## BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples areSunken decp, unsecn, unknown, Lies the sure foundation stonc. Then the coursos framed to bear Lift the cloisters pillared fair. Last of all the airy spirc, Soaring heaven ward, higher and higher Nearest sun and nearest star.
Souls are built as temples araInch by inch in gradual rise Mount the lajered masonrics. Warring questions have their day, Kings arise and pass ayway, Laborers vanish one by one, Still completion seems afar.

Souls aro built as temples arc-
Hero a carving rich and gunint,
Thore the image of $a$ saint; Horo a deep-hued pane to tell Sacred truth or miraclo; Evary little helps the much, nery carefn, carcless touch

Souls are built as temples are-
Based on truth's cternal law,
Sure and stcadfast, without flaw
Through the sunshino, through the snows, Up and on the building roes;
Evory fair thing finds its place
Every hard thing lends a grace
Every hand may make or mar. -Susan Coolidyc.

## INHUMANITY

Farmer Snowden, well-fed and ruddy, stood at his door one norning, as Holt, lii nearest neighbor, passed down the road. Holt drovo a mulo so thin and gaunt that lis bones almost pierced the skin. The wretcled aninnal stiggyered under the weight of several bags of grain.

"Isn't Jack overloaded a trifle?' Snow ien cilled.
No," said Holt. "He's used to it Ife likes it."

That beats me," said Snowden, indigmantly, to his wife. "How any Christian man can work a brute to death I can't un-
derstand! Is my basket ready, mother?"
Mrs. Snowden hastily finished packing the basket of sandwiches and pie for the luncheon in the field, nud gave it to her husband, who followed his haymakers down Trond
The kitchen was in disorder. It was scarcely day; but Mrs. Snowden had ahready cooked breakfast for three hungry men. The dishes must be washed, a doren pies made, the ironing done, and the house set in order.
. Shebegan to work, but stopped presently to prepare a delicate breakfast and arrange it prettily upon a table in the parlor. Hor daughter, a victim of some nervous ailment, came down, and languidly tasted it.
"havo no appetite," she moaned. "I

think perhaps I could eat a bii of broiled chicken."
paper enter, in which a Mrs. Snowden may
be found ?-Youth's Companion.
the new dish. When Laura had eaten itand she finished every morsel-her mother helped her to creep out to the hammock in the cool shade, brought her a book, a fan, a pillow and a dish of fruit.
Laura spent the morning there, out of sight of the kitchen. She was an educated girl, fond of painting and all bonutiful things. She declared that the hent, the cooking . and the work made her ill. "Mother had been used to it all her lifo, She never tired of it. She liked turnoil."
Presently Laura managed to walk as far as the post-office, and brought back a letter. It was from her brother Joo who was in store in Boston, and was full of amusing gossip about parties, club-meetings, concerts. In a postscript Joe said
Ask mother if she will make me a se of new shirts as soon as possible. It does not take her long to rum them up on the Poor clerks in Boston have to look after their pennies!?


Mrs. Snowden gave a wan smile as she received the message. "I am glad Joey is so stuing," she saill; but as sho oiled her machine for the work sinc sighed quietly. It was harvest-time. She was busy in the kitchen all day. The shirts must be made after night-fall.
Day after day went by, The family and the two hired men were fed, the house was kept in order, the washing and ironing were done, Laura was nursed and humored-all by the one quiet, gaunt woman.
When night came, she sat down at the machine to make the shirts, with loving thouglets of her boy.

The doctor says that I need exercise, said Laura, feebly, one day.
Jiding horse-back, I think." ". wroto back that "They were not as neatly wrote back that
finished as thoso in the whops. Mother's machine must be wearing out."


He often spent in a supper, given to his riends, more money than would havo bought the sliirts.
When harvest was done Farmer Snowden congratulated himself on his profits. Some of his neighbors, he said, hired help in the kitehen during harvest. "But I told them mother undertakes it all herself Sho is used to work. Sho likes it."
Ho took pleasuro in abusing Holt, who had worked his mule almost to death. But when he saw his wife's face grow more lean and sallow each day, it nevor occurred to him nor to his children to consider the drudgery, the dulness, the absence of hope, amusement and cheer from her life, or to think that they were urging her, step by stop, each day nearer to her grave. Into how many furm-houses does thi

TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE.
"Tommy ! Tommy!"
looked thy shat one eye, and with the other the side of tho woodshed.
Again his mother called his name, this Tome a little loudcr than before; still aggrieved would answer. To saly he fel description of his feelings at that minuto. Had he not worked all morning minate. coal and water, picking up sticks and stones from the front grass-plot and doing various things too numerous to think of just then? And had he not been sustained and upheid through it all by the thought Why, he had oven forgotten to count how many buckets of water he had carried to Wash off the porches, so interested was he in trying to calculate how many willow whisties he would have time to make be-
fore supper-time. And now, just as he was comfortably fixed at work, to think that he must be called from it!
"I know just what she wants me for," he said to himself. "I don'tsee any sense in two of us going to tho store ; just as if Tillie couldn't go by herself! I'll not let on I heard her call me."
Tommy knew that this was not a very safe course to pursue, but he was so vexed that he did not think of consequences. By this time his mother had gone into the house and clased the door, but it was again opened and again his name echoed through the premises.
"That's Tillie," said Tommy, "and she won't stop at calling ; she'll hunt me up." Ho looked around for a hiding place He could henr Tillie rumning down the stone walk. She would be there in a minute ; so, hastily jumping down from the work-bench, he ran across the floor and
climbed into an old cupboird, climbed into an old cupboard, which shook in a threatening manner, as if re-
senting the intrusion. He pulled the senting the intrusion. He pulled the
doors to just as Tillie appeared in the doorway.
"Tommy ! Tommy Dawson!" she calied, so that there might be no mistake as to what Tommy was wanted. Tommy held his breath lest sho might discover him and wished that his heart would not thum so heavily against his ribs; surely Tillio would hear it. But she turned toward the house as if satisfied that he was not to be found. Tommy chuckled in high glee, and after hearing the door shut, clambered down out of the crazy old cupboard, his face very red, his clothes covered with dust and cobwebs, After taking observation through the knot-hole for a fow seconds, he got up on the bench and beran on the whistles ; but somehow the burk seemed very hard to loosen, and his knifo was not so sharp as usual. He wis sure he hat never lieord the fiold orictens he ha nover heard the feld crickets chirp so loudly, and was it not strange they were saying: "Sneak! sneak s sneak !" just listened to them before, but ho alway listened to then before, but ho alway
thought they said: "Summer's here, here thought they said: "Summer's here, here,
here!" Ho must have been mistaken then for nothing could bo plainer than what they were now saying.
"If only that road to the store"was not so hot and dusty !" he said half aloud ; and then he whittled at a willow switch.
"I do wonder if Hatton's dog would
bite? Tillie's awful 'fraid of dogs ;" nnd bite? Tillies awful fraid of dogs ;" and then another minute of whittling
"I guess I could finish these whistles after I come back;" and he shat his knife and with one bound was in the middle of tho floor, and with another was out on the stones
"Whew ! how hot that old woodshed is, anyway!" and, running up to the stones he burst into the kitchen, where ho found Tillie fying around in wild delight.
"Why, Tommy Dawson,"she exclaimed, "where have you been? We've been call ing you everywhere."
"What aro you polishing your best shoes for ?-to wear to the store?" de manded Tommy, skilfully evading the ques tion.
Store ?" echoed Tillie scornfully Why, Tomomy Dawson, Uncle Tom is here, he's going to take us home with him, nd he's in an aivful huriy ; and mother's upstairs layjng out your clothes, and I've olished your best shoes. You see, we thought you might como in timo to get
ready if every thing was fixed for you to dress in a hurry. And oh, Tommy, I was
afraid that I would have to go without you !" and here Tillie paused to take her breath.
Tommy may live to be very old, but he will never forget how mean he folt just then.

- You'd better not stand there," con inued Tillie. "Uncle Tom said we must be ready in half an hour, and he's been here "most fifteen minutes now."
Tillie could not think what made Tommy so very kind and thoughtful during the next fitteen minutes, and when, afte running lup-stairs after her parasol and handing it to her, he stopped to pick up a thead from her dress, her wonder found expression in words: "How nice you aro to-dily, Tommy ! I just wish you'd'be that ay all the time
And Tommy, as he climbed into the buggy which was to take them to tho station, resolved that he would "be that way" just as often as he could think of it. think that he must have kept his resoluion, for it was only the other day that I heard a lidy remark: "How much Tommy Dawson seems to think of his sister! He treats her just as if she were some other boy's sister."-United Presbyterian.

AVED FROM SUICIDE BY A TRACT.
A Christian gentleman, who is in the habit of distributing tracts on Sundays, was once discouraced by the rain from going his usual round. Fis little daughter cime from Sunday-school and found him at home, with his bundlo of tracts on the table. She seemed surprised, and was quite pained when ho told her he should not go out. "Let mo take them, papa"" she said. "No, my deav ; it is too wet." But she pleaded that she was already dressed for the wet-had on her waterproof and for would take the big umbrella, and the slie would nat hurt wound nat hure hee a bit, and besides, let me go, papa." Finally she got his consent and started out. At one house sho sent and starta out. At one houso sho was obliged to knock a grent while before she could get in. A woman with i gloomy face at last came to the door. The little girl smiled, gave her a tract, and went on tillshe hatd timished her round. This wo man herself, at whose door the child had waited so long, said she had determined to commit suicido, and was in the act of hang ing herself when she heard the knock at the door. She took the tract from the hand of the girl, and the reading of it raised her from despair to the glad hopes and peace of tho Gospel.
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