

'Stolen From the G.P.O.'

A story is told of the General Post Office concerning 'invisible ink.' A postman had long been suspected of stealing sheets of postage-stamps, but the crime could not be brought home to him. One day he was found with a square foot or two of them in his possession, and confronted with his official superiors. He maintained as on former occasions, that he had bought them for his own use.

'What! these?' exclaimed his chief, at the same time passing a moist brush over one of the sheets; whereupon the blood-red words, 'Stolen from the General Post Office,' started out like flame upon it.

An eye-witness of the occurrence described it as most melodramatic, and the ingenious chemical contrivance at once brought the thief to his knees.

There is an invisible eye which scans the world in love and pity, and from which no secrets are hid. To those that do good, the thought of the omnipresent eye of God is only one of comfort, but to the evildoer it is terrible. He cannot hide from it. Sin stands out before it, and the words, 'This is Sin,' flame across it like those upon the stamps.—'Sunday Companion.'

Miss Eunice's Golden Rose.

'What a fancy for old ladies Barbara has,' said Ned, with a laugh. 'Here we've only been in Woodvale a week, and she hangs over Miss Eunice Ramsey's gate as if she had been her next door neighbor all her life. What do you two old friends talk about, Barbara? Does she tell you all the gossip of the village for the last seventy-five years?'

'Miss Eunice isn't nearly seventy-five,' said her little sister, in an injured tone. 'She doesn't talk gossip, either, any more than mother would. She's been telling me about her flowers. She has a lovely garden, and she said I could come and get some roses when her white bush blooms. She loves roses, but they're all the old-fashioned kind. I'm going to take her some of mother's birthday roses that father sent yesterday. Mother said I might.'

'Indeed you shall!' said Mrs. Winfield, seeing that her little daughter needed encouragement. 'I only wish, Ned, that you would find as pleasant a friend in the village as Barbara has done.'

'I don't care for poking round in a garden,' said Ned, 'but if I could find some old gentleman to take me fishing, I would swear eternal friendship. Hasn't Miss Eunice a brother, or a cousin or some aged relative, who is a "complete angler"?''

'I'll ask her when I take the roses,' said Barbara, seriously. Ned never thought she would do it, but, sure enough, that afternoon she announced: 'Ned, Miss Eunice says she will send Ahner Stebbins here to-morrow if you want to go fishing. He's her niece Deborah's oldest boy and he's just your age, and she said he always brought home strings of fish—oh, ever so long!'

'Hurrah for Miss Eunice!' said Ned. 'I take it all back about being seventy-five. How did she like the roses? I'll have to send her some myself.'

'She just loved them,' said Barbara. 'She held them, and kept looking at them, as if she'd never seen roses before. You remember the white ones with just a little bit of yellow down deep—mother said she never saw that kind with the yellow in it before—well, Miss Eunice said she was going to take a slip from that and she is going to try and grow it in her garden. And if it grows she's going to give me a slip of it, too. She gave me ever so many sweet peas to bring home, and I think she's lovely!' with great emphasis. Barbara was a loving little soul, and her new friend had evidently won her heart.

As for Miss Eunice, she did for the Winfield children more than they knew. Woodvale was the tiniest of villages, hidden away in the New England hills, and Mrs. Winfield, who had been sent there by the doctor for the country air and the rest, was the first summer boarder.

Woodvale, being exclusive to a fault, might have held aloof, but Miss Eunice proved a delightful link of communication. Ned and Barbara, through her friendly offices, soon

knew all the nice boys and girls in the place and all the members of the sewing circles called on Mrs. Winfield. The summer was a great success. The children had the happiest and most wholesome of times and their mother grew strong and well again, so that when Mr. Winfield came up from the distant city in October, to take them all home, he found them loath to leave the hills.

'Dear me! I'll just miss Miss Eunice dreadfully,' lamented Barbara. 'Father, she's grown a lovely rose from one of those white ones you sent mother, only it's yellow instead; isn't that queer? It is so pretty, though, and Miss Eunice calls it her "golden rose." She's potted a slip of it for me to take home; she is going to write and tell how the garden gets along. But isn't it dreadful! She says perhaps next year she'll have to go and live with her niece, Ahner's mother, and not have any garden, 'cause there's a mortgage on her house, and she can't pay it; at least, she's afraid she can't.'

'Whew!' said Ned. 'That would be a shame!'

'How much is the mortgage, Barbara?' asked Mr. Winfield, rather astonished by his children's deep interest in this old lady.

'Five hundred dollars,' said Barbara, solemnly. 'The man that has it isn't a bit nice, either, and he wants the house to live in himself.'

'Poor Miss Eunice!' said Mrs. Winfield; 'why her great grandfather built that house, I never heard her say anything about the mortgage.'

'She can't bear to talk about it,' said Barbara; 'only she was crying the other day when I went there, and told me what made her cry.'

'I wish I were a millionaire,' said Fred grandly. 'I would pay off Miss Eunice's mortgage for her right away.'

'Well, we're not millionaires,' said his father, 'as we very well know. So we can't pay Miss Eunice's debt; and with her New England pride, she wouldn't let us do it if we could. I'd like to go round and see her garden with you, Barbara, before we go, if you'll take me, for I'm a flower lover, too, you know.'

So Barbara and her father paid a call on Miss Eunice that very day. Mr. Winfield was certainly fond of flowers, and knew a great deal about them; nevertheless, Barbara had never seen her father show as much interest as he did in the 'golden rose' that had grown from the slip he had sent to his wife. 'That one was white, with just a teeny bit of yellow,' explained Miss Eunice; 'but these are all yellow. Now and then there would be a white one, but they keep getting goldener all the time. I've taken a good many slips, and one of them is just going to bloom. See!' and she exhibited proudly the young rose, with its single bud almost open.

'Why, it's a clear strong yellow; no doubt about that,' said Mr. Winfield. 'You would never think it came from my white roses, would you, Barbara?'

'It did,' said Miss Eunice, gratefully; 'and this is Barbara's rose, for her to take home.' She wrapped the pot up carefully in paper and gave it to her little friend.

The next day they went down to the city, and to her surprise her father insisted on carrying the flower, seeming to pay more attention to it than to all the rest of the baggage. The day after they arrived at home, the rose, set in a sunny window, opened fully, and Mr. Winfield, after breakfast, astonished Barbara still more by asking her if he could take it down town with him. 'I want to show it to a friend of mine,' was all the explanation he gave; but Barbara, who admired her father more than anyone else in the world, and would, so Ned declared, 'have given him her head if he asked for it,' was entirely satisfied, and did not even ask any questions when he came home at night without her rose plant. After dinner he took her up on his knee.

'Little daughter,' he said, 'I showed Miss Eunice's golden rose to my friend. He is a great florist, a man who knows all about roses, and what do you think he said?'

'Oh, what?' cried Barbara. 'I know it's something wonderful, father, isn't it?'

'It's just this,' said her father, 'that Miss Eunice has raised what florists call a "sport"—a new, beautiful rose, never seen before. All the other roses of that kind are white, but somehow this has taken a new departure, and come out yellow instead. They sometimes do it, no one knows how. And when they do it, Barbara, they are very valuable.'

'Is it worth five dollars?' asked Barbara, giving rein to her imagination. 'Because if it is, father, Miss Eunice can have it, and she can raise some more slips off her bush, and sell them, too. Do you think perhaps she could make money enough to help pay her mortgage?' Barbara's eyes were wide with hope.

'Listen, dear,' said her father, coddling her up tight; 'my friend says he will offer Miss Eunice one thousand dollars for her golden rose, if she will sell him the bush, and the slips, and all, so that he can grow it, and nobody else.'

Barbara could not speak; she simply could not. One thousand dollars! The mortgage—the old house saved—Miss Eunice there in peace, with a garden and a bank account—oh, it was too good to be true!

'The florist would be glad to go up and see Miss Eunice herself, to-morrow,' went on Mr. Winfield. 'Would you like to go up with him, Barbara, you and mother, and show him the house, and introduce him to Miss Eunice?'

'Oh, father, wouldn't I!' cried Barbara. And that is why, late the next day, the amazed Miss Eunice saw a carriage stop before her door, and Barbara jump out. 'I've brought some one to see you, to see your golden rose!' cried her little friend; and then—why, when the florist began to explain, and Mrs. Winfield to congratulate, and Barbara to jump up and down for sheer delight, Miss Eunice surprised them by sitting down and crying hard.

'I've been a doubting, distrustful old woman,' she sobbed out, 'thinking the Lord had forgotten me, and all the while he was making a new flower just for me! I'm not worthy of my mercies. Here I was complaining against God's dealings, and he sent me a rose of real gold, every leaf of it.'—S. S. Visitor.

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three months** during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs.
John Dougall
& Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.