

now that you have asked I must tell you. I never was in such straits before. Things have been very difficult in business lately, and I never had such trouble in getting in my accounts because of this strike, and yet I cannot see the women and the children starve, and I have gone on giving credit, I fear a little unwisely, and my book debts are heavier than they have ever been since I commenced business. I had a large payment to make on Saturday, and it cleared me out, and another comes due to-day, and I cannot make up the full amount. I went to Croydon last night, quite expecting to get money enough then; but no one could pay, and I have just been counting up what is in the till, and I am £4 short, and the bill must be met at noon.'

'Four pounds,' repeated the good missionary, in some perplexity, unable to reconcile the discrepancy between the sum he had been instructed in his dream to pay and the amount required.

Mrs. Carr came forward eagerly. 'But, James, there is the children's money.' Her husband's face brightened, 'Yes, I ought not to forget that. Last night when I came from Croydon my wife and I were very downhearted, we were not used to trouble of this kind, for we have always been able to pay our way and a little to spare, and we both of us dread debt as something so very disgraceful to a Christian. When we talked together we did think that our Heavenly Father, who has bid us "owe no man anything," would help us in our difficulty, for he knows we have never been extravagant in spending; so we at once agreed between ourselves that we would just take this trouble to him; and as it was the time for family prayer, before the children went to bed, I prayed first and then my wife, and we felt such a lifting of the burden as though the Lord had really taken it off our hearts. The bairns had never heard us pray like that before, and it seemed to puzzle them, and they were whispering together in a corner. Then they ran upstairs, and presently came scampering down again with their money boxes and emptied them out on the table beside me. Little Jessie climbed on to my knee and said, in her pretty lisping way, "That's to help Jesus to give 'oo money, dad." She had tenpence in her box, and Walter one-and-eightpence, and I had to promise I would use it; so that left three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence for me to raise.'

The cloud lifted from the good man's face as he talked of his children, but it came back again as he added, 'How it is to be done I cannot tell. I have been saying to myself all the morning that it is in the Lord's hands; but the time is getting on, and we cannot expect miracles.' It seemed to the missionary that he had never before been brought so near to the wonder-working hand of God. 'He has ravens still!' he could but reverently exclaim; and as Mr. and Mrs. Carr listened and looked on in astonishment he proceeded to count out the exact sum, and to explain how he had been bidden to bring it from the loving Father to his needy child.—'The Christian.'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Fortnight Without Butter

'There now, before you go, I must just show you my beautiful new book,'—and Granny Orange drew forth a large-print Testament from under the old worn cushion of her chair.

Not a speck of dust rested upon the shining black cover of the Book, so precious to the old lady, though its binding was common enough.

'Let me read to you, to-day, from your own book instead of from mine,' said the clergyman, taking the treasure from her old shaking hands.

Granny looked gratified.

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' was one of the verses read by Mr. Hathaway.

'It's just so with me, sir,' remarked Granny. 'Everything seems to come.'

'Yes, I thought so,' said her visitor, inwardly thinking that a contented spirit, pleased with exactly what the Lord chose to provide, was not the least of the gifts that God had given his old servant.

As he left, a shilling was slipped into Granny Orange's hand. It was seldom that Mr. Hathaway gave money—tickets were generally better—but in the case of this old lady he had no fear as to how the money would go.

Perhaps, had he glanced at her face as she thanked him, he might have felt surprise that a shilling should bring such real pleasure into the eyes of one whose affection was set on things above. But he did not look. He merely wondered how she had managed to scrape together the tenpence he knew that Testament must have cost, for Granny's weekly income left her no margin for extra expenditure.

Mr. Hathaway was one of those men who know when not to ask questions.

However, his next visit was to the little shop where he generally sent the people he wished to relieve for goods instead of giving them money.

Whilst paying up those tickets he often received a hint from the woman who kept the shop as to the kind of goods the tickets had been taken out in. This would, at least sometimes, give a true idea as to whether poverty was genuine or not.

But, oftener still, Mrs. Briggs would tell her pastor of those who were in need of help, those of whose need he might have known nothing but for her.

'Thank you, sir,' said she, as she handed him the change after he had paid his bill. 'Perhaps you would wish me to mention, sir,' added she, in a low tone, 'that Widow Orange has bought no butter for more than a week—it must be a fortnight. I did try to find out why when the second Saturday came round, but she seemed shut-up like, though she was bright enough. This I'm sure of, sir, her money does not go where it ought not.'

'Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Briggs,' replied the clergyman. 'I've been in to see her this afternoon, and have added a trifle to what she has for this week. You'll find, I hope, that the proper amount of butter is bought to-morrow.'

'So that large-print Testament was bought by a fortnight without butter,' said Mr. Hathaway to himself. 'I'm glad that God let me be the unconscious instrument of more than making it up to the old lady.'

She shall never guess that I know about the butter, though.'—S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

God Claims Me.

When the late Earl Cairns was a boy, says an English paper, he heard three words which made a memorable impression on him: 'God claims you.' Then came the question: 'What am I going to do with the claim?' He answered, 'I will own it, and give myself to God.'

He went home and told his mother, 'God claims me.' At school and college his motto was, 'God claims me.' As a member of Parliament and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still, 'God claims me.'

When he was appointed Lord Chancellor, he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking he would now have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, 'I suppose you will now require to give up your class?' 'No,' was the reply; 'I will not. God claims me.'—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed is an interesting letter from a native of twenty-one years, expressing gratitude for the 'Northern Messenger' sent to India.

Mr. Lafiamme, of Cocanada, India, writes: 'The \$30 sent for a native preacher came in the mail on Tuesday. To think of its coming from far-away Alberta, too, and in this way. It fills my heart with wonder. I have been praying for this help for a long time, and did not know where it was coming from, but felt so sure it would come, that when the Board cut my estimates by one hundred dollars, I did not send off a man.'

Thirty dollars a year is a salary for an ordinary native pastor. There is one man, however, on Mr. Lafiamme's field who should draw \$60 a year for services, and for him there is no present support. I leave the matter with the readers of the late Mr. John Dougall's missionary 'Messenger.' I never sought or thought of any such good fortune as native preachers for 'The Post-Office Crusade.' The work has sprung up of itself. Let us do as our heart prompts. One favor I earnestly ask: Will you all spare me from private correspondence? Strength and time are precious, so are postage stamps and stationery.

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am very much thankful to the kind and generous-hearted people who spend money for my benefit. The paper is a very useful and interesting one. It contains very good articles, and stories for boys and girls, and temperance lessons. I am very much pleased with the Sunday-school lesson, with its good explanation, which I always understand and learn. Now, I am glad to write that I can have this paper for a year by the favor of those liberally giving the money for my benefit. I will write something now and then. I hope to write about 'India and her people.' Now I engage in my prayers that our Heavenly Father might prosper and bless the 'Messenger' and make the way for the saving of souls for his grace. I send my heartfelt thanks.

Your brother in Jesus,
GALANKI SATHANANDYA