

## 'MESSENGER' ARMENIAN FUND.

We give below three more of the letters which we have lately received in response to our appeal for the suffering Christians of Armenia:—

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed an order of ten dollars for the 'Messenger' Armenian fund, being a collection taken from the Waskada Presbyterian mission field. Yours truly,  
W. Akitt, Student Missionary.  
Waskada, Man., April 18, 1896.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find two dollars for the Armenian relief fund, and acknowledge to  
Mascouche Rapids E. L. of C. E.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:—

Gentlemen,—A week ago yesterday, when distributing the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sabbath-school (First Presbyterian Church), we called attention to the articles on the Armenians, and also to your having started a 'Northern Messenger' Armenian fund. We also asked the school for a special collection on the following Sabbath as a contribution to that fund. It affords me much pleasure to enclose herewith a cheque for \$34 as the result of yesterday's offering. We hope your appeal will meet with a most hearty and liberal response from all schools reached by your excellent paper. Sincerely yours,

G. W. Hodgetts, Supt.  
St. Catharines, Ont., April 20, 1896.

## WHO WILL SEND NEXT?

OVER \$200.00.

Over two hundred dollars has so far been sent to the the Armenian sufferers by subscribers of the 'Messenger' alone. This is splendid so far as it goes. There are still, we are sure, many more to hear from. Mr. Bogigian, the Armenian merchant, whose portrait we gave a few weeks ago, says: "There is now more need of contributions than ever. The seed time has come, yet the people have no seed. Friends of his who when he visited them a year ago were wealthy, 'living like princes,' are now without a dollar. Seed must be sent if there is to be a harvest next fall. The Turks have cut down even all their fruit trees. No harvest next fall will mean extermination of the whole people."

## THE FAMILY ACROSS THE WAY.

A TRUE SKETCH.

(By Annie A. Preston.)

'Good morning, sir,' said Farmer Barrett, overtaking upon the turnpike a gentlemanly-looking stranger. 'The ways are desperately muddy, and that satchel you are carrying looks as if it might be heavy. Would you like to ride?'

'That depends upon which road you are to take when you reach the four corners, just over there; but it will not be out of place for me to ask you if you want to buy a Bible.'

'Well, I don't quite know. I shouldn't wonder. I'm sure my wife

would like to meet a man who is selling Bibles. Get right into my wagon here. If we do not need a Bible you will need a dinner, and if I take you out of your way I shall be harnesses up again towards night, when I go to fetch the children home from school, and I will bring you back here to this very spot if you say so.'

'I will try not to make any unreasonable demand upon you, my thoughtful friend, and being very tired of walking I will accept your invitation. May I ask why you allude to your wife as knowing better than you whether a Bible is needed at your house?'

'Well, you see, wife is a Christian, but I make no profession; and I heard her say something about buying a Bible for John's birthday, so I thought this might be her opportunity. As I always try to look out for the main chance, you can see it is quite in my line to take you along home with me.'

'And as I, too, dislike to lose an opportunity, it is quite in my line to go; so we will trust that there may be a blessing ahead.'

'I hope so, I am sure; but if you mean in the way of converting anybody, I don't see how that can be; for wife is as good as anyone could possibly be and live in this world, and so long as she has never converted me I must be past help; and the children are all at school in the daytime—six of them, anywhere between six and sixteen, and two of them twins. But I never have believed in anyone's being converted until he was grown up and settled down. But here we are; wife will talk Bible and missions and religion generally with you. I don't pretend to be up in them things myself.'

Jumping down from the roomy two-seated wagon the farmer opened the kitchen door, ushered the stranger in, and introduced him to his wife as a hungry fellow he had picked up and brought home to dinner.

'You can tell her your business in your own way,' he chuckled as he went out to put up the horses, and he chuckled again a half-hour later when he returned to find the sitting-room table loaded with the contents of the stranger's satchel, while the two were talking of Christian work with the sympathy that only a common interest can give.

Presently Mrs. Barrett went out to see after the dinner, and the stranger, looking out of the window, said to his host:

I hope your neighbors across the way are congenial.'

'They are not,' said the farmer. 'We never have anything to do with them. I'd buy their farm for the sake of getting rid of them if they'd sell it, but they won't; and I'd sell out to them if they'd buy my farm, but I don't suppose they can.'

'Do you suppose they would buy a Bible?'

'Buy a Bible? No. I doubt if they have one in the house.'

'Then it becomes my duty to carry them one. I will go right over now, while your wife is setting the table.'

'Husband would better go and introduce you,' said Mrs. Barrett.

'I don't know as I had better,' retorted the husband good-naturedly. 'I never do go there excepting to tell them that their hogs are in my garden or their cow in my corn.'

'You would better go,' repeated his wife. 'I will ring the bell when dinner is ready,' and the farmer went, as much to his own surprise as to hers.

Some time later, when the dinner was ready upon the table, Mrs. Barrett rang the bell again, and yet again, without effect.

'They must be in the midst of an argument,' she said to herself. 'I am afraid they will get vexed; I would better go after them.'

Throwing her blue check gingham apron over her head she ran across—to find them busily engaged indeed, but not in the way she had fancied, for they were all upon their knees and the stranger was pouring out his

heart to God in their behalf. Mrs. Barrett forgot her duties as hostess and knelt beside her husband.

It was a precious season; and before they arose to their feet more than one heart was melted and more than one penitent sinner found voice to pray for himself.

'Come over and eat dinner with me,' said Mrs. Barrett. 'You have had no time to prepare dinner. Come right along. I have plenty for you all, and we can none of us afford to lose a word of this good man's discourse.'

The power of the Gospel of Christ was shown when they all sat down together about the hospitable board for the first time in the nearly twenty years they had lived within a few yards of each other.

'To think I should have found my Saviour at neighbor Lee's,' said Mr. Barrett.

'And to think we should have been converted by a stranger brought in by you,' said the Lees.

'It shows the power of the Holy Spirit,' said Mrs. Barrett. 'This servant of God by his conversation was able to bring you into a receptive mood. It is what I have been praying that I might do for years. The Lord sent this good man to my assistance.'

That was the beginning of a revival, the missionary remaining in the neighborhood for weeks, the Barrett children, even the little ones, being among the converts. When he came again, a year later, Mr. Barrett said:

'There never were better neighbors than mine across the way. We are just like one family.'

'There is nothing like the spirit of love, which is the Gospel of Christ, to make good neighbors,' said the colporter. 'It has been so ever since that song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."—'American Messenger.'

## AN OUTRAGE.

The awful inhumanity of the saloon is sometimes shown with fearful clearness by a single act. Such an incident was related the other day by a friend who is connected with a rescue mission in the slums of a great city. In connection with this mission a lodging-house is conducted, so that men who are striving after the better life need not return to their old haunts of sin. Upon most of these men rum has a terrific grip, and their safety lies largely in keeping out of temptation's way. When the saloon-keepers discovered that some of their best customers were being lifted out of the old life by the mission they devised a diabolical plan to pull them down again. They hired men to profess a desire for reformation and to secure quarters in the mission lodging-house. These men carried with them quantities of liquor, provided by their masters, and during the night they offered it freely to their reformed companions, well knowing the power the old appetite had upon them. The result, as anticipated by the saloon-keepers, was that some of the men succumbed to the temptation, and soon were again in the thralldom of the drink monster. It is almost inconceivable that men could resort to such inhuman means to fasten the devil's chains upon a fellow being, yet, after all, we must remember that the life of the saloon necessitates the death of men.—'Golden Rule.'

## HINDRANCE TO ALL GOOD.

Regarding Queen Victoria's approval of the provision excluding strong drink from Khama's kingdom and her concluding remark, 'I feel strongly in this matter and am glad

to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people,' the 'Scottish League Journal' logically says: 'This is no utterance that can be discounted because made by an extremist. It cannot be laughed at as like utterances have been when made by rabid teetotalers. It is a verdict from the throne, an arraignment of the liquor traffic in highest place. We venture to say that a comparatively little while ago no such utterances would have been given by Her Majesty. But now from lowest circles up to the highest the conviction is clear and deep that the liquor traffic is a menace to safety, a hindrance to all good and an engine of destruction physically, socially, morally and spiritually.'

## 'MESSENGER' CLUB RATES.

The following are the club rates for the 'Northern Messenger':—

10 copies to one address.....	\$ 2.25
20 " " " " " " " " " " " "	4.00
50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	10.50
100 " " " " " " " " " " " "	20.00

Single copy, 30c. When addressed to Montreal, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 20c postage must be added for each copy.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Publishers, Montreal.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'