

to get one?" and this came to be the great perplexity of our simple lives. Bibles were not for sale in our town. Books of all kinds were very expensive an account of the scarcity of paper-making material. My mother's friends were not of the class likely to have Bibles to give away: Our great loss seemed to set us apart from the neighbors, who gave us a silent sympathy. A feeling of honor that he had died in his country's service made us strive to conform our lives to his standard. The overwhelming desire to obey his last message wrapped us in an atmosphere of belief. We kept at home, knowing little of the news of battles or feats of arms, but all the time a new enthusiasm that we did not ourselves understand was growing within us, a burning thirst to know and to be what was best.

"One day I was sent to the store to purchase a hank of black linen thread, and the woman who stood behind the "notion counter" wrapped it in a leaf torn from a large book.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, forgetting my habitual timidity in my excitement, "isn't that the Bible?" "Yes," answered the woman, curtly, "What of it?"

"You musn't tear it. It is God's Book!"

"It's mine," laughed the woman. "Paper is dear, and these thin leaves will do up a lot of little trinkets, but if you feel so bad about it I will sell it to you for its weight in old papers, if you want it. Tell your mother that everybody is rummaging their houses from cellar to garret for old papers and selling them at a good price, but it will take a lot to pay for this old Bible—it is heavy, you see. I'll keep it for you until this evening," and she put it back upon a shelf as I seized my parcel and took to my heels for home.

"We must have that Bible!" exclaimed my mother, when she had heard my excited story. "Of course, we must have that Bible if it takes every scrap of paper in the house."

"Then it was that my future, although not realized by us at the time, depended upon that rummage. Bundles of old papers which contained sensational stories, saved to read again—for good books were not cheap and plenty then as they are now—were brought out and loaded into a rude handcart, and our resources being exhausted, my mother went with me at twilight to the store. There was not quite enough to overweight the Bible, but the amused shop-woman threw in the balance and, with our treasure, we hastened home, where that very evening our education began—mother's and mine both. Our work, our religion, our study, and the remembrance of our deep sorrow transformed our humble dwelling into a sanctuary, for there, truly, we met God.

"The woman in the store told our story to her customers. In time it reached the ears of the minister, and he came to see us, showing us and our experience a sort of beneficent deference grateful to our hearts.

"From that time on we had God—God's Book and God's friends, and that was much. From that time our education went forward. You know my mother now. The obligation imposed by my father's last message has never left us; we believe our belief has prompted us to diligence. The Bible, through the God of the Bible, has shaped our lives."

"And it shows why you and your mother both are beloved as readily and naturally as you love," replied one who was listening, "for God is love."

Activity in Suffering.

The friends of Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, wondered how he found time and possessed strength for the amount of work which he accomplished. And the fact is, strange as the statement may seem, that even his busy brain and industrious hand would have been altogether inadequate to the performance of so much labor but for the necessity imposed upon him by disease.

For nearly five-and-twenty years of his life he was so afflicted by asthma that he was oftener than otherwise compelled to leave his bed by two or three o'clock in the morning, and, although refreshed by occasional slumber in his chair, it was no unusual thing for him to have done a half-day's work with his pen before the arrival of the breakfast hour. And at the breakfast table he would appear as fresh and cheerful as if he had only just risen from the enjoyment of unbroken rest.—'Sunday at Home.'

Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received at the 'Witness' Office for the 'Post-Office Crusade' Fund:—

Mrs. J. O. Tait, Hollen, Ont.	\$1.00
Friend, Merrickville, Ont.	1.00
Minnie F. Butler, Shoal Harbor, Nfld.	4.86
'P.' Douglaston, N.W.T.50
Mrs. T. Parnell, Ayer's Flat, Que.35
Total	\$7.71

MESSAGE FROM MR. LAFLAMME.

Dear Editor,—Last summer a number of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' sent in great quantities of books, papers, etc., for a box to be sent to Mr. Laflamme, a missionary editor, in Cocanada, India. Mr. Laflamme received the gifts thankfully. From his report I condense the following, and will use the rest of his message in the September number of 'The Post-Office Crusade':—

"The response has been beyond all expectation: three boxes of books and papers arrived from Great Britain, five great packing cases of books, papers, magazines, reward cards, scripture texts and pictures, thousands in number and tons in weight, from Canada. The books have added 280 volumes to the free circulating library, and fifteen missionaries, in an area of hundreds of miles, have been supplied.' Still there is more. Ten of the largest places in the Telugu country have been heard from. Missionaries there write Mr. Laflamme thus: 'Send us the papers. We can use them. This is a good work. You are very kind to give us a share in it.' Of his field Mr. Laflamme writes: 'This is the only station of our mission in which there is any wide opening for this kind of work, and the men appreciate it to the full. Clerks, lawyers, students, government servants, school teachers, and accountants, Hindus, Mohammedan, and Christian, Telegu, Eurasian and Anglo-Indian, all join in sincere gratitude to the kind donors of these books and magazines.' These gifts the friends will kindly remember were collected through The Foreign Mission Club, London, England, who sent

three boxes, and five great packing cases were secured by Mr. Laflamme's father, Mr. A. J. Laflamme, of Morrisburg, Ont., and 'The Post-Office Crusade,' through the 'Northern Messenger.'

In a private letter Mr. Laflamme says: 'It took my breath away. I had not the time to unpack them for months. It came to me that all this part of India was to participate. So the plan shaped, and is now being carried out, of distributing literature amongst all who are willing to pay sufficient to cover the freight out. Some of the papers have gone to Calcutta, 600 miles north; Seamerabad, 300 miles to the west; and to places away beyond Madras, 400 miles to the south.'

I find that Mr. Laflamme had to pay \$26 for freight; so far, one-fourth of this has been refunded him by other missionaries. He does not ask our assistance, as he is a very honorable, high-minded man, but I do think it would be a Christian act to help hold up his hands. I understand that he is not strong, and has many of the trials incident to the life of a missionary. For instance, he has only one child, a dear little girl, and she has to live in Canada while he works abroad. For a long time, too, he was obliged to live in India alone without his wife. Some missionaries whom I have entertained have told me that he was just one of the most helpful and brotherly of men, always trying to scatter sunshine in the paths of others. If anyone wants to help pay that freight, I will be glad to forward the amount. Kindly understand the literature is going to all denominations. Mr. Laflamme is a very broad-minded man.

Yesterday (June 26) I found \$6.71 waiting for me at the 'Witness' Office. Many thanks. The money sent into the 'Witness' Office is acknowledged by the Editors. I acknowledge what comes to me personally. Up to date every applicant is supplied, and there is no debt on any department of the work. So far the leaflet, 'Post-Office Crusade,' has 100 paid-up subscribers: that means if one subscriber got ten more, we would have the 1,000 asked for. Until September kindly address all correspondence to

MRS. EDWARDS-COLE,

'Frogmore,' Thurso, Que.

After the above was written the mail brought a pleasant surprise.

Mr. George H. Smith, of Olds, Alta., sent \$30 for the support of a native preacher in India. This is a new department of our work, and one that makes me feel very grateful and encouraged.

The money goes to Mr. Laflamme, Cocanada, India, with the request that he will choose a faithful man as our first Post-Office Crusade native pastor. It will be interesting to hear about him and of his work. Mr. Laflamme has been asked to write up a special article for our little paper, 'The Post-Office Crusade,' giving us items regarding the life and fields of this missionary.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers 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 edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.