

ed to inquire. One day, just before Lottie was to return to her own home, she went to Beaufort Park. The master of the house was opening the door to go out as she approached.

'I was going for a breath of air. I have scarcely left her room to-day,' he said, and Lottie walked with him to hear about her friend.

'I have heard your words over and over lately, Miss Moorslake, walking as I do in the uncertain paths of the world's pleasant places; here I am, brought face to face with death, and no compensation. How would you feel in my place?'

'Were I as you are, Mr. Aldenè, I would be in desolation. The very sight of the good things about me would only mock me; and no Christ and no heaven would make death awful.'

'Can you say a word of hope to my dear wife?' he groaned in agony.

A few minutes later Lottie was beside her old schoolfellow's bed. The nurse thoughtfully retired, and Clarissa put her thin, white hand out, a look of fear on her sweet face.

'Lottie, you came to see my treasures. I'd give them all for peace and confident hope now—vain things to trust in—and my soul starving,' said the sinking woman.

Too weak for much, she lay listening eagerly, and Lottie repeated Christ's own winning words of welcome—'Come unto me,' etc., and then in gentle tones she offered up one brief prayer and left the silent room. The little ones within the nursery were quiet, the servants looked demure, for the proud and pretty mistress was missed about the house.

Next morning Claude Aldenè took from an envelope a sheet of paper, and read from Lottie's handwriting—

'Please read the following verses to my dear old friend:—

"Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

'Jesus is ready to lead in the golden pathway to heaven.'

'LOTTIE MOORSLAKE.'

Two days after, Claude sent for Lottie.

'My poor wife wishes to see you once more; she is sinking fast. C. A.'

Through the brilliant flowers and the decorated hall, up into the tastefully-adorned room, Lottie went, to bid farewell to one she had spent many happy hours with in days gone. A solemn hush hung over all, and the white face wore signs of a struggle within. Languidly the blue eyes were opened, moist with tears, and gathering up her little power she whispered—

'Lottie, last night I'm sure I saw the Lord. I was thinking over the words you sent—"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent"—and I seemed to see all my treasures in this house fade and pale before the glory of his presence, and I was afraid, and knew I was a sinner, and he held a hand to me, and it had the nail marks in it, and he said in sweetest tones, "Come unto me," and the music of his voice and the beauty of the vision will never be forgotten—and a smile like the first beams of sunlight on a landscape spread over the fair face as she lay exhausted, and Lottie softly said—

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

Can you follow from your heart, dear Clarissa, and say—

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst is quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him?"

All was quiet for a moment, then such a flash of light came over her, and she said—
'Lottie, tell Claude I can!'

The new life in the soul seemed to bring back new vigor of body, and constantly she asked for Lottie, who prolonged her stay, to be near and able to visit Beaufort Park.

It was one autumn afternoon a fortnight later, and Clarissa was sitting in her chair, her husband and children near her, and Lottie called. There was a new happiness over all.

'Is this your last visit for a time, Miss Moorslake? Oh, the darkness of soul I was in when first we met, and now 'tis getting light. Your words in the train are true; and see my wife and hear her opinion,' said Claude.

Clarissa smiled as she looked up gratefully at her friend. 'How proudly I showed you my treasures, Lottie; and what were they compared to yours? Now I am finding out your treasures, I am full of delight.'

'When you are well again, you will put earth's riches in their proper place, and find out "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," and "the Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure." I thank God for so happy an end to my visit here; may I hear of you soon!' said Lottie.

A new and abiding friendship was begun, and Lottie tells how she often hears from the religious experience of her friend of 'Clarissa's treasures.'

'For a Husband in South Africa.'

Some years ago, while special services were being held in Manchester, a lady visitor felt one afternoon a strong impression that she ought to leave her own district and visit the houses in a street which lay at a considerable distance from the chapel.

Accompanied by her fellow-worker, she reached the place, and knocked at one door after another, only to be met with cold looks and uncivil words.

They were turning sadly away from the last house, feeling that their coming had been a mistake, when the woman who had just shut the door in their faces opened it again to say.

'Aw dunnot want nowt on ye, but theer's a poor critter over theer might be glad to see ye,' and she pointed to a door on the opposite side of the narrow, dirty passage. Gladly the ladies retraced their steps. Tapping at the door, it was opened by a painfully thin and scared-looking woman, who seemed reluctant, either to speak to them, or let them get a glimpse of her room.

A few words of kindness and sympathy, however, soon gained them admission. Entering, they found the room quite destitute of furniture, nor were there any signs of food or fire to be seen. Three starved-looking children crouched on the dingy floor, and stared in surprise and fear, at the intruders.

The pitiful tale was soon told. The husband, who once supported his wife and children in comfort, had been long out of work. Hearing that employment could be easily obtained in South Africa, he had scraped together all the money he could and set off promising to send help "at once, and the means for his family to follow him as soon as possible. From that time the woman had never heard a word from him. Her own struggles to obtain a maintenance had been fruitless, and, driven to the verge of despair, she had resolved to throw herself and her little ones into the canal, thus, as she imagined, ending their misery for ever.

To relieve the bodily wants of the poor creatures was, of course, the first care of the messengers of mercy God in His great goodness had so opportunely sent to their aid. But before the visitors left, they obtained the poor woman's promise to come to that evening's service.

True to her word she arrived. But her mind, blunted by want and misery, seemed capable of taking in but little until the requests for prayer were read out. Amongst them was the following—

'Prayer is requested for a husband in South Africa.'

The words immediately arrested her attention, and even raised a faint hope in her

mind, which strengthened as she listened to the earnest, simple petitions which followed. She too had a 'husband in South Africa.' Could it be possible that he might be reached in this way?

She determined to come again, and next night to beg the congregation to pray for her husband as well. Her sad case had become known, and fervent and believing were the prayers offered at the next evening's service that the heart of him who had so cruelly deserted her might be touched, and that he might be brought to repentance.

'Now, Lord, even now, Lord, so they prayed, while we are asking Thee, let the answer be given; let him turn from his evil ways and be brought to a knowledge of Thy pardoning love.'

Who can tell the power of faithful prayer, or how far-reaching are its effects?

It was too true that the poor creature had been deserted. Arriving in a new country, the husband had at once realized how much better he could make his way free from the incumbrance of wife and little ones. Base-ly yielding to the temptation, he resolved to begin life anew as an unmarried man. His course was one of varied success. What he gained by skill or 'luck' he as quickly lost by extravagance and dissipation.

Now comes what may, to some, seem the strange part of the story, but to those who truly receive the words of the Lord Jesus—If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven—only a natural sequence of the appeals for help in the Mission chapel at Manchester.

On the very day that special prayers were being made on his behalf, the man was possessed with a strange restlessness. Leaving the boon companions with whom he had promised to spend the evening hours, he mounted a horse and rode alone far into the country.

After travelling some miles, he was surprised to hear the sound of singing. He soon found that even in that lonely place a few faithful followers of Jesus had met together in an outbuilding to praise their loving Saviour, and implore His blessing.

Tying up his horse, the wanderer crept softly into the hut. He was kindly welcomed, and besought, then and there, to seek salvation. He did so, nor did he seek in vain. Joy to relate, he returned to his lodgings a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He then determined to make his way to one of the large towns in search of work. Through the kindness of some Christians he soon obtained a good situation.

Ere long the poor wife had the bliss of receiving a letter telling of her husband's change of heart, and enclosing some money for her use.

He had good news for her besides. His master had promised, if he would work well and steadily, for a year, to advance what money was needed, beyond what the man could save, to enable his wife and children to come out to him.

With a little extra aid in the way of work given by some of the Christian ladies, the woman was able to support herself and children. She too had entered into the joy of the Lord, through trusting in His cleansing blood. She now trusted day by day in her heavenly Father's care. A few months passed, and then came a letter which filled her heart with joy and gratitude.

The gentleman in South Africa was so pleased with his servant's skill and integrity, that he wished his family to join him at once, and the necessary funds were enclosed.

Soon a joyous little party set off from Liverpool. Ere long, tidings of their safe arrival and of the happy union of husband and wife, father and children, brought great gladness to the hearts of those whose prayers and help had been so blessed to these poor wanderers.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

Pioneer Sunday Schools.

A gentleman in Eastern Ontario has remitted four dollars to be applied in sending ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger' one year to each of two Pioneer Sunday-schools in the North-West Territory. If any of our readers know of pioneer schools in the North-West Territory which are unable to pay for their own papers, we should be glad to hear from them. Applications should be accompanied by letter of minister or superintendent, stating number of families attending, character of district, etc.