, hurt his great loving heart, just as the indifference of those boys hurt mine.

They may seem to the world, and even to their fellow Christians, all that is required. But God and themselves know there is no love there, that their Christianity is only an outward show ; and is it not a sad thing that sometimes sorrow or loss is the only thing, as in the case of my boys, that will open their hearts to the Christ who wants to make their lives glad and happy?, As the boy that lost his mother and turned to me for comfort instead of to his professors at college or his gay friends, so God knows some of his cold, indifferent followers need some great that there is more reading done in the farm houses than there is in the city.' Undoubtedly this gentleman was right. Reading habits are the exception rather than the rule among the majority of people in the cities. These people are 'too busy

Just as now my hard-won boys are the best in the class, they have only to know that I want some service done and they do it, not from a sense of cold duty, but be-The people on the farm are very busy, too, and generally regret that so little time is left them for the improvement of their minds. Nevertheless, few farm-houses are the people on the farm are very busy, too, and generally regret that so little time is left them for the improvement of their makes mo to know this ! If we would only the with our might what our liands find to the people of the

encyclopedias in which they are accustomed more, simple, we would take him at his and every favoring circumstance, often word. All those boys had to do, was to let me love them, and they could not help giving some love back. All we have to do. s to let God love us, and we cannot help giving some love back.—Sunday-school Teacher.

HIDDEN POWER.

Esther Martine was a poor, untutored colored woman, crippled and disabled by rheumatism. Her home was in a little hovel without a sign of beauty but the rose that clambered to the roof, and opened its fragrant pink blossoms every June in bright contrast with the coarse, unpainted structure. It was perched on the edge of a high hill, where one side had been excavated to form the High street of a small town, and was reached by a long flight of rickety steps.

But here Esther, cared for by a widowed daughter, had her vantage ground. She was free from intrusion, and could overlook her neighbors. Placed in her armchair every morning, she could look down upon the street, and note the comers and

goers all the day long. Every man, woman and child accustomed to traverse the paved walk on either side of the street, she knew 'by name or sight.' It was her only diversion to watch them, and it did really seem to draw her mind from her aches and pains to notice their doings and their attire.

But her heart was not centred on the outside by any means, for she was a sin-cere 'lover of the Lord,' and she would wonder if those she saw were the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, and her constant prayer was that they might learn to love and trust the Saviour.

One day the good deacon who brought her the small monthly stipend allowed her by the church, said :

'You will have something new to pray for this week, Esther. We are going to have special meetings every afternoon and evening, and we know you will join your prayers with ours for God's blessing. Esther's soul was on fire in a moment: She clasped her crooked hands, and here eyes were suffused with tears. 'I will, Massa Brush, I will !' she ex-

claimed, and then instantly reverting to her street people she asked, 'Massa Brush, is John Switzer a church man?'

'No, Esther; his wife has been praying for him these twenty years.

'Now's his time,' she whispered with a nod of her head. 'Is Massa Drew ?' 'No, he had a good praying mother, but

he is a very ungodly man.' The black head moved again. 'Nothing too hard for do good Lord,' she said, as

accepting another charge. 'And how's dat Farnum, he dat keeps

he shoe store ? 'He's not a Christian.'

'Massa Cheever ?'

'No. 'Dey all go by here, two, free, four times ebery day. I'll pray de Lord for deso, Massa Brush, dese dat's close by me.

No one knew how devoutly Esther prayed. The deacons went to the meetings. the good women of the church visited and labored with sinners, the ministers prayed and preached, but no one thought, not even Deacon Brush, of the poor, old shutin, up in the tumble-down cabin in High street, or dreamed of the grand part sho was taking in the precious work of grace that was refreshing the church. But there she sat, day by day, as the meetings went on, and wept and supplicated for souls.

She mentioned the names she knew before the throne, and those she did not

Among the forty who were received a few months later into the communion of the church were twelve persons, men and women, young and old, who lived in High street, or daily passed through it, whom Esther afterwards identified as 'de chillun God gave me.' They were those for whom

she had personally prayed. Poor Esther 1 'Poor, yet making many rich !' She makes us ashamed when we think how we, with health, abundance,

'I have no opportunity to do good ! say, If every other door is closed, can we not enter into the holy place, as she did, and win souls to Christ by the power of prayer ? -Faithful Witness.

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