

what might happen if I were to get down in bed was enough to drive a man crazy. We were two miles from a neighbor, and at the end of the road. No one ever went by. The snow was so deep and the cold so severe that it was useless to think of sending the little girl for help.

'I was sitting by the fire that afternoon trying to get warm. I had had a chill for hours. All of a sudden I felt better. I was warm and strong again. It was the fever, but I didn't know it. I put on my coat and cap and mittens, calling to my wife that I was going to shovel a road to town. It seemed the simplest thing in the world to me at that moment. I went out, tossed one shovelful of snow from the doorway, and my head went dizzy. I fell down, struggled to my feet, staggered into the house, and knew no more for hours.

'When I recovered consciousness the house was dark, and the fire was only a handful of sparks. I was lying upon the floor. After a while I heard some one sobbing. I raised myself upon my elbow and called. The little girl came to me, throwing her arms about my neck. "Oh, Father," she cried, "I've been so lonesome! Why did you go to sleep on the floor and why did mother go to sleep so quick when she saw you lie down?" I knew then that my wife had fainted,—perhaps had died. But I had the wit to comfort the child. I told her that mother and father were tired. It was true enough, they were.

'It seems a horrible dream to me now. I couldn't get upon my feet. I couldn't crawl. When I tried to I had to give up. I told the child to bring me a blanket and a pillow, and I lay there trying in a poor, weak way to devise some means for our relief. We would freeze before morning, without any fire. My wife would surely die, if indeed she were not already gone; and the child—well, sir, I drew her close to me, her pretty eyes shining so bright and trusting in the darkness, and sobbed and sobbed.

'Then a wild idea came into my mind—it was the fever again. "Dot," I said—I always called her Dot except when she was bad, and then I called her by her name, Elizabeth—"get father the lantern from the nail by the door." She brought the lantern to me, and I took a match from my pocket and lighted it. "Now," said I, quite as if it were the most usual thing, "take the lantern, dear, and climb to the top of the windmill tower, and wave it. Perhaps some one will see it, and know that we are in trouble." "Are—are we in trouble, father?" she asked, a note of alarm in her voice. "Why, yes," I said; "a little, Dot,—just a little." And then I laughed.

'I remember that laugh. It is the last thing I do remember clearly. I couldn't get it stopped. I have a hazy remembrance of two frightened eyes staring at me, of the child's putting on her little jacket and her red hood, of the lantern bobbing across the room, and of the door closing. I laughed at it all; laughed and laughed.

'They told me about it days afterwards. I sat in a chair by my wife's bedside. The little girl, with her two hands bound in cloths, was upon my lap. Her hands had been frozen in climbing the windmill tower.'

'She did, then, what you in your delirium bade her do?' exclaimed the traveller. He was astounded, and inclined to incredulity.

'She did; but how she did it, tot that she was, I don't know. It is no small job for a man to climb a sixty-foot ladder in a high wind. I shudder when I think of her in the bitter cold, the lantern upon her arm, going up to that slight platform in the air,—I shudder to this day. She didn't seem to realize what she had done. In talking of it

later, she said that her hands got cold, that was all. She simply wallowed through the snow to the windmill, climbed the ladder in the darkness, and waved the lantern. The neighbors saw it. They knew that something was wrong, and they came to us at once.

'We moved to the village as soon as possible after that. We have lived there ever since. I bought a livery stable and later a hotel. My daughter is in school at St. Paul. She will graduate at the head of her class this spring.'

'She remembers, of course, the night she waved the lantern?' said the traveller.

'Bless you, yes! but when we talk of it, as we do sometimes on winter nights, she laughs at the solemn faces of her mother and myself. She cannot understand why we feel so about it. But, I tell you, it makes me feel solemn when I think of it; and when I drive out this way, I sort of go back to the past and dream. I can't help it. That is my apology, sir, for seeming so unsociable.'

'It is accepted,' said the traveller, gravely.

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An Innovation.

(By Rose M. Wood-Allen, in 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

'Well, dear, did you have a nice time at the convention?' asked quiet Mrs. Sears of her daughter, who had just returned from the annual gathering of the Christian Endeavor forces of the State.

'Oh, mother, I had such a lovely time!' was Nan's enthusiastic reply. 'I don't know where to begin my story, there are so many things to tell;' and with this introduction she launched into a detailed account of her experiences, describing those speakers who had impressed her most forcibly, and repeating the thoughts that had appealed to her most strongly.

'But, after all, it wasn't the noted men nor the finest speeches that made the deepest impression on me,' she said near the close of the breakfast-hour. 'You know we had an hour for missionary conference, and we were supposed to be considering what we could do for missions. The speakers had spent the whole time telling us how difficult it was to arouse interest in missionary work in their societies, and I began to think that Milward was not peculiar in its lack of missionary spirit. So far as I could see, we could do nothing for missions so long as our societies were so unresponsive, and no one apparently had any help to offer. Every one of the speakers seemed to be revelling in the opportunity of pouring his or her woes into our ears, and I must say it began to get monotonous. Just then a funny little German got upon his feet. I had noticed him before, and had wondered how he happened to be at a Christian Endeavor convention.

"Vell," he began, "I don't know. I shust don't know how to helps you your society to sthir oop." Nan always had been good at imitating dialect, and one had only to watch her expressive face to get a vivid picture of the person she was imitating. "'Dot vas von pig problem. But I dells you vat I have done already, and maybe some of you does it too yet again also. Vell, denn, I found out dot it gost shust t'irty tollars for one Bible-reader to lif a year in dot India. So I puts

my money py; und, ven I gets t'irty dollars, I sends it dot missionary board to, und I hafs a Bible-reader in India vot is working for me. So now, you see, I vorks twenty-four hours efery day. I vorks twelf hours here; and, ven I goes to pedt already, my Bible-reader begins vorking again, and he vorks until I gets oop. I keeps dot oop efery year, for I tinks dot investment pays any more yet again. Vot you tink about it, hey?'"

By the time Nan was through, the whole family was in a roar of laughter, her reproduction was so inimitably funny.

Nan joined in; but, when the laugh had subsided, she said, 'It did seem awfully funny at the time, but those last words stayed with me, and I've thought of them so many times since. Wouldn't it be just fine to feel that one was working twenty-four hours a day? That would suit you, wouldn't it, father?'

'Well, yes. I'd be glad to work twenty-four hours a day during the busy season,' said her father with a quiet smile. 'And I'd be glad to have a substitute working for me in India if I could only afford the money.'

Nan sighed. She knew, of course, that they could not afford the thirty dollars, and yet she had hoped that they might be able to manage it somehow. Mrs. Sears heard the sigh, and understood its significance. She sympathized with her daughter, and longed to find some way to overcome the apparently insurmountable obstacle.

One bright day she called Nan to her, and said, 'I believe I've found a way, dear, for us to get the needed money to support a Bible-reader in India.'

'Oh, motherie, you don't mean it!' with an indrawn sigh of delight. 'How?'

'I have talked it over with your father, and after some figuring we decided that as a family we spent about thirty dollars last year on Christmas presents. Now, if we will all agree to forego the pleasure both of receiving and giving gifts this year, the money thus saved could be sent to India for this purpose.'

'Oh, but, mother! That would be dreadful! Why, just fancy what people would think of us—and say of us! They'd think we were getting poorer than ever, and—a little proudly—you know that last year, even though father couldn't spare me much money, my presents to the girls were just as nice as any of theirs to me.'

'Yes, dear, I know it.' I understand how you feel. But couldn't you write each of your friends a little note assuring them of your affection for them, and telling them why you are not making gifts to any one this year?'

'Why,' slowly, 'I suppose I could. It would be hard; the girls probably wouldn't understand. But I'll do it, because I'd do almost anything to have a Bible-reader in India, and be able to work twenty-four hours a day.'

After some discussion the other members of the family agreed to the plan, although the two boys found it rather hard to contemplate a Christmas without the gifts on which they had counted for so many months.

'Maybe Aunt Elvira will send us the sled and the skates,' said Will confidentially to his older brother.

'Don't you fool yourself,' was the disconsolate reply. 'She never was a boy, and she don't know what boys want. But never mind! Maybe we can make the sled—and I'll lend you my skates.'

Aunt Elvira was their father's aunt who lived all alone in the great house her husband had left her, and seemed to have no de-