

and was reminded of earlier and brighter days; when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now, up among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger rose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

'See here, James,' cried his wife, eagerly, when he returned to the house, 'I found this on the table, near where the gentleman sat.'

It was a fifty-dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which, it was now apparent, the traveller had overheard.

'I thought he was writing the direction he asked for,' said the minister. 'He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, he would provide.'

His wife burst into tears.

'God forgive me!' she said, 'I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid.'

'And he will still provide,' replied her husband. 'Whatever my lot be, here or elsewhere, in him I trust.'

A month afterward, a letter, a rare event, came to the Rev. James Spring. It was as follows:

'Rev. and Dear Sir,—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars, and a good parsonage house.' The letter concluded by saying: 'The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm a few weeks ago. He overheard you in a moment of great distress, speak with such full faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made.'

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and, often, when people show want of faith, tells the story of his last dollar.—Peterson's Magazine.

## A Sunday-School Teacher's Prayer.

(By Miss Amelia Hoyt.)

Help me to feed thy lambs, O Lord,  
According to thy will;  
To lead them into pastures green  
And to the waters still;

To pleasant pastures of thy word,  
Where 'fruits celestial grow';  
To soul-refreshing streams of truth  
Which thence forever flow.

Oh, help me to instruct, impress,  
And, best of all, inspire;  
And from my own heart light in theirs  
A pure and living fire.

By love's sweet sorcery I fain  
Would win their hearts to me,  
Only that I might draw them so  
More closely, Lord, to thee.

Oh, let the life of each, I pray,  
In richer current flow,  
From deepening love for thy dear word,  
And broader, brighter, grow.

Ah, vain as vanity itself,  
My every effort, Lord,  
Save as in condescending love,  
Thou dost thine aid afford.

Breathe, then, into their hearts and mine  
Thy Spirit from above;  
Make me for them thine implement,  
O Thou whose name is Love.

—'American Messenger.'

## Correspondence

Next week we hope to announce the name of the prize winner in the Temperance Story Competition.

We have received quite a number of letters this week, the following names are some of those for whose kind letters we had not room this week: Bertie, Seagrave, Ont.; Ethel, Stanton; Ida Rose, Parishville, N.Y.; Lillie, Boissevain; Aleatha, Greenville; Ainslie, Upper Middleboro, N.S.; Mary, Black Land, N.B.; Hill, Bloomfield; Bertha, Plum Hollow, Ont.; May, Seeburn, Man.

Georgetown.

Dear Editor,—Georgetown is a very pretty place, and I live in a cottage in the highest part. We can see the ships from our upstairs windows coming in from sea. I am ten years old, and go to school regularly. I have a pet baby sister and two brothers and two other sisters, all younger than me. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We get it in the Sunday-school, of which my father is superintendent. My father takes the 'Witness,' and I like it, too, and read it. Your sincere friend,

MABEL.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger,' is a very nice paper for reading, and it is much nicer since the letters were put in. I am fourteen years of age.

I live in the North-West, and it is pretty cold in winter, but the spring has come and the birds are singing so nicely that it is better now.

There is no Sunday-school, and only church here once a month, so I don't get to church very often. I like riding horseback and I often go after the cows. Your faithful reader,

PERL.

Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very nice place on the bank of a small river. In the spring and fall it overflows its banks. This makes it difficult for people to cross over. I have a dog and a cat, but I don't play much with them. We live on a farm, and have four horses, also cattle, pigs, sheep, hens and ducks. I like reading, but have read all the books I have. Your fourteen year old reader,

BETRICA.

Chateauguay.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for about ten years. I like it very much. I always read the little folks' page first, and then the correspondence. JENNIE.

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—One day my father and I went fishing. We got up early in the morning and dug up a lot of worms, and went down to the bay; but we only got one bite all day. I found a little fish about one inch long, which my father caught in his hand, and that was all the fish we had to bring home. We have not been fishing since. I am learning to play the violin and can play a lot of pieces now.

I am nine years old.

ROY.

Maxville.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. Just before Easter our school gave an entertainment. We had readings, recitations, dialogues and singing, had a fine time and made \$4.45, part of which we are sending to the Children's Hospital, and part for something else. I have not been to school since Easter. One day I was making taffy, and some fell

on my foot, and you can tell all the boys and girls that taffy on snow is much nicer than taffy on foot. I am better now, and can soon wear my shoe. I read all the little letters in the 'Messenger,' and like getting letters better than anything. Yours truly,

ARNOLD.

New Canaan.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer, and has two horses. I have a pair of steers, and papa made me a yoke to work them in. I have a very good dog, his name is Captain. I remain yours,

STANLEY.

Aged ten years.

Little Britain, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother has a goat. He is going to get a goat harness and cart, if he keeps from talking during school-hours till the twenty-fourth of May. My grandpa has taken the Montreal 'Witness' over fifty years. My papa has been in the printing office where they print the Montreal 'Witness,' Mr. John Dougall's photograph hangs on the wall of our sitting-room.

FLORENCE.

Rosebery, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—When we were at the harvest one day, there was a dear little rabbit in the field. I caught him and intended to keep him for a pet, but its poor little heart was throbbing for its mamma, so, as he was so young, I took compassion on him and let him go.

I am very fond of singing, and the song I like best is 'It's nice to be young.' If any little boy or girl would like to have the words, I would be glad to send them. I love to read the page for little folks.

WILLIE H.

Aged seven.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the Royal City, it is a very pretty place, and we have street cars, several beautiful parks, and miles of fine stone pavements. We live near the Ontario Agricultural College, and in the month of June large excursions from different parts of the country visit it. I have three brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother owns a canoe, and takes me out in it sometimes. I have a dog named Jet, and he is a fine swimmer. I go to the central school, and we boys sometimes call it the 'central prison,' for fun. Yours truly,

FRED.

Age fourteen.

Dear Editor,—I am a farmer's daughter, and live on a farm in British Columbia, near the Pacific Ocean; and I can see Vancouver Island and other islands in the Gulf. My mother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about ten years, and I think it is a very nice paper, and the part I like best is the temperance page. For a pet I have a canary. He is a very nice little bird, and is quite a good singer. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books this winter. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Pansy. Sincerely yours,

HOPE.

Stanton,

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' as long as I can remember. We had a week of holidays at Easter, and pa let me go to town, and I had a good time. I go to school every day and am in the third book. We live on a farm, and I have lots of fun. There are six in the family, and I am the youngest. We have a pet cat, her name is Tabby. I remain one of your readers,

ELMA.