

At night this kind friend helped her on her way, and conducted her to the house of a colored man, who lived near the Ohio River, below Madison. The man was a slave, but had a kind and indulgent master, who allowed him the use of a skiff, and permitted him to go over the river to trade. Aunt Rachel prevailed upon him to take her across the river that night, and he landed her near Madison, directing her how to find a settlement of free colored people near that place. At this settlement she fell into the hands of a trusty colored man, who lived about ten miles out in the country, where he owned a good farm, and was comfortably situated. Aunt Rachel found a quiet home at his house, which was fortunate for her, as she was now almost unable to travel. The chafing of the iron band around her ankle had caused inflammation, and made a very painful sore. She was able, however, to move about enough to do housework. She remained at this place all the winter, unmolested. In the spring a fugitive was captured in the neighborhood, and Aunt Rachel and her friends became alarmed for her safety. She was put on the Underground Railroad, and brought to our house at Newport. She was anxious to remain with us for awhile, hoping that by some means she might hear from her children, concerning whom she was very anxious. My wife needed help at that time, and agreed to hire her for a few weeks. We soon found her to be one of the best housekeepers and cooks we had ever employed. She was careful and trustworthy, and exemplary in all her ways. We became much attached to her; indeed, the neighbors and all who knew her had a great deal of respect and liking for Aunt Rachel. She stayed with us more than six months, and would have remained longer had it not been considered unsafe. We thought it best for her to go on to Canada, where she would be safe.

We provided Aunt Rachel with warm and comfortable clothing for her journey to the North. A well-filled trunk was placed in one of the carriages, and Aunt Rachel took her seat by one of a party of women Friends, presenting the appearance of a sedate and comely Quaker woman.

When she reached Canada, she found employment in the homes of white families in Windsor and Norwich, where she remained for several months. Then she married a respectable colored man by the name of Keys, who owned a comfortable little home. Here I met with her eight years afterwards, when on a visit to the fugitives in Canada, in company with William Beard. The meeting was very unexpected to Aunt Rachel, as she had no previous knowledge of our arrival in the country. We rode up to her little home, and hitched our horses at the gate, some distance from the house. Aunt Rachel was in the yard at the time, picking up kindling wood. She stood still for a moment until she recognized me, shouting and praising God. She exclaimed, "Is it possible the good Lord has sent you here?" then with tears running down her black cheeks, she threw her arms around me, and asked many blessings on my head. — *Sunday at Home.*

BEGINNING AFRESH.

Mary Jones had once professed herself a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the troubles of life, the cares of home, and the sickness of her children, had driven her far from God and hope, and the burden of life pressed every day more heavily, and quarrels with her husband became more frequent.

Thomas was steady, she had nothing to complain of on that score; but he could not always get work to do, and then Mary's temper became irritable, and husband and wife had many sharp, cruel words.

One evening it was announced through the neighborhood that there would be a service in a large mission-hall. Great bills were circulated and tickets issued, inviting any one and every one to come and hear the gospel preached.

"Shall you go up to the hall this evening?" Mary asked her husband.

"I'll bless you no!" he replied.

"Will you mind the children, then, for I want to go?"

"You'd best stop at home; you're much too fond of gadding about."

"You've always something to say, Tom, when I want to go out; it's little enough change I get. I mean to hear the man at the hall, whether you're pleased or not."

"Be off then, and leave me in peace. I hope he'll improve your temper."

Mary scowled at her husband and shut the door with such a bang that it awoke the baby, who began to cry so bitterly that Tom had to carry him in his arms up and down the room.

A few seats were still vacant when Mary reached the hall. As she took the one offered to her, she wished she had not come, the place was so hot, and she felt vexed with her husband, and tired of life.

The service had begun, and Mary's attention was soon diverted from herself by hearing these words: "I am going to talk about the Prodigal Son. God grant that some one may

arise and go to his or her Father to-night, and say, 'I have sinned against heaven and before Thee.'"

The sermon that followed pricked Mary to the heart; she thought the preacher must know all about her, so much that he said she had experienced. She could not help weeping at last, and murmuring, as she knelt during the closing prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

She walked slowly home, and entered the room silently. "Tom," she said, going up to her husband, who sat reading by the fire, "don't say much to me to-night; I'm sorry I was so cross; I'm sorry for so much I've done. Don't let us use words we shall be ashamed for our children to learn. I know we've had a lot to worry us lately—no work, no bread, sickness, and the rent going back—but we've not been to the right place for help. We must copy the Prodigal Son; I've heard a sermon about him this evening. We must arise and go to our Father, and tell Him we've sinned, and ask Him for Jesus' sake to forgive. The Saviour promises to wash our sins away if only we'll come to Him in faith. He'll take care of us, for He is the Good Shepherd who came to seek and to save the lost. Will you forgive me, Tom?"

"I am as much to blame as you are," Tom answered, too much surprised to add more.

Mary knelt at her bedside for a long time that evening, and tasted of that peace which passeth understanding. Her troubles were just the same, but she was able to understand the text, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." — *Cottage and Artisan.*

LITTLE LINA.

If during the past eighteen months a visitor chanced to come into the children's ward of a hospital near New York, his attention would have been attracted by the sweet, earnest and patient look of a little girl about nine years of age, who sometimes might have been seen hopping about and sometimes lying in bed, but always happy and interested.

If it was asked, "Who is that little girl?" the nurse answered, "Oh, that is Lina Thompson, an orphan child, whose leg was taken off when only four years old, and who has been here now some time with spinal and other difficulties."

Lina, for the first months of her stay at the hospital, was usually able to get about, and took great delight in learning to read and sew, but her special pleasure was to have the nurse or others talk to her about Jesus and the beautiful Heavenly Home above. Very strange and hard to answer were her questions sometimes; but they always showed her perfect faith and love. She was not morbid or quiet for her years, but was always ready to play and laugh with the other little patients, and enjoyed any special treat provided for them.

About the 1st of March last, Lina was taken much worse; from that time until her death she was never able to get up. As her illness increased, she was removed from the ward, and for two months lay in a little room apart from the rest. During this time her sufferings were intense and sometimes fearful to witness; but never from her lips was heard one word of complaint. Especially during the necessary dressing every morning did she suffer. When the time came, she always prayed to Jesus to give her strength to bear it, and to help her bear it patiently. During the process she would apparently talk to Jesus, as if he was right in the room; and would say such sentences as: "Dear Jesus, I know you suffered and died on the cross for me, and bore it so patiently; but I am afraid you don't love me, for I cannot bear it as you did." She would thank the nurse when she had finished, and would tell her that she had tried to be patient. Several times, towards the last, she cried out: "Oh, I am going! I am going!" The nurse would ask: "Where are you going, Lina?" and quickly the answer would come: "I am going home to Jesus and to mamma." One day, about two weeks before her death, when she was apparently so weak that she could not speak, all were startled by hearing her voice, strong and supernaturally sweet, singing her two favorite hymns, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Once for all, oh, happy condition." On the Saturday before she left this world, she called to her bedside one of her little friends, who was also a patient, and said to her: "Good-bye, Eva; I am going to be with Jesus, and won't be here any more to play with you; but I want you to be a good girl and meet me in heaven, for I would feel very bad if I never saw you any more."

On Monday morning she suddenly called for the nurse, and said: "Oh, I see Him, I see Him!" The nurse hurried to her, and said: "Who, Lina?" and she answered: "I see Jesus standing beside the bed, with the sweetest of smiles." When asked to describe him she said: "He looks so sweet, with long white robes, with his arms stretched out towards me, and he looks as if he was talking to some one far off, and then turns and looks at me so

pleasant." Half an hour later, she called out: "Oh, I see Him yet, but he is nearer, and it won't be long before I will be with Him." The next morning she said: "I see Jesus again," and while eating breakfast, remarked to the nurse, who was feeding her: "Jesus wants me to hurry and eat my breakfast, because he wants me to-day." After that she had most severe pain, and cried out: "Oh, please Jesus, take me home to-day, the pain is so hard to bear." In the afternoon she asked where the music and singing was, and when answered that there was none, said: "Oh, I have heard such beautiful music and singing." At that time she sent "Good-bye" to a lady in the next ward, with the message that she would "never see her again, for she was going to be with Jesus." Her kind nurse, whom she greatly loved, she made promise to meet her in heaven, and told her that she would be watching for her every day. That night she went home, her last words being: "Oh, I am going at last; I am going."

Dear little Lina, she is greatly missed at the hospital, but all who were privileged to minister to her rejoice that she is now at rest in that beautiful home she so longed for. — *N. Y. Observer.*

MY DECISION.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him," rang in my ears one Sunday evening when I returned from church. I wanted to serve Christ, but I liked the world, and did not care to deny myself and follow my blessed Master.

I was in a situation then, and my fellow-servant remarked that my church-going "hadn't done me much good if I came home so depressed." The truth of the matter was the Holy Spirit was convicting me of sin, and I wanted to go on in the old way.

I went to bed as soon as I could, and being very tired I quickly fell asleep and dreamed a terrible dream. It was the judgment day. God Almighty sat on His throne; a solitary woman knelt before Him, and my turn came next. On the right side was heaven, on the left hell. I looked to the right: heaven with all its glories was no place for me; I was not fit, in my own righteousness, to enter that beautiful land; my robe had not been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

I turned to the left: that place was too awful. I knew I was a sinner, but surely, surely not so bad as to fit me for hell. What could I do? There must be some middle path for people like myself who had lived moral lives. "Is there no middle way for me?" I cried. "My turn is coming next. I am not good enough for heaven; I am not bad enough for hell!"

In my agony I awoke. "Thank God I am living still!" I murmured when I found I had been dreaming. "Oh, my Saviour, take me just as I am, wash away my sins in Thy blood which was shed for me on Calvary, and fit me to live with Thee in heaven."

Dear reader, remember there is no middle way in God's book; Christ speaks only of the broad and narrow paths. Which road are you travelling? — *Cottage and Artisan.*

THE EYES OF THE LORD.

All Seeing eyes. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. — Prov. xv, 3.

Penetrating eyes. All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. — Heb. iv, 13.

Thoughtful eyes. For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings. — Prov. v, 21.

Remembering eyes. And they consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness; now their own doings have beset them about, they are before my face. — Hosea viii, 2.

Pure eyes. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity. — Habak. i, 13.

Judging eyes. Thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; to give every one according to the fruit of his doings. — Jer. xxxii, 19.

Providing eyes. A land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year. — Deut. xi, 12.

Merciful eyes. And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. — Rev. v, 6. — *Christian Union.*

"It is a much easier matter," says Dr. Krotel, an experienced city pastor, "to make a congregation enthusiastic on the subject of its rights than very earnest and self-denying in attending to its duties." Very truly spoken.

SABBATH REST.—It is a well established fact that more real work is performed by those who labor only for six days than by those who devote all the seven to unremitting toil. It has been proved in the case of the overwrought statesman and professional man, as well as in that of the bus-driver, who works for sixteen hours a day from one week's end to the other. In this occupation few pass the age of fifty years. The celebrated Mr. William Wilberforce, so well acquainted with all the great statesmen at the beginning of its century—with Pitt, Fox, and the other giants of those days—has recorded that "he could name several of his contemporaries in the vortex of political cares whose minds have entirely given away under the stress of intellectual labor so as to bring on premature death." Sir David Wilkie's experience was that "the artists who wrought on Sunday were soon disqualified from working at all," adding that "he never knew a man to work seven days in the week who did not kill himself or his mind." Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir William Blackstone, amongst our judges contribute the same testimony, and give their experience of the moral injury caused by the practice. The latter says "that a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." While the great Roman Catholic, Montalembert, writes, "il n'y a pas de religion sans culte, et il n'y a pas de culte sans Dimanche." — *Social Notes.*

Question Corner.—No. 19.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 145. What two prophets reproved King David?
- 146. What king of Israel followed heathen practices by burning his children in the fire?
- 147. Who, does the Bible say, is greater than he that taketh a city?
- 148. Who in time of trouble preferred falling into the hands of God to falling into the hands of men?
- 149. How many prophetesses are there mentioned in the Bible?
- 150. In whose time was the great Jewish Reformation?
- 151. What is the most noted instance, on record, of devoted friendship?
- 152. Why was Joab promoted to be captain over David's army?
- 153. What three servants of God, during trial, wished to die?
- 154. From whence was fire originally obtained which was kept perpetually burning on the golden altar?
- 155. Who was the most wicked king of Israel?
- 156. To whom did God promise an early death as a special favor?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

- 121. Gibeonites, by order of Joshua, Josh ix. 23.
- 122. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, Josh ix. 27.
- 123. Amalekites, Ex. xvii. 8.
- 124. Obadiah, 1 Sam. xxii. 1.
- 125. Jacob's, Gen. i. 9.
- 126. Jeremiah, Jer. xix. 9.
- 127. Pashur, because he smote Jeremiah, Jer. xx. 4.
- 128. Jer. xx. 4.
- 129. To repair the house of the Lord, 2 Chron. xxiv. 4.
- 130. Achan, Josh. vii. 21.
- 131. Moses, Deut. xxxiv. 7.
- 132. Job, Job iii. 17.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. R-izpah, 2 Sam. xxi. 8.
- 2. E-ster, Esther 11. 17.
- 3. F-elix, Acts xxiv. 24.
- 4. U-nicorn, Num. xxiii. 22.
- 5. G-ourd, Jonah iv. 5. 6.
- 6. E-u-roclydon, Acts xxvii. 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—George L. Ester, Port Burwell, O. 12; Richard D. Moore, Selwyn, O. 11; Hugh McKeeher, Franktown, O. 10; Mary Baldwin, Uxbridge, O. 9; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Q. 10; Annie Putton, Ormstown, Q. 10; Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Que. 10; Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Que. 9; Maggie B. Johnson, Uxbridge, Ont. 8.  
To No. 16.—J. Everett Forbes, Little Harbor, N. S. 9; George Ester, Port Burwell, O. 11; Joseph Glen, Creighton, Ohio, 12; John Esterbrook, Nasagawaga, O. 12; Minnie Vandusen, Jordan, O. 11; Susie E. Brown, Head of Wallace Bay, N. S. 11; R. Stone, Loch Winnoch, O. 9; Allie Pabluco, Truro, N. S. 11; Jess May, Patterson, Pennsylvania, Que. 8; Carrie Savage, Pennsylvania, Que. 8; Clara Emma Asah, Penikese-Island, Que. 8; Peter M'erson, Brantford, O. 13; Catherine Isabel Livingston, Jura, O. 8; Ada Willmot, Buttonville, O. 11.