

Mebbe 'tain't the one, but I wouldn't be surprised if she was without wood or coal to keep her warm an' a scrap to eat, an' that this letter'll fix her up all right. Then there's Johnson an' his wife, who have a son wounded in the Philippines. They're out to the box every mornin' waitin' for me. I've got a letter for them, an' it's from the Philippines. And there's Almy Rose, whose husband's off to sea, an' little Nina Clark, whose feller's up to the mines, workin' hard to earn enough to start to housekeepin'. I've got letters for both of them. An' tain't all the mail, either. I do errands for a good many. You know the Watts's, whose boy is so awful sick. They ain't nobody to send for a doctor, an' couldn't anyway through this snow. I've got some medicine for him they asked me to bring. What mightn't it mean if I didn't get there in two or three days? No, no, Benson; I wouldn't dare to stay if I wanted to. I'm only one, an' they're a good many. Good-by.'

He shook the detaining hand from his shoulder, and strode out into the storm, disappearing in the swirling snow almost before he had reached the gate.

Benson watched him gloomily. 'Mebbe he's right, an' mebbe he ain't,' he grumbled. 'I won't venture to say. Only I know he's so set that nothin' I could say would move him.'

Usually it required less than five minutes to drive between the houses; but it was two hours later when Holden struggled up on the piazza, and knocked on the door, looking more like a crudely made snow-man than anything human.

'For the land sake!' cried the woman who opened the door, 'if it isn't Mr. Holden! How'd you ever manage to get through? But come right in. You can't go on any more to-day. My folks are almost scared to go to the barn. Come,' throwing wide the door, 'don't stand there in the cold. Take your wraps off, an' set right up to the fire and warm.'

'I haven't time now, thank you,' Holden replied as soon as he could interpose a word. 'I must get on to Watt's. I have some medicine for the sick boy, an' he may need it. Here's your mail. Good-by,' and once more he strode out into the storm, disappearing in its blinding whirl even more quickly than before.

It was scarcely half a mile to Watt's, but it took him twice the time to reach it. And, when finally he stumbled up the steps, he had to pause to catch his breath before he could summon strength to knock.

'Here's your mail an' medicine,' he gasped as the door was opened. 'No, I can't stop. I'm a good deal behind time, an' must reach the Widow Case's to-night, an' Johnson's an' also Rose's. They all ain't over a quarter of a mile. The storm's something terrible. Good-by.'

When he reached the Widow Case's, it was she who heard him fumbling about the door, and opened it, thinking it was a cat or dog wanting shelter. At first he could not speak, but he held out her letter.

'If it's the right one,' he whispered presently, 'I'll take it down to the store an' get your supplies in a few minutes, as soon's I'm rested. It's only a few rods.'

Ten minutes later he went on to the store and purchased her supplies, bringing them back himself.

'You'll stay all night, of course,' she said anxiously. 'You're completely used up, and it won't be safe to attempt going any farther.'

'Only to Johnson's and Rose's, just beyond the store,' he answered. 'I have letters for them which I want to deliver to-night.'

The next day it was still snowing and the drifts much deeper. Although he started early and struggled through the snow until after dark, he made little more than a mile. But the third day the weather turned colder, and the moist snow crusted enough to bear one's weight. The snow changed to a bitter, driving sleet.

It was much harder travelling, but the crust enabled one to travel more swiftly. This day Holden completed his delivery, and returned to the post-office with the mail he had collected. Three days later the roads were open so he could go for his waggon. In the afternoon he went back to his farm.

Rural Free Delivery No. 3, however, was discontinued only one month. Then a letter came to the post-office and was sent out to John Holden. It read:

'Owing to more definite information in regard to Route No. 3, and to the prospect of its betterment, and more especially to the manner of the last day's delivery, the department has reconsidered the matter. The route will be continued for one year, with the possibility of being made permanent. John Holden is appointed carrier.'

The Story of Golden Sister.

Golden Sister was born and lived in China, the Chinese translation of her name being Geng-Mue. But though she had a pretty name, she was a very unhappy little girl. When quite a child she was sold to a woman who wanted a wife for her son. As her boy-husband grew older he treated her unkindly and roughly, for in China they think girls and women are of no account. Golden Sister had to pass through a time of great suffering when her feet were bound, to make them what the Chinese consider the correct size for a woman. Her toes were crushed and broken more and more each day, and you can imagine how that would hurt; but these poor heathen people don't know any better until they have been taught, and so thousands of little children are suffering untold misery.

One day a missionary came to the house where Golden Sister lived, and told them about the true and loving God, who wanted to make them good and happy. Golden Sister's mother-in-law listened, and for a while gave up her idols, but, alas, soon went back to them. It is easy to start following God, but hard to keep steadily on. One day, on waking up, the mother found herself nearly blind. Her friends put it all down to the visit of the missionary, saying they knew harm would come to all those who listened to the 'worshipping-God-person.' They quarrelled about it, and in trying to separate them Golden Sister was knocked down, and her arm badly hurt.

For eighteen months it was allowed to get worse and worse, and nothing was done for the poor girl, whose health became quite broken. How different is this to the treatment that you receive. Why you do not have to wait eighteen minutes when you hurt yourself before something is done to help you!

Having a bad arm, Golden Sister could not do much work, and, in addition to the pain, she was each day taunted with being useless. Her husband hoped she would die, but as she did not, and her crying annoyed him, he just thought he would take her to the 'healing-sickness sister' (as they called the medical missionary), and leave her there until she was cured, and able to come home and cook his rice.

Poor girl, she stood before the missionary sobbing and crying, 'For me have pity,' fearing to look up, and not thinking that anyone could possibly want to love and help her.

She was sent to the hospital, but was a rather trying patient. She was delighted at the kindness she received, but refused to have a necessary operation performed on her arm. Each day she was taught about Jesus and his love for her, but though she listened attentively, all she would promise was, 'If my arm gets well, I will worship the true God.'

Don't you think that sometimes you and I act just like this? We want to go our own way and do just as we like, and yet we expect God to bless us as much as he does those who are truly walking in his ways. We as good as say, 'If God will give me what I want, then I will love and serve him.' Let us learn a lesson from Golden Sister.

Of course her arm did not get cured, as she continued to hold out against the operation. One day her husband appeared at the hospital, and said he had heard of a god who could cure his wife's arm. Geng-Mue believed him and went to seek this wonderful idol.

For some months the missionary lost sight of her, but was one day able to visit her own home. The mother-in-law opened the door. 'May I see Geng-Mue,' he asked, but before the mother had time to reply an eager voice from within begged him to enter. There in a very dirty room (the Chinese think if they clean their houses it will disturb air and water spirits!) lay Golden Sister. She was very weak and ill. For months she had tried cures which gave her great pain and only made her worse, and now she was dying. But a very happy thing had taken place. Finding how useless had been the idols to help or comfort her during the nineteen years she had spent on earth, she had now made up her mind to worship the true God. All her wilfulness had broken down, but the Doctor had not been sent for, and it was now too late to cure her. Her mother-in-law said that instead of crying and complaining, Geng-Mue was now quite happy and contented, and loved to sing over and over again the hymns she had learnt at the hospital. One of her favorite ones was, 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' Most of you children have sung this hymn many times. I wonder if you understand its meaning in the same way that Golden Sister did! If so, it will make you glad and happy, too.

Before she died, she asked her family to gather round her bed, and pleaded with them to give up their idols, and worship the true God, and we hope that some, at least, will do so.

So ended Golden Sister's life, but it was such a happy end, that we need not be sorry for her, but only need to pray that many others all the world over may learn the secret of her happiness.

Closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,

Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;

And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,

As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

—The 'Christian.'

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