

their children. All the children of all the households were converted, and of the eleven children of my household, I was the last.'

Why He Stayed.

It was 6 o'clock, and the city offices were being rapidly deserted; but in a certain railway office one man remained,—he himself could scarcely have told why, for his work was done, yet the minutes sped away while he lingered over some unimportant detail of business.

Half an hour before, miles away, toward the outskirts of the same city, a deaconess had been hurrying around attending to a few of the 'last things' that would finish her afternoon's work. Suddenly she stopped. 'There! I haven't had the date changed on that ticket! Only five minutes to six! What can I do?'

She signalled a passing car and got on board. It was useless, she almost knew. The offices closed at six. How could she have been so thoughtless? But the Lord knew how much she had on her mind. She must commit the matter to him. So the car rumbled along, the deaconess prayed, and the man in the office waited.

'Oh, please, sir, are you the passenger agent? and can you change this ticket for me?'

The words came breathlessly, and he turned to survey with business-like disapproval the young woman whose pink cheeks, roughened hair, and small deaconess bonnet, ever so little askew, told of her hurried journey. Seeing the eager face he unbent a trifle, but answered: 'It's after business hours, miss.'

'Yes, I know; but I tried so hard to get here, and the business is very important. You see, the ticket is dated Saturday and the lady wants to go to-night.'

He took the ticket, on which was conspicuously stamped in red ink the word 'Charity.'

'Whom is it for? and why was it not used on the day for which it was issued?'

'It's for a helpless old lady that I'm sending to her own daughter in Cleveland. She was not well enough to start Saturday, but I promised to meet her at the depot to-night with the ticket. We've had such trouble to get it, and to make all the other arrangements; she'll be broken-hearted if she can't go.'

The magnate turned to his desk to make the change, but wishing to impress his caller with the greatness of the concession he remarked: 'You're lucky to find me in at this hour. The office is generally locked up long before this.'

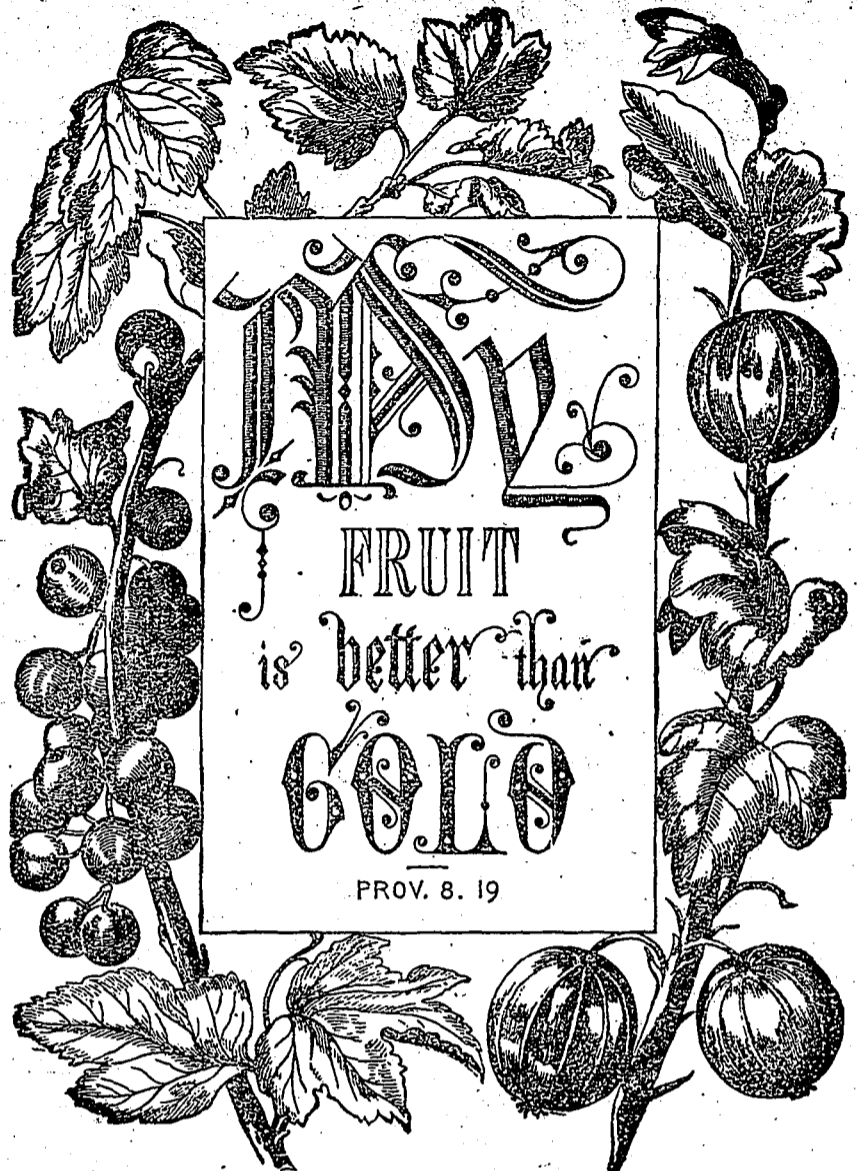
'Yes, but I prayed all the way down Sullivan Street that the Lord would keep you here till I came.'

This was an unexpected view of it to the man of business. He looked up curiously, but the blue eyes were quite matter of fact in their expression.

'You belong to some sisterhood, do you not?' he asked gently, noting the severe simplicity of her grab.

'To the Methodist Episcopal deaconesses. Here is my church card; if you choose to come I can promise you a cordial welcome and a good sermon.'

'Thank you. I am not much of a church-goer, but I may drop in.' Then, as the last glimpse of the black dress vanished through the door: 'It was a little odd; I suppose that girl thinks it was her prayers that kept me here to-night. I wonder if there is anything in it, anyway!'



But the girl said that night in the home: 'I have been thanking the Lord in my heart all the evening for such a direct answer to prayer.'

'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' Isa. lxxv. 24.—'The Message.'

Missionaries and the Famine

A missionary in Gujerat writes in a private letter as follows:

'My wife and I resolved that during the famine we would live upon the very smallest amount possible, denying ourselves all things that we could, and having only one dish instead of two at meals. We have made ourselves responsible for eight persons whom we are to care for and feed. It has been a time of sore financial trial to us, but we have more than millions of others have, although we do not deserve it. Last night I took in a wee little girl who was found starving in the bazaar. Her legs were mere sticks, but she has a sweet face, and I have named her Sumitri, which means "good friend." I shall try and bring her up at my own expense until she is old enough to remember our influence upon her.'

His wife writes: 'I am busy all day long, and do not get time to eat my food. Besides my house duties I have a woman's work in the villages. I go out there once in the week, leaving my baby at home. I stay with them four or five hours, and then get home. I find so many famine-stricken mothers and children that it is unbearable to see their distress. I spent all the money we had from our last pay to feed them, and have been many a time very hard up myself.'

Liberal School Children.

Hartford, April, 2, 1900.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger'.)

Dear Editor,—Enclosed find \$1.70, given to the Indian Famine Fund, by the school children of Hartford. They have all contributed so liberally that I would like to have their names published in your paper. They are as follows: Josephene McKim, Katherine F. Ross, Eben W. Brown, Victor B. Brown, Bessie Harrison, Rosetta Sweet Crawford, Hannah Crawford, Jennie Mitchell, Delia Brown, Nellie Brown, Herbert Peers, Frank Leask, Carlson Nelson, Laura Brown, Richard Nelson, Mona Nelson, Ira Crawford, Ivan Crawford, Annie Colter, Sadie Nelson, Murray Crawford, Irving Crawford, Lannas Crawford, George Crawford, Ivan Charles Crawford, Walter Colter, Fred McKim, Frank McKim, Charles Vincent, Wilfrid Brown.

Alberta Patton, (Teacher),

Hartford, Cumb. County,
Nova Scotia.

Indian Famine Fund.

In the next number of the 'Messenger,' we shall continue the list of names of those who have been so generously sending in donations for this fund during the last few weeks.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXT IN DEUTERONOMY.

April 22, Sun.—Judge righteously.

April 23, Mon.—Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man.

April 24, Tues.—We came to Kadesh Barnea.

April 25, Wed.—Fear not, neither be discouraged.

April 26, Thurs.—It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us.

April 27, Fri.—The Lord your God which goeth before you, he shall fight for you.

April 28, Sat.—The Lord thy God hath blessed thee.