

tist missionaries 'undenominational and those only of a character to establish relationships of good will and brotherly kindness.' However, that letter fell into the hands of a W. C. T. U. woman, an old school mate, who went to India somewhere about thirty years ago. She wrote at once, saying: 'We have a little Union here of native women, and a demand for papers that we cannot possibly supply. Will you take us into your Post-Office Crusade?' Thus it was, that another, then, weak little Union, in Canada (The Western W. C. T. U., of Montreal, which meets in Welcome Hall) adopted the Bangalore W. C. T. U. of India. Little did they dream that from that Union in the East the National Organizer for all India was to be chosen. This was our introduction to Miss Dunhill and we joined hands with her and our native sisters across the ocean, through the power of a consecrated press, by means of the 'Northern Messenger.' 'Where can we find the proper paper?' we asked. 'It must be well edited, illustrated, undenominational under no denominational guidance—it must teach temperance and purity, and it must not be too expensive because the cost of postage is so great.'

Miss Martha Richardson, of Calvary Church, Montreal, one of the teachers of the Sunday-school, solved this difficulty by saying: 'Why not try the 'Northern Messenger?' It is exactly suited, I should think.' In this way we found what we trust is the organ of our coming organization. No one connected with the 'Witness' Office ever lifted one finger to influence this choice and not once have we been asked by them to use means to spread its circulation. All has come about spontaneously. Every letter written to the 'Messenger' has had an instant, ready, enthusiastic response.

When we remember that this paper was consecrated to missions by the late John Dougall and that there is no money in it, simply a labor of love, we feel grateful that so beautiful a way has been opened for us to travel by press and post to the East with our 'Messenger' and its message of good news, loyalty, and hearty Canadian friendship.

Thirty-cents a year is the subscription price. This means from 12 to 16 pages of good reading every week for 52 weeks in Canada. To India the postage is 52 cts, so for the sum of 82 cents you can be one of the late John Dougall's 'Literary Missionaries,' and each week, by 'Our Post-office Crusade,' stretch out a helping hand to help undo the woes England and America have brought to India. England is responsible for the drink traffic in a land fitly called 'The pearl of the East.' Infidels in America have joined hands with infidels in England to improve the vantage ground of English culture among a thinking, clever people. What will Canada with a clean press do to help in wiping out the iniquity. The need is great, many soldiers are required for 'a million students leave the Government schools every year, and there are fifteen million readers in the country.'

'One of the most striking results of the contact of Oriental peoples with the Western World is the development for a taste for reading.'

A principal of a college in India said at a meeting in Montreal that every student in his college was supplied through the post with infidel literature. Lists of the names of college students are regularly obtained and these men are looked after faithfully by the Children of Darkness who are ever more awake to their opportunities than are the Children of Light. In addition to this, na-

tive Christians receive the most revolting writings, everything is done to undermine their newly accepted doctrines. Several names of native Christians have been sent us, also names of native pastors to whom the 'Sunday-school Times' would be valuable as an assistant in preparing sermons. Any one can have these by sending stamps for reply. Our list of names for children is exhausted. We have a few more names of natives in the civil service to whom we would like the 'Messenger' sent from the office. Eighty-two cents will supply a paper for 52 weeks. Some time ago the wife of a noted missionary of the Presbyterian Church wrote, asking if we could get the 'Boys' Own Paper' sent to the son of a missionary. He is fifty miles away from English boys. We mailed him several papers and some stamps. Enclosed is his reply. Perhaps the Editor will put this in the Correspondence Column. The postage on 'The Boys' Own' is four cents each month. We have been sending 'Donald' 'The Boys' Own' but our volumes are not complete and it seems a shame to send stories with no nice endings to them.

Now, does any boy want to post him the 'Boys' Own' and a 'Messenger' as well. You can have his address if you wish. Missionaries are always helping others, with their salaries, and, besides, on account of the climate they have to send their children home when arrived at a suitable age. Thus you see they cannot afford to subscribe for many papers. Yours faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

Mrs. COLE,

112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

Donald's letter is as follows:—

India, Kasur.

My Dear Mrs. Cole,—I am collecting stamps. I have got only 117 stamps. I thank you for the stamps and papers. I like them very much. The place in which we live has about twenty-five thousand people in it. I have four brothers, one smaller than I; his name is Malcolm, and I have three bigger than I, and one is Robin; he is eleven years old, and two of my brothers are in Ohio. One of them is John; he is thirteen years old, and the other is Davie; he is fifteen years old; they are studying there. I had two sisters; one was older than I and the older died. It is very hot here; it is 119 in the shade and 170 in the sun. Your dear

DONALD.

June, 1901.

Ask Greatly, Receive Greatly.

In the year 1887 the China Inland mission, under the leadership of J. Hudson Taylor, asked the Lord to send to China, under their auspices, at least one hundred new missionaries. To meet the increased expenses they also asked for \$50,000 more money, and, knowing that if it came in small sums it would necessitate a larger office force, they asked that it be sent to them in large payments.

At a meeting for prayer held early in the year, these earnest workers poured out their hearts in petitions to God for these special things. As they rose from their knees, and tarried a few moments before separating, Hudson Taylor said: 'Don't you think, before we go, it would be well to thank the Lord for sending us these things? He has surely heard us, and we may not all be able to meet together for prayer again.'

Once more they knelt, and this time offered up glad praise and thanksgiving to God for what he was going to do.

Such sublime faith was abundantly rewarded, for, ere the close of 1887, one hundred new missionaries were on the field, and the necessary \$50,000 was paid in, having been received in but eleven payments.

Nature.

(By Florence Weatherhead, aged 16.)

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling
rill,

And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But, oh! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,

The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
Where can we cast our eyes that we see not
some work of Nature's hand!

The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and
green,

And the blue hills that bound the sylvan
scene,—

These speak of grandeur, that defies decay,—
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all His works His own
eternity.

But what is a broad landscape a few miles
in extent, to the wonders of the earth's sur-
face at large, with its far stretching and
gloomy forests, its ranges of sublime and
lofty mountains, its long sweeping rivers,
and the eternal turbulence of its rolling
oceans! Who can shut his eyes to all these
works of nature—the ever varying beauty of
the clouds and skies, the rainbows and dew-
drops, the placid lakes and rolling seas, the
delicate flowers and blackening forests, the
gloomy tempests and crimson sunsets, and
spend his life within the narrow confines of
the city?

We need not go outside our own continent
to see the mighty forests. We have oaks
with the growth of centuries in their boughs,
evergreens that were stately trees before
Columbus set foot on San Salvador. No
scenes on tropical lands can inspire sublimer
emotions than these monarchs of the wood,
as one treads the dim aisles beneath their
vaulted arches.

Thou hast not left thyself
Without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. Not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with
which
Thy hand has graced him.'

What a pleasing contrast these works of
Nature form!—the majestic trees, spreading
their branches to the storms of heaven, and
the beautiful flowers that seek the protection
of their shade from the rays of the hot sun.
When in the woods scenes are constantly
opening up before us, in which the mind de-
lights to lose itself, and the eye to wander.
The flowers have been called stars, which
shine in the firmament of earth. Truly, they
are stars, yet they are not wrapped about
with awful mystery, like the burning stars
above us. Some flowers shine in the bright
sunlight, others droop and die if left in the
same position. Everywhere about us they
are glowing, in the meadows, on the moun-
tain tops, by the brink of pools in woodland
valleys, in old cathedrals, and on the tombs
of heroes. They are emblems of our own
great resurrection, of the bright and better
land.

What can be more pleasing than watching
the morning stars. Very early they shine
with special lustre, but as twilight approach-
es the intense blue of the sky softens, and
the smaller stars go to rest. Hands of
angels shift the scenery of the heavens; the
glories of night dissolve into the beauties of
day. The sky turns more softly grey, and
the great watchstars withdraw. Faint streaks
of purple blush along the sky. Soon the in-
flowing tides of morning light pour down
from above in a great ocean of radiance,
turning the dewy tear drops of the flowers
and leaves into rubies and diamonds. In a
few minutes the gates of day are thrown
wide open, and the lord of day begins his
course.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Tapleypoint, Feb. 5, 1902.

Mr. Editor,—I have just received the Bag-
ster Bible as premium, and it is a great deal
better than I expected. Many thanks to you
for it. Yours truly,

JESSIE E. TINGEY.