

little girl, who writes a beautiful hand, is going to send him 'The Young People's Weekly' direct from the publisher. A boy who evidently is a clear-headed business-like lad, will supply him with the 'Northern Messenger.' A mission Band are seriously considering the idea of mailing him 'The Boys' Own' direct from the publisher.

One year ago I received a request from a well-known Presbyterian missionary abroad asking for 'The Weekly Montreal Witness,' 'Northern Messenger,' and 'World Wide' for a reading room in one of the most noted Presbyterian colleges of India.

When money comes to me and I have any idea of the denomination of the giver, I always send papers to their own missions or field in India. Fortunately I had sufficient for the request above, and so ordered these three papers. They were read by 198 Hindus, 122 Mohammedans and 30 Christians. This subscription is about expired. How are we to drop it? Could not many who receive the 'Northern Messenger' send me small contributions; even five cents will be thankfully received. If more than the amount required is received, it will be devoted to sending out papers. Please don't forget the Reading Rooms. I have a list of several and have already had to drop one for want of sufficient funds. While writing this letter the mail has come in. Away from beautiful British Columbia, near to a place from which I hear every week, comes a bright letter from a little girl who says 'please do not publish my name.' Well, I won't, but you must let me tell the children about all the stamps you have sent to me for 'Donald.' I owe him a letter, and will send them on. Now, let me add that there is a stamp fever on in India. All the missionaries' children and many young natives are collecting stamps, so I had better put Donald's address in full here. He can give away what stamps he does not require.

Address: Master Donald Morrison, Kasur, Punjab, India.

Writing of stamps, a pathetic incident occurred in my work some months ago. A missionary wrote to me telling me of a young Hindu gentleman who was an enthusiastic stamp gatherer. This young gentleman wrote to me as well, a merry boyish letter, telling me about his playing polo and all sorts of manly sports. He added, however, 'I am a Christian, I have had the change of heart.' Before I had time to reply a letter came, saying 'Clement is dead, died suddenly with cholera, and we are all mourning for him, he was so bright and lovable.'

The morning's mail brought another pleasant surprise. A Christian Endeavor Circle in Ontario are sending me per C. P. R. (freight prepaid) over 100 books for the Post Office Crusade. These will be placed in French Sunday schools and French reading rooms where English is understood.

I feel so thankful to these kind friends and to all the others who by their words of cheer, stamps and, I hope, prayers, are showing their good will for The 'Northern Messenger' Post Office Crusade.

Faithfully,

(MRS.) M. E. COLE,  
112 Irvine Ave.,  
Westmount, Que.

[All letters to Mrs. Cole requiring a reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope or postcard.—Editor.]

When people understand what alcohol is, and what it does, they will put it out of existence.—Willard Parker, M.D.

### Finding One's Self in a Hymn

A young man had been struggling and praying against evil habits. His soul cried out for overcoming faith day by day, and spiritual power came to him in an unexpected way. He opened an old hymn book and read a hymn, whose first words were:

'The God of Abram praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all His ways.'

The phrase 'all-sufficient grace,' seemed to meet the wants of his soul. The words lifted him up on the wings of faith.

His spiritual life grew, and he used to repeat the words day by day. He learned the whole hymn and found special strength in the lines:

'He by himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend;  
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend;  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonder of His grace  
For evermore.'

'The man who wrote that hymn,' he said, 'must have had a struggle like my own.'

He tried to find the biography of the writer, whose name was Olivers, a travelling preacher in the days of Wesley. He found it at last, and read, 'He was under the deepest conviction of sin and desire for righteousness. He fasted and prayed until his knees grew stiff.'

So one may find himself in a true hymn. So one life may lift another, and one taper 'light many lamps.' The future shall share all our victories of faith. We live for all time.—Hezekiah Butterworth.

### The Irishman and the Priest.

A poor Irishman came to his priest and asked permission to read the Bible.

'But,' said the priest, 'the Bible is for priests, and not for other people.'

'Is that so?' answered he. 'But I have read in the Bible, "Thou shalt teach it to thy children;" and priests have no children.'

'But, Michael,' said the priest, 'you cannot understand the Bible. It is not written for people like you.'

'Ah, your Reverence, if I cannot understand it it will do me no harm, and what I do understand of it does me a great deal of good.'

'Listen, Michael,' said the priest; 'you must go to church, and the church will instruct you; the church will give you the pure milk of God's Word.'

'But where does the church get this if not out of the Bible? Ah, your Reverence, pardon me, but I would rather have the cow myself.'—'Am. Messenger.'

### Enthusiasm.

You can do nothing without enthusiasm. You cannot carry on a charitable relief society or a political club with cold-blooded men.

And the kingdom of God is more than a club. No enterprise depends so absolutely on the high enthusiasm of its members; it utilizes all kinds of power, but it succeeds in proportion as the mercury stands high in the thermometer. Its great captains have all been of the impassioned order. George Buchanan was the finest Scotch scholar of the sixteenth century, but it was fiery John Knox, and not the Latin writer, that recast

Scotland. Erasmus was the finest scholar anywhere of that century, but Luther led the European Reformation. It was not the learned Alexandrian, Apollos, that evangelized the Roman Empire, but that inspired madman, St. Paul.

History affords at every turn some impregnable fortress which was the despair of the wise and prudent, but was carried by some enthusiast with a rush. He cast his reputation, his life, his all, into the breach, and his body made the bridge over which the race entered into its heritage. Christian sentiment condemned the gladiatorial show, and a pseudo Christian emperor forbade it. But many were butchered to make a Roman holiday, till a monk, carried beyond control, flung himself into the arena, and was stoned to death. From the days of Telemachus until now, the kingdom of heaven has been served by 'the violent,' and the violent have carried it to victory.—Ian Maclaren.

### The Right Key.

You have lost the key of the chest, and after trying all the keys you possess, you are obliged to send out for a smith. The tradesman comes with a huge bunch of keys of all sorts and sizes. To you they appear to be a singular collection of rusty instruments. He looks at the lock, and then he tries first one key and then another. He has not touched it yet, and your treasures are still out of your reach. Look, he has found the likely key; it almost touches the bolt, but not quite. He is evidently on the right track now. At last the chest is opened, for the right key has been found.

This is a correct representation of many a perplexity. You cannot get at the difficulty so as to deal with it aright and find your way to a happy result. You pray, but have not the liberty in prayer which you desire. A definite promise is what you want. You try one and another of the inspired words, but they do not fit. You try again, and in due season a promise presents itself which seems to be made for the occasion; it fits as exactly as a well made key fits the wards of the lock for which it was originally prepared. Having found the identical word of the living God, you hasten to plead it at the throne of grace, saying, 'O my Lord, thou hast promised this good thing unto thy servant; be pleased to grant it!' The matter is ended; sorrow is turned to joy; prayer is heard.—C. H. Spurgeon.

### What One Boy Did.

A blind man in Madras was able to repeat the first few chapters of St. John's Gospel. When asked how he had been able to learn them, he said that a lad who had been taught in a mission Sunday school had been working in that village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had so often read this aloud that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had since left the village, not a word of the precious message had been forgotten.

What grand opportunities are offered to every boy and girl to spread the Gospel! Wherever you go, always remember to speak a word for Jesus.

### A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.