#### NORTHERN MESSENGER

### LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOME MISSION WORK.

The place did not look as though there could be much sunshine in it, at least there could not be much pouring in from the outside, for the home I am going to tell you about is on the fifth floor of a large tenement house on an inner court, ---one of those little narrow streets opening off from another one-and from the appearance of things in general 'sun' and 'shine' were two words unknown to the many inhabitants of that little corner of our city. But away up in the little room our Sunshine called home, had you gone there when we did, you would have felt as though you had just come out of night into day. To be sure you would have had to climb four long flights of stairs, but the charming welcome which you would receive at the top would make you forget all about how tired you were and the squallor and dirt below, for this little nest perched away up at the top of the house was far different from the rest, or at least it was one year ago, but now, through the influence of the dear little girl whom we went to see, many other homes are now cleaner and brighter.

After we had returned the polite welcome of our Little Sunshine, with her clean dress and apron, and while we recovered our breath after our long climb, we could not help our eyes wandering around the room, taking in its details of cleanliness and comfort. A row of plants stood in the open window, some of them in bloom, and their fragrance recalling open fields and country hedges. A white muslin curtain draped the window and was caught back with a, yes, it was a piece of cloth, but bright and pinked on both edges. The extreme neatness of the room with its four chairs, small table and shining stove ; a bed lounge in the corner and against the wall a tiny cupboard, part full of shining dishes, all seemed to be but a part of the child and her sunny ways. She had been quietly standing at my side, and now, with the tact of a grown woman asked, 'Would you like a glass of water ? It may rest you.' And without waiting for our reply, reached down a glass from the cupboard, and brought us a drink, which we gratefully received.

' My dear child, you do not live here all alone, do you?

Oh, no ; but I keep house while mamma is away. You know she has to go away mornings early, so I do the work. But do you remain here alone all day?

we persisted. 'Why, yes, ma'am, but I am busy all the time.

'And never get lonesome, I suppose ?' 'Oh, no, ma'am. I have so much to do I couldn't.

And pray, what do you do beside keep ing this room so nice and clean ?' we still questioned, for though she seemed such a child, her replies showed us she was capable of more than we knew.

Why, don't you remember when you told us long ago in our class how much even a child might do to help others?

Of course we remembered it, but little did we dream that we were then creating a home missionary; one who would convert the criminal, save the drunkard and help the poor, overburdened mothers to bear their loads more bravely ; but now, as we gazed into her earnest eyes, flashing with thoughts of her work, we felt that no matter what she should tell us we would not be surprised. She did not tell us much, but we learned more from others.

We knew when she came into our class that she lived in this court, and we felt sure, from her conversation, she must have some refining influence near her; some one who had taught her well from babyhood, and when she told us her name was Sunshine, we knew some one must love her dearly.

work here, Sunshine, for we see you have like his, and her sunny ways, I felt as been working. Have you a class to teach? though she were the only ray of light in for sinners,' was his quick response. 'I though it was the modestly answered, as though it was the most natural thing in the years old I was in 'a private family, but world, for a little girl of ten to be teaching they moved away, and then sickness came, you begin again?' Again and again I rea class of boys and girls, from whom many and this was the only place I could find a grown person would have shrunk, within my means. This is high up, but wondering if any good could ever come when I came to see it, and looked from the out of so much filth. 'There were only window, it seemed the best I could get. two at first, but last Sunday there were You see there is a cometery over there, fourteen ; and, oh, teacher,' and the blue and only two rows of houses between, so eyes danced with merriment, for she could we have sunshine, and good wholesome air.

evidently see the funny side as well as the | I do fine ironing five days in the week, and serious, 'such a funny thing happened last Sunday. Jim Sikes, his father gets drunk every Saturday and comes home and beats Jim, and I guess that is what makes him so bad, why, Jim Sikes came up the stairs just as still as a mouse. I don't know whether he meant to come in or not; he has never been here yet. He just peeped in at the door and heard us singing,

The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold, and he spoke right out loud and said. 'Huh, if yer going to sing 'bout old Jake Bible, I'm goin',' and he turned, to run down stairs, when he stumbled and rolled down to the first landing. We all ran down and tried to coax him back, but he wouldn't come. I told him I would show him the Bible we were singing about ; that it was a good book ; but he said he had never heard of but one Bible, and that was old Jake Bible, who lives at the corner and sells whiskey to Jim's father and all the rest around here.

'I don't see, teacher,' and here the thoughtful look-came over her face again, Why, when the Bible is such a good book. that such a bad man as Jake Bible,

should have the same name. Do you? 'No, dear, I cannot tell ; but perhaps you may some day lead that very man to read his Bible and be more like his name.'

'I guess not,' she slowly answered, 'he's angry at me now. He swore and said if I did not stop my preaching to children, and getting them to coax their papas not to go to the saloon he would have to move out. You see, Renie Stokes, whose papa used to drink so bad, told me the other day. and she said her papa. had not been to the saloon for over a week, and they had meat once a day now, and lots of good things to eat, and her mamma was getting well.

The dear child did not tell us what we afterwards learned, that of the two tracts on temperance which we had given her, she had given Renie one, and told her to show it to her papa; and that when we talked with him he said 'Little Sunshine done it all. She is a wonderful, smart little gal.'

Just before we left her mother came in and we saw where Little Sunshine got her pretty manners.

'Mamma, this is my Sunday School teacher, and this is Mrs. Burton who came with her to see us.

On her pretty little introduction we shook hands and sat down for a few minutes chat with the mother, wishing to learn more of Sunshine's home mission labors.

'My little girl's work ?' she said in answer to our question. 'She does much of it while I am away ironing, but she has succeeded in getting in a few women and children evenings for a prayer meeting' And mamma prays so beautifully for them they cry and promise to be good,' broke in Little Sunshine, unable to restrain herself when she thought of those good times, and as we looked into her shining eyes, the tears came into our own. Her mamma only drew her little daughter closer within her arm, as she told of several women who had taken the pledge, and others who had begun to take heart amidst their painful surroundings, and were trying to make their homes brighter and cleaner. Of boys and girls who had been induced to go to night-schools, and little children whom Sunshine daily collected in her room and was teaching to read.

She told it all so modestly we felt as though she looked upon it simply as a part of her daily life and duty, and when she looked into her daughter's face and added, But you must know my little daughter is the moving power of it all,' we looked with admiration at their able co-partner-

.

when we once get up in our little nest, we are a very happy family,' she added with a smile.

'Do you not sometimes feel afraid to go in and out among these people? They seem so different from you ? we asked.

'Oh, no; never now. They all are very kind to us. I could go away now, and find a more cheerful place, but' and the tears came to her eyes, ' what would these poor people do? Go back to drink I fear. And Sunshine wants to stay too.'

Every Sunday finds Sunshine in her place in our class, drinking in words to carry home for her work, and we thus feel that we do not carry her alone on our hearts, but all those poor men and women and children whom she will meet and help through the week.

Our words, through this child, will touch and perhaps save hundreds, and as we look into her upturned face, realizing how she stands with one hand holding on ours and the other reaching out towards sinning, sinful ones, she seems not only our Little Sunshine, but another Christlike creation sent to save and bless this world of ours.-MAYBROOK.

## TRUST HIM IN THE DARK.

BY REV. D. M. M'INTYRE, GLASGOW.

One morning, some years ago, a visitor came hurriedly into my room. 'I want it,' he said excitedly, as soon as he passed the threshold. 'My wife has it; others among my friends have it ; I have not and I want

Knowing him to be an alert, sagacious man of business, I was for a moment surprised at his eagerness, and then I thought I understood. What is it you want? I sked. 'I want salvation, he replied. Salvation is to be found in Christ; come to him.' 'I can't,' was his rejoinder, ' can't; there's a granite wall in the way. I remembered a similar expression in one of Mr. Haslam's books (' From Death into Life,' p., 225), and taking down the volume, I read the incident, then quoting the evangelist's words I said, "" what would you do if there was no wall; do that?" You say that there is a granite wall in the way. If there were not, you would come to the Saviour. But he assures you that there is no barrier or separation. Will you not therefore come to him ?" 'Let us pray,' he said. We knew again by the same chair, and the burden of his prayer was, 'O for one ray of light!' When he ceased, I added, 'I think you are too anxious about light, perhaps the Saviour without to trust him in the dark.' pray,' he said. We knelt down by the wishes you to trust him is the dark.' Presently he continued, 'There is a verse I wish you to read. It is in the beginning of the 12th chapter of Hebrews.' I turned to the place indicated, and read, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of with esses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.'" 'Read it again,' he said. I did so. 'Again.' When I had read it, I think, five times, I asked hima; 'What do you suppose is "the sin which doth so easily beset us;" is it unbelief?" ' No. he replied, 'it's drink.' I then tried to tell him of Jesus the Saviour who delivers us from the tyranny of evil; but before I had said many words he stopped me as be-'Let us pray.' This time his prayer fore. was that of the distressed father at the foot of the Transfiguration Mount 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.' I then tried once more to point him to Christ. Nothing seemed to move him much until I said, 7 The Gospel is just like this: I am a sinner; Christ died for sinners; I take his one who had had her sunny ways, I felt as 'Christ died for sinners,' Christ died for sinners peated—'I am a sinner; Christ died for sinners.' He followed me in these words, but would add no more. At last, by a manifest effort of reliance, he said tremb lingly, 'I take Christ to berny Saviour, and then, more firmly, 'Yes, I take Christ to be my Saviour,' and without waiting for

me to repeat the next-clause he swiftly added, 'And I am saved.'

In a few minutes he turned to me and anxiously said, 'There is no light yet. T told him that if he simply trusted in the redeeming love and power of the Lord Jesus light would surely come. Next morning he called on me. 'I am still trusting,' he said, 'but there is no light.' Two days after I saw him again: 'I am still trusting,' he told me, 'and though it is still dark, I think that light is breaking.' Next day he seized me and declared, his whole countenance radiant with joy, 'The

light has come. It is all clear now.' I think the light that shone upon my friend's life was the dayspring from on high, and I have told this story with the prayer that some other may be guided to Jesus by his experience. - Word and Work.

SEA VOICES.

# BY WILLIAM HALE.

A silver mist stole out of the sea, And whispered low "I am free, free!

O soul of man, be like me, like me !" A sail in the distance, ghostly, dim

Dropping below the sea's clear rim, Sighed, "Life is a spectre, weird and grim."

A brave mew poising on lustrous wing Sang, " Life is a sumptuous, perfect thing ; Good cheer, good cheer! O sing, soul, sing !"

Then hoarsely chanted the wrinkled sea, 'O yearning soul, be like me, like mo; I symbolize eternity.'

But my steadfast soul serenely cried, "I am richer than yo, mist, sail, bird, tide: Jehovah himself doth in me bide;

'The fulness of being is morged in me, I am part and parcel of Deity, I myself am eternity."

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