

IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.

DR. BONAR'S LAST LINES.

The following beautiful and affecting lines were found among Dr. Bonar's papers after his death. It is believed they were the last he ever wrote:—

Long days and nights upon this restless bed,
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!
Yet, thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light
No respite brings with it; no soothing rest
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all
Thy love revives. Father, thy will is best:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours
Be hours of blessed fellowship with thee.
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Not always seen the wisdom and the love;
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.
Yet even in conflict thy sure words sustain:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unscen.
Lift thou me up; give me the open ear,
To hear the voice that speaketh from within:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I
Shall with these fading eyes behold thy face,
And drink in all the fulness of thy love;
Till then, O speak to me thy words of grace:
"In me ye shall have peace!"

—Friendly Greetings.

HANNAH'S ANSWER.

"Some days must be dark and dreary," sighed Hannah Thurston as she descended the stairs one morning. Now Hannah had only seen seventeen summers, and the day must have been dismal and dreary indeed, to justify that mournful expression in a girl of seventeen. It was dismal enough outside, for the rain had been pouring in torrents all night; but we will step in the kitchen, out of the wet, and see if the trouble is inside or out.

Hannah opened the windows, and the room looked cheerless, until with hands that seem accustomed to the work, she had built a fire, which soon sent its red glow out over the room, brightening every corner, and seeming to challenge the weather outside.

In a few moments her mother came into the kitchen. She looked pale and tired, for she had been awake a good portion of the night with the baby, who was teething.

There was no time for dismal thoughts for the next half hour, as they went about preparing breakfast for their large family. For Hannah was one of a family of thirteen children, nearly all of whom possessed healthy appetites, as was soon evinced by the appearance of part of the aforesaid "baker's dozen." One by one they came—ten sturdy boys. Tim brought up the rear, singing, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe"—(the weather never depressed either Tim's appetite or his spirits).

"Tim, be quiet, you'll waken the baby," said Hannah, sharply.

They were all assembled, except little five-year-old Kitty, who had never been strong or well, and so seldom took her place at the family meals.

When her father had asked a blessing on the meal, Hannah arranged a little tray of breakfast, and carried it into the adjoining room, where little Kitty lay. As she stooped and kissed the pale face on the pillow, her own, for the first time that morning, brightened.

Kitty had had a restless night, and did not want any breakfast; but she did want "Nanna" to rock her, which Hannah did not have to be asked twice to do; for as much as she loved the boys with their noise and pranks, it was not the tender feeling she had for the little one, who had always been her special charge and care.

Mr. Thurston was the pastor of a country parish, where the salary was poor enough, even when it was paid, and as the greater part of it had to be taken out in provisions had it not been for a small income possessed by his wife, the good man would often have been at his wits' end to know wherewithal his family were to be clothed, not to say anything about their education.

As it was, the two boys next younger than Hannah, were being made ready for college by himself, praying that when the time arrived for them to enter, the Lord would open the way.

Mrs. Thurston's health had never been very robust, and it had not been improved by the strain on it of making five hundred dollars do the work of a thousand, and so, gradually, little by little, the reins of the family had slipped from the mother's to the eldest daughter's hands, until Hannah was in reality what her mother often termed her—"my right hand." While to little Kitty, or "Kitten," as the boys called her, "Nanna" was her all in all.

The village school had afforded her all the means in its power of giving her an education, but at seventeen she had mastered all that was taught there.

As Hannah rocked her little sister this dull morning, something more perplexing than the everyday care and worry was in her mind; had kept her awake, thinking, the night before, and had given her that anxious look this morning.

The previous summer, an aunt of her mother's had paid them quite a long visit, and among other things she had discovered in the minister's family, was a natural talent Hannah possessed for drawing, and which there was no means for cultivating.

The day before our story opens, a letter had come, begging them to let her have Hannah for the winter in her eastern city home, and promising her all the advantages to be obtained from a professional teacher, as well as all the instructions in the higher branches.

When the father read the letter, the first feeling was one of intense delight.

"My daughter, I am so glad!" her mother said; "it will be such a grand opportunity for you, only," and she sighed, "I hardly know how I can do without you."

The boys raised a dismal howl when they understood what the letter meant.

All night she had lain awake thinking and planning what she could do if she only had that winter in the city. She tried not to think how her mother and Kitty would miss her, but amongst all her plans would come the golden text they had in their lessons a few Sabbaths before, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

For Hannah, about a year before, had partaken of the emblems of a Saviour's dying love, and had been received into the fold of the Redeemer.

And now, while Kitty's little hand stroked her face, she felt she had not let the one whom she professed to follow, take care of this matter for her, and she asked the Lord to show her her duty; not what she wanted, but what he would have her do. And by the time the little one was asleep, somehow the winter in the city without father and mother and the boys, and above all, little Kitty, did not seem quite so enchanting as it had done the night before.

After she and her mother cleared the table and made the boys presentable for school, they sat down to their basket of mending.

"Father is going over to old Aunt Susan's," said Mrs. Thurston, "and he will see if she can come over, and stay with us a while this winter."

"You know, mother, she doesn't get along nicely with the boys," answered Hannah.

"Yes, I know, dear; but it seems the best we can do. She will help me with the work. Your aunt's letter must be answered to-morrow. I shall miss you very much; but might get along if it were not for Kitty. I do not know what the child will do without you."

"Have you told her?" asked Hannah.

"No, I thought you could do it better than I, she loves you so much."

"I know she does, and one of the reasons I want to go and learn all I can is, I can teach her afterwards," replied Hannah.

"My dear child, Kitty will never live to need very much teaching, I am afraid. The doctor tells me she will never be strong or well, and possibly will not live through the coming year."

Her mother had no idea of hurting Hannah by her words, but they went through her like a dart.

The clouds had broken away by this time, and as so often happens after a storm, everything looks fresh and beautiful outside, because nature has been giving the

landscape a bath and dressing it up in clean clothes.

"Can I go over to the store for you, this morning, mother?" she asked. She felt as if she must get somewhere out of the house.

"I wish you would, Hannah, and you can come 'round by Aunt Susan's and know before you get home whether she will come here this winter while you are away."

Her mother had taken it for granted then she was to go from home.

Hannah took very little time to dress, or "fix up," as the boys would say. She wanted to get away by herself, and think; and, as she expressed it, "have it all out with myself."

She knew what she wanted to do. Was she willing to do what was her duty, that seemed to be to stay at home and relieve her mother, especially of the care of little Kitty. She knew, too, she could not plead ignorance; for have we not been told if we "lack wisdom," and will "ask," it shall be given to us "liberally." And Hannah had felt the answer had come to her when her mother had spoken of the doctor's opinion of her little sister.

The errand at the store was soon attended to. She did not go 'round by Aunt Susan's, all she wanted was to hurry home, and tell them she did not intend going away—that winter, anyhow.

As she passed into the sitting room she heard her father saying:

"Old Susan's husband is in bed with the rheumatism, and it looks as if he would be there for six months. She doesn't think she will be able to come over here at all."

"That's one thing out of the way then," said Hannah, going into the room, and her face was so bright and happy that her mother looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no one else I can think of."

"No, mother; but I am not going away this winter," and then she went on, hurriedly, "you will not need any one to come. I do not believe you could do without me. Anyhow I can not do without you all, and Kitty."

"Are you sure, Hannah, you will not regret it," said her father.

"Quite sure, father. I have asked the Lord to show me what I ought to do, and he has sent me an answer. I cannot show it to you, but I feel it in my heart. Will you write the letter to-night, thanking Auntie, but telling her I cannot come. O, I am so glad no one told Kitty!"

Mrs. Thurston felt as if a load had been lifted off her. The boys held a jubilee at the supper-table, when informed of Hannah's decision.

"Hannah, you're a diamond of the first water," was Tim's praise.

Hannah could not believe it possible she was the same person who that morning had been so low-spirited, because she could not see her way clearly to leave home.

But better than all, sweeter even than the caresses of her little sister, as she undressed and made her ready for the night, was a still, small voice, saying, in her heart, "He that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

Our whole life may pass away without giving us an opportunity to do some great deed; but not a day, and, perhaps, not an hour passes, but brings an opportunity for us to do some unselfish act. To give up our will, and forget ourselves, to do the little things, everything, in fact, "as unto the Lord."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A LIVELY BOOK.

The Bible is a book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown, and exploded more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it it is right side up, and when you overturn it again it is right side up still. Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world. They overthrew the Bible a century ago, in Voltaire's time—entirely demolished the whole thing. In less than a hundred years, said Voltaire, Christianity will have been swept from existence, and will have passed into history. Infidelity ran riot through France, red-handed

and impious. A century has passed away. Voltaire has "passed into history," and not very respectable history either; but his old printing-press, it is said, has since been used to print the Word of God; and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. Thomas Paine demolished the Bible and finished it off finally; but after he had crawled despairingly into a drunkard's grave in 1809, the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were made before since the creation of man. Up to the year 1800, from four to six million copies of the Scriptures, in some thirty different languages, comprised all that had been produced since the world began. Eighty years later, in the year 1880, the statistics of eighty different Bible societies which are now in existence, with their unnumbered agencies and auxiliaries, report more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture, with 206 new translations, distributed by Bible societies alone since 1804; to say nothing of the unknown millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued and circulated by private publishers throughout the world. For a book that has been exploded so many times, this book still shows signs of considerable life.

I have heard of a man travelling around the country exploding this book, and showing up "the mistakes of Moses," at about 200 dollars a night. It is easy work to abuse Moses at 200 dollars a night, especially as Moses is dead, and cannot talk back. It would be worth something, after hearing the infidel on "the mistakes of Moses," to hear Moses on "the mistakes of the infidel." When Moses could talk back, he was rather a difficult man to deal with. Pharaoh tried it, and met with poor success. Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and it is said found a grave in the Red Sea. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram tried it, and went down so deep that they have not yet got back. But now Moses is dead, and it is easy to abuse him. It does not take a very brave beast to kick a dead lion.—*Dr. H. L. Hastings.*

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