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An-Old Lace-Maker.

(R. Shindler, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

The lace-makers of the present day are fewer in number than they were fifty years ago, or even less. Pillow lace is still made in some districts, but chiefly by old people, women especially, but sometimes by men when too old or infirm to engage in ordinary manual labor.

Our picture represents one of them, busy at 'shuffling his threads.' It is a portrait from life of Mr. William Singer, who lived a few miles from Bedford. The portrait was taken when he was ninety-four years of age. He was then still able to do a little work on his pillow, and the specimen of

yielded himself to God, and from that time to the end of his days he walked faithfully before God, seeing his children and his children's children walking also in the paths of righteousness.

William Singer was one of a class of which the writer has seen and known not a few—men and women in humble walks of life, true Christians, and serving their generation according to the will of God. Their means of livelihood were small, but their faith was strong; they valued above everything earthly the grace that bringeth salvation, and the hope laid up for them in heaven, and the means of grace by which their faith and hope are sustained.

The lines of the poet, William Cowper,

of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

Pandita Ramabai.

A VISIT TO HER HOME.

(By G. S. Eddy, India.)

It was on a summer evening that my friend and I left the train at Kedgaum and made our way across the famine parched prairie to the hundred acres of Ramabai's school. A great quadrangle of long stone buildings appeared, a striking monument to faith and the grace of God. We went inside the quadrangle, past groups of neatly-dressed Indian girls, to the garden in the centre, laid out with beautiful design, so that the decorations of the flower beds in Scripture texts spell out the praises of God. It is well that they should praise him here where the desert has been made to blossom as the rose, and human hearts have been delivered from the shame and sorrow of earth to the purity and joy of heaven.

In the evening we sat cross-legged upon a board on the plain, mud floor, and took our evening meal with Ramabai and the devoted woman from America who is helping her. We had curry and rice, coarse native bread, and milk. But the most interesting feature of the meal was Ramabai herself. Her face was brim full of intelligence and bright with humor though there was a touch of sadness about it, too, at times.

The next day was Sunday. We wondered why no breakfast appeared, but found that the girls gave up their morning meal on Sunday to help their starving people. As the hundreds of girls gathered for Sunday-school, neat, clean, womanly, and happy, we could not but be moved as we thought of the past from which they had been rescued; the worst, from widowhood, starvation, neglect, sin and shame; the best, from idolatry, homes without God, without hope, without the Bible, and without Christ. On Sunday afternoon I found Ramabai having a quiet time with her Bible, with leisure to answer my questions. With what I had already known, and what she told me then, I learned the story of her life.

'In the great famine of '77, when I was a girl, our family was reduced to starvation. We prostrated ourselves before the idols day and night. When our money was gone we began to sell our jewellery, clothes, and cooking utensils. The day came when the last grain of rice was gone. We went into the forest to die there. First my father, then my mother, and then my eldest sister died of starvation. My brother and I continued our sad pilgrimage from the south to the northern boundary of India and back to Calcutta. I was often without food for days. Four long years we suffered from scarcity. None of my friends can ever understand what my feelings are now for this famine stricken people. The memory of the last day of my parents' lives, full of sorrow, almost breaks my heart.'

In her early life she received an exception-



HE WAS STILL ABLE TO DO A LITTLE WORK ON HIS PILLOW.

work which I purchased of his granddaughter is perfect, so far, at least, as my judgment goes.

The portrait represents the venerable man at work. The window plants show his taste for flowers; on the rustic table at his right hand stands a glass jar, with an inverted bottle, an arrangement to concentrate on his pillow the light of his modest candle. At his back, on the shelves, are his small library, containing his Bible and a choice selection of religious books, for William Singer is a good Christian man, and the light of a holy calm and peace are shown in his countenance.

While still a young man, William Singer

may in truth be applied to such a man as William Singer the lace-maker:

Yon cottager, who weaves at his own door,
Pillow and bobbins all his little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not
gay,

Shuffling his-threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, his heart and pocket
light.

The value of such a life as that of the old lace-maker is beyond price. How it proves the truth and force of the words of the inspired apostle, that 'Godliness with contentment is great gain, having promise