

The boy returned with the Bible and asked, 'What shall I read, captain?'

'Read where you used to read to your mother,' said he.

The boy opened the Bible, and began to read Isaiah liii: 'What hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'

When the boy came to the fifth verse, 'But he was wounded for our transgressions,' he paused and asked—

'Shall I read this as my mother taught me to read it?'

'Yes, by all means,' said the captain.

The boy proceeded—

'But he was wounded for William Smith's transgressions: He was bruised for William Smith's iniquities; the chastisement of William Smith's peace was upon him; and with his stripes William Smith is healed.'

'Stop,' said the captain; 'read that over again, and put my name instead of yours; John Davis instead of William Smith. Read it slowly.'

The boy read as he was directed. 'But he was wounded by John Davis's transgressions; he was bruised for John Davis's iniquities; the chastisement of John Davis's peace was upon him, and with his stripes John Davis is healed.'

'Ah! that will do,' said the captain; 'that is what I want, that gives me hope.'

Thus the anxiety, the gloom, the fear, and the crushing sense of guilt, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, gave place to hope, to firm reliance, and to peace.

This awakening of the captain was a late awakening, and though death-bed repentances are seldom real, we may hope it was a true one. For as far as can be judged he accepted Christ as his substitute, as having been bruised for his iniquities, and as having procured healing through him by his stripes.

Let the reader pause and ask himself what is the foundation of his hope of acceptance with God and entrance into heaven. Can you read in your name as did John Davis? Are you resting on Jesus as having died for you—the just for the unjust, to bring you to God? It is this alone that can give true peace. If your hope has any other foundation, it is utterly worthless; nay, worse, it is a delusion and a snare.

Alas! there are hundreds of thousands of people who attend church, and live an outwardly moral life, who have never realized the fact that they are lost and perishing sinners, and that they need a gracious and almighty Saviour to deliver them from the doom of the impenitent and the unbelieving.

Oh, for a trumpet voice to awaken these sleeping and self-sure sinners, lest they perish in their sins.

Now, now, ye that read and hear, awake, awake! Let Peter's cry be your cry, 'Lord, save me, I perish.' Then shall Peter's confession be your confession, Peter's Rock your Rock, and Peter's God your God.—The 'Sailor's Magazine.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Little Kindnesses.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cleared a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it.
And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A life in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven.
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—The 'Monitor Magazine.'

The Pritlington Almshouses.

(By Dudley Wright.)

CHAPTER I.

'No, Withington, I really cannot agree to it. The property is worth at least double the amount you mention to an ordinary person, and for our purpose it is worth at least three times what you offered.'

'But my dear Denton, if old Roberts is willing to take, £100, why should we offer £200, or, if your contention is correct, £300.'

'Because Roberts evidently does not know the value of it. The place was left him by his father, who probably gave no more than £50 or £80 for it, and I for one, at any rate, am not going to be the party to taking advantage of an old man's ignorance.'

The speakers were Mr. Alfred Denton and Mr. James Withington, members of the firm of Denton and Withington, solicitors, of Gray's Inn-square. A client of theirs had purchased from time to time several plots of land at Pritlington, in Essex, and now only wanted a plot, on which stood a small cottage and shed, to complete a square. Their client, Mr. William Hill, a well-known manufacturing tailor, was very anxious to secure this plot and complete the square, for Pritlington was a rising neighborhood, easy of access to London, and with low railway freights, and it was his intention to erect a large factory on this spot, at the same time building several small cottages in the neighborhood for his workmen on other ground which he had purchased. He had, therefore, instructed his solicitors, Messrs. Denton and Withington, to try and come to terms with the existing owner to sell the place. Mr. Withington, the junior partner of the firm, who had only recently come into the business, had just returned from a visit to Pritlington, and announced to his colleague the fact that he had, after much difficulty, persuaded Roberts, the owner, to accept £100 for the place as it stood.

'Well,' replied Mr. Withington, 'if you are foolish enough to go and offer the old man £200 when he is willing to take £100 you must abide by the consequences. Supposing Hill finds out that we have given him double the sum for which we could have got it?'

'I have done business for Mr. Hill for the past eighteen years, and my father was his solicitor for ten years before that, and I know the man too well to think that he would like us to take advantage of any one. I don't suppose Roberts is very well off in this world's goods. At any rate, he is getting old now—he must be close on seventy—and it is rather

rough to turn a man of his age out of the house where he was born, and where he has lived all his life.'

'Very well, do as you please, but I shall wash my hands of the transaction,' was Mr. Withington's reply, as he went out of the office.

Two days later, Mr. Denton travelled down to Pritlington to look at the property for himself, and interview the owner. He found Roberts seated in a cosy little room at the front of the house, contentedly puffing away at a churchwarden.

'Well, Roberts, I have come down to see you about this property.'

'Aye, aye, sir, it goes much against my grain for me to part with it, but I won't go against my word. Mr. Withington was down here, and I didn't mean to sell it, but he really made me. I was born here; I buried my father, my mother, my wife, and two children from here, and it is hard to leave the old place, but I gave my word, and I won't alter it now.'

'I think you agreed to sell it for £100.'

'I asked £150, but Mr. Withington is a very hard man, and somehow or other I agreed to sell it for £100.'

'Well, you see, Roberts, the property is worth more than that to our client, and so we have decided to offer you £200 for it. And,' continued the lawyer, for he perceived the look of amazement on the old man's face, 'I know you do not want to leave the neighborhood, and I have an empty place just up the road. If you like to move over there, I will let you have it for whatever you like to pay. I don't suppose you have been able to save up very much during your life. Now I must say good-bye, for I am in a hurry to get back to town.'

Before the old man could recover from his astonishment, the lawyer had left the house, and when Roberts got to the door was well on the way to the railway station. 'Well, I'm hanged,' was his comment, 'fancy them two being partners. Aye, but he's a good 'un. Thinks I've got no money, does he? Well, well, I've a good mind to let him have the place for fifty.'

CHAPTER II.

Three years elapsed, and Pritlington now presented the appearance of a busy little town. The large tailoring manufactory of Hill and Co. had been erected, and over one hundred cottages for the employees. Messrs. Denton and Withington had dissolved partnership, as it was found that their opinions were constantly clashing, and the junior partner had voluntarily withdrawn, leaving the practice in Mr. Denton's hands entirely. Roberts had removed to the house offered him by Mr. Denton, and during the time had paid but a nominal sum for rent. Mr. Denton himself had chosen the neighborhood for a residence, mainly owing to its proximity to town, and its healthy situation, and had built a large house on one of the few hills there. Business had prospered with him, and he was beloved by the poor in both town and country, for never yet had his attention been drawn to a case of distress but he had granted relief. By his efforts, drunkards had been led to sign and keep the pledge, and, in many instances, men and women who had fallen into sin and disgrace had been given fresh starts in life, and by these and many similar actions his name had come to be universally respected.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Denton always contrived, unless compelled to remain in town on business connected with his profession, to reach home by two o'clock in order that he might have lunch with his chil-