

friends with all the strength of his boy's nature, and in every way possible tried to show how grateful he was for their goodness. He studied so hard to improve that at the end of a year you would never recognize, I'm sure, in the clean, intelligent, manly-looking boy, with the gentle voice and happy face, the dirty, desolate boot-black, who had so filled the gentleman's heart with pity. Sometimes loving memories of dear little Dan would make him sad, in spite of his new happiness; and often, as he and Blossom sat together in the twilight, talking low and tenderly about him, for Blossom was never tired hearing the sweet little story, an irresistible longing to see the "little chap" again would fill his heart, but a glance at the bright stars always made him feel that Dan was better off up there, where they were, and so he was content; and next to God, Jem loved the sweet little Blossom who by her loving thoughtfulness of others, had opened the way for him to a happy home.—*New York Evangelist.*

OLD DAN.

Farmer Henderson came in from the barn one morning with his hands and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red and his eyes flashing.

"Ned!" he shouted, as he entered the kitchen. "Where's Ned?"

"Here I am!" came a cheery voice in reply; and an instant after, a bright, strong boy, of some sixteen years, entered the old-fashioned country kitchen from the adjoining woodshed, where he had been cutting potatoes for the day's planting. "Do you want anything?"

"I want to tell you just this," said Mr. Henderson, as he washed himself at the sink, and rubbed his weather-beaten face with the coarse towel until it was even more red than before. "Old Dan must be killed! Just see the state I am in, and all from that worthless old rascal! I won't have him about the house another day. He's good for nothing but to make trouble and he must be shot before night!" added the farmer, wrathfully.

Ned was about to plead for his pet, when his little sister came into the room.

"Why, papa, what is the matter?" she cried, running to him in astonishment. "Did you fall into the creek?"

"I might as well," he replied, half laughing. "Old Dan butted me into the watering-trough!"

There was a shout of laughter from both children, in which their mother joined.

"Well, Jedediah," said Mrs. Henderson, coming into the kitchen and still shaking with mirth, "what could you have been thinking about to let an old ram, 'most twenty years old, knock you into the watering-trough?"

"But," exclaimed her husband, "he took me unawares. I had just filled one pail to carry to the barn, and was stooping to dip the other, when the old rascal came at me like the wind and knocked me completely into the water! He scampered, I tell you, before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. Anyhow, he's got to be killed to-day sure. He's only a nuisance, and I'll shoot him to-night, when we come back from town, if he's on the farm!"

Two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away to be absent from home until night. As they rattled out of the yard, Old Dan suddenly appeared close to the gate, and, wagging his tail as if in derision, gave utterance to a hoarse "Baa-a!"

The farmer turned, shook his whip at the fellow and cried, "This is your last day, my boy! make the most of it!"

Ned and Carrie were the only children. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered for awhile whether there was any way of averting Old Dan's sad fate, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, planting potatoes with Bronson, the hired man, in the "back lot."

But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get, all before twelve o'clock.

Time fled. The dishes stood in shining rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a faint knock at the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, the little girl did not rise, but called—

"Come in!"

The door was slowly opened, and a man stepped within.

He wore a long, black coat, buttoned to the chin and very threadbare. His trousers too, were black and shiny; and much too short for him. On one foot was a boot, while the other was graced by a ragged shoe. He carried a battered silk hat in his hand. His face was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and altogether he was a queer looking visitor.

"Is your ma at home, miss?" said he, in a half whine, as he glanced sharply around the room.

"No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering why he asked; "She has gone to Underhill. Did you wish to see her?"

"Oh, no," the man replied. "I only asked out of politeness, you know," and he smiled solemnly at the little girl, and winked one eye. "No, I came out on business with your pa—particular, urgent business. S'pose he's round, is he not?"

"No, sir; he went to town with mother," said Carrie.

"Now that's too bad!" exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself; "and I've come so far to see him! But perhaps your brother or sister would do as well."

"I haven't any sister," said the little hostess, laughing, "and my brother's over in the back lot. He'll be in by-and-by, though, if he'll do."

"Well, I don't hardly believe he will, after all," said the man, shaking his head thoughtfully, "and I can't wait to-day, anyway, I haint the time. But I'm terrible hungry. If I could, I'd stay to dinner, miss. However, under the circumstances, perhaps you had better give me a light lunch before I go; a piece of pie and a cup of tea, and a little cold meat, or something of that sort."

"Oh, certainly; only I can't give you the meat, for we haven't it in the house," said Carrie, rising; "but I will find something." And she brought from the pantry a whole apple-pie, which she placed before him, with a knife and fork.

"If you will help yourself, I'll have the tea ready in three minutes."

"All right, my dear!" said the man, seizing the knife and drawing the pie toward him. "I will act upon your advice. The last time I took dinner with Gen. Grant," he continued, as he cut a great piece and began to eat, he said to me, 'Governor, Governor, said he, 'never disregard a lady's advice,' and I have always remembered what he said;" and he chuckled merrily, and nodded his head at the delicious looking pastry before him.

Carrie wondered a little at the table-manners of the man who had dined with Grant, but she steeped his tea, flavored it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him.

"I am not much of a hand for tea," said the man as he drained the cup, "but my doctor says that I must drink it for my digestion. Ruined my digestion while I was in the army, you see;" and he winked solemnly. "By the way," he continued, picking up the silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as neat a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too. I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them."

"Mother has only eleven," said Carrie, in her innocence, "and she is very proud of them; but I will show them to you."

Then she brought the little box with the precious table-silver,—eleven teaspoons, four tablespoons, and an ancient cream jug, all pure silver, and shining brightly,—and placed them before her inquisitive visitor to admire.

He had finished his "light lunch." That is, the pie was demolished, and the teapot empty. As the little girl handed him the treasures, he arose, took the box to the window, examined its contents with a critical eye for a moment, and then, as if in joyful surprise, cried:

"I am right! They are the very spoons! The very same identical spoons that my friend lost when he was a boy! How lucky it is that I have found them at last!"

With these words, and a very low bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and a silver cream pitcher down the path toward the gate.

For an instant Carrie stood motionless; then rushing after him, she shrieked:

"Give me those spoons! They are my mother's spoons, and you are trying to steal them! You are a thief, a thief! Bring them back! bring them back!"

The man, however, paid no attention to the child's cries, but ran rapidly down the

path, carrying the box in his arms; and the spoons and pitcher would have been lost forever if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

Old Dan was quietly nibbling the grass near the gateway. Hearing his little mistress's voice, he looked up at the very instant that the tramp passed. What he saw about the man that disturbed him, I don't know; but, erecting his head with a hoarse "Baa-a!" he shot after him like a cannon-ball.

The man turned to receive him and defend himself, but the ram struck him fairly in front and knocked him, half-senseless, flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions.

For an instant the fellow remained sprawling in the dust; then he slowly arose, limping and groaning, and without a glance at his enemy, began to gather up his stolen spoils.

He had partly completed his task when Old Dan, who all this time had been watching the proceeding from beneath his shaggy eye-brows, shook his long beard, and with another tremendous "Baa-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his treasures flying from his hands.

And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man recovered his feet and turned upon the ram, kicking and striking at him furiously, while Dan, accustomed to such warfare from years of experience with the boys of the country-side, easily eluded him, and in return, butted him to the earth again and again.

The spoons and cream-pitcher were knocked hither and thither, as the combatants struggled, the road was trampled into something like a race-course, the air was filled with very bad language, very angry baas, and a great cloud of dust.

But after some five minutes victory declared itself upon the side of the quadruped, and bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, minus hat and shoe, the vanquished man suddenly turned away, and ran limping down the road, leaving his antagonist in full possession of the field and the stolen silver.

Old Dan remained motionless, gazing after his enemy, until he disappeared around a distant turn in the road, then, shaking the dust from his coarse wool, he gave utterance to a low grumble of satisfaction and, wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in front of the house.

Half an hour later, as Carrie washed the coveted spoons and the bright little pitcher, and laid them away carefully once more, she told her brother the story, and how the robber was foiled; and Ned, full of enthusiasm, cried:

"We will not kill old Dan at all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for a hundred dollars!"

And the boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp and conquered him. He won his master's regard, and a free, happy life for the remainder of his days.—*H. E. Hamilton, in Youth's Companion.*

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

A curious story has just come to light in Boston which illustrates in a remarkable manner the change which time brings forth. Many years ago a young fellow named Bigelow was sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the university. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at work his old associates cut him and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, failed to recognize him when they met. One day when going from his work, he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted he should call and see her, as he had always done. She said: "There is no change in you as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the Mayor of New Haven, with an income of \$100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to wo-

manhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for his indebtedness; and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young workboy at college.

Question Corner.—No. 9.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

97. What prophet in the New Testament foretells a famine which afterward occurred in the days of Claudius Caesar?
98. What king and what prophet refer to the slavery of the Israelites in Egypt as the "furnace of iron"?
99. Who in the midst of starvation prophesied plenty on the morrow?
100. Where in the Bible is mention made of a library?
101. Where and by whom was the first missionary meeting held?
102. A king of Babylon put out the eyes of a captured king of Judah. Who were these kings?
103. When was the feast of tabernacles celebrated for the first time after the death of Joshua?
104. Whose life was lengthened fifteen years in answer to prayer?
105. What king of Judah was smitten with leprosy for attempting to burn incense to the Lord?
106. By whom and to whom was it said "Come with us and we will do thee good"?
107. What was the early Bible name for Prophet?
108. With what people was the first battle fought by the Israelites after leaving Egypt?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A tree with which a famous temple was built.
2. A tree under which idols were buried.
3. A prophet whom a king of Judah slew with the sword.
4. A city in Egypt, prophesied against by three prophets.
5. A tree into which one climbed to see Christ.
6. The place where the spies obtained the bunch of grapes.
7. One called "the beloved physician."
8. One whose heart the Lord opened.
9. One from whom our Lord was a descendant.
10. One who caused her son to deceive.

The above initials form a name by which our Lord was called in the Old Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

73. Into Judah, Samaria and Galilee.
74. In Galilee.
75. When healing the cripple at Lystra, Acts xiv. 8.
76. Three, Jairus' daughter, Matt. ix. 25, The son of the widow of Nain, Luke vii. 15, Lazarus, John xi. 44.
77. Matthias, Acts i. 23.
78. By the order of Herod, Acts xii. 2.
79. The Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44.
80. St. Paul, 2 Thessalonians iii. 13.
81. Archelus, Matt. ii. 22.
82. Claudius, Acts xviii. 2.
83. Zoar, Genesis xix. 22, 23.
84. At the age of fifty, Num. viii. 25.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ANANNELECH—2 Kings xvii. 31.

1. Heman—1 Kings iv. 31.
2. Camel—Lev. xi. 4.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Clara Cline, 10; Carrie B. Elrick 12; Kate Wismer, 8; William Walsh, 9.
To No. 6.—Sarah S. Crosby, 12; Cora M. McIntyre, 12; Archie McDonald, 8; Martha Van Dusen, 11; Herbert W. Hewitt, 11; Ella Beckett, 12 en; David McGee, 12; C. A. Redmond, 10; Flora Jane Craig, 11; Jacob Hunter, 10; William Walsh, 10; Maggie Sutherland, 10 en; E. R. Blanchard, 11; Harry E. Gowan, 12 en.