

so thoroughly, arching her neck and lifting her feet so proudly. She is treated very gently, and as she is somewhat dainty and aristocratic in her tastes, as becomes her high lineage, she is given more dainty and delicate food than the carthorses. She has taken part in the autumn ploughing this year, and I am sure that her bright looks show that she has learnt to consider a plough more useful than a carriage.

Her fiery youthful spirit has tamed down into an old age of wisdom, and she shows forth a great lesson to us all, namely, that if we cannot do one sort of work we must try another, for we can never be happy in idleness. The palm-tree, the noblest tree of all, bears fruit to the end, and old age is no

excuse for indolence. Only one thing makes me unhappy. Marchioness's teeth are failing, and I fear oats and chaff will soon be pain and grief to her. I do not know of any dentist who makes artificial teeth for horses. I wish I did. Some people hint something about a quick and painless death for Marchioness; but would they like it themselves, I wonder? One thing I am sure of, Marchioness shall live as long as she will, and as long as she can, and she shall do as much or as little work as she pleases, and not one stitch more. She shall have her oats ground, and if any one knows of a good cookery-book for toothless horses, perhaps they will be so kind as to tell me of it.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

Uncle Johnson.

I WONDER if any readers of THE BANNER have ever heard of an old black man, who died in Canada some few years since, aged one hundred and twenty years? His name was Johnson. *Uncle Johnson*, the neighbours called him, after the fashion of the country. He was a wonderful old fellow, with a good memory to the last, and plenty of stories to tell of the things he had heard and seen in his young days. He said he was a grown man when the States of America proclaimed themselves independent of the mother-country, and he recollected throwing fireballs to celebrate the Declaration of Independence.

And he remembered General Washington too. 'I bait de General's horse in our yard, while he take his dinner with massa.'

Of course Johnson was a slave in those days, but when he came to be a hundred years old he was given his liberty as a birthday present, and 'massa' sent him to Canada, the nearest 'free' country.

But the most wonderful and real thing about old Johnson was his religion. Negroes are generally fond of singing hymns and

attending emotional meetings, but this old fellow seemed to live in his belief, to live and rejoice in it all the many days of his long life.

No living soul knew Johnson without this support, but he himself says that he was a big lad before ever his thoughts were turned towards heaven and God, and then one of his simple ideas was shame that the cattle should kneel before they lay down to rest, and he go to bed prayerless.

Shame and a sense of sin made the young slave very unhappy at this time; indeed, he fell into a state of utter despair. He thought that God was very far off, frowning and angry, and he was a poor fellow, sinful and wretched. What could he do!

A strange negro passing by now let a streak of light into the sad heart, telling him of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

That night young Johnson spent in the woods, far away from human kind, crying through all the dark hours, 'Oh Lamb of God, have mercy on this poor man!'

And God, who moves in a mysterious way, came at the cry, and sent His Spirit to