

## 'A Little Money.'

(Pansy, in the 'C. E. World'.)

'Some ways of earning a little money.'

This is the petition which nearly every mail brings to me. Some of my correspondents seem to fancy that I have but to put pen to paper, and out will pour wise practical suggestions with regard to the matter. If this were true, how popular as well as wealthy a person I should be!

Yet 'a little money' is being earned continually by a great many people in many different ways. What is difficult about it is to advise others. Environment has much to do with the subject, local surroundings often furnishing hints that quick wit develop.

Nearly always in such cases it is found that the hints lie about, for months, sometimes for years, waiting for the quick wits to make use of them.

Here is an illustration. A row of currant bushes once flourished and fruited for a family of three, none of whom liked currants very well. Much of the fruit dried on the stems, as there were no neighbors to whom the owners felt at liberty to offer it.

'It is a shame to waste so much fruit!' said the mother of the family. 'We might make jelly, I suppose; only jelly takes a lot of sugar, and isn't meat nor drink after you get it. It is one of the things we can do without.'

Being a family who had to live on the 'do without' scale, they did it. For three successive summers the currants dried on their stems; with the fourth came home a younger daughter, who had been living with an aunt.

She too, could do without jelly; but she reflected at once that there were those who did not, and that she lived across the street from a grocer who sold tiny glasses of it for twenty cents a glass.

Certain calculations with pencil and paper followed, then an interview with the mother, and later with the grocer across the street. Immediate result, ten glasses of jelly sold to the grocer for fifteen cents a glass. At the close of the season ten dollars in the family pocketbook, credited to currants. Moreover, a demand had been created. On the following season certain of the grocer's customers wanted to be sure of getting the same brand of jelly as that last they bought of him.

The currant bushes as soon as they became a source of profit were cared for in such a manner that they yielded more and better fruit. The poor things had been willing to be made profitable during all those wasted years.

There was a young girl who lived on a desolate seacoast, shut in all winter from the world. But there was a large hotel only three miles from her home, filled every summer with city guests; and all winter there were shells and sea weeds and other curious and interesting treasures of the sea brought daily to that young girl's very feet. She studied them, and made friends of them, and loved them. One day the weekly paper had an article in it all about mounting sea-grasses and polishing shells. The girl caught at it, and studied it. She walked eight miles to borrow a book that would tell her more in the same line. She began to experiment, with such results that the day came when sea-shells and sea-mosses and curios sent her to school and then to college. Other fishermen's daughters lived along that same coast, and read that same paper. Only this one applied her wits to her surroundings.

There was a girl not fourteen who had a talent for making dolls' hats out of silk and velvet scraps. She lived next door to a fashionable millinery shop, and was on friendly terms with the workers there. She wanted to

take music lessons, and knew that her father could not afford to pay for them. One day she put her wits and her scraps together, and made two dolls' hats, marked them twenty-five cents a piece, and hung them in the front window of her mother's room. Before night they were sold, and others had taken their places. In time, dolls' jackets, capes, and even shoes were added, and the south window became a department store for dolls. The business flourished, and the music lessons went on merrily.

There was a maid of fifteen who was said to have the 'knack' of making delicious gingerbread. Said knack came, as is often the case, of long and careful trying. The neighbors liked the gingerbread so well that one day the girl resolved that their tastes and her skill united should give her a summer outing of three weeks in the country; and they did.

Innumerable other instances might be cited, but they would simply emphasize the same thought, viz., that a determination to accomplish, united to a careful study of the situation, is the key to the making of 'a little money' for a definite purpose. Occasionally this is the key to a fortune.

## A Timely Rescue.

('Friendly Greetings'.)

It is a sad pity that, in the face of all the evil in the world, men have sometimes persecuted those who were really trying to serve God, even though their way may have seemed mistaken. Men have tried to force their own beliefs and ways of worship on others, with the result that those who could not bring themselves to submit have sometimes had to leave their home and country to find freedom elsewhere.

It was from this cause that Randal Osborne and his servant Andrew Gourlay found themselves, with many of their fellow-countrymen, in Holland. But, though safer there than in England, Osborne had at home an enemy who greatly wished to get him into his power, and who left no stone unturned to accomplish his purpose.

Returning to his lodging one evening, Osborne heard from Andrew that two men—fellow-Scotsmen—had been asking for him, as they were the bearers of an important letter requiring his presence at home. On hearing that he was not within, however, they had refused to leave the letter, saying that Osborne might find them at the sign of the 'Peacock,' when, if so minded, he might take passage with them to Scotland.

'But,' added the faithful Andrew, 'canny, laird, canny!' 'If ye'll be gulded by me, ye'll no gang near them. Fair-spoken though they be, I'm muckle mista'en if they're no baith emissaries of Satan sent to ensnare ye. There was a glint in their een that sorted ill wi' their errand.'

But Andrew's words were cut short by his impetuous master, who refused even to allow him to accompany him to the tavern. It was with difficulty that Andrew persuaded him to take his sword, which had been laid aside for many a day. And, after Osborne had gone his way, Andrew went to Hans Hofmeyr, a worthy miller, who had taken an interest in the exiled Scot, and who would probably help on this occasion.

The miller saw that the danger was real, and sent two of his men, well armed, with Andrew. Thus accompanied, the faithful fellow made his way to the 'Peacock,' only to find that his master and the two strangers

had left half-an-hour before, leaving no clue as to whither they had gone.

At this instant a man on horseback rode up to the door, asking whether two travellers from Scotland were within. On being told that they had left, he turned his horse's head and galloped off, taking no notice of Andrew and his companions. The latter, however, took notice of him, and followed him as fast as their limbs would take them.

Fortunately, though the horseman gained rapidly upon them, the flatness of the country enabled them to keep him in sight. By-and-bye, he stopped at a lonely house, where he dismounted.

Following at their utmost speed, Andrew and his companions found the house to be a wayside tavern. Approaching very carefully, Andrew peeped in at a back window, from which shone a feeble light.

There, seated at a table, drinking and making merry, he at once recognized the two men who had visited him that evening. Near them sat his master, his arms tied behind his back, and his feet bound together.

Andrew's first impulse was to rush in upon the rascals there and then, but caution would, he knew, serve his purpose better. 'They're sotted wi' drink,' he whispered, 'an' gin I can lay my hands on them, I'll be even wi' the twa o' them. But we maun settle yon birkie first,' pointing to the man they had followed, who was busying himself about his horse's harness.

Watching his opportunity, when the horseman was stooping with his back to them, Andrew sprang upon him, and struck him a blow with the haft of his sword that felled him. Then, arranging their plan of attack, the rescuers rushed upon the two men in the room. Taken completely by surprise, the ruffians had not time to draw their swords before they were overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned. The cords with which they had bound their prisoner did service in their own case, and in a few minutes they lay helpless on the floor.

Summoned by the noise of the conflict, the landlord appeared, professing to know nothing about the matter. But he failed to impose on the shrewd Scot, who did not lose any time in getting his master on horseback and back to the town, where, when somewhat recovered, Osborne told the story of his capture.

On arriving at the 'Peacock,' he found only one of the men, who told him that the other man, who had the letter, was at a barber's close by having his beard trimmed, to which place they had better follow him. Seeing nothing suspicious in this Osborne did so, but, while reading the letter, he received a violent blow on the head, his sword was snatched from him, and his arms bound fast behind his back. He remembered nothing further until he found himself a prisoner in the tavern where Andrew had come to his rescue.

Undoubtedly the plot had been to deliver him over to his enemies at home, and but for Andrew's shrewdness it would have been successful. To his faithful servant, he owed, under God, his liberty, and probably his life. The friendship between master and man thus became cemented by the strongest ties, and Osborne vowed to show his gratitude to his Divine Preserver by dedicating more completely to his service the life he had mercifully prolonged.

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