

ter their simple dinner it was rather funny to see Hal in a big bib-apron gravely stirring away at a highly polished kettle of bubbling fruit; but he was not joking, as the half-dozen well-sealed cans testified. The berries looked very whole and inviting, and his mother patted his head encouragingly.

'We didn't hardly need Kitty,' she said, smiling down at the little girl. 'You are equally good as man or woman. Now what, Hal?'

'Sell 'em!' was the laconic answer. It was more easily done than he had dared to hope. He disposed of his cans at a good price, and returned jubilantly with orders for as many more as he could get.

The end of the season found Hal's store swelled to five dollars. The winter suit began to seem a possibility.

In the fall he struck out boldly for the country, and the farmers soon found that the 'little chap' could shuck corn with the best of them. The fame of his pluck and industry spread before him, and the working people made room for him. By Thanksgiving the money for the winter suit was knotted snugly in the toe of a stocking, just as he had earned it, in nickels, dimes and quarters—in all ten dollars. He had counted it proudly, often slipping up in the night to make sure it had not vanished.

On the next Saturday he started, whistling as he went, to town for the great purchase. He saw it in his mind's eyes—soft brown wool, with a tiny fleck of red in it, like that in Bert Upton's suit.

In front of the drug-store a group of boys were examining a musical top which one of them had just purchased. Hal paused a moment to admire the toy, and right at his elbow, although unconscious of his identity, the druggist's wife stood in the door, continuing a conversation with a departing customer.

'She used to be a prominent member before Mr. Hathaway died,' were the words which arrested his attention. 'But like a good many others, she has backslid. She never comes at all now.'

Hal went up the street, a dazed look on his face. His mother 'backslid'! She who was so patient and painstaking, so thoroughly in earnest in her Christian life! Surely he had misunderstood!

Then a thought smote him. She never did go anywhere. Why? and why didn't she go with him to help select his new suit? The store was before him, but he passed on, no longer whistling. He must settle this problem. Why did his mother go abroad no more? Could it be she was too shabby? That was his word.

'Let me see!' he thought, greatly disturbed. 'Mother has two blue calico dresses she wears in the house, and—and—for Sunday—' He came to a dead stop. To save his life he could not recall anything else he had seen her wear. He racked his brain in vain.

'She used to have a black one,' he mused, 'but—yes,' reluctantly, 'she wore that out in the house two winters ago, and cut up what was left for Kitty. Two—blue—calicoes—and—aprons!'

He turned and went back with lagging steps. 'It has taken all her earnings to feed us,' he thought. 'Poor mother—and she's just a brick, too!'

The store once more presented itself, but

he shook his head. 'And they're calling her a backslider—they! And she goes on and on, and says nothing. And she was so proud of my—winter suit!' The lump had climbed pretty high in his throat by this time, and he wheeled short about and headed for the store.

'I want to look at some all-wool goods—for a woman,' he said, very red in the face, and speaking quickly 'I think it had better be black.'

'Perhaps you would like this,' and the saleswoman spread out before him in soft folds a piece of fine cashmere. 'If it is for your mother, Halbert, I think it is just the thing, and it will wear beautifully.'

Hal tried to look wise, but failed. 'You're a woman,' he said, confidentially; 'you know. It is for mother,—a present,—and I want it nice. I wish you'd select it for me, with the buttons and things. Only'—apprehensively—'don't let it go over ten dollars.'

The woman nodded. 'All right, Hal. This will make a lovely dress, and I'll let it go as cheap as I can.' He watched her do up the bundle, pocketed his slender change, and started for home without a pang of regret for the lovely boys' suit left behind.

'It's all right,' he mused. 'Mother's got to have good clothes. And there's lots of money in the world yet.'

'Well, Hal,' his mother said tenderly, when he reached home, 'let me see the new suit.'

'Here it is, mother!' the boy cheerily replied, laying the bundle on her lap. 'I hope you will like it, it's just what I want, you know,' and seizing the water-bucket, he fled from the scene.

I don't think he got a new suit that winter. But Mrs. Hathaway resumed her place in the church and in the Sunday-school, and Hal, clerking in Mr. Errenbach's store, is whistling his way to success in life.

### Four Hundred Souls Won by Prayer.

During his visit to Great Britain in 1872, Mr. Moody preached in a northern town one Sunday morning to large numbers of people and with no apparent results. In the evening he was favored with a sense of God's presence as seldom before. At the close of the meeting he asked those who wished to consecrate themselves to God to rise, and nearly the whole of the audience rose to their feet. He sifted them, and found that almost every soul in the assembly joined itself to the Lord. Afterward the meaning of this came out. A woman in that parish had prayed for years that Mr. Moody might be sent to preach the Gospel in that place. When Mr. Moody arrived in the morning she knew nothing of it; but on learning from her sister at noon that the evangelist had arrived, she refused food, and continued in prayer that God would give his blessing; and at night 400 souls joined that church as a result of prayer and preaching.

### 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.

### Haliman.

Haliman was born in a picturesque but dark Himalayan valley, where the sun begins to shine late in the morning and sets early in the afternoon. Down the middle of the narrow valley ran a swift mountain stream. Fields lay in terraces along the steep mountain sides, watered by streams diverted to them from the brook that was in every sense a 'nourisher of the poor.' It was induced, by an ingenious device, to form a 'creche,' and lull to rest the village babies with its cooling touch and soothing song. They were laid on fragrant pine-needles and bracken in a shady nook, and water was conducted from the rills that fed the rich fields that gentle streams played constantly on their bare heads, keeping the little ones asleep while their mothers gathered fuel, or toiled in the patches of rice, or maize, or ginger.

After a time Haliman's mother became a widow, and although she was a Mahomedan, yet her lot was almost as hard as that of a Hindu widow. It was partly because their food was so scanty and partly from lack of sunshine, and from the injurious minerals in the hill water, that Haliman lost the plump loveliness of her babyhood and grew up a 'cretin' tall and spindling, with long, lank arms, unsightly goitre, and a look that made people think her half-witted.

At last her mother married a man who sold milk to British troops, for Mahomedan widows may re-marry. So they moved into the stepfather's village, which was nearer civilization. Here there was a little day-school, taught by a missionary lady and her native assistant, Aso.

Haliman's new playmates took her with them to this school. At first it seemed impossible for her to learn, but when the missionary heard it whispered about that this dull child's stepfather hated her, often beat and starved her, and acted as though he longed for her to die, she took special pains to fill Haliman's mind with Bible stories, and impress upon her the fact that Jesus loved her. When she taught the children that in heaven they would hunger and thirst no more, and that God would wipe all tears from their eyes, she could see that it meant more to Haliman than to the rest. She saw how much her new pupil loved her school and liked to nestle close to her side, how nicely she was beginning to read and write easy words.

Punjabi spelling is hard to learn, and to spell even a simple word you have to make quite a long speech. For instance, this is the way she had to spell 'Aso': 'Are nun a kanna, sasse nun Aso hor, so' (to A put an accent, to s add o,—Aso).

Once a 'doolie' curtained with red, and carrying a small bride dressed in red, passed the open door, and the children rushed out of the room like a covey of frightened partridges—all but the despised Haliman. Presently they came trooping back and settled down to their books and wooden slates again. 'What does this mean? What made you all rush out like that without leave? You are very naughty, all but Haliman. What made you act so?' inquired the astonished missionary.

'Oh, a little bride had arrived next door, and we all ran to see if she cried properly at going to live with her mother-in-law.'

Then some of the children said the bride