

thing again and again brought before the mind creates an infatuation that nothing but divine truth can dispel. To all spiritual things the soul becomes dark as midnight—the seen and the material alone remains, and so the words of our favorite hymn are true in fact:—

'The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.'

### Post Office Crusade

The year 1902 closed free of debt with a balance on hand towards the expiring subscriptions in January.

The following subscriptions are acknowledged with gratitude:—E. J. Taylor, 50c.; M. A., Nova Scotia, \$2.00; A Mother and Son, \$2.00, which is part of their tithe; and \$1.00 from a young lady who is interested in educational work in India. The letters and good wishes accompanying these gifts are helpful and inspiring.

The little boy in India who asked for stamps is to be supplied, and the young girl who desires the 'Girl's Companion' is provided for. The missionary who wished for 'World Wide' and an educational journal for a native principal of a school in India has also her request granted. The 'Canadian Educational Monthly' will go direct from office of publication, in Toronto, thanks to a kindergarten friend.

The 'Little Green God,' requested by Mrs. Craig, at Samulcotta, India, will also be mailed from Toronto. This for the Missionaries' Lending Library, with 'World Wide.'

'I know why you came to America,' said a Boston lady to Miss Sorabji, of Poona. 'God sent you to warn and enlighten our women who are being carried away by the doctrines of Hindu missionaries to America.' Then she burst into tears and said, 'My daughter is one of the converts; she will not eat meat now, because she thinks the cow is a sacred animal.'

'I send you these rose leaves. Pray for the women of whom I write.' This message came to the writer in a letter. 'She is an American, a white woman, but she leaps and dances before the God Krishna.'

'The Little Green God' is a true story written by a minister's wife in the States. It gives an account of Hinduism among cultured families on this continent.

Thanks are also due for papers from Mrs. Little, of Inverness, and Miss Rennie, of Montreal Annex, and for a nice, large, clean parcel of Bible cards from Edwin Millan, aged 8. Will the friends for the future who have papers to mail to India please direct them to one or all of these addresses. It will save time, strength, and postage for me if you will send them to India, instead of Westmount. I have large numbers on hand now. This coming year can we not send out great quantities to India. One cent for every two ounces; papers to be done up firmly, addressed clearly, to

MRS. MOORE,  
Soldiers' Home,  
Wellington,  
Nilgin,  
South India.

This lady is the widow of a Presbyterian minister. She gives her whole time, strength and means to work among soldiers.

MISS DUNHILL,  
12 S. Parade,  
Bangalore, India.

This lady is the national organizer of

the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, one of, if not the strongest, evangelizing agencies in India.

MRS. McLAURIN,  
Coonor, India.

A whole-souled White Ribboner whose whole life has been consecrated to missions. She was the first woman in India to encourage the Post-office Crusade.

MRS. CRAIG,  
Samulcotta, India.

A teacher, who is an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is greatly in sympathy with the Post-office Crusade.

In addition to these names look up those of your own missionaries in India, and let there go out a flood of papers during 1903. Is there work to do by the press? Read these words and ponder over the matter seriously:—

'Pernicious literature in India is doing much damage. A black sewer of papers is pouring into the land. It has one hundred and ten weekly newspapers published in the native languages which have a distinct bias against Christianity and the settled order of Christian civilization. In Lucknow and Cawnpore fifty presses are at work turning out tons of impure and anti-Christian literature every week. Buddhist priests translate Ingersoll's tracts to counteract missionary teaching, and not a student leaves the university in Madras without receiving a package of infidel literature. The old religions of India mighty as they are, are crumbling away before the progress of education, and many a student in passing through college loses all his religious belief. The great fight of the incoming century will not be against misbelief but against unbelief. "To pour in a flood of Gospel literature," says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who visited India, and learned these truths for himself, "is the only way to save India to Christianity."'

Will you not take hold bravely, and from individuals, Sunday-schools and missionary societies let there go out a pure, sweet stream of uplifting Gospel messages.

To those who wish to direct papers from the office of publication I will cheerfully attend to your orders and put the commission into the work. Missionaries recommend the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Sabbath Reading.' A large demand is growing for the 'World Wide.' All Canadian Sunday-school papers, but not those published by United States publishers, will be useful. Send all the good British literature you can. The more the better.

Another way in which you can help is to flood every paper you can possibly get an entrance into with a stirring recommendation for a reduction of the postage on newspapers. If you will read the writings of military men and such correspondents as the late lamented Steevens, whom Kit-chener pronounced as 'most accurate' and 'conscientious,' you will be convinced politically as well as religiously of the importance of sending the best type of British Christian thought throughout the length and breadth of 'The Pearl of the East.' Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE,  
Winnipeg, Man.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—I cannot do without your valuable paper. In Sunday-school I used it as a prize for perfect lessons where we used the lessons. In the Maritime Provinces

I was for thirty years connected with Sabbath and Christian Endeavor work. In December, 1902, the Lord laid me aside with muscular inflammatory rheumatism, which after years of suffering has now become chronic, and though I cannot move one inch either in bed or pillowed up in an arm chair yet I do a little teaching. A feeble-minded lad, a failure at school, is learning to read correctly and can now learn the Sunday-school lesson and commit the golden text to memory. As a stimulant, and an intellectual and spiritual helper, I give him weekly a copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' which I took when not half its present size. Yours respectfully,

MRS. E. N. DONKIN.

Lakeville, N.S.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—My boys go to Sunday-school, in which they get your valuable paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' each week, and we like it very much. We are so much pleased with the way the temperance is put in that we signed the pledge-roll, hoping it will be a help to my boys in years to come. I remain yours affectionately,

MRS. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Belmont, N.Y.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—I have taken the 'Messenger' from its first publication and think it is the best paper I can get for the price. I also send you an evening prayer that I composed this year, and which I think fits my case, as I am now nearly 91 years old; it may be so with others. Here is the prayer:—

Another day is past and gone,  
The evening shades are here;  
O may I now remember well  
The night of death draws near.

I lay my garments by  
Upon my bed to rest,  
So death will soon disrobe me here  
Of what I now possess.

Lord, keep me safe this night  
Secure from all my fears;  
May angels guard me while I sleep  
Till morning light appears,

And if I early rise  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May I set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

And when my days are past,  
And I from time remove,  
O may I in Thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of Thy love.

WILLISTON SIMONS.

It is a mistake to suppose that prayer-meetings do not attract people. The conventional prayer-meeting does not, and the frigid rehearsals which sometimes accompany the 'week of prayer' do not impress the public; but the live prayer-meeting, the spectacle of a group of men and women actually talking with God and the unseen power which pervades the service—these factors give a new character to the problem and place the subject of public prayer on what is practically a new basis, although the basis is as old as the New Testament. Let us have a revival of primitive prayer, and we shall not have long to wait for a revival of primitive power and salvation.—Bishop Thoburn.