

must not die; we will climb the tree and get the leaves ourselves.' Finally one who could climb best of all took off her shoes and stockings, put on some old clothes, and climbed the tree, the teacher holding a torch so she could see. After the worms began to spin silk, they had to be watched all the time, twelve girls sitting up with them at night, four girls sitting up three hours. They made over sixty mats, which their grown-up friends embroidered for them. These they will send to America and sell for finger-bowls mats.—The 'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Boy Wanted.

'Oh, mother!'

'Yes, dear. I'll be there in just a minute—soon's I take the pies from the oven.'

'I thought you were upstairs; didn't know you were in here,' and Merle opened the kitchen door, whence issued odors of spicy pumpkin pies—crisp and brown, just the kind to make a fellow's mouth water. 'My! they smell good; not the least whiff ought to escape,' and Merle drew in long breaths of the delicious odor.

'Well, dear? another button, or is it a rip?' and Mrs. Kellogg closed once more the oven door.

'Tisn't a needle and thread all the time, mother, though no wonder you think so. See there,' and Merle pointed to an item in the 'want' column of the morning paper—'Boy Wanted.'

Mrs. Kellogg took the paper to the light. 'Must be energetic, honest and take an interest in the business generally,' she read, slowly.

'Do you suppose I could?' and Merle looked long and earnestly at the 'want' item. 'I'd work—ever so hard.'

'I shouldn't hesitate to recommend the boy that does my chores; I know he is energetic and honest.'

She rested her hand lovingly on her son's shoulder.

'It's just what I want. And the pay—it says three dollars a week,' turning to the paper, 'for just nights and mornings. Think what that means—twelve dollars a month! I'd would pay all the rent and two dollars for extras.'

'If it wouldn't be too hard,' said Mrs. Kellogg anxiously. 'You know I don't want your studies at school to be hurt, and you must not undertake too much, dear.'

'I could do that; I know I could. And it would take such a burden off your poor old shoulders.'

Promptly at one o'clock Merle was ushered into the general office of Skillings, King & Co. In easy chairs around the room sat several waiting candidates, for there were, as Merle had prophesied, 'lots of boys and only one place.'

At five minutes after one, two of the boys were summoned to the company's private office. It seemed but a minute before they returned crestfallen and disappointed.

'Get it?' 'Twas one of the fellows who knew them.

'No; and he didn't ask us enough to find out whether he wanted us or not. Don't believe he needs a boy,' and each took up his hat and left the room.

'You may come now,' and the clerk nodded to the fellow in the corner. He was gone hardly longer than the others.

'It's all a bluff,' looking at Merle as he spoke. 'I wouldn't humor the old guy enough to go in if I were you!'

One after another, almost as soon as the boys were summoned into Mr. Skillings' pre-

sence, they reappeared in the general office.

Merle was the last one left.

'There's no need of my seeing him,' he was thinking. 'If they aren't able to please I—'

'This way, sir.'

Merle dropped his cap in the chair.

'To the left, please.'

Before the door of the private office he stopped. Lying in the way was an overturned desk stool. Instead of stepping over it, Merle carefully picked it up and set it up out of the way.

'Your name, sir?' 'Twas the head of the firm, a man whose name was synonymous with integrity and success everywhere among the great business houses in the bustling New England city.

'Merle Kellogg.'

'Age?'

'Sixteen, sir.'

'Had any experience?'

'Only at home, sir; mother says she will recommend me.'

There was a touch of pride in his voice, as he spoke his mother's name, which the keen business man didn't fail to comprehend.

'You may report to-morrow at seven o'clock for an hour and a half. Mr. Thomas will give you instructions regarding your work. Good day!'

Merle started toward the door.

'One minute!' Mr. Skillings called, 'How happened you to pick up that stool?'

'The what, sir?' For the minute Merle had forgotten the incident.

'The stool you found lying before the door of the office.' There was a quizzical expression on his new employer's face.

'Why, because it didn't belong there,' I guess,' replied Merle wonderingly.

'That's all.'

'From the time it took, he didn't ask me any more questions than he did the rest, and I don't see why I happened to be the lucky one!' It was evening, and Merle was relating the experience of the afternoon. 'Unless it was your recommendation I referred to.'

'I hardly think it was that,' replied Mrs. Kellogg, quietly. 'Wasn't it the stool didn't the other fellows step over it? I think that was the test. Wasn't your moving the stool taking an interest in the business generally, that the advertisement demanded?'

'I—I—perhaps it was,' returned Merle, honestly, 'but I hadn't thought of it; I'd have done that, anyway.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in 'La Nature' by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.—'Youth's Companion.'

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A Golden Envelope.

Some time since a poor servant girl in London who had attended the ragged schools and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, one evening at the close of school put into the minister's hand, much to his surprise a note containing a half sovereign (ten shillings, English currency).

Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessings she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was 'not much.'

'But, sir,' said she, 'I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears.'

Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings as we lay them before God's altar were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes. 'An earnest prayer and many tears.' Sweet child! Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.—'Western Recorder.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 15, of 'World Wide'.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.
Lord Rosebery on Colonial Preferences—How Canadian Opinion is Misled—The Manchester 'Guardian'.
The Scant Supply—Sonnet, by John White Chadwick, in the Springfield 'Republican'.
The International Peace Congress—The Secretary of State Promises Administration Support of Arbitration—American Papers.
A Long War—The End of the Russo-Japanese War Not Yet in Sight—The New York 'Times'.
General Kuropatkin—The Stolidity of the Russian Soldier—The 'Spectator', London.
With Kuroki at the Front—Attack on Yu shu ling—By the Special Correspondent of the London 'Standard' with the First Japanese Army.
The Archbishop of Canterbury Addresses the House of Deputies—His Message to the Protestant Episcopal Church in America—American Papers.
The Scottish Church Dispute—The Manchester 'Guardian', Liberal; the 'Standard', Conservative.
The Bread Line—Mr. Fleischmann's Life and Practical Charity—The New York 'Times'.
A Hard Winter—General Booth's Views—The 'Daily Telegraph', London.
Canada as a Field for Emigration—The London 'Times'.
Why Domestic Service is a Problem—Extracts from 'The Humble Opinion of Barbara—The Commuter's Wife', in the 'Outlook', New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.
Bartholdi, the Sculptor, Dead—Designer of the Statue of Liberty a Victim to Consumption—The New York 'Evening Post'.
Appropriate Voluntaries—'Musical News', London.
A St. Francis of Art—The 'Christian World'.

CONCERNING THINGS LIBRARY.
A Song of October—By William Cullen Bryant.
Veranilda—George Gissing's Unfinished Romance—By W.L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph', London.
The Earthly Purgatory—A New Book, by Miss L. Douglass—English Papers.
Westminster Abbey—By John O'London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly', London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.
The Approaching Revolution in the American College—The 'Sun', New York.
Professor Finson The Manchester 'Guardian', the 'Standard', London.
The Migration of Birds—The 'Leisure Hour'.
The Fastest Boats in the World—A Tribute to Canadian Small Boats—By Cassius Whitney, in 'Outing', New York.
Gold Ships—Should Pericle Land be Destroyed?—The 'Inter-Ocean'.