#### BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are-Sunken deep, unseen, unknown, Lies the sure foundation stone. Then the courses framed to bear, Lift the cloisters pillared fair. Last of all the airy spire. Soaring heavenward, higher and higher, Nearest sun and nearest star.

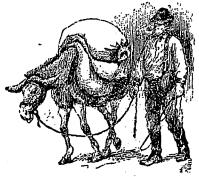
Souls are built as temples are-Inch by inch in gradual rise Mount the layered masonries. Warring questions have their day, Kings arise and pass away, Laborers vanish one by one, Still the temple is not done, Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are Here a carving rich and quaint, There the image of a saint; Here a deep-hued pane to tell Sacred truth or miracle; Every little helps the much, Every careful, careless touch Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are-Based on truth's eternal law. Sure and steadfast, without flaw, Through the sunshine, through the snows, Up and on the building goes; Every fair thing finds its place, Every hard thing lends a grace, Every hand may make or mar. Susan Coolidge.

#### INHUMANITY.

Farmer Snowden, well-fed and ruddy stood at his door one morning, as Holt, his nearest neighbor, passed down the road. Holt drove a mule so thin and gaunt that his bones almost pierced the skin. The wretched animal staggered under the weight of several bags of grain.



"Isn't Jack overloaded a trifle?" Snow-

den called.
"No," said Holt. "He's used to it.
He likes it."

"That beats me," said Snowden, indig-nantly, to his wife. "How any Christian

man can work a brute to death I can't understand! Is my basket ready, mother?" Mrs. Snowden hastily finished packing the basket of sandwiches and pie for the luncheon in the field, and gave it to her husband, who followed his haymakers down

the road. The kitchen was in disorder. It was scarcely day, but Mrs. Snowden had already cooked breakfast for three hungry men. The dishes must be washed, a dozen pies made, the ironing done, and the house set

in order. She began to work, but stopped presently to prepare a delicate breakfast and arrange it prettily upon a table in the parlor. Her daughter, a victim of some nervous ailment,

came down, and languidly tasted it. "I have no appetite," she meaned.



think perhaps I could eat a bit of broiled

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 beautiful things. She declared that the heat, the cooking and the work made her ill. "Mother had been used to it all her life. She never tired of it. She liked turmoil."

Presently Laura managed to walk as far as the post-office, and brought back a letter. It was from her brother Joe who was in a store in Boston, and was full of amusing gossip about parties, club-meetings, and

concerts. In a postscript Joe said:
"Ask mother if she will make me a set of new shirts as soon as possible. It does not take her long to run them up on the machine, and it saves me some dollars. Poor clerks in Boston have to look after their pennies!'



Mrs. Snowden gave a wan smile as she eccived the message. "I am glad Joey received the message. "I am glad Joey is so saving," she said; but as she oiled her machine for the work she 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 thoughts of her boy.
"The doctor says that I need exercise,"

said Laura, feebly, one day. riding horse-back, I think." "I shall try

Joe, when he received the shirts, merely wrote back that "They were not as neatly finished as those in the shops. machine must be wearing out." Mother's



He often spent in a supper, given to his friends, more money than would have bought the shirts.

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When harvest was done Farmer Snowden congratulated himself on his profits. Some of his neighbors, he said, hired help in the kitchen during harvest. "But I told them mother undertakes it all herself. She is used to work. She likes it."

He took pleasure in abusing Holt, who had worked his mule almost to death. But when he saw his wife's face grow more lean to the store of the store?" demanded Tommy, skilfully evading the question.

when he saw his wife's face grow more lean and sallow each day, it never 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 step, each day nearer to her grave.

Into how many farm-houses does this nicken."

paper enter, in which a Mrs. Snowden may be found?— Youth's Companion.

### TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE.

"Tommy!" Tommy!" Tommy shut one eye, and with the other

looked through a convenient knot-hole in the side of the woodshed.

Again his mother called his name, this time a little louder than before; still Tommy did not answer. To say he felt aggrieved would be giving a very mild description of his feelings at that minute. Had he not worked all morning, carrying 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 upheld through it all by the thought of having the whole afternoon to himself? Why, he had even 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 willowwhistles he would have time to make before 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't see any sense in two of us going to the 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 closed 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."

He looked around for a hiding place. He could hear Tillie running 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 cupboard, which shook in a threatening manner, as if resenting the intrusion. He pulled the doors to just as Tillie appeared in the door-

way.
"Tommy! Tommy Dawson!" she called, so that there might be no mistake as to what Tommy was wanted. Tommy held his breath lest she might discover him, and wished that his heart would not thum? so heavily against his ribs; surely Tillie 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 observations through the knot-hole for a few seconds, he got up on the bench and began on the whistles; but somehow the bark seemed very hard to loosen, and his knife was not so sharp as usual. He was sure he had never heard the field crickets chirp so loudly, and was it not strange they were saying: "Sneak! sneak! sneak!" just as fast as they could. Tommy had often listened to them before, but he always thought they said: "Summer's here, here, here!" He must have been mistaken then, for nothing could be 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;" and

then another minute of whitling.

I guess I could finish these whistles after I come back;" and he shut his knife, and with one bound was in the middle of the floor, and with another was out on the

"Store?" echoed Tillie scornfully. "Why, Tommy Dawson, Uncle Tom is here, he's going to take us home with him, and he's in an awful hurry; and mother's upstairs laying out your clothes, and I've polished your best shoes. You see, we thought you might come in time 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

Tommy may live to be very old, but he will never forget how mean he felt just

"You'd better not stand there," continued 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, after running up-stairs after her parasol and handing it to her, he stopped to pick up a thread from her dress, her wonder found expression in words: "How nice you are to-day, Tommy! I just wish you'd be that way all the time."

And Tommy, as he climbed into the buggy which was to take them to the station, resolved that he would "be that way" just as often as he could think of it. I think that he must have kept his resolution, for it was only the other day that I heard a lady 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.

# SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY A TRACT.

A Christian gentleman, who is in the habit of distributing tracts on Sundays, was once discouraged by the rain from going his usual round. His little daughter came from Sunday-school and found him at home, with his bundle of tracts on the table. She seemed surprised, and was quite pained when he told her he should not go out. Let me take them, papa," she said. No, my dear; it is too wet." But she pleaded that she was already dressed for pleaded that she was already dressed for the wet—had on her waterproof, and she would take the big umbrella, and the rain would not hurt her a bit, and besides, these people will want their tracts. "Do let me go, papa." Finally she got his consent and started out. At one house she was obliged to knock a great while before she could get in. A woman with a gloomy face at last came to the door. The little girl smiled, gave her a tract, and went on, till she had finished her round. This woman herself, at whose door the child had waited so long, said she had determined to commit suicide, and was in the act of hanging 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 the Gospel.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 322 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougail, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger".