

endorse. It is strictly and invariably undenominational in its religious aspect, and being on behalf of a people almost at our own doors, of the same race as we are ourselves, it should appeal to Christian people throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. We shall be glad to receive at this office and forward all moneys given by readers of this paper. A cot in one of the hospitals may be supported by any individual or society for the small sum of \$50.00 a year, and may be named for the supporters. Subscriptions, either for a cot, or towards the general expenses, no matter how small, will be gladly received by us, and promptly acknowledged in the 'Messenger' columns.

Dr. Grenfell is now in this country, visiting some of the various points where workers already exist and seeking to win other friends for the Mission. He is at present in the United States, but is to be in Canada early in May, after which he turns his face towards home for another summer's work on the Labrador.

A Beautiful Legend.

There is a beautiful legend of three servants of the Lord in a certain city, to whom an angel was sent with a message to prove which of them loved God best. One was a silver-tongued minister who swayed thousands with his words. To him the angel went, and finding him in prayer gave him, this message. 'He to whom thou speakest bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' The answer came hesitatingly, 'Why?'

The angel sighed and went to the next servant, a man gifted with wisdom, and gave a like message: 'He of whom thou thinkest, bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' And the one was grieved and answered, 'How?'

The angel then went to the third servant who was wont to go on willing errands for his Master and said: 'He whom thou servest bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' And that one was grieved and answered 'When?' The last one loved best.

When God calls us, we can safely leave the 'why,' for him to reveal in his own wise time, and the 'how' God has already provided for. We need only to answer, 'When Lord?' 'When shall we go?' If he says, 'Now,' be ready to go in whatever direction he sends.—'The Fire-brand.'

'We Will Start To-morrow.'

(Sydney Clarke, in 'American Messenger,')

There was a deep religious interest in the village of R—. The Spirit of God was evidently striving with many. Meetings were held each night in the church, and a number had expressed their desire to become Christians. The pastor and others were active in trying to lead the inquirers to Christ, and endeavoring to persuade those who were waiting to start at once on the way to the Saviour.

Among those waiting to become Christians was a young man who, for the sake of a name, may be called Dean. He was a man of excellent character and habits, and respected by all. He was the wealthiest and most cultured of the youth of the place. Dean was engaged to be married to one of the best young ladies of the village. The time set for the wedding was his twenty-first birthday, which, at the time of the religious interest, was only a short way off. Though both respected religion and were regular in their attendance at the church, neither was a professing Christian; and it is to be feared that neither was at heart a child of God.

One evening during the series of meetings,

Dean and his affianced wife were at the service, and both of them were deeply moved. When the invitation to come forward and thus make a start in the way of salvation was given, Dean seemed ready to rise, but sank back in his seat. The pastor, noticing the movement, stepped to the young man and quietly invited and even urged him to start at once. Turning to the lady by his side, Dean said:

'I will go if you will.'

'Not to-night,' was her quiet reply.

The pastor seconded the words of the young man and urged her to make the effort. Gently and earnestly did he try to persuade her to take the step at once, and thus the two give themselves to Christ. Kindly but firmly she refused. At last she told the young man that she too was nearly ready to begin to live the Christian life.

'We will start to-morrow night,' said she. 'I will go with you then.'

'Very well,' was his reply. 'If you will go to-morrow, then we will go together, and we will wait now.'

Hopefully the pastor left them, expecting to welcome both the next evening.

The next afternoon, as the pastor was calling on some of his people, he was startled to hear, as he passed by the home of the young lady to whom Dean was engaged, loud cries of anguish, as of some one in great distress. Entering the home, he met the young lady almost overwhelmed with grief. Taking the pastor's hand and calling him by name, she cried:

'Oh, if I had only let him go forward last night! Oh, if I had not kept him back until to-night! But it is too late now—too late! He is drowned! He can never go forward to seek Christ! I kept him back! I waited!'

Dean had gone out in a boat on the water that morning, and by some accident the boat was upset and he was drowned. The night came when the two were to start for Christ and heaven, but Dean was in eternity. He waited one day too late—only one day, but that may have meant eternity to him.

What Have You Done?

'I have been a member of your church for thirty years,' said an elderly Christian to his pastor, 'and when I was laid by with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected.' 'My friend,' said the pastor, 'in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?' 'Oh!' he replied, 'it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them.'

Common enough is this sort of lop-sided religion. Quarrelsome people complain that there is no love in the world now, and unsocial folk murmur that everybody is so backward to speak upon divine things. Many have a very wide eye towards the graces which they receive, but they are nearly blind when it comes to giving out—they do not see it. 'It is hard to part,' they say, and so they and their gold abide together.—Exchange.

Don't Criticise.

The longer I live the more disposed I am to believe that there are people that more might have been made of. Let not the peach that hangs on the south side of the tree, that feels the breath of the south wind, and is warmed into blushes by the kisses of the sun, be too hard on its green, gnarled, acid neighbor that hangs on the shady side, and never feels anything other than the bitter, biting of the north wind's breath.—P. S. Henson, D.D.

Who is my Neighbor?

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand.

Faith, hope, and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand.

Turn on his darkness a beam of your light,
Kindle, to guide him a beacon-fire bright,
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day.

Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.

Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Who are our neighbors? Look up and behold,
Pressing on every hand,

Littles ones, lonely ones, sad ones, and old;
Everywhere see them stand.

He is our neighbor whom we can befriend,
He to whom comfort or aid we can lend,
Or he whose footsteps we cause to wend
Towards the Heavenly Land.

Dear ones, be busy, for time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone;

Soon will our season of service be past;
Soon will our day be done.

Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Somebody needs help such as you can afford.

Haste to assist in the name of the Lord;
There may be a soul to be won.

'Australian Christian World.'

Costly, not Cheap.

It costs something to be a Christian, but it costs more not to be one.

To be a Christian you must renounce the world and its alluring treasures, honors and enjoyments; you must bear the ridicule, and, perhaps, the persecution of the children of the world; you must crucify your sinful flesh and keep it in continual subjection; you must bear the buffetings of Satan and resist his violent onslaughts; you must wage a continual and deadly warfare with the enemies of your soul until the hour of death.

But it will cost you more than all this not to be a Christian. You must then forego the joy of possessing a conscience at peace with God; must deprive yourself of the forgiveness of sin through the merit of a Divine Redeemer; must harass yourself during all your life with doubt and uncertainty regarding your future fate, and finally lie down to die with a despairing heart. Which of the two will you choose?—'Lutheran Witness.'

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