

Uncle Neil's, and it would cost very little, and—"

The mother stopped. She could not go on, with those sorrowful eyes fixed upon her face: She knew, too, what the sudden paleness and the resolved set of the lips meant. Boy though he was, Milton Ainslie had a strong will, and could stand by his purpose.

"Do you and father want to get rid of me?" he enquired.

"Can you ask?" said his father.

"Well, then, I will go on and do as I have always said I would, prepare for college. And then go through it, and study for a profession. With an education, I can conquer circumstances. Without it, I shall be a bit of drift, for I have no head for trade. Father, I'll pay my own fees after this."

"My boy, how can you? Believe me, it costs me much to seem to oppose you, but people are even now commenting unfavorably upon me in keeping you with Professor Fairlie, while Jennie and Mabel are at Miss Bacon's, and the little ones are still to be educated. Everybody in Brierton is aware that I am no longer under a salary."

Mrs. Ainslie spoke before her son could answer.

"I do not think in a matter which affects all Milton's future that we should be guided by the criticisms of strangers. Jennie and Mabel have their aunt's little legacy, and that will carry them through. Brierton is a gossiping place, but I care little for its gossip," she said.

"Well, leave it to me," was Milton's last words, as he said, "good night."

The parents sat and talked awhile over the fire. They were aristocrats both, and had been used in younger days to wealth. Of late they had been struggling with poverty and were growing discouraged. Some of the practical people who are always at hand with advice, had been talking to Mr. Ainslie, who was sensitive and impressible, about his folly in keeping Milton at school.

"The boy should go to work," they said, ignoring the fact that there are many kinds of work in the world, and that some can do one kind and some other.

Milton went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning he was up early doing the various chores, assisting to get the breakfast, and holding the baby while his mother stirred up batter for cakes.

"I should be lost without you, my dear," she said, when all was ready and they took their places at the table.

"I must be off early," the boy said, and he started for school at eight instead of half-past.

"I wonder what plan he has in his head," she thought, looking after him. But the dishes were to be washed, the bread to be baked, the children's lessons to be heard, before they went to school, the baby to be washed and dressed, and a half-dozen other things to go through one pair of hands, before dinner time; the house too, must be kept very quiet that Mr. Ainslie might write without interruption. So she had not much time for wondering.

Meanwhile Milton had gone straight to the minister's house, and had been shown to the study.

"Mr. Lee," he said, as he bowed, cap in hand, "would I do for sexton, do you think? I heard on Sunday that the church is looking out for somebody."

"You?" exclaimed the pastor. "Why, Milton, the duties are responsible, and arduous—yes, I should call them arduous. You go to the professor's daily?"

"I am stout and strong. I can make the fires, sweep the church, ring the bell, clear away the snow, and do all Mr. Nix does, if I can have the wages he earns. I want to keep on with my studies, but I cannot do it unless I can pay my own way. Father cannot afford to pay for me longer."

Mr. Lee's memory went back a few years to his own boyhood. He had not had a rich father to aid him. And he felt thankful every day for the tough experiences which had stiffened his muscles and braced his heart for life and duty.

"I will speak to the committee, Milton," he said, "and I think they will give you a fair trial. It will not be child's play, my boy, but I think there is the stuff men are made of in you."

Summer and winter for the next two years, the Church of Brierton was taken care of by its new sexton, Milton Ainslie. At first some of his companions held themselves a little aloof from him, because of his office, but he did not mind their coldness. He

was bent on learning, and to learn he was willing to make sacrifices. His father blushed when he heard what Milton had done, but was ashamed of the blush, as he ought to have been, and his mother uttered no remonstrance. In winter he had many a hard hour's work, many a cold walk in the bitter wind and the dark nights, but when the villagers heard his merry whistle, as he plodded homeward, or caught the gleam of his lantern, they nodded approvingly and more than one said:

"There's grit in Milt Ainslie! He'll be in the pulpit yet."

This was the greatest promotion they could think of.

Away went the weeks and months, and summer visitors, who flocked to Brierton for pure mountain breezes and sweet sunshine, began to notice the gentlemanly young man who was always on duty at the church. He studied as faithfully as he worked, and always had a text-book in his pocket, to use at odd minutes. In due course the time passed, and Milton was ready to go to college. There he found that he had no light task before him, although his diligence and thoroughness so well served him that he gained a scholarship. But a brave heart never flags in the face of difficulty, and he went forward with honor. The day came at last when the Brierton prediction was fulfilled, and the lad who had been sexton was heard in the pulpit, an eloquent preacher of the truth of God. Father and mother, silver-haired now, listened to his voice with deep gladness in their hearts. The fair young daughters, who sat by their mother, were proud of the brother who had thus far proved himself a true man, and Milton Ainslie thanked God and took courage as he looked forward to the coming years.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

#### IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES—A SUMMER PLEASURE.

The tools requisite are few and easily prepared. One method is to saturate a sheet of white paper with sweet oil, dry thoroughly, and then pass the paper rapidly back and forth just above the chimney of a smoking-lamp, or an old-fashioned tallow-candle. The wick should be well up, and the movement continued until a fair and even coating of lamp-black has been secured.

To the second process, late experience gives preference. About the smoking-lamp or "tallow dip," pass—as you would the oiled sheet, though somewhat slower—a clean piece of glass (a pane eight inches by ten would be a fair size). With this, keep an even, watchful hand, as smoothness of surface is essential. After a few trials, one will readily learn the depth of "coating" necessary. Experience proves that one must occasionally let the glass cool, as if it gets too hot, it snaps, and the process must be repeated. Put on one thin coating; wait a few minutes; then secure your second—so doing until four or five have been smoothly laid upon your glass.

Have at hand a piece of heavy cardboard—one a foot square will be large enough; also some bits of thin paper (large enough to cover a leaf), a long pin, a penknife, and an old soft handkerchief. All this accomplished, you are ready for the "pleasure part" of your programme.

Select fresh green leaves. For a beginner, small ones are preferable, and such as are somewhat rough on the under surface, since they afford more immediate and satisfactory returns for the labor.

Place the under surface of the leaf upon the blackened paper or glass; lay over it with great care one of the bits of thin paper, through which the leaf can be outlined; and holding all with steady fingers, rub gently, so that every part may receive the coloring matter. The handle of your knife, if smooth, may now be made available, as it gives an even pressure and relieves the fingers. With the long pin, gently turn up the leaf-tips, and see if the black coating has been sufficiently taken up; if satisfactory, raise carefully, and lay the tinted surface upon clean paper; put over it another bit of thin paper, press gently, rubbing with tender touch every part, and here again the smooth-handled knife may come into play; raise presently with the pin, and if the picture is coming out well, an "impression" of surprising beauty will meet your eye.

Variety in depth of tint is desirable, and may easily be obtained. In a collection, leaves faintly touched often prove very effective when contrasted with those of darker hue.

"Impressions" laid upon cream or pink tinted note-sheets, can be easily arranged in book form; and protected by embroidered cover and silken band, are lovely additions to one's parlor-table. Autograph albums would also be suitable in which to store away these summer treasures. In either case, they should be protected by a veil of tissue paper.

We have seen collections so arranged as to leave room for an appropriate quotation, and poets have surely given us of their best, in chanting the praises of these woodland beauties.

It is an added pleasure to mention the location, season, common and botanical name; and if any little legend or story attaches, refer to it briefly.

As an offering to one's friends, nothing more delicate can be prepared; and a suggestion may come in just here, touching prospective Christmas gifts; especially grateful would such woodland tokens be to those who see but little of country life, and can hardly distinguish one tree-leaf from another.

It was to secure an absorbing pleasure for invalid fingers that personal acquaintance sprang up with this most fascinating amusement; one after another, avenues of information opened. A class was formed, botany became a popular study, and "poets of nature" were scanned with eager interest. It is well to begin early in the season. These genial, leaf-developing days are full of promise; and from shrubs directly about us, as well as from "the trees of the wood," an inexhaustible fund of material may be secured.—*F. P. C., in National Baptist.*

#### ONE TRACT

"Eighteen years ago" (says a missionary in India) "I went to a place called Thegee, where I gave away some tracts. One of these was given to a heathen, a poor wretched creature, who wandered about the country, pretending to be very good and holy, and whom the people worshipped as a god. The tract did him no good that I know of. But he showed it to some of his countrymen. They eagerly read it. They were struck by what it said to them. It told them of things they had never heard before. They were pricked to the heart on account of their sins, and they cried for mercy to the Saviour of sinners. Wonderful to relate, that one tract, placed in the hand of the poor Hindoo, was the means of bringing more than a hundred idolaters to give up their idols, and receive the gospel."

The following is related by Mr. Kincaid:—"A young Karen mountain chief had heard of the Christian religion, which many of the heathen identify with reading Christian books; but this man could not read, as the Karens had then no written language. He insisted that he must learn to read the Christian books, and went two hundred and fifty miles, with three or four companions, expressly to learn to read. The missionary's wife taught him, and in a short time he was able to read. He was in great joy at his success. As he had much influence over twenty or thirty villages, he was extremely desirous to carry home some books. The Burman government, however, was very jealous of all intercourse with foreigners; and the missionaries tried to dissuade him from taking books home with him, as he would be subjected to persecution. But he placed a number of tracts in a basket, and covered them over with plantain-leaves, and thus tried to pass without suspicion. But he was detected, thrown into prison, and doomed to perpetual bondage as a pagoda slave. Through the influence of friends, however, he was released; but even then he refused to go home unless he could take books with him. This time he was more successful, as he was not detected, but reached his home in safety. He immediately taught his neighbors to read; and the news spread to other villages, and great numbers came to his house to be taught. He supplied them with food, and so, through his instrumentality, the gospel was spread wonderfully abroad."

"The tract," said Mr. Kincaid, "that led to the conversion of the young Karen mountain chief cost one halfpenny, and yet it was the instrument of bringing him to the feet of Christ. Whose halfpenny was that? No one can tell; but it is recorded in heaven as the offering of Christian love."

"I am sure," says an aged missionary, "that the sending forth of truth on the printed page is, at the present day, in almost

every land, one of the best means of doing good. Where the numbers of preachers is so few, and the people are so many, it is the most necessary aid to the minister; and, where there is no living preacher, may even to some extent supply his place."

IT IS RELATED that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his acquaintances said: "Well, Andrew, I'll give you five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can't take anything for this cause, seeing it's me," and handed the money back. The man felt reproved; but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus Christ."

#### Question Corner.—No. 17.

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.

193. What shepherd saw the burning bush?
194. On what mountain was it seen?
195. What prophet afterward visited the spot?
196. How was this prophet sustained on his journey thither?
197. Who succeeded Elijah as prophet in Israel?
198. What prophet visited Damascus?
199. Why were the first born among the Israelites to belong to the Lord?
200. Whom did the Lord take for his service instead of the first born?
201. What is the meaning of "Bethlehem"?
202. What Jewish woman was buried near that place?
203. What king of Israel was born there?
204. To which tribe of Israel did Christ belong?

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Swift of foot and fearless,  
Strong and terrible in fight,  
Great of heart and careless  
Of the glancing weapons bright;  
Yet a thing forbidden  
To be kept or hidden,  
By the people of the Lord,  
When the tribes of Israel warred.

Mean, debased, and sordid,  
Sprung from a corrupted line;  
Yet his name recorded,  
Shows an origin divine.  
Fragile now, and tender,  
Now in power and splendor,  
'Tis a paradox involved,  
'Tis a riddle unresolved.

By the first and second  
Must the whole be brought to light;  
Strong in valor reckoned,  
Yet not seldom put to flight;  
Hark! the battle rages—  
Host with host engages!  
Yet the strong, the swift may yield,  
And the weak may win the field.

#### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

169. Jeroboam, 1 Kings xii.
170. Ravens were sent with food to Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 3, 6.
171. 2 Corinthians ix. 7.
172. Ananias and Sapphira, Acts v. 1, 2.
173. With the Amalekites, Exodus xvii. 8.
174. See Exodus xvii. 8, 11.
175. Abraham, Gen. xvii. 2, 4.
176. Hannah carried a little coat every year to Samuel, who served in the temple, 1 Sam. ii. 19.
177. To Abraham, Gen. xv. i.
178. Paul, Romans xi. 13.
179. Peter, James and John, Matt. xvii. 2.
180. At Gethsemane, Mark xiv. 33; and at the healing of Jairus' daughter, Luke viii. 51.

#### ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

RUTH—BOAZ.—Matt. i. 5.

1. R-aha-b—John ii. 8; Heb. xi. 31.
2. U-nt-o—Matt. xi. 1.
3. T-ol-a—Judges x. i.
4. H-u-z—Gen. xxii. 21.

#### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15.—David McGee, 12; Leslie J. Cornwall, 11 en.  
To No. 14.—Ada L. Potts, 12; William C. Wickham, 7; Maggie Sutherland, 12 en; Louisa J. Wensley, 8; Herbert W. Hewitt, 8; Margaret Price, 9 en; David McGee, 11.