

flashing their bright blades into our cotton-wood door.

"No time to lose," whispered Aunt Huldah. And we three together emptied our buckets of soft soap over those Red Skins. Oh! such shrieks as rent the air, as the Indians danced around and rubbed their eyes, in awful pain. We felt sorry, Jerry and I; but Aunt Huldah said she didn't. "If we hadn't done it, they would have killed and scalped us all," she said, wisely.

'No one slept that night, and the ducks did not get picked, either; but by early daylight Father came home. His face was ashen gray and as we drew back the bars to let him in, he looked at each of us in turn. Then seating himself in a chair, he, strong man that he was, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, dear Father?" Bathsheba said, going up to him and putting her arms about his neck. My father was a Christian, and, gathering Bathsheba's golden head to his bosom, he said: "Not sick, child; but overcome with thankfulness. Word came to us this morning that several families had been scalped during the night and that mine was one of them. I didn't wait to tell Eph and Nick, but sent word to them to come home as soon as they could, and I hurried on ahead. When I reached the 'Corners,' I found that the Stevensons were gone, root and branch, and my heart sank within me; but I find my home unmolested. Thank God!" Then we told him that we had been attacked and that our weapon had been soft soap. We thought Father would laugh; but he did not. He only said, reverently: "Thank God for soft soap!"

'Nick and Eph came home that afternoon. They had heard the sorrowful story, too, and I tell you we had a general hugging all around.

'And then Thanksgiving Day dawned. Such a dinner! Seems to me I can taste it yet. Any way, I can remember every single thing we had. We had roast wild ducks and baked fish, and the nicest, roundest little roast pig I ever saw. It had a lemon in its mouth and a bunch of parsley around its curly tail, and it stood on a bed of green parsley. Then we had big, mealy baked potatoes and turnips, and the best succotash and baked beans that could be imagined, and then those broiled quails—Oh! Rob, I wish you could taste such quails.'

'Didn't you have any pudding?'

'I don't think we did; but we had pies—pumpkin, mince, apple, and custard.'

'And was that all?' asked Rob.

'No, we had one thing more. We all got down on our knees and thanked God. Father said that was the "finishing touch."'

And Uncle's Phil's story was done.

### A Good Answer.

'Will you walk into my parlor?'

Said a landlord to a Tar;

'You'll find the best of things to eat,  
And liquors at the bar.'

'Oh! no,' said Jack, 'I'd rather not;

I once was there before,

And through your drink you got my cash,  
Then turned me out of door.

'Your liquor never quenched my thirst,  
But made me dry instead;

And then, when hungry, found I'd not  
A penny left for bread.'

—'Temperance Record.'

### 'Northern Messenger.'

'Our Sunday-school, of which I have the honor of being superintendent, gets 30 copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' and, I must say, that in our school it is very popular. I think it ahead of all in its class.' I am yours truly,

E. B. FARWELL.

Orillia, Ont.

## Frances Chisholm's Resolve.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

Frances Chisholm had spent the happiest birthday she could remember. Yesterday she had reached her eighteenth year. School-days were well over. Many and warm-hearted were the greetings that girl-companions and other friends sent or brought her.

Life had not been a failure so far. In her last year at Wilmington High School she had carried off one first class and two second class prizes. More than that, she had won the love and esteem of the head-mis-

To live! Oh, to live worthily for his sake!....  
..... To do something that will bring him honor..... To be something that will please him..... If he will only send me forth! Lord, help me!

Then a wondrous hush spread through the room. It was as though a presence were there that she could neither see nor hold. Presently a voice—like a whispered voice in her soul—seemed to speak. A touch of a spirit hand was upon her. She listened—waited.... 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'..... 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'..... 'Lo! I am with you all the days.'..... 'Go, go! I will be with Thee.'



### SCHOOL-DAYS.

tress, Miss Wakefield. She was not brilliant, but painstaking, diligent, and persevering.

In the gloaming of the following day she sat by the fire dreaming. The bright coals seemed to quicken her thoughts. Pictures and faces came and went. The daylight sank away. The flames flickered and died down, giving place to the red glow and the steady warmth.

'Yes!' she thought, 'life must be real and earnest now—more than ever. I know whom I have believed. Jesus is filling my life. I have been constrained by the power of his love. The spell of his words is upon me: "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

'Yea, Lord!' she replied in her inmost heart. 'Use me, use even me:

"Take my life, and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;

Take my moments and my days,

Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

So, in entering upon her nineteenth year, Frances made up her mind that life, wherever God might send her, should be whole-hearted—through and through—a life 'with' Jesus and 'for' Jesus. A life given up to God because given up to the service of others.

More distant than before, as she rose to draw the blinds, like a voice speaking into