

George Sparre, the last and only one of my race.'

'I am very glad to hear that,' said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. 'It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race.'

The slim man was the King of Sweden.—'Alliance News.'

The Archbishop as a Ploughman.

A few years ago a country rector, whom Dr. Temple was visiting officially, took him for a walk round the parish. The worthy parson was determined to keep the conversation from getting too deep, so he confined it to things connected with his parish. During their walk together they passed a man ploughing, and the Archbishop stopped to look on. 'There are diversities of gifts,' said the rector, pointing with his stick to the man at the plough. Now, your Grace, that poor fellow is doing something that you and I could not do in spite of our learning.' 'Umph!' muttered the Archbishop, who is a man of few words. His companion waxed very eloquent on the subject of ploughing. Dr. Temple remained silent until the man came to the top of the furrow; then he climbed over the gate. A word to the farm laborer, and the next moment the Primate of All England was guiding that plough down the field with the skill of the practised hand; and, what was more, he accomplished a difficult turning at the end of the row—never an easy matter—in a way that excited the outspoken admiration of the usually undemonstrative Hodge. 'I had to learn that in the school of Necessity,' remarked the Archbishop, as he walked home with the dumbfounded rector.

Only a Bunch of Roses.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance, as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pinning them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified, yet gentle, bearing, her winsome smile to tired and fretful children who had travelled many a weary mile, her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle, were all noticed in a quiet way.

In the seat in front of her was a crippled child—a sad-looking, thin girl, whose earthly life was destined to be very short. She looked over her shoulder a number of times at Madge, and finally she said wistfully, with some hesitation:

'Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?'

'Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so,' was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge.

Madge smiled into the questioning face.

'I am not tired,' she said. 'I have just begun my day.'

'I am tired. I've come a long way—from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night, my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you have! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the

town where we used to live—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking-car.'

'Isn't your mother with you?'

Ma's dead,' was the reply; and the thin lips quivered. 'We had to bury her away out in Colorado.'

'You poor, dear child!' said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

She unfastened the roses from her girdle, and, taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose pale face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put her arm under her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at sight of the sleeping child; and as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said, in a low voice, full of feeling:

'I'm not a prayin' mon, miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest upon ye forever for your kindness to me poor mitherless bairn!'

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring:

'I — been — in—heaven—pa—I've—got — some—roses.'

The mist from the father's eyes seemed to have spread through the car. No word was spoken aloud concerning the little scene just over, but in many a heart there was heard the voice divine whispering, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—The Young Christian.'

What One Investor Realized.

Experience always pays the wise man. Certainly the investment in stocks made by the farmer whose experience the 'Youth's Companion' narrates was a profitable one. A commercial traveller, with his proverbial worldly wisdom, had been airily advising the group at the country post office against investing in stocks, or any other get-rich-quick schemes.

'It's all gambling, more or less, I take it,' said Obed Pearson, thoughtfully. 'Still, nobody could say I didn't realize anything from my speculation in the Ringtail Gulch Company's stock.'

'Why, didn't know I was speaking to a successful operator!' said the drummer, with more or less respect in his voice and manner. 'Would you mind telling me about it?' he asked, as he noted the expectant gaze of the rest of the group.

'Seeing it's you, I don't mind,' said Mr. Pearson, slowly. 'I bought the stock for twenty-five dollars a share—six shares—with the expectation, bore out and led on by circ'lars and prospectuses, that 'twould touch the hundred mark in the course o' three months. And in eight weeks it had gone down to zero, and it would've gone below that, I judge, if the president and directors hadn't disbanded, so to speak, and gone travelling.'

'But I realized something; yes, sir! I realized that, unless I wanted to spend my last years, and, more'n that, the next to the last ones, on the poor farm, the thing for me to do was to burn up all the circ'lars and prospectuses that come to me in the future without reading 'em. And I've kept on realizing it to this day, sir.'

Thackeray's Two Dragons.

One day the great Thackeray was visiting the studio of Baron Marochetti, when the host took down a small engraving from the wall, and presented it to him. The subject was 'Saint George and the Dragon.'

Thackeray inspected it with great delight for a few minutes, until suddenly, becoming grave, he turned to one of his friends, and he said:

'I shall hang it near the head of my bed, where I can see it every morning. We all have our dragons to fight. Do you know yours? I know mine. I have not one, but two.'

'What are they?'

'Indolence and luxury.'

'I could not help smiling,' says his friend, 'as I thought of the prodigious amount of literary labor he had performed, and at the same time remembered the simple comfort of his dwelling next door.'

'I am serious,' Thackeray continued. 'I never take up the pen without an effort; I work only from necessity. I never walk out without seeing some pretty, useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I'm safe. Then comes the day of weakness, and I yield. I shall look at this picture, and think of my dragons, though I never expect to overcome them.'—'Alliance News.'

Use What You Have.

'What is in thine hand, Abel?'

'Nothing but one wee lamb, O God, taken from the flock. I purpose offering it to Thee, a willing sacrifice.'

And so he did. And the sweet smell of the burning has been filling the air ever since, and constantly going up to God as a perpetual sacrifice of praise.

'What is it thou hast in thine hand, Moses?'

'Nothing but a staff, O God, with which I tend my flocks.'

'Take it and use it for me.'

And he did; and with it wrought more wonderful things than Egypt and her proud king had seen before.

'Mary, what is it that thou hast in thine hand?'

'Nothing but a pot of sweet smelling ointment, O God, wherewith I would anoint Thine only one called Jesus.'

And so she did; and not only did the perfume fill all the house in which they were, but the Bible-reading world has been fragrant with the memory of this blessed act of love, which has ever since been spoken of "for a memorial of her."

'Poor woman, what is it that thou hast in thine hand?'

'Only two mites, Lord. It is very little; but then it is all I have, and I would put it into thy treasury.'

And so she did; and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a real charm, prompting others to give to the Lord.

'What is it that thou hast in thine hand, Dorcas?'

'Only a needle, Lord.'

'Take it, and use it for me.'

And so she did; and not only were the suffering poor of Joppa warmly clad, but, inspired by her loving life, 'Dorcas societies' even now continue their benign mission to the poor throughout the earth.—'Christian Budget.'

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