

"O mother dearie, are you worse? Speak, mother, tell me; I will do anything for you; are you too tired?"

She thought to listen for the words that trembled on the dry lips; and, bending near, Maggie heard: 'Until the day break—and the shadows—flee away.' A pitiful smile, a look as of committal, and the faint voice said again: 'The Lord will take you up, my own precious child.'

'Mother, mother, what is it?' cried the frightened girl—but no answer came. Stone-cold, sad and comfortless, she knew this was death.

Time moves on over the lot of the glad and happy, and over the misery untold, and Maggie saw the gruesome sight, and heard the coarse speeches of those who came to help. Her heart qualied as they spoke of the 'work-us,' and grim dreams of lonely horror terrified her fragile being. In the room where she was taken till after the funeral, there dwelt sin-hardened women, and Maggie cried in vain. One afternoon—the first after they laid her gentle mother in the grave—she crept away and found the spot again. Crouching beside the newly-made mound the orphan shivered and suffered as only 'such' can suffer; and wept hot, bitter tears, as only such can weep; and God in heaven saw and heard.

A bright and happy home, where love and peace dwelt in every heart. Such was the house from which a Christian woman and her daughter had gone to carry flowers to a father's grave.

When Alexander Naunton went through the gates into the city of light beyond, many grieved over the loss. He was great in his position in the church and in the Sunday school; he was important in the town and as one of the aldermen; but his truest greatness was in that he possessed the Christ-like dignity that stooped to uplift the fallen, and give a brother's grasp to the hand of the poorest and coldest ones.

Among his parting words, he said to his wife and children, 'Love Christ, and all else will shape itself.'

Sometimes the widow longed to join him, and that morning, at family worship, she asked them to sing the hymn that seemed to correct these longings, and nerve for duty, and one verse lingered in her thought.

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those wounded hearts to sing.

'Not now'; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,

They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

The quick eye of the sympathetic Gladys detected the desolate-looking child, for Maggie was slowly walking away.

'Speak to her, mother; how terribly sad she looks.'

'Indeed I will, dear,' and the loving manner of Mrs. Naunton banished all thought of fear from Maggie's mind, and with her cold hand in the stranger's, she was telling her melancholy story and answering questions.

'I haven't any one to love me now,' she said.

'Yes, my child, as long as any of Christ's "true" followers live, no one can say that, and perhaps you are the one He has sent "me" to care for.'

'Oh mother,' whispered Gladys, with swelling heart, for she had always seen the beauty of true religion which speaks in actions, ra-

ther than words, 'is this the orphan we sang about to-day?'

'I think so, my daughter. Let us go to the people she is with and see.'

It was only the work of two house before Maggie, the homeless one, was surrounded with love and warmth in the happy home. So little she had, but each thing spoke of refinement and care.

'Poor soul, she'd known better days,' said one, in speaking of the mother who had so lately been carried out; and from Maggie's lips they guessed the cause of all the misery.

When Gladys led the orphan into the nursery after she had been washed and dressed afresh, little May, a younger sister, came to her, and beaming with interest, took the thin hand and said:—

'You shall have half my toys and books, and we'll make you ever so happy, 'cos Jesus sent you, Mo'ver says.'

That night the glistening stars shone over one Christlike home, and, sheltered in a warm bed, Maggie began a new and beautiful life.

The hand Divine that wiped away all tears from the suffering mother's face, and led the orphan to that Christian home, accepted the loving attentions bestowed on that little one as done unto Himself, and their hearts were filled with unspeakable joy.

There are lonely hearts to cherish

While the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish

While the days are passing by.

Oh! the world is full of sighs,

Full of sad and weeping eyes;

Help the fallen ones to rise

When the days are going by.

Someone.

It is sweet in the hour of sadness to know

Somebody loves you, someone is near;

It is sweet when the winds of adversity blow
And the heart is o'erladen with sorrow and woe,

Someone stands ready to comfort and cheer.

It is sweet in the hours allotted to rest

To have someone with you the home joys to share;

Someone who knows what is dearest and best
To make life a joy to the birds in the nest

And smooth out the wrinkles and kinkles of care.

—F. E. Stipp.

In Due Time.

Frederick W. Robertson used to say that neyer a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart, but it was sure to come back some time, some where, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, in the sun-land of the South-west, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea, the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. 'Before that brother was born,' said she, 'my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto, she felt, by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took him and gave him to God, in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that father and the rest of us often laughed at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm of sword or bullet—but oh! so wicked, and, worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad,

but mother never gave up. She said, often, "I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer."

'Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The last word mother said as we took her hand in parting, that summer afternoon, when the angels were coming for her, was, "Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister." Then she died, without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees, crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studying for the ministry. He is now preaching at the First Congregational Church in —' mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. 'Need I tell you that brother believes in prayer, or that I do?'

And as the little family gathered about their altar that evening for prayer we read together of Christ's promises in the 7th Chapter Matthew, and then sang with quickened faith,

At some time or other

The Lord will provide;

It may not be my time,

It may not be thy time,

And yet in His own time,

The Lord will provide.

Just Three Things.

'I once met a thoughtful scholar,' says Bishop Whipple, 'who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things.

'First. I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone blind.

'Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

'Third. I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teaching of the Gospel.'

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