## 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 lnige tenement house on an inner court,-one of those little narrow streets :openiug of from nother one-and from the appearance of things ingeneral 'sun' and 'shine' were two words unknown to the many inhabitints 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 awny up at the top of the house was far different from the rest, or at lenst it was one year ago, kut 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 clein dress and apron, and while we recovered our breath after our long climb, wo could not help our eyes wandering wround the room, taking in its details of cleanliness and comfort. A row of plants stood in the open window, some of them stood in the open, and their fragrance recalling in bloom, and their fragrance recalling
open fields and country helges. A white open fields and country hedges. A white
muslin curtain draped the window and muslin curtain draped the window and
was caught back with a, yes, it was a pice was caught back with a, yes, it was a piece
of cloth, but briglit and pinked on both of cloth, but brighit and pinked on both
edges. The extreme neatness of the rooun eclges. 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 sumny 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 nay rest you.' And without waiting for our reply, reached down a glass from the our reply, reached down a ginss from the
cupboard, and brought us a drink, which cupboard, and brought
we gratefully received.
'My dear child, you do not live here all lone, do you?
Oh, no : but I keep house while mamma is away. You know she has to go away nornings early, so I do the work.
'But do you remain here alone all dny? we persisted.

Why, yes, ma'am; but I am busy all the time.'
'And never get lonesome, I suppose?' ' $\mathrm{Olh}_{2}$ no, ma'am. I have so much to do I couldn't.

And pray, what do you do beside keeping this room so nice and clenn?' 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 ven 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 conyert the criminal, save the drunkard and bear their poad, overburdenely more bravely but now as we gazed into her earnest eyes, flishing 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.
that she lived in this court, and we felt sure, from her conversation, she must sure, from her conversation, she must
have some refining influenco near her ; some one who had taught her well from bubyhood, and when she told us her name was Sunshine, we knew some one mustlove
her doarly. -We want to hear all about your good work here, Sunshine, for wo see you have
been working. Hive you aclass to tench? 'Yes'n', she modestly answered, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, for a little girl of ten to bo teaching a class of boys and girls, from whom many a grown person would have shrunk,
wondering if any good could ever come out of so mucli fith. 'There were only two at first, but last Sunday there wore fourteon ; and, oh, teacher,' and the blue eyes danced with merriniont, for she could
$\left|\begin{array}{l}\text { ovidently see the funny side as well as the } \\ \text { serious, such a funny thing happened last }\end{array}\right|$ 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 hin so bad, why, Jim Sikes came up the stairs just as still as a mouse, $I$ don thow Whether he meant to come in or not; $;$ h has never been here yet. • He just.p
'The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold,
and he spoke right out loud and said, 'Ifuh, 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 snid 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 lave the same namine. Do you ?
' No, dear, I cannot tell ; but perhaps you may some day lead that very man to 'I guess not,' she slowly answered, 'he's ngry at menow. He swore and sidd if dià 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. ou see, Renie Stokes, whoso papa used to drink so bad, told me the other day, and she snid 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 once a day now, and lots of good thing
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 siw where Little Sunshine got her pretty manners

Mamma, this is my Sunday School eacher, and this is Mrs. Burton who anme ith 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 renun more of Sunshine's home mission labors.
'My little girl's work ?' she said' in nswer 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 it prayer meeting' And mamma prays so beautifully for them they cry and promise to be gond,' broke in Little Sunshine, unable to restrain herself when she thought of those good times, and s we looked into her shining eyes, the tears came into our own. Her mamina only drew her little daughter closer within her arm, as she told of several women who
had taken the pledge, and others who had land taken the pledge, and others who had begun to take heart amidst their painful surroundings, and were trying to make and ginls who hid been induced to oo to night-schools, and little children whom Sunshine daily collected in her room and as 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 ooked into her daughter's face and added, But you must know my little daughter is the moving power of it all,' wo looked with
ship.
'Her papa was killed on the railrond, just before she was born ;' she continued, and when she came, with eyes so much ike his, and her sunny ways, I felt as though she were the only ray of light in my then dark life. Until she was five years old I was in a private family, but hey moved away, and then sickness cune, vithin was the ony phac $T$ coula vithin my meins. This is high up, but window, it seemed the best $I$ could the window, it seemed the best 1 could get. and only two rows of houses betiveen, so and only two rows of houses between, so

## I do fine ironing five days in the weok, and

 when we once get up in our litele nost, weare a very happy family, she added with are $a$ y
snile.

Do you not sonetimes feel afraid to go in and out among these peoplo? They em so different from you? we asked.
Oh, no ; never now. They allare very kind to us. I could go away now, and find a more cheerful place, but' and the ears came to her eyes, "what wrould these poor people do ? Go back to dri,
Every Sunday finds Sunstine in her place in our class, drinking in words to arry hoine 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 moer and holp hrough 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 reation 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 visito came hurriedly into my room. I want it he said excitedly, as soon as he passed the my friends have it; I have not and I want

Knowing him to be an alert, sagacious man of business, I was for a inoment sur prised at his eagerness, and then I thought I understood. "What is it you want?" I asked. 'I want salvation,' he replied 'Snlvation is to be found in Ohrist ; come to him:' 'I can't,' was his rejoinder, 'I can't ; there's a granite wall in the way. remembered a similar expression in one Life,' p ., 225), and taking down the yolu into I read the incident, then quoting the evangelist's words I snid, " "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 you not therefore come to him"?' 'Let us
pray,' he said. We knelt down by the pray,' he said. We knelt down by the
same chair, and the burden of his praye was, 'O for one ray of light!' When he ceased, I added, 'I think Fou are too anxious about light, perhaps the Snviour, wishes you to trust hing in the dark.' I wish you to read. It is in the beginning of the I2th chapter of Hebre ws.' I turned to the place indicated, and rend," Wherefore seeing we also are compnssed about with so great a cloud of wituresses, let us ny aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and lot us run with patience the race that is set bofore us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.'." 'Read it again,' he satid. I
did so. 'Again.' When I had rend it, I tlink, five times, I asked hina; 'What do you suppose is "the sin which doth so ensily beset us;" is it unbolief?' '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 1 had said many words he stopped me as before. 'Let us pray.' This time his prayer was that of the distressed father at the foot of the Transfiguration Mourat 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbolief.' I then tried once more to point hia to Christ. I said, 'The Gospel is just like this: I am a simner; Christ died for sinnors. I take Christ, to be my Saviour; and I am saved.' 'Say that again,' be cried. began-'I am a sinner.' 'I Iam a sinner,'
he replied, his voice choking with emotion. Christ died for choking vith emotion. for sinners,' was his quick response. 'I take Christ to be my Saviour:" There was silence for a moment, then he snid, 'Will you begin again?' Agrain and again I re-pented-'I am a sinner ; Christ died for simners.' He followed me in these words, but would, add no more. At last, by a manifest effort of reliance, he said trembingly, I take Christ to beny Saviour, to bo my Saviour,' and without waiting for
me to repent the next clause he siviftly added, And I am saved:
In a.few minutes he turned to me and anxiously said, 'There is no light yet.'. I redeeming that if he simply trusted Jesus light would surely come. Next morning he called on me, 'I am still trustiug, he said 'but there is no light Two dnys after I saw him again:" I am still trusting,' he told me, 'snd 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 tuld this story with the prayer that some other may be guided to Jesus by his experience.-Word and Wor\%.

## SEA VOICES.

by william bale.
A silver mist stole out or the sea,
And whispercd low "I ain free, free, froe! O soul of man, be like me, like mel"
A sail in tho distance, ghostly, dim
Dropping below the sea's clenr rim
Sighed, "Life is a spectro, weird and grim."
A brare mow poising on lustrous wing Good cheer, food cheer! O sing, soul, sing :
Then hoarsely chanted the wrinkled sea,
'O yearning soul, be like mo, like mo; I symbolize oternity."

But my steadfast soul serencly cried, I am richer than yo, mist, snil, bird, tido Jehoval himself doth in mo bido;

- The fulness of being is morged in me, am part and pareel of Deity
myself am eternity:"

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