

They first procured an old canvas bag, made to carry potatoes to the market in, and thought that would do for the great sheet. Now, the children had no horse to play with, but there was a great, fat hog in the pen, and Jack maintained that that was as good as a horse, and they could do the trick all right. The fat old porker was let out and driven to a sheltered place behind the barn. By dint of a great deal of shoving and thrashing the creature was made to go over the bag in a sort of a jump. This pleased Jack so much that he wished to make the exploit greater.

'This old bag,' he cried, 'is too little; can't you get something else?'

Lena shook her head doubtfully, but went into the house to look. Here she came across a large bundle of calico which Mr. Turner had bought to make comfortables for winter use. 'That might do,' and the child lugged out the huge bundle of goods, taking pains to avoid her mother's observant eye. When Jack saw the bright print and the size of the piece he was exultant. 'Oh, Lena,' he cried, 'that's splendid; now we'll make old Grunter jump finely. But we must fasten one end somehow, and you hold the other while I attend to the main parts.'

A boy living in the neighborhood came along and was called in to take a hand at the important business. The calico was secured by shutting one end in the barn door. Lena held the other end till it was discovered that she was not strong enough for her part, and then the neighbor-boy helped her with his stronger hands. Over and over again the dirty, ponderous creature was driven to leap across the barrier, and shouts of laughter greeted each performance. After playing at circus till their zest had somewhat abated the children suddenly discovered that the calico was in a dreadfully spoiled condition. Every time the hog had failed to jump clean over it, it had been dropped in the mud, and then before the creature had come from the pen it had been wallowing, and the pretty print was covered with mire and slime. Then the weight of the hog had borne down upon the fabric and in places it was literally worn out. What were the children to do? Lena had heard her mother

remark that she must get those comfortables tied, and would commence to-morrow. 'Distress and trouble!' cried Jack, as he and his sister wended their way to the house. Matters came at once to a focus, for Mrs. Turner told Lena 'to go at once up-stairs and bring down the great roll of calico papa bought for comfortables.'

Lena looked at Jack, Jack at Lena, and then the latter burst into tears.

'What is the matter? Why, don't you mind me?' cried the mother.

'The calico is all spoiled,' sobbed Lena.

At this Jack went out, and in a basket brought in the soiled, rumpled, ragged heap.

The mother looked in wonder, and demanded an explanation.

'We played circus,' stammered Jack, 'and—and—we—didn't—know—the—hog would—spoil—the—stuff.'

By questioning the culprits Mrs. Turner learned the whole truth, and would have forgiven all, but the stern father judged severe punishment needful, and the two were put into solitary confinement, where for three days they were fed on bread and water. This story is a true story about some real children.

A Martyr at Fourteen.

A missionary, describing some of the native converts who were martyred during the Boxer outbreak in China, says; 'Li Rutang's only child, a bright girl of fourteen years of age, fled after her father's death, taking with her a New Testament. Some relatives wished to save her, but said she must burn her book. She refused. She ran with the book under her arm into the millet. She was not known by any of the Boxers. She was discovered in the millet. Her book was testimony, and the only testimony, against her. She was brought to the place of execution and asked if she was a believer. She replied, she was. The child fearlessly stood before the tormentors, who asked her if she were not afraid, "Afraid or not afraid, it is all one," she replied. But with a smile she met the sword which cut her down.'

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Wasted Time,

(A. J. Glasspool, in 'Temperance Record'.)

Money has a wondrous power
To purchase what we need:
Fine clothes to wear, nice food to eat,
And useful books to read.
There's one thing money cannot buy,
In any town or clime,
A beggar or a millionaire
Can never purchase time.

'Tis time the good Lord gives to all
Time to play and labour;
Time to cultivate the mind,
Time to help our neighbour.
Oh, shall we not then treasure up
The hours so quickly flying,
So toiling hard in health and youth,
Have no regrets when dying?

The boy at school declares it hard
That tasks he has so many;
And envies oft the savage child,
Who lessons has not any.
But when the days for school are passed,
And he's below the line;
He begs to do the meanest work,
And weeps for wasted time.

The student at the music school
Aspires to sing and play;
But will not carry out the rule
To practise every day.
Upon the platform bold he steps,
He thinks his notes sublime,
He ne'er returns; the people laugh
And all through wasted time.

'I want to be an artist, sir,'
So said a noble lad.
'Then you must toil from morn to night,
Nor think your labor sad.'
He worked awhile, but played the more,
You think it not a crime.
But now he draws on paving stones.
Alas! for wasted time.

How soon the days of youth are passed,
Then we must earn our bread;
When those who shielded us when young,
Are numbered with the dead.
Try hard to do the best you can
Seek oft the aid Divine,
So in the future you may ne'er
Shed tears o'er wasted time.

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