

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

(Continued from Messenger of Jan. 8.)

It had broken away close at the base, the posts breaking off short, and leaving part of the floor still fastened to the rock. The upper part of the tower being heavy—owing to the machinery and the heavy metalwork of the lantern—when it fell over into the sea the top sank perpendicularly into the water, the base remaining uppermost, and two of the floor beams still lay across it with some of the flooring.

As for the brave girl, she never knew how it came to pass, but in some providential way she floated upward from the lantern to the base, and when consciousness returned, found herself in the midst of the wild sea with a large beam at her elbow. This she at once seized with both arms, holding firmly and stooping her head when a great wave came breaking over the top of the wreck. At the base of the tower there happened to be a coil of weight rope, such as is usually kept in these lighthouses, and when the tower tumbled over this remained upon its hook upon the wall. The girl espied it, and putting a coil of it around her waist she fastened it with two half-hitches, and then secured the light to a stout broken timber above her. Then she lay across the beam smitten by the cruel billows, praying for the dawn. The constant pounding of the waters upon her body began to stupefy her and make her insensible to pain. Then she lay scarcely caring what fate befel her; but through her numb senses she knew the storm was abating.

The tower drifted far out into the lake and when the sun rose touching the subsiding waves with yellow gold her father and the anxious folk on the shore saw the base of the tower bobbing up and down in the waves. Just as soon as it was smooth enough they launched a couple of boats and went out to tow the wreck to shore, the father broken-hearted at what he naturally believed to be the destruction of his daughter; the fishermen sorrowing over the fate of the brave young girl; but think of their joy as they neared the wreck to see her lying fastened to the timber at the base of the tower, her hair floating in the water and feebly raising her arm as she espied them. They unlashd her, took her into the boat and rowed swiftly to shore again. She could not speak on the way and was partly unconscious, but after a while revived and told them the terrible story of her experience.

The Government did not build another lighthouse upon the rock, and it remains to this day a menace to ships, while Gypsy has developed into a beautiful woman, admired and beloved by everyone for her heroism.

The Dominion Government, in recognition of the brave conduct of the young girl, settled upon her a pension of \$1,000 a year for life.—By Edmond Collins, in Canada.

THE MISSIONARY PIG.

"It's all right for Chaplain McCabe to talk about a million for missions, but that don't make crops any better. He'd turn farms, cows, pigs, and all into the missionary box if he could." Mr. Simpson gave an uneasy laugh as he said this.

"Well, pa, I would have slept better if you had put your name down for something last night. His speech was worth a good deal, if we did ride twenty miles going and coming to hear it, and Roy enjoyed the singing so. I'm glad we took him, but I feel as if I had China, India and Alaska all on my heart to-day," and Mrs. Simpson sighed as she began gathering up the dishes.

"Oh, he's all right. The church needs to be awakened. We don't pray enough for the heathen; but a man must look to his own first. Just fill my pipe, ma, while you're at the cupboard. Have a good dinner; I'm working hard seeding alone. Good-bye, Roy." And, lighting his pipe, he slammed the door and was off.

There was a cloud on Mrs. Simpson's plump, rosy face that morning. Don't imagine it was because her husband did not kiss her good-bye. He had left off such demonstrations long ago, and if Mrs. Simpson missed the little attentions most wives prize, no one was the wiser. She was looking around the neat kitchen, which also served as dining and sitting room, and thinking of women less fortunate in far-away-lands. The new rag carpet with its

strip of painted floor around the stove, the cheap prints on the wall, the plants and canaries in the windows, all made a pleasant picture. The feeling of possession, thinking of the well-furnished front rooms shut up for company, and the beautiful hard-earned acres outside, made her feel a very rich woman. When she reflected there were many near, as well as in foreign lands, who did not enjoy such pleasant surroundings, her eyes fell on the glimmer of white marble in the little hill-side cemetery in the distance. Two little mounds were there which held what was far more precious than all that money could buy; but she knew her lost lambs were folded with the Good Shepherd. "It is because no hope for the future is so much harder than present poverty, the case of the heathen is so much worse than being poor here. There is not a mother in this country but has heard of Jesus. Oh, yes, being where there is no Jesus is the most terrible thing in the world," and as Mrs. Simpson decided this simple truth, she could hardly keep back the tears. Her only child sat in his low rocker by the window, and his pale face and the crutches by his side told of another heart-ache the mother found necessary to carry to the Burden-bearer.

"Ma," Roy said, "I've been thinking over what he said, too. It kept me awake last night. He said it took only forty dollars a year to send a boy to school in India, and after a while that boy might be a preacher, and lead hundreds of people to Christ. Ever since you read me the life of Dr. Judson I've ached to be a missionary. I think I'd choose India."

"Darling, if the Lord wants you to go to India he will cure you. I wanted to go when I was young, and I would be proud to give a son to the cause; but my boy will stay at home and take care of ma when she gets old," was the answer.

"Pa did not go to the war," Roy went on.

"No; he couldn't leave, but he sent a substitute, so it was just the same."

"Don't you suppose Jesus meant if I did not go, I ought to send a substitute, ma?" Roy asked, with eager, shining eyes. "If his 'go ye into all the world' means anybody, why doesn't it mean Roy Simpson?"

"I never thought every one must go or send, though I don't see why it should not be as binding as serving one's country. If every one who couldn't go would send a substitute, of course the world would soon be brought to Christ. But it's no use; pa never will give but a dollar a year for missions. Don't worry, dear! I'm going to make mince pies, and you can key them for me, after you stem some raisins."

"I ought to send a substitute," insisted Roy, looking at his lame foot.

"Here's something for you, Mattie," said Mr. Simpson, as he came in at noon.

"A hog killed its mother and the rest of the litter. It's no use to raise pigs now. If they don't die one way, they die another. I thought dinner was ready." This last because the chairs were not drawn up. As he spoke he unrolled an old grain-bag and disclosed a very small specimen of a pig.

"I've no time to fool with a pig, warning its milk and having it around. You men think women can do everything," replied Mrs. Simpson, who had worried over the heathen until she felt like one herself. Mr. Simpson saw he had blundered, but not being just clear where, turned to Roy with his burden.

"O pa, give it to me!" begged Roy.

"I don't care, if ma'll have it around. Do you want it for a playmate?" was the answer.

"Do I want to raise it? May I have every cent it brings?" said Roy, eagerly.

"Yes, and corn to fatten it for market," said his father, with a laugh to see business interest in his bookworm of a boy.

Mrs. Simpson, relenting her hasty speech, consented at once, and so this particular pig became a member of the Simpson family. Never did a pig have a daintier babyhood. Roy fixed up a box for its bed in the shed, and fed it on warm milk and scraps from the table, for he said this pig was too important to be a dishwater pig. It soon became as pretty as a pig could be from its funny pink nose to its little curl of a tail. It became quite a pet, and would eat out of his hand or follow him around like a dog.

But it tried its little red nose on Mrs. Simpson's pancy bed, so its liberty was at an end. Roy declared it should not associate with the vulgar herd that wallowed in the mire behind the barn, so "Sub," as she was called, had a corner of the garden penned off for her playground, and a little shed for her shelter. Mr. Simpson tried in vain to guess the meaning of her strange name, though Mrs. Simpson was evidently in the secret. Roy found out enough of hog-ology to inform his father that pigs were a much slandered race, for they roll in water and damp places to cool themselves and get rid of vermin, and prefer clean places to sleep in. Mr. Simpson laughed at it all, but admitted Roy's pig was thriving much better than his, and was a good investment, since it kept the boy out of doors away from books.

One cold November day the time came for Roy to part with his pet. He shed tears and even kissed its fat nose when he thought no one was looking, but he refused his father's advice to keep her.

"No, pa, she's my missionary pig, and her real name is Substitute. I want to send a substitute to India 'cause I'm lame and can't go. Get all you can for her," was the boy's answer at last.

Then Roy's devotion to this pig was explained to Mr. Simpson, and he went off in a very thoughtful frame of mind. When he came back he gave Roy ten silver dollars, saying: "Your pig was the best of its age in market, as fat as butter, and solid as lead. You've earned it, so send it off if you want to. Why, any farmer could spare one pig a year and hardly miss it."

"O pa, will you let me have one every year?" begged Roy. "Then by the time I am grown I can have a substitute in India, just as you had in the war. See, pa, I'm lame and can't go, and Nellie and Willie are in heaven and can't go, so I must send a substitute."

Mr. Simpson drew his rough hand across his eyes, and said: "My son, I never thought of that. I paid three hundred dollars to send my substitute to the war, when I had to borrow the money and work nights to pay the interest. I never thought of doing as much to fight the Lord's battles. I'll help. Let me see; you take a missionary pig every year, and that will make you ten dollars; and ma"—

"Oh, I can easily spare that much out of the butter and eggs, if you are willing," interrupted Mrs. Simpson, eagerly.

"Well, that leaves twenty for me to raise, and I don't put much by for a rainy day, as it is. I'll light my pipe and think it over." He sat down by the stove a moment; then rose suddenly, lifted the lid and emptied the pipe into the fire. "I'm blessed if I'm going to let you and ma do all the giving. I'll give up my tobacco; that will make the other twenty. I didn't know I was sending my substitute up in smoke. Here, Mattie, gild this pipe and tie a pretty ribbon on it, and hang it over the Bible where I can remember my obligations when I feel the old hankering coming back. When we get Roy's substitute in the field, I might send one for John Simpson."

When he had finished speaking his wife handed him the Bible for evening worship, and for the first time he prayed from a full, believing heart that the kingdom of God might spread in every land.

Now a pipe hangs over the old Bible, and by it is a decorated cigar-box, with an opening on top. Every time Mr. Simpson goes to the store he puts in what he usually had spent for tobacco. Every Saturday Mrs. Simpson counts out of the butter money her part of the "substitute" money with a happy heart. Occasionally Roy earns a few pennies, which go in to keep his ten silver dollars company, so by the next annual missionary meeting a boy in India will be put in school; and who can tell of all the good that will come from one little missionary pig!—Myra Goodwin Plantz, in North-western Christian Advocate.

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NOTES AND NOTICES.

BOUND TO HAVE IT.—I must and I will have it, exclaimed the little man and he dashed the paper to the floor, jumped from his chair and brought his clinched hand down on the table vigorously; then, snipping his brow and adjusting his glasses, he seated himself, seized his pen and in a nervous, excitable hand wrote: D. M. Ferry & Co., Seedsmen, Windsor, Ont., Gentlemen: Referring to your advertisement in the National Intelligencer, I notice that you say that your Seed Annual for 1892 is free to all applicants. As I buy considerable quantities of vegetable and flower seeds each spring, I would esteem it a favor if you would mail me your Catalogue. My neighbors say it is the best.

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