

was smothered by surprise, but she managed to bow.

'You would be a—let us say, demonstrator. You could deal with the young married couples who don't know what to buy, and with the people who buy waggon-loads and still find their rooms full of bare places. Sometimes you'll be in the shop, and then again we'll send you out with such and such materials, to furnish so many rooms.

'Glad you made a special study of flats,' he added. 'That captured us. Wonder is that some woman didn't do it long ago, for it's just the field for a bright woman, as your mother suggested.

'The average salesman can't fit up a flat,' Mr. Delano went on. 'Restricted space, you see, adjoining rooms devoted to widely different purposes, other handicaps—he never thinks of those things. He just sells a bill of goods without stopping to inquire how they'll fit the place or each other, and when they're put together they look like a nightmare, and that hurts our business. Think you'd like a place with us, Miss Merrick?'

'I shall be very happy to try it, thank you, sir,' Della answered.

'You'll come in on Monday, then? You'll want to take a week or two to get acquainted with the stock; be on salary, of course. Congratulate you, Mrs. Merrick, on your clever daughter, and thank you for letting us know about her.'

Mr. Delano bowed himself out, and Della put her arms round her mother's neck.

'I haven't much foresight, Mamma Merrick,' the girl said, 'but I think my hindsight is pretty good. While I was fussing round wasting time and money on things I couldn't do, you were just quietly training me for something I could do! Weren't you, now?'

'Perhaps,' said Mamma Merrick.

### Longevity of Animals.

Some insects live only a few hours, others for weeks. The toad lives about fifteen years.

Buffon speaks of carp in the pond of Count de Maurepas, at Pontchartrain, proved to be more than one hundred and fifty years old.

A pike caught in a lake near Heilbronn, in 1497, showed by a brass ring attached to it that it had been placed in the lake in 1230.

River trout have lived confined in wells thirty to fifty years.

Domestic fowls and other gallinaceous animals live twelve to fifteen years.

The Grand Duchess d'Urbino, when in 1633 she came to Florence to marry the Grand Duke Ferdinand, brought with her a paroquet, 'the oldest member of her family.' It lived in Florence nearly a century longer.

Storks will live for more than a century.

The camel lives forty years; the horse lives thirty years; the ox lives twenty years; the dog lives twelve years; the cat lives ten years; the sheep lives nine years; the rabbit lives eight years; the guinea-pig lives seven years.

Aristotle says that the elephant lives two hundred years, the East Indians say three hundred. An elephant whose age was not known when captured lived afterwards in captivity one hundred and thirty years.

The age of the whale, as computed by laminae of whalebone in its jaw, reaches at least four hundred years—Selected

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

### If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,  
She would freshen that faded gown,  
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,  
And sometimes a trip to town.  
And it shouldn't be all for the children,  
The fun and the cheer, and the play;  
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,  
And the 'Mother has had her day!'

True, mother has had her day, dears,  
When you were her babies three,  
And she stepped about the farm and the house,  
As busy as ever a bee.  
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,  
And sent you all to school.  
And wore herself out, and did without,  
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,  
Her hair is growing white;  
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look  
That peers beyond the night.  
One of these days in the morning,  
Mother will not be here:  
She will fade away into silence;  
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,  
And what in the gloaming dim;  
And father, tired and lonesome then,  
Pray, what will you do for him?  
If you want to keep your mother,  
You must make her rest to-day;  
Must give her a share in the frolic,  
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,  
She'd buy her a gown of sill,  
With buttons of royal velvet.  
And ruffles as white as milk,  
And she'd let you do the trotting,  
While she sat still in her chair;  
That mother should have it hard all through,  
It strikes me isn't fair.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

### Babchen's Comrade.

(Eleanor F. Stone, in the 'Crusader'.)

The minister glanced at the little flushed face, and the blue eyes, watching his pen hurrying over the paper.

He had bidden her wait patiently until his sermon was finished, and then he would attend to her.

The study was small, and the house little more than a cottage, standing in a miniature garden. The minister's church was a tiny structure; the congregation was not large, and the stipend nothing to boast of. But he was not a man who labored solely for the meat that perisheth.

In spite of the furrowed brow, and the deep line about the mouth, there was an expression of deep peace and abiding calm in his eyes. Six years before this his wife had died, leaving one little girl. The child was seven years old now. The little one had not been neglected. A respectable, middle-aged woman had attended to her physical needs, and a wealth of affection was lavished upon the child by her father. The people in the village almost worshipped the minister's little daughter, and she was very affectionate and winsome. The tiny figure was slight and fairy-like in its proportions, the face surpassingly fair. The little head was covered with a pretty confusion of pale yellow curls, fine as floss silk, and just now, as the sun shone in at the window behind her, it seemed to etherealize her; the curls shone like an aureole about her head; the complexion was clear almost to transparency, and the blue eyes very

sweet in their expression, and set rather far apart in the fair, open brow.

The writing was finished at last, and the sermon put away; and then Mr. Leslie turned to his little daughter.

'Now, Babchen, what do you want with father?'

She climbed on his knee, and rubbed her curls against his shoulder, much as a kitten does when it is fondled. The minister laughed. 'Come, is it a new doll?' he asked.

'No, daddy. I don't love new dollies; they are too fine, and look like people when they go to church. I love my old dolly best; she is an every day dolly.'

'Well, what is it my girlie wants?' caressing the sunny curls.

'Daddy,—here the voice fell into a rather loud whisper—'all the little boys and girls in the village have a half-holiday to-day.'

'Ah! What about it?'

A little more affectionate rubbing of the golden curls against his sleeve.

'Daddy, wouldn't you like Babchen to have a holiday, too? Must she stay in and learn lessons when all the little boys and girls are going to the glen?'

Mr. Leslie smiled at the eager, radiant little face.

'Babchen may have a holiday, but she must not go to the glen with the children. It is two miles away.'

The blue eyes sparkled.

'But Babchen may go and play with poor Punch? Daddy will say yes to that?' she said, coaxingly.

But the minister's face clouded.

'My darling, father is not at all sure that Punch is a suitable companion for his wee girlie.'

'Poor Punch has no one else to play with,' she said, sadly.

'The fault is his own, little one. He is a naughty boy.'

'Daddy, is it all his own fault he's so very wicked?'

Mr. Leslie looked thoughtful, remembering the boy's father, and all his evil propensities.

'No, sweetheart, not all his own fault.'

The little maiden looked grave.

'Seems to me there's more'n one Punch,' she said, thoughtfully. 'People always 'spect him to be wicked, and then he is. But I b'lieve, right down ever so deep, there's a good Punch. Daddy, dear, you won't mind this once if I only go to the wood near by, and pick prim-roses and violets with Punch? He's never wicked when he's with me, and perhaps the violets will make him better.'

The minister thought this little daughter's company would probably have a sweeter influence than the violets, so he gave his consent, rather reluctantly. Then he watched her from the window, as she went flying down the garden path, her old doll in her arms, and her hat hanging by its strings at her back, for the sunny curls were seldom covered.

(To be continued.)

### Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.