

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three;
Here where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes and word that
burns;

Here where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last, best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine;
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice
Though love wax cold and faith be dim—
"This is My Son, O hear ye Him."

—Dean Stanley.

MRS. BARTLETT'S THANK-OFFERING.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"I am going to give the missionary society an extra thank-offering this year for my lovely baby," Mrs. Spears said, holding up the little fellow fresh and rosy from his sleep.

"Mothers with babies would overload our treasury if they realized their privileges," said Miss Rankin, the returned missionary. "I can tell you a true story of one heart-broken mother I found in India. Some years ago she was sitting in her zenana, under her bamboo roof. Just outside the open door, her baby boy was playing with some of the blossoms that had fallen from one of their tropical trees. The mother heard a scream, and looking up she saw an enormous snake just about to coil itself around her darling. She sprang to save it, and called her servant to kill the monster, you would say? No; she sat still, paralyzed with anguish. Her religion taught her this might be a god who had come after her child, and if she refused the offering, destruction might come to her family. She had also been taught the transmigration of souls, and as her father and mother had died, she feared one of them might be imprisoned in the reptile, and if she killed it she might bring suffering on a soul struggling in another existence. So she sat like one turned to stone, while the monster crushed and devoured her greatest treasure, and then crawled slowly back to the jungle."

"How terrible!" cried the ladies, who were listening.

"Yes, women are religious by nature, and superstitious, too, and they must be convinced of the truth before their husbands and sons can be saved. But this woman afterwards heard of Jesus, and though she always sorrowed over her terrible mistake, she took comfort in knowing her baby was with God, not in the form of some animal; and she herself died with the name of Jesus on her lips. And this kind of work, sisters, is what comes of the money you gather up from month to month. Last year our Bible woman saved one mother from insanity by convincing her that her lost children were with Jesus, instead of roaming around in filthy animals. But I fear we can not get the sixty dollars to support this worker another year."

"I must go," said Mrs. Bartlett, rising. "I have no baby to give a thank-offering for. He is in heaven, where no one needs him, and I needed him so much. You see, I am trying to say, 'God's will be done,' but that is as near as I can honestly say it;" and the quivering lips spoke more than the half-rebellious words.

"You can give a thank-offering because you know your baby is with Jesus," answered the missionary softly, as the sorrowful mother hurried away.

"Breaking hearts on both sides of the

world," thought the bereaved woman; "but, thank God, I do know my baby is safe. Yes, I will give a thank-offering for that very thing."

Some way she did not miss so much the bright little face that no more smiled a welcome at the window-pane, or the shouts of joy that used to greet her when the door was opened. She stopped and kissed her invalid sister with something like her old smile, and then she told of the pleasant missionary meeting and the enthusiastic, returned missionary who was longing for strength to go back to her work. After a little cheer for the "shut-in" sister, Mrs. Bartlett went upstairs.

"God may need children in heaven. Perhaps there is a special work for them there," she said to herself. "Any way, my baby shall still make hearts glad here."

She went bravely to a trunk that had been unopened for two years. In it were folded away the first dainty baby clothes and the later wardrobe the angel child no longer needed. The shoe that still bore an impress of a chubby foot, and the mittens with the thumbs chewed out, the little tin red soldier and woolly dog came out with the clothes and received warm kisses, but no bitter tears.

"How thankful I am I had such a joy as this child. So many women never know that blessedness; and how many sweet memories I have to live on. Strange I never thought of that before. How ungrateful God must have thought my selfish grief."

She put the clothes in three bundles and took them downstairs, meeting her sister's wondering look with.

"Robbie does not need these, but other children do. I shall give them away as a thank offering for the precious two years we had him. Mrs. Smith has a new baby, and, I hear, nothing to make it comfortable. Mrs. Evans has been sick and unable to make her baby's short clothes; and the minister's little one wears such a shabby cloak I thought the larger things would be appreciated there."

"Indeed they will," answered Sister Jennie. "I know on his salary there is nothing left for nice, warm, baby cloaks. But that handsome dress, Katie?"

"Why not? Can't you just see how lovely Robbie looked in this pretty dress?" and Mrs. Bartlett's eyes glistened with tears, while she smiled over the picture the dress brought up. "My baby does not need embroidered dresses now. This will do no one any good folded away. I want it to make some other mother as happy as it did me."

Sister Jennie knew what Mrs. Bartlett did not tell her. Before the trunk was opened the mother had knelt before the chest which held her treasures and given herself humbly to the Lord, even thanking him for her sorrow, and praying it might be a blessing to others. As she opened that trunk she thought she heard, "Ye have done it unto me." That locked trunk happened to be the thing between herself and the Comforter, and from that moment she found a peace that even the remembrance of her loss could not take away. Christ promised the Comforter. There is nothing to warrant hopeless, rebellious grief in any of his children. If any heart does not find Christ in sorrow, some lock is fastened that keeps him out.

Before night Mrs. Bartlett had the pleasure of knowing three mothers were calling her "blessed" for her gifts, and a sick child was rejoicing over some of Robbie's toys. Then came the thought:

"How can I send the good news about children being in heaven to some heathen mother?"

She had little spending money, and her husband was not in sympathy with missionary work enough to help her, though he would not object to anything she could do without reaching his pocket-book. She had one treasure so precious it had not entered her mind at first. In the drawer where the little fading curl and faded blossoms were laid away was a velvet case, which contained the chain and locket the fond grandmother had sent.

"If it comforts me, husband won't care what becomes of it," she said, as she took out the glittering trinket.

"But isn't this too much?"

"No, no," she cried, in answer to her own thought. "Nothing is too precious to sacrifice if it will tell one mother her

lost baby is in heaven. This is my thank-offering for the comfort that has come into my heart."

Early the next morning Mrs. Bartlett went to the banker's wife and asked her to buy the chain.

"I have intended getting something like this for my little grand-daughter, but beads are more fashionable now," said Mrs. Barnes.

"Yes; but they will soon go out of style, and this locket and chain will always be pretty. I know it is good, for mother paid twenty dollars for it. Take it for the same reason I give it, to help tell some mother about Jesus," pleaded Mrs. Bartlett.

"I will, and pay the first price," answered Mrs. Barnes, greatly moved, and having her first real conception of her duty to some far away mother. "I have a jewel case for my little grand-daughter; please keep this," she said, as Mrs. Bartlett left.

The next day the missionary spoke in the church, and after her address the collection was taken, and the eager woman counted it during the singing of the last hymn. Then Miss Rankin got up and said:

"I know our faithful workers will rejoice that there is sixty dollars. That will keep some devoted native woman at work a year. But this would not have been possible if some mother had not put in two ten-dollar bills marked 'For my baby in heaven.'"

"Katie," Mrs. Bartlett's husband said that evening; "this has made me believe more in your religion than any sermon I ever heard. I don't profess to believe the world needs Christ, but since you Christians do, I have wondered why you sacrificed so little for it; and forgive me, dear, but I have felt at times I was just as happy without Christ as you were with him."

"You shall never say that again, Henry. No wonder I have not been able to get you to hear sermons, and read the Bible that has been more a belief than a reality to me. Come with me and help me towards heaven, where God has taken our treasure."

"I will try," the proud, worldly man said softly, and the wife turned away to hide her tears of thanksgiving.

Two things add to her happiness now. One is, she has seen other children happy with the things her baby has outgrown, and the other that an empty velvet case on her bureau reminds her that she has helped some other mother find the sweet comfort she now knows. Often she shuts her eyes and thinks she sees, under picturesque palm trees, a group of eager, dark-browed women listening to the words of life from the Bible reader, or some sick and dying woman hearing words of life her little sacrifice sent to the dreary zenana. And she smiles at her beautiful, pictured baby, while her heart goes out in love to baby's Redeemer and her own, while she cheers her waiting heart with, "Ye have done it unto me."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

"Sport" is horrible! I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds, in many and various parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most "sporting folk," and few women, and not many men, have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during expeditions and travels in far-away lands. It is not, therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a "female Nimrod," have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation, any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals. Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that, at times, a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time as I have bent over my fallen game, the result, alas! of too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of the deer and its different kind, glaze and grow dim, as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown; I

have ended, with a sharp yet merciful knife, the dying sufferings of the poor beast who had never harmed me, yet whom I have laid low under the veil of sport; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and that same look I have seen in the eyes of the glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid, gentle gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this: The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I fain I never had done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.—*The Westminster Review.*

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRIST.

Twelve years ago, Rev. Oscar Michelson landed on the island of Tonga, in the New Hebrides, alone among cannibals. He was broken up with fever. At first he had many perilous adventures, and again and again fled into hiding to save his life. Once a savage, now one of the best teachers, levelled a rifle to kill him, but was stopped by a look. He persevered amidst many threatenings and dangers. His house became known as "the Sunday House," and Christian hymns were often heard mingling with heathen songs. From heart to heart, home to home, village to village, the Gospel won its way, until now thirty Christian teachers are laboring in as many different villages. Mr. Michelson's field now includes, he writes, four whole islands. The people speak three languages. During the week of prayer he held meetings simultaneously in all the villages. At one meeting 300 rose for prayer. Ten years ago they proposed to eat him. Now he lives in perfect safety. The rifles are rarely used for the purpose for which they were made, but Mr. Michelson often sees them used in pairs over the fire to hold the saucers. If a coin or some such object is lost on the road, the owner is almost sure to find it stuck up on a post, the next time he passes that way. Peace, love, honesty, prevail in the stead of savagery.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"