

## Saved While the Clock was Striking.

Mr. Lane says: "There was a friend of mine speaking at the second meeting of an evangelistic service. He was about to close the meeting, and the clock had just begun to strike ten. As the first stroke tolled out, he said, 'The clock is striking the hour, and before it finishes, every one of you here who are unsaved, can be a saved man or a saved woman.'" Amid dead silence the clock struck the ten strokes, then, with prayer, the meeting was closed. Next night, as my friend was standing at the door, shaking hands with the people a man pushed his way through the crowd, and said, 'Sir, I wish to shake hands with you to-night. I did not have the courage to do it last night, but I want to do it now.' 'Ah, friend, you look happy.' 'Yes, I am happy.' 'Are you trusting Christ?' 'Yes.' 'How long since?' 'Since last night. I came to Christ between the first stroke and the tenth.' And you can do the same. Salvation is an act, a transaction, that can be completed in a moment. It is not, as some would have us believe, a work which requires time, but, when salvation is accepted, then comes the work, drawing us day by day nearer and nearer to Christ.—'Christian Herald.'

## Where to Find Heaven.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said: 'Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told all about heaven, but you never told where heaven is.'

'Ah!' said the pastor, 'I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed; and she has not got a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour,' then ask for a bible, and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get through I'll pay the bill.'

The next morning he said:

'Pastor, I saw heaven, and spent fifteen minutes in heaven.'—'The Pacific.'

## A Bright Boy.

### WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY READING.

I do not think it very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at

it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it had left the country. It had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.—Charles Dudley Warner.

## What Are the Children Saying?

I hear the voices of children  
Calling from over the seas:  
The wail of their pleading accents  
Comes borne upon the breeze.

And what are the children saying,  
Away in those heathen lands,  
As they plaintively lift their voices,  
And eagerly stretch their hands?

'Oh, Buddha is cold and distant,  
He does not regard our tears;  
We pray, but he never answers,  
We call, but he never hears.

'Oh, Brahma in all the Shasters  
No comforting word has given,  
No help in our earthly journey,  
No promise nor hope for heaven.

'Oh, vain is the Moslem Prophet,  
And bitter his creed of 'Fate,'  
It lightens no ill to tell us  
That Allah is only great.

'We have heard of a God whose mercy  
Is tenderer far than these;  
We are told of a kinder Saviour  
By Sahibs from over the seas.

'They tell us that when you offer  
Your worship, He always hears:  
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,  
Our Buddha is blind to tears!

'We grope in the midst of darkness—  
With none who can guide aright!  
Oh, share with us, Christian children,  
A spark of your living light!

This, this is the plaintive burden  
Borne hitherward on the breeze:  
These, these are the words they are saying,  
Those children beyond the seas!  
—M. J. Preston, in 'Children's Work.'

## Correspondence

Pender Island, B.C.  
Dear Editor,—I have got a dear little baby sister since I wrote last. She was born on Sept. 16, just eight days before my birthday. I enjoyed my holidays very much. Two weeks after they had begun a friend of mine came up here from Victoria, to spend three weeks with me, then when she went home my brother and I went with her, to spend two weeks with my aunt; and we often went to visit her as the house was only next door. We had a very nice time; but we were quite happy to get to school again; or, at least, I was. Mr. J. R. Robertson, our missionary

student, left ten days ago, and we were all sorry at his departure. We had a pleasant little social two or three weeks before he left, and I enjoyed myself very much at it; we had readings, recitations, and songs; then tea, and after that games; and when we were leaving we sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' We expect another missionary student very soon now, perhaps to-morrow. With many respects to your little paper, I am, your sincere friend,

NELLIE.

Molesworth.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take the opportunity to write to the 'Messenger,' this beautiful afternoon, as nobody has written from our village before. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath-school, and get the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I expect two of my friends to spend some evening this week with me, while I learn to ride a wheel. My two brothers and I go to the school in the village. We have a nice little walk night and morning. Friday evenings we have from half-past three until four o'clock, for an entertainment.

Next Thursday and Friday we are going to write on an examination; which is very unpleasant. From your twelve-year-old correspondent,

OLEVIA M.

Fort Francis, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we think it is the best paper we ever took. I like to read the correspondence very much. Mamma reads the long stories to us, and we enjoy them. I don't go to school; it is too far away. Mamma teaches me at home, and I am in the third reader. I have a dear little kitten for a pet, and I have three dolls. From your little friend,

NETTIE S.,  
Aged 9.

Fort Francis, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eleven years old. I live on a farm six miles from town. We have one cow and two steers, and twenty-one hens. My pets are a dog and three hens. My dog will put up partridges and I like to shoot them. I have one sister, she has a nice flower-garden. Our farm is all bush; there is a river four miles from our place, it is called Rainy River. Fort Francis is a very pretty place; but only a small town. I will tell you more next time. Yours truly,

FRANK S.

Chesley.

Dear Editor,—We have taken much pleasure in reading the Correspondence in your paper. We spent a very enjoyable time during the holidays, and as school has now started, we are kept quite busy at our studies.

We have read a number of valuable books, some of which are, 'Life of Queen Victoria,' and 'In His Steps,' which was lent to us by our Sabbath-school teacher. Our favorite authoress is Annie Swan. We are building a new Methodist Church, and are now holding our services in the town hall. Chesley has the most beautiful public school in the county of Bruce. There are ten rooms in it, but only seven are occupied at present. There are four lady and three gentleman teachers. We have read the 'Messenger' for several years, and like it very much. We remain yours sincerely,

BELLA L.  
MARY H.  
CARRIE B.

White Mouth, Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would write one. Mother takes the 'Messenger,' for the Sunday-school, and I like it very much.

I have a canary bird, but he does not sing. Mother has a lot of flowers, and they are out in bloom. I love flowers very much. I have four sisters and three brothers, and they are all married but one brother. We have service and Sunday-school every Sunday.

I go to the day-school, and I am in the second book. I have quite a few hens, and they are all my own. I like very much to hunt for the eggs.

White Mouth is only a little village, and I like it better than the city. I remain, your ten-year-old reader,

LOTTIE R.