

us along the trail or through the deep snow.

So when we found ourselves powerless to resist, we just sullenly lay down and let those dogs drag us along. At times they pulled us over rough places, where we were badly hurt, but we took our bruises with the same stubborn obstinacy that we had received the stinging blows.

But I will not prolong the agony by the full recital of those sad days. Suffice to say that one after another of my brothers gave in. I never did.

As a last resort, one day they fastened me to a small sled, and then with a team of four strong dogs in front of me, they dragged me and the sled a couple of miles or so along a forest trail, and there they left me, still harnessed and fastened by my traces to that little sled.

As they left me, one of them said: 'Well, he will have to draw home that little sled or stay here and starve.'

Did I! Not a bit of it! I just waited until dogs and men were out of sight, and then I turned round, and with my sharp teeth I cut off the moose-skin leather traces, and eating them up (for they had been cruelly starving me for some days), I deliberately walked home.

My master, who had been informed by the cruel men of what they had done, saw me coming home, and when he noticed what I had done, he just laughed and laughed.

But a change in my life was at hand—a change so sudden, so sharp, so abrupt, that to this day it seems beyond my thought or powers of explanation.

While my master was watching me eat the second of the two fish which he himself brought out to me, I was half amused, sore and hungry as I was, to notice that he still at times burst into laughter.

While standing there, he was joined by one of the pale-faced race, a gentleman who had on a large fur coat, for the day was very cold.

The two men cordially shook hands with each other, and then, after a few words had passed between them, my master, as far as I could make out, told Ayumeaookemou all about me.

At first the strange gentleman looked sad, as my master told him how stubborn I had been, and how severely the drivers had whipped me in their fruitless efforts to break me in. But when he was told of how I had cut my traces and come home without the sled, they both laughed very heartily at it, and thought it was very clever. Then the stranger came close to me, and when he saw how swollen and wounded my ears were, and noticed the great welts on my sides, he was very indignant, and said:

'What a shame to have such a fine young dog so cruelly treated. When will people learn that dogs can be managed far better by gentleness and kindness than by such brutality?' Then, turning to my master, he said: 'What do you want for that dog?'

'Thirty skins,' replied my master.

'It is a bargain!' said the gentleman. 'Bring him over to the mission at once, and you shall have your pay.'

Thus did I pass into the possession of my present master.

That same evening, my new master, after seeing that my ears and other wounds were washed and oiled, introduced me to his other dogs in his kennels. Then, in their company, began, apart from my young puppy days, the happiest period of my life, and it has continued to this day.—Egerton R. Young's 'Hector, My Dog.'

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.

The House God Made From a Fiddle.

A True Story.

Did you ever hear of a Sabbath school in a cellar? Well, I know of one that was started in a cellar of a tobacco barn in the mountains of North Carolina.

When it rained the children would have to raise their rude benches on large rocks to keep their feet out of the water. No rain ever kept them at home. Sabbath after Sabbath they trudged over the steep mountain path to listen to the beautiful stories that 'Miss Jennie' was sure to tell them, and to see the bright pictures on the chart.

Such poor children they were! But Miss Jennie had told them of the beautiful home that was to be theirs some day, and of the white robes they should wear because Jesus had died for them. She had told them of how God loved all little children, and that one way to work for Him and please Him was to help Him take care of them, and had taught them the verse,

'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Not far from the tobacco barn stood a small orphanage, and Miss Jennie told the children that perhaps they could help to feed the fatherless, motherless little ones there, and a certain Sabbath was appointed for them to bring anything they could for the orphanage basket.

'Now, what verse did we have last Sabbath?' the teacher had asked, and little Delia Ann had repeated slowly and shyly:

'In-as-much—as—you did it to—to one of my brothers—you did it to me.'

'That was almost exactly right, Delia Ann. Now, who can tell us what it means?'

'I kin,' said Joe. 'It means when a feller gives somethin' to another feller 'cause he belongs to God, why—er—why, God thinks as it's jis' as good's if a feller had gin it to him, 'cause he loves both fellers a lot.'

'Well, then, we must remember that when we give our things to these children it is giving to God, and He will be glad to have even the least little thing you can bring.'

The great Sabbath afternoon came, bringing every child with a little bundle all ready for the big basket—'God's basket,' they called it.

'I brung three cabbages,' said Billy proudly. 'What did you uns bring?'

'I've got half peck of I'sh taters,' shouted Jim.

'They kin have enough corn for once,' said Emma, as she displayed the contents of the basket on her arm.

One by one, the children told what the curiously shaped packages and little baskets contained—all except little Delia Ann, the shabbiest one of them all.

She stood apart from the others, looked on with great grey eyes filled with tears which finally overflowed, while the hand which clasped her tiny bundle was hidden behind her.

'Now Delia Ann, show yer hand quick,' said Jim.

The tears fell faster, and the child made no reply until Miss Jennie turned to her with a smile.

'I—I ain't got nothin' but—but—one tater I saved yistiddy, Miss Jennie. Dad wouldn't give me nothin', but I didn't eat my tater so's I could give God that,' she sobbed.

Miss Jennie's eyes were wet as she put her arms around the child.

'God thinks you have brought a good deal, Delia Ann, because you've given Him what you wanted yourself. Now, let's put everything in the basket, and then we'll take it over to Mrs. Bailey for her children.'

They were crowding eagerly around the basket when a familiar sound caused Miss Jennie to look up with a smile of welcome.

The newcomer dragged himself slowly along. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, but the face wore the expression of a child of twelve. He was partially paralyzed, and could use only one hand with which he whittled small toys out of soft pine, and now he carried under one arm, a small fiddle he had made—his most cherished possession.

He fixed his childlike eyes on the basket in the midst of the eager children.

'What's that for?' he asked.

'We're having such a nice time, Mr. Rafe,' answered Miss Jennie. 'We are going to help God take care of His children at the Orphanage. We have all brought something for them to eat, and we're going to take the basket over soon.'

'It's givin', it to God, too, Miss Jennie said so,' said Delia Ann, shyly.

'Are you sure 'nough?'

'Yes, Mr. Rafe, God counts it all for Him.'

'Wisht I had somethin', said the cripple, wistfully.

'Never mind. You can help next time,' said the teacher, with her bright smile.

Mr. Rafe looked on quietly for a few minutes while the children filled the basket; then his eyes brightened.

'Miss Jennie,' he said eagerly, 'did you say as how God could do anything?'

'Yes, Mr. Rafe.'

'Anything?'

'Yes, anything that He sees is best to do.'

'Could he make a house out of a fiddle?'

'Yes, I think He could,' answered Miss Jennie, without hesitation.

'Well, then, I'm goin' to give Him my fiddle, and I want Him to make a home out of it for poor, cripple boys like me.'

Limping slowly forward, he laid his beloved fiddle on top of the pile of vegetables.

The heavy basket was proudly carried by the children in turn and gladly received and heartily enjoyed by those at the little orphanage. But what became of the fiddle.

Miss Jennie gained possession of it the next day, and told its story to a minister in Asheville. He used it in a sermon, at the close of which three hundred dollars was collected for a home for crippled boys.

After a while the little house was built among the mountains—the house God made from a fiddle.—Miss Callie L. Edmunds, in 'Christian Observer.'

The Magnetism of Sunshiny Nature.

Enthusiasm in life is the great generation of sunshine. Without a living interest in the busy world, and that sympathy of feeling which connects us with every other living being, we can not infuse any warmth into our manners, or bring others into sympathy with us. Helen Keller, whose sunshiny soul is as sensitive to impressions as a delicate flower is to atmosphere, in her 'Story of My Life,' writes:

'The touch of a hand may seem an imperitance, while that of another is like a benediction. I have met people so empty of joy that when I clasped their frosty finger-tips, it seems as if I were shaking hands with a north-east storm. Others there are whose fingers have sunbeams in them; their grasp warms my heart.'

It is as natural for us to be attracted toward sunshiny natures as it is for flowers to run toward the sun. In spite of a life of almost constant illness Robert Louis Stevenson charmed all who came under his influence by his spontaneous cheerfulness and absolute freedom from all shadow of bitterness or repining. He found the key-note of each day in this simple prayer, born of his own inspiration: 'The day returns, and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting-beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.'—'Success.'

What a Book Said.

'Once upon a time' a Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.'

'Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch colds as well as children.'

'Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil, it would spoil my looks.'

'Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.'

'Or open me and lay me face down on the