

educate cats just as well as we can educate our daughters!' And one man, who was asked to send his daughter to the new school which had just been established, replied: 'Wouldn't you like to have the cow go along, too?'

The village schools away out in the interior are entering wedges. There was one school started for boys which had an indirect influence on the women. In it was a boy who learned to read the Bible, which was a daily textbook. He took it home and read to his mother at night, until she found that Jesus Christ was her Saviour; and one day, when one of the missionaries was visiting that village and examining the school, this mother came, leading her boy by the hand, and carrying a bunch of wheat on her head. 'Sir,' she said, to the missionary, 'they tell me my boy is a bright boy; that he has learned to read rapidly. There is nothing I can do for my Master, I have only just learned to love Him, but I have brought my boy to you and I want you to teach him to speak for Jesus. If you will send him to school, I will furnish his clothing and his bed.' And then taking the wheat from her head, she said: 'The enemy came to the threshing floor, and took away much of my grain; then the tithe-gatherer took a tithe of what was left; but I bring to you the tithe of what has been left to me, and I want you to take it and educate my boy.' That boy to-day is one of the professors in the Christian college at Beirut. No nation has ever risen above the condition of its women, and what we are trying to do is to Christianize the Syrian women.—'Westminster.'

### School Days.

(By Maltbie D. Babcock.)

Lord, let me make this rule,  
To think of life as school,  
And try my best  
To stand the test,  
And do my work,  
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine  
This dullard head of mine,  
Should I be sad?  
I will be glad.  
To do my best  
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book  
I cast a wistful look  
Where posies grow,  
O let me know  
That flowers within  
Are best to win.

These lessons Thou dost give  
To teach me how to live,  
To do, to bear,  
To get and share,  
To work and play  
And trust away.

And though I may not ask,  
To choose my daily task  
Thou hast decreed  
To meet my need.  
As Thou pleasest Thee,  
That shall please me.

### A Hymn at a Badger Hunt.

The late Sir John Stainer, the famous organist and composer, was visiting some friends in Gloucestershire on one occasion, when it was proposed to organize a badger hunt in the woods at midnight. Dr. Stainer—he had not then been knighted—expressed a desire to take part in it. At midnight, accordingly, he and a few others tramped to the rendezvous. They were quietly waiting the appearance of the badger, when the approach of morning was heralded by that mysterious light which at that time of year—it was June—begins to be seen about two o'clock. The birds soon began their morning songs, one after another, until all the woodland resounded with praise. For a few moments the little party stood in silence; then Dr. Stainer, raising his hands, exclaimed: 'All that have life and breath sing to the Lord!'—the opening words of Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' 'Let us have the first chorus,' said Dr. Stainer. And so they sang

from memory, as well as they could, the first chorus from 'The Hymn of Praise,' Dr. Stainer taking the treble, another the alto, another the tenor, and another the bass. Needless to say, they had no badger hunt.—'Christian Herald.'

### The Bible the First Printed Book.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied was the production of the Holy Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, and Faust, a goldsmith, furnished the necessary funds.

The Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the luster of the ink. The work contained 1,282 pages, and—being the first ever printed—of course involved a long period of time, and an immense amount of manual, manual, and mechanical labor; and yet, for a long time after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

Of the first printed Bible, eighteen copies are now known to be in existence, four of which are printed on vellum. Two of these are in England, one being in the Grenville collection. Of the fourteen remaining copies, ten are in England, there being a copy in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh, and London, and seven in the collections of different noblemen. The vellum copy has been sold as high as \$1,400. Thus—as if to mark the noblest purpose to which the art would ever be applied—the first book printed with movable metal types was the Bible.—'Morning Star.'

### The Spirit of the Slums.

Granny makes match boxes for a living (?), and is paid at the rate of 2 1-4d. per gross. Her twisted fingers are at work throughout the day and far into the night. She is never idle, except for a few brief moments each day, when she raises her head in order to bestow a smile of welcome upon a casual caller. And Granny, it must be admitted, has many casual callers. She is a universal favorite—a Mother in Israel.

'Shall I git yer bit o' food ready fer ye, Granny?' The question is put by a wan-faced child, little more than a baby, who thrusts a curly head through the partially open door. Granny beams on the child, and murmurs: 'Come in, deary, out o' the wet.'

'Thort yer would let me.' The child springs through the doorway. 'Yer always does.'

'O' course I does. Ain't yer as much right in 'ere as w'at I 'ave? Yer welcome at any time, providin' yer always go away with a smile on yer face. I couldn't go on makin' these 'ere match-boxes day arter day if I didn't make a few quiles at the same time, so as to balance things up a bit. Stand alongside o' me and 'old on ter this 'ere bit o' colored piper whilst I run some paste over it.'

The child carefully extends the paper, and Granny applies the paste. It would have been quicker and easier to have laid the paper on the deal table, but Granny is a firm believer in individual usefulness. She knows that a feeling of self-importance makes for happiness.

'An' now,' she goes on, applying the paper to the various partially-constructed boxes, 'yer can git a bit o' food art of the cupboard. There ain't much there, on'y the top of a loaf and a scrap o' cold bacon. I don't 'old with eatin' 'ot poultry and trats and sich like'—the old woman smiles—it's bad fer the stomach, terrible bad. Enough is better than a feast any day—w'en yer can't git one—and there's plinty fer you an' me.'

The child catches at the word 'you,' and smiles expansively as it imbeds itself in her imagination. She skips towards the cupboard and throws open the door.

'Ain't it a big top?' she exclaims, placing the piece of bread on the table; 'an' don't the bacon look a bit o' orlright?'

Granny smiles again, and at the same moment cuts a large slice off the loaf. 'There!'

she exclaims, adding a piece of bacon, 'that orter make yer marth water! You jist gobble it up while I go on wiv these 'ere boxes. I ain't earned me dinner yit by more than 'arf a gross.'

'Can't I 'elp yer?' the child sputters out, her mouth full of food. 'Can't I 'old the colored piper out fer yer while I'm eatin'?'

Granny, true to her creed, falls in with the suggestion. 'Praps it ud be as well if yer earned yer dinner,' she observes. 'Eat wiv one 'and and 'old the piper wiv the other.'

The child acts in accordance with the instructions, using her right hand for the most enjoyable part of the work.

'Who can say nah,' the old woman smiles, 'that it ain't possible ter do two things at the same time?'

The child makes answer by re-filling her mouth with bread and bacon, and, as though desirous of turning the conversation into light and airy channels, she refers to the blue, and yellow, and red paper employed in making the match-boxes.

'Ow I should love ter do this work orl day, sittin' 'ere by yer,' she sighs.

'That's w'at most of 'em say,' Granny murmurs.

Her reference to 'most of 'em' explains the sudden appearance of four childish eyes, now peering through the open doorway.

'Come in!' the cry goes forth with a ring of cheerfulness and welcome; and in immediate response the owners of the four eyes step forward, a smile lighting up their pinched faces. 'An' 'ow are 'Arry an' Emily ter-day?' the old woman goes on, addressing the newcomers. 'Yer ain't smilin' as broad as yer should. Come an' ave a bit o' bread an' bacon?'

'Arry' and Emily display great pleasure in accepting the invitation; they make a straight line for the table, and stand with expectant eyes.

'Ere's yours,' a piece of bread and bacon is pushed towards Emily; 'an' 'ere's yours,' another and larger portion falls to 'Arry.' 'But you'll 'ave ter earn it,' Granny adds. 'I want yer ter run round the corner after you've eaten it and see w'at time o' day it is.'

'Thankee,' Emily stammers, her mouth already crammed full. The other is too busy for social observances.

'Nah, I 'ope you chil'ren'—Granny takes in the three with a glance—'worked 'ard w'en yer was at school this mornin'. 'Ard work is the on'y thing w'at will fill yer stomachs in future years. 'Ard work an' smilin' face'll see anybody safe ter the other side; an', given a bit o' luck, it'll lift yer art o' the mire o' these 'ere parts. Tell me, did yer work 'ard at school this mornin'?'

Two of the children have their mouths too full for a verbal answer; they theretore nod their heads; whilst the third just manages to stammer out a broken, 'Ye-s, Granny.'

'Then, we'en yer've finished eatin' yer can trot along. Yer needn't trouble abart bringin' back the time o' day—that'll do next time yer look in.' The old woman raises her grey head, and her weary eyes feast upon the now smiling children.

'Good-bye,' she adds. 'Be as good an' as 'appy as yer can.'

The children smiled back their gratitude.

### An Open Secret.

Readers of the 'Messenger' will find the advertising columns becoming more and more valuable and interesting to them week by week. The splendid bargains that are being offered will prove money-savers.

Moreover, the size of the 'Messenger' will be increased if a sufficient quantity of high class advertising makes this possible, and it will also save our having to increase the subscription rate. So that the advertising accomplishes three advantages for the subscriber:—

It gives the news of store bargains.

It ensures an enlarged paper.

It ensures a low rate of subscription.

Therefore, it is to the advantage of each reader to patronize the advertisers in the 'Messenger,' and in this connection let us add the advertisers always like to have people say: 'I saw your advertisement in the 'Northern Messenger.'