

face, so pure and white, framed in its wealth of rich brown curls; a face lighted up by a pair of great soft eyes that shone like two stars in the deep midnight; a face that would have been sad but for the smile that lurked in the upturned corners of his little mouth; a face that once seen, one might never forget. Constance saw it all in one look, and remembered it ever after.

"Come, dear heart, will not you hear about the hunt?" said Mathilde, drawing him gently to her side; "or must I let Guilbert tell it to you? He has a better memory, and a marvellous tongue for story-telling, has Guilbert, as you know; and I feel he could delight your ears better than I. For it is many and many a year since your old nurse has seen such sports."

"No, no, dear *maman*," (Sweet William always called his nurse so when he was very fond of her); "not Guilbert this time, but you. Guilbert would make me laugh, he always does—he is such a dear, merry soul. I would rather think now; and you know I can always think better so." And he stole one arm about her neck, while his head rested lovingly on her shoulder.

"Well, well, let me see," said Mathilde, trying to recall something she had never witnessed. "As I said before, it is a long, long while since I was in a chase—so long that I sometimes think I was never in one at all. And that is much more likely, for in my days little girls had milder sports; and galloping about on fiery steeds over rocky places, and jumping deep ditches, and keeping company with fierce birds whose sharp claws and ugly beaks are enough to frighten one, was considered much too dangerous. But now—"

"Oh, were you a little girl once?" asked Sweet William incredulously—"a little girl like my cousin Constance?"

"Yes, sure, my love, though not so fair as your sweet cousin. In truth, William, I think, with you, that my lady Constance is more like an angel than a child, for loveliness."

"And was your hair the color of gold, like hers? It is so white, and more like silver now," said he, softly touching the locks that strayed from beneath her cap.

"Alas, no! mine was more like the plumes of a crow; and many's the time my heart ached with it, for my ears were sore with hearing myself called a blackbird and a cinder-wench, and what not. I would fain have cut it off to please those who found fault with it, and to silence their tongues."

"It would have been better had you cut their tongues out for grieving you so," returned Sweet William warmly. "But no one speaks so to you now, dear nurse?" he asked, with tender solicitude.

"No, no, my sweetling; every one has forgotten what a dark little witch old Mathilde was once, and every one thinks kindly of her gray locks now,—but most of all, I trust, a little boy who is dearer to her than all the golden-haired little fairies in Normandy."

Sweet William kissed her, and Mathilde went on: "But we are talking of brave little fairies, and our thoughts have wandered from the chase. In my young days, William, the ways of children were different from what they are now. Nowadays nothing is too daring; and methinks I shall hear of my lady's capturing a wild boar all by her little self some of these fine days."

"My cousin is a brave little maid, is she not?"

"My lady knows not the word 'fear,'" replied Mathilde, with much earnestness, as she thought of the intrepid way in which that little person had grown in intimacy with her redoubtable father—a creature more to be dreaded, in Mathilde's eyes, than all the wild beasts she knew of.

"And one has need to be brave to seek such peril for pleasure," she went on: "it makes one tremble to think of the mad rushing and scampering and the wild shouting that goes on to track a single deer. I can almost see them following after it, over the copse and fallen trees, across streams and over hillocks, until the poor thing falls from weariness or from one of their arrows. Oh, it is a wild game, and a great game in these days, my sweet; and you and I would rather talk of it than be in it, would we not?"

"And my fair cousin loves this sport?" said William half to himself. "I thought she looked happy. Oh what a day this will be for her! I should love to see her"

in the midst of it with the beautiful Roncesvalles, for I know he is a good and swift horse at the chase."

"My lady and Roncesvalles are good hunters both of them, and there is nothing they love more than this."

"And has she a falcon, too, like the rest of the hunters?" inquired Sweet William, whose interest in his fair cousin could not be quelled even by Mathilde's stirring account of a chase.

"Yes; and a cross ugly bird it is to every one but my lady," returned Mathilde. "But he knows her call well, and always comes back to her with some bright pheasant or a long-legged heron, when she sets him a-flying."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT THE FARMER DID.

REV. D. B. MERRILL.

Seated side by side on the mossy bank of a stream were two of the recent graduates of the Mainville high school. There was a very serious look on their faces to-day, as if they had outgrown the care-free play-day of boyhood, and graver and more important matters demanded consideration. "It's no use, Charlie; I shall have to give it up. I would rather go to college with you, and then through the theological seminary, than anything else in the world, and if father had lived, it might have been; but now here is the old farm with the debt on it, and mother is sick, and there is nobody to look after her but me. You will have to go on alone, and preach for both of us when you get through with your studies, for it seems that the Lord has not counted me worthy of so great a work."

"I don't think that is it at all, George. The way may be opened yet for you to go on with your studies; and if not, the Lord has some other work for you to do. We all know that you have talents, and they will be sure to find use somewhere."

"Perhaps there is just the trouble. You have all flattered me so much that I had come to think that I was called to do some great thing, when it was just my own ambition that called me to it, but it is all right, and perhaps I shall see it some time."

"Of course you will, and I don't believe the Lord will keep you tied down to the old farm all your life."

Soon after this interview the boys separated. Charles was able with much self-denial to carry out his plans, and became a useful pastor in a mission church.

George remained at home on the farm. It seemed to him as if the offering of his young life had been rejected; but his devotion to Christ was more than a devotion to a profession, and so he gradually overcame the disappointment and gave himself heartily to the duties which came to him. The farm prospered, and other business which he undertook turned out well. Mainville was a thriving town, and George Farmer had an active interest in its most successful enterprises. His invalid mother felt life renewed in the joy and satisfaction which he gave her; and the young wife who came to share his home regarded him with honest pride as the best of husbands.

Not long after his marriage a sad-faced, poorly-dressed boy of fourteen called at his home in search of employment. George needed help on the farm and gladly arranged to give the stranger a home and pay him such small amount as his services might be worth.

The boy proved faithful and willing, and George found that his protegee could do enough to pay for his board during term-time and earn enough for needed clothing in vacations. Both in the school and in the equally valuable lessons of practical life in the home he proved an apt pupil; and at the end of four years he had completed the high school course, and also acquired such habits of industry and frugality as made it possible for him to push his way successfully through all the obstacles to a liberal education.

It was not long after this boy had become an inmate of Mr. Farmer's household before he required further help, and another friendless boy was found with whom similar arrangements were made; and then another and another were added to this little industrial household, until at one time not less than eight were enjoying its opportunities. They were among the brightest and most diligent pupils of the high school, and by such an addition as they brought

to the numbers and interest the citizens of the town came to feel more pride in it. Larger appropriations were made, better teachers employed, and the course of instruction advanced. For nearly twenty years this good work had been continued with increasing success.

It was after this long interval that Charles, the clergyman, visited his early home, and the old friends met once more. They talked of their work, but chiefly of that of Charles. He had been moderately successful, but had met with many trials, and just now was greatly perplexed over the question of the education of his children. His eldest son had made as much advancement as could be expected in the little country town where they resided, and his father was not able to incur the expense of a boarding-school.

"If he will accept of my humble accommodations, and is willing to work, I will see that your boy has a high school education with no expense to you," George said; then, with the freedom of old familiar friendship, he told a little of the work into which he had been so strangely led. Charles listened with interest, and was only too glad to accept the kind offer. As he went about among his old acquaintances, he heard from every quarter the most glowing accounts of George Farmer and his work. About twenty-five boys in all had been helped in this most practical way, and with very little expense to their benefactor.

Nearly half of them had taken, or were then pursuing, a college course. Among the graduates were Christian men in several of the learned professions. One was the efficient principal of the high school from which he graduated. Another, who became a home missionary pastor in one of the newer Western States, had founded an academy which was rapidly growing into a Christian college, and nearly all of them were filling honorable positions. Charles listened with delight, and it was with a new admiration for his friend that he strolled with him one day down to their old haunt by the stream. Here they sat in silence for a little time, until Charles exclaimed, "George, old fellow, I have pitied you many a time when I have thought of your disappointment, but I have learned that my pity was all wasted. Truly success is not in fulfilling our purposes, but in just carrying out God's plan. Sometimes I fear that the help which I received in acquiring an education has weakened me and made me more dependent upon others; while the obstacles which you encountered have given you strength and self-reliance, and made you a worthy teacher of the very qualities which the leaders in society most need. I will not envy, but I do rejoice in your work, for God has surely given it to you." When George spoke after a pause it was apparently with a change of subject: "It is good to be together again by the old stream, and it is singing on the same song we used to hear so often. Sometimes, when I have been here alone, it has pleased me to think how it has been making so merry all these years over the very stones which are most in its way."—*American Messenger.*

A DREAM.

Mr. D. L. Moody says: "I heard of a Pharisaical man some time ago who was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be for him in the other world. This man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did, put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in this dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on, doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then in his dream he thought he died, and that a mighty voice came rolling down from above: 'He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber,' and down came his ladder, and he awoke from his sleep, and thought: 'If I go to heaven, I must go some other way.' My friends, it is by the way of true trust in the blood of Christ that we can reach heaven."

THE ENDEAVORERS' RELATION AND DUTY TO GOD.

- Ye are of God. (1 John 4:4.)
- Yield yourselves unto God. (Rom. 6:13.)
- People of God. (Heb. 11:25.)
- Pray without ceasing. (1 Thess. 5:17.)
- Servants of God. (1 Pet. 2:16.)
- Stand fast in the faith. (1 Cor. 16:13.)
- Children of God. (1 John 3:10.)
- Commit thy way unto the Lord. (Ps. 37:5.)
- Elect to God. (Col. 3:12.)
- Ever follow that which is good. (1 Thess. 5:15.)

—Golden Rule.

FAITH.

Turn to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Acts: "And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness." There you have the origin of faith, the author of faith, the object of faith, the nature of faith, the effects of faith.—*Dean Lefroy.*

AN OUNCE of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—*Fuller.*

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