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## Lucy Staunton's Courage

'How late father is coming home this evening. It is nearly an hour past his usual time of returning. What can be the matter?' remarked Mrs. Staunton to her daughter.

'Nothing is wrong, we hope, mother,' replied Lucy.

But a few moments later, as the girl stood watching in the porch, her cheeks turned pale as she saw some men coming towards the house, bearing what seemed to be a heavy burden, the truth flashed into the girl's mind—her father had met with an accident. And it proved only too true. All through the long night, and for many nights and days, there seemed little hope of William Staunton recovering.

After some weeks he began slowly to get better, but the doctor gave no hope of his ever being able to work again.

It required all Lucy's courage to be bright and cheerful in her father's sick-room, and to speak words of comfort to her mother, when her young heart was full of anxious care.

She had lately finished learning the dress-making trade, and had always looked forward to start a business in the neighboring town of Taunton, but now she felt her duty was to stay with her parents and help them.

The little plate had not long been on the door telling that dressmaking was done at Rose Cottage, before customers arrived. It being springtime, it proved an excellent opportunity for making a start, as the fine,

bright days made the old winter dresses look shabby, and new ones were wanted.

It was sometimes past twelve o'clock before Lucy had finished her day's work, and at busy times she was at work again by five o'clock in the morning. She was young and strong, and when her father would say,

'Lucy, girl, you will wear yourself out by working so hard,' she would answer smiling that work did her good.

As time went by the little home was able to be kept together by Lucy's brave courage in facing difficulties, and her industry.—G. B., in 'Friendly Greetings.'

## Forgiven—Then Crowned

### THE STORY OF A DESERTER.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Recorder'.)

About the year 1750 there lived in Hanover a teacher of music, who struggled to find a living for himself and his family of ten children. Of these, one was a lad named William, a sharp, bright boy, clever at figures and skilful at music, who when only fourteen years of age was able to take his place in the royal band. He found it was all very well to be a soldier as long as it meant being dressed in a smart uniform and helping to make fine music which the citizens came out on a summer's evening to hear and to applaud. But there came a day when war

was declared by the French against the English, and as our George the Third was also King of Hanover the enemy marched against that country. Then it was too much, the whistling bullets, the boom of cannon, the killed and wounded to right and left of him, the towns on fire, the terrified people homeless and starving. All this was very different from the fine music of the band. At the close of a day's battle the poor lad lay almost dead with hunger and cold, and spent the night in a ditch. He had had fighting enough for a lifetime. So he deserted from the army, but as it was unsafe for him to remain in his own country his friends managed to send him to England. He was nineteen years old when he reached our country, a stranger in a strange land. He managed to find his way to Bath, and after many discouragements was appointed organist of the

Octagon Chapel. Gradually he became famous as a musician, and in addition to his pupils conducted concerts and oratorios which added to his fame. His studies as a musician in the theory of music gave him a love of mathematics, which in turn led to his studying astronomy. He had no appliances beyond the use of a little telescope which he borrowed from a friend.

Telescopes in those days were costly things far beyond the reach of his purse. But he was not to be daunted, and busy though he was resolved to find time to make a telescope. It was really a tremendous undertaking. A metal mirror had to be made, a mixture of copper and tin which when combined in certain quantities produced a substance so brittle that the least degree of haste in preparing it or carelessness in dealing with it would shatter it instantly. It had then to be ground and polished with such precision that the slightest irregularity or flaw would render it useless. At length, however, it was completed.

Then came indeed an exceeding great reward of his patient toil. From ages reaching back to the farthest distance the astronomers had recognized five well-known planets whose very names implied their age and origin—Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mercury and Mars. Hundreds of years had failed to add to the number. But this musician eagerly watching found far away on the very outskirts of our solar system a star which arrested his attention. It seemed to move, and yet could it be that he so soon had found what the watchers of the ages had failed to discern? Another planet! With trembling eagerness he left his studies as musician night after night to watch this star through his telescope until the fact was established beyond all doubt. Then he ventured to proclaim his discovery. The world of science was stirred beyond measure. The name of Herschell and the story of what he had done filled the papers both of this country and of the Continent. Great men began to communicate with him until his fame as an astronomer stood higher than that of any living man.

The King sent for him to Windsor. Thither with his faithful sister Caroline, who used to sit recording his observations on nights sometimes so cold that the pen froze in the ink, Herschell journeyed, taking his telescope with him. He was received in state and ushered into the royal apartments.

But one thing he had forgotten. The famous musician, the still more famous astronomer, whose fame was on all lips, 'was a deserter from the King's army.' How could the King receive him? How could the King treat him? No discovery that Herschell could make in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, no splendid achievement could undo that fact of desertion or remove the penalty that it involved.

As the King rose to receive the astronomer before saying a word about his discovery he put into his hand a paper. Herschell opened it wondering, and read it. There in the King's own handwriting was his pardon as a deserter from the army. Then, but not till