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## The Mountain Burro: A Patient Friend.

A donkey has a broad forehead. The height and breadth of his frontal bone from time immemorial has indicated the degree of intelligence. Anyone who supposes the donkey a fool is either not well acquainted with the animal or else he possesses the attributes so long wrongfully accredited to the donkey. The donkey listens, and is seldom heard. This con-

him as other animals are fed and groomed would cause him to become the laughing stock of the community. For a driver to allow his donkey time to browse on thistles, briars, and cacti would cause him to be thought insane. No! The driver takes his own lunch securely seated on his donkey's back, and from early morning until late at night the donkey trudges on over rough rocks and jagged crags, where the horse could not be trusted. The long train of seventy-five or one hundred donkeys



stant listening through the centuries, the scientists tell us, has developed his ears to the neglect of his voice. The donkey loyes children. While older people must show a proper regard for his rights, children may take complete possession of him below, from nose to heels, above from neck to tail, with perfect immunity from kick or bite. But with all his intelligence, patience and fidelity, he is poorly cared for while living, and little thought of when dead. For an owner to feed and groom

winds slowly and steadily around the mountain. The golden load slips the rope which binds it. The donkey is drawn by his unbalanced burden, totters, and, feet in air, goes over the precipice. No man ever descends to ascertain his fate. Yet no animal holds a more conspicuous place in history. God chose a donkey and put human speech in him to reform Balaam, and even Christ himself, on a donkey, her colt at her side, rode up to the place from whence he ransomed the world.—J. Elmer Porter.

## The Story of a Dream

'Your Heavenly Father knoweth.'

'Do you believe in dreams, Agnes?' Mrs. Duncan looked in surprise at her husband as he asked this question in a somewhat worried tone, strongly in contrast with his usual bright calmness of manner.

'In what way, Edward? You cannot mean do I believe in their existence?'

'No, but do you think they are sent for our guidance—should we be obedient to any directions conveyed in them?'

'I suppose that would have to be decided by sanctified common sense,' Mrs. Duncan said. 'But what is the case in point? You look troubled, dear.'

'Not troubled, exactly, but a good deal perplexed. I woke this morning with the distinct impression of a dream, in which I had been told to take to Mr. Carr the sum of £3 7s. 6d. It is not the giving of the money that is the difficulty, for Mr. Ainslie, only last Saturday, gave me a £5 note to be used for any cases of need, and I have been praying for the right one to be brought under my notice. But in the first place I cannot think that Mr. Carr is likely to want any help of the kind; and then the amount is such a curious one; if a sum like that were needed it would probably be even money.'

'No, I should never have thought of John Carr as a case for charity,' Mrs. Duncan said thoughtfully, 'but I suppose you will find out, Edward.' 'I suppose I must try,' her husband said, 'but it does seem rather a fool's errand. Fancy me walking into that respectable tradesman's shop and saying, "Mr. Carr, do you want £3 17s. 6d.?"' However, I will walk round that way after tea; I shall have no time until then.' Accordingly, about seven o'clock, the good town missionary entered a small but well-stocked and well-kept grocer's shop in the neighborhood of Edgware-road, and asked for Mr. Carr. Mrs. Carr was behind the counter, and said that her husband had gone to Croydon on business, but she volunteered no further information, and though Mr. Duncan remained a little while, asking friendly questions about their family and their health, he had to leave at length without gaining any clue to his difficulty. But in the morning clearer light came, and Mr. Duncan announced his intention of 'just looking in at Carr's.' 'The fact is,' he added, 'I have had a very uneasy night, and I cannot rest until I have satisfied myself by further inquiry.'

Mr. Carr was in the shop, looking unmistakably careworn, and Mr. Duncan decided on a straight course. 'Mr. Carr,' he said, 'you must excuse me taking a great liberty in asking a rather strange question, but—are you in want of a little money?' The tradesman's face paled visibly as a strong emotion swept over it, and he pressed his hand heavily on the counter to steady himself. 'How could you know?' he asked tremulously. 'I thought it was a secret from everyone but my wife; but