## PAW MAING NAUNG

Mrs. Harriet C. Stevens, of the-Baptist Missionary Union, tells in the Independent an interesting story concerniins a Burman convert. Mrs. Stevens says:-
A recent visit to Balimo (our northernmost mission station in Burma) has brought to mind afresh the story of Pay Maing Naung's conversion. He, was chief of a village in the nountains 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 aind not irork on the Sabbath.' He agreed to these conditions and immedintely 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 must die he must, but he was going to be a Christian. After a timo health returned. Then cane the occupation of Upper Burma by the British. The Kiren 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 villige he promptly came forward, siaying : 'T an it Christian, only I have not been baptized yet.' 'All riglt, if you are a Chris tian show us the roads here,' replied the officer in charge. He gave them the inofficer in charge. Hanted, and they moved formation they wanted, Then his friends neighbors came
on. down upon him for befriending their enemies. Their threats became so loud he concluded the wisest course would be to leavo. So, with his family, he fled to
town, and there got work at a rupee a day town, and there got work at a rupee a day
in charge of a gang of coolies. When Sunin charge of a gang of coolies. When Sun-
day came he was ordered to take his men down to the steamer landing, as some timber had arrived for barracks. Ho said he could not do that, asit was Sunday 'What's that to you?' said a petty Burman offlcial. 'Why, I'm a Christian, only I haven't been baptized yet. . Very vell, you don't work to-day, you neod not work at all', was the rejoinder. After some days
he was' missed 'by the English officer in 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 gratific to learn that he had been elected deacon of the Kachin church, and
also had become a Christian.
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 from taxation adjoining the Kachin mission compound, and there wo found him lookcompound, and there after lis little field of paddy. He has a comfortable house also, surrounded by a thriving garden, showing his energy and ndustry.
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 lifo to come.' May he bo followed by many more such sturdy Christians from that sturdy race !

## SEATS OF LEARNING.

'We usually think of tho citics as centres of cultivation,' said a college professor rocently, but my observation convinces me
that thore is more reading dono in the farm that thore is more reading dono
houses than there is in the city.
Houses than there is in this gentlemina was right. Rending habits are tho exception rather than the rule among the majority of people
in tho citios. Theso people are 'too buey ia the cities. These people are 'too busy
to read,' but not too busy to go to thatres to raid,' but not too busy to go to thoatres, or base-ball matehes, or promenade the
strects. Tho life of the city is unfavorable streets. The lifo of
to reading habits.
The people on the farm are very busy, too, and genorally regret that so littio time is loft them for the improvementiof their minds' Novertholoss, few farm-houses are
und unprovided with periodicals of various
sorts. Miny farmers' families posscss ex sorts. Many farmers families possess ox.
cellont books of thoir own, with sots of
encyclopedias in which they areaccustomed to "look up'subjects.
The state of things on the farin, especi ally in the vinter, encourages evening reading instead of discouraging it, It is a change from the farm,
peep into a new world.
The farmer who wish
The farmer who wishes his boys and girls to acquire habits of reading cin cultivate in them these habits nowhere so well as in
his own sitting-room or living-room: 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 buggit with the children's own earnings, will be read eagerly, if th
roundings are inade 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 Chatauqua circles and university extension, no one need go to the great cities to acquire the essentials to the great cities to acquire the ess
of cultivation:--Youth's Companion.

## HOW LOVE CONQUERS

## by agnes J. beard

There is no higher honor in this world than being a faithiful Sunday-schoolteacher My class of boys is so muci a part of my self that I truly rejoice in their joy, and grieve in their sorrow, and show they that
of it is them, and sliow I do. To each one in a diffrent way, to bo sure, because the individuality of each ono is so different. Some were easily won others I yearned over and longed for with in earnestnoss that few but Sunday-schoo 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 thero must be some door 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 impres forever, and mould their destinies. But at larever, my hand hold the key:that unlocked last my hand held the key that anlock ill: the closed hearts. One of them vent to see him. On my first visit he I went to see him. On my irst I talked to him. But the second time I went to his room, his face lit up with something inore than an ordinnry friendly greeting ; it was genu
The other boy, I was beginning to feel, would never be anything but indifierent to me, when, one sad day; a message cane 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' that Christ has for us, and how some of his professed followers, hurt his great lovboys 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 Christian ity 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 collego or his gay friends, so God knows some of his disa, indifterent followers come into their lives to have them understand that he wants, - not' their scrivice, given from a senso of duty, nor their money, becauso othors give, but their love' ; then all these things
spirit.
Just as now my hait-woit Luys are the best in tho class, they have only to know that I want somo service done and they do it, not from a sense of cold duty, but becauso they know they aro plensing me, and that is sullicient for them. How happy it makes mo to know this ! If we would only
do with our might whint our hinds find to 'do with out might whit our liands find to
do' for the Master in this spirit of loving do' for the Mastor in this spirit of oving
service, how our lives would be filed with service, how our lives would be
sweetness and gladness. - If our love were
more simple, we would take him at lis word, All those boys had to do, wis to let me love them, and they could not help giving some love back, All we have to do,
is to let God love us, and we cannot help is to let God love us, and we cannot help Teacher.

## HIDDEN PÓWER.

Esther Martine was a poor, untutored colored wonian, cripuled and disabled by rheunatism, Her home was in a little
hovel without a sign of beauty but the rose that clanibered to the rof; and opened its frigriant pink blossoms every June in bright contrast with the coarse, unpainted high hill, where one side had been excavated to form the High street of a small town, and was reaclied by a long flight of ckety 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 coniers and upon the street, and
Every man, woman and child accustomed to traverse the pived 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 pa
their doings and their attire.
But lier henrt 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 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 smill monthly stipend allowed her by the church, said :
'You will hive 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 fre in a moment She clasped her crouked hands, anid he eyes were suffused with tears
'I will, Massa Brush, I will $P$ she ex claimed, and then instantly reverting to her street people she nsked, "Massa Brush is John Switzer a church man?
'Nr,, Tsther; his wife has been praying for him these twenty years.
'Now's his time,' she whispered with nod of her head: 'Is Massa Drew?
'No, he had a good praying mother, but
Tho black hend moved again. 'Nothing is too hard for do good Lord,' she said, as if accepting another charge.

And how's dat Farnum, he dat keep
the shoe store?
'FIe's not a Christian.'
'Massa Cheever ?'
'No.'
'Dey all go by here, two, free, four times obory day. I'll pray de Lord for deso Massa Brush, dese dat's closo by mo.
No one knew how devoutly Esther prayed. The deacons went to tho meetings, the good women of the churoh visited and labored with sinners, the ministers prayed nd preached. but no one thought, not in, up in the tumbledown cabin in High in, up in the trumbed 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.
Slie mentioned the names slie know bo fore the throne, and those she did not know by name,
quaint fashion.
And the glory of the Lord came down and filled that little cabin, and that humble saint shouted 'Hallelujalh' 'for sho knew that sho had the blessing she asked.
Among tho forty who were reccived fow months later into the communion tho church were twelve persons, men and women, young and old, who lived in High street, or dayy passedtifed as de chillun God gave me.' Tliey were those for whem sod had personally prayed.
Poor Esther ! 'Poor, yet making many rich!' She makes us ashamed when wo think how, we, with health, abundarice,
nd every favoring circumstance, often I have no opportunity to do goud enter into the holy place, as slie did, and enter into the holy place, as and of prayer? win souls to Chisist b

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