

her a soiled paper collar and offered her fifteen cents to do it up for him. She took it home, and by careful sponging so thoroughly renovated it that he was forced to pay the promised sum and look elsewhere for the next victim of his excessive humor.

The time came when the 'Old Castle' was torn down to make way for a more reputable building and the lonely spinster removed to cheap lodgings over a livery stable. Here was enacted the homely tragedy, which silenced the ridicule of the thoughtless and crowned her last days with dignity and honor.

One morning, having failed to keep an appointment, she was sought out by her employer, who knowing her lonely situation, feared she might be ill and in need of help. She was found lying on her bed unable to move and moaning about a 'misery in the back.' Her simple story was as follows:

'It was along of them 'bus horses, poor critters. Where I set by my window to sew I can look down on them driving into the stable across the sidewalk. There's been a loose plank in the crossing for over a week—set upon edge like so as to make terrible hard pulling to get them heavy 'busses over it. Well I set and see them whip the poor horses to make them pull it until it seemed every lash went right across my own back, and I couldn't stand it no longer.

'So one day I raised my window and called to the driver and asked him why he didn't put that plank in place instead of beating the poor horses. But he just laughed and swore at me, and told me to tend to my cats and mending, and he'd run his business to suit himself. Last night when I come home from work they were just running in a 'bus, and the horses were all reeking with sweat from hard driving. I stood by waiting for them to get across, and it seemed like every time the whip struck them they looked at me so appealing like that it went right to my foolish old heart.

'So after dark I slipped down stairs to see if I couldn't mebbe fix the plank myself. It was heavier than I thought, and after the first trial I was afraid I'd have to give it up, for it wouldn't budge an inch. But then as I was turning away I seemed to see those poor horses looking so beseeching out of their patient eyes that I was bound to give it one more trial. So I knelt down and prayed. 'Oh, dear Lord, please give me strength to lift it,' and—well then, I gave one des-prit tug and it slipped right into its place—but I felt something give way like in my back and I couldn't stand up on my feet.

'I prayed again and managed to hitch along someway and crawl up the stairs and into bed. I thought I would be better by morning, but the pain kept up steady all night and here I be. Yes, the pain's pretty severe and I'm faint like, for food and drink, but I knew the dear Lord would send me help by and by and here you be. But I've had one comfort all through the long hard night. Them poor horses won't never be whipped over that plank again.'

Everything possible was done for her comfort, and in a few weeks she was able to leave her bed, and hobble feebly about her room with a crutch, but her working days were over. The 'misery in the back' never left her. The church to which she had been so faithful provided for her comfort while she lived, and at death paid a tribute to her memory of which wiser and wealthier members might have been proud. I should add also that when the story became known to the owners of the stable, they dismissed the brutal driver and made Miss Pierce a present of a generous sum of money.

So passed from among us a simple minded, lonely woman, who before the days of Humane Societies, gave her life for the dumb animals which she loved.

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A Queer Pet.

The wife of the governor of North Borneo has a pet which few women will envy her. The governor's house is near a jungle, and from it strayed a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he at once became tame and refused to return to his native wilds. He consumes sixteen quarts of milk a day, and on this diet thrives and grows fat. He might be mistaken for a queer sort of hog were it not for the horn in the middle of his face. He is devoted to his mistress, and follows her about like a dog.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Tiny's Exploit.

The author of 'A Hermit's Wild Friends' relates how a little red squirrel succeeded in getting at some seeds that were hidden from him in different places.

'At last I stretched a cord between two trees, and halfway suspended a box open at the top and full of tempting seeds. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box and made up his mind that he must have a share in the treat. He ran up one of the trees, and tried the limbs that hung over the box. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let him into the box. After he had used this highway several days I cut the limb away. When Tiny found a fresh stub instead of a limb he understood what it meant, and chattered away angrily.

'His next move was to investigate the line where it was attached to the trees. When he found it he thought he could reach the box over the line, and started out. When about a foot from the box the line turned and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times, and met with failure. The fourth time when the line turned he clung to it and made his way to the box hand over hand. I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so, since then, I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

A Professor's Indorsement.

Before President Angell of the University of Michigan had attained to his present high position, says the 'Detroit Free Press,' a young hopeful entering college was recommended to his consideration.

'Try the boy out, professor; criticise him, and tell us both what you think,' the parents said.

To facilitate acquaintance the professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence the youth ventured, 'Fine day, professor.'

'Yes,' with a far-away look.

Ten minutes more, and the young man, squirming all the time, ventured, 'This is a very pleasant walk, professor.'

For another ten minutes the matriculate boiled to his bones, and then blurted out that he thought they might have rain.

'Yes.' And this time the professor went on, 'Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and stupid.'

'True,' answered the boy, 'his wrath passing his modesty, 'and you indorsed every word I said.'

Then they laughingly shook hands, and word went home from the professor that the boy was all right, and that they were great friends.

The Eye of the Needle.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the head. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience he was perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked, and

puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was four o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by nine a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modelled. After that it was easy. That is a true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.—'League Journal.'

Things That Can't be Done.

They say the following things can't be done. Try them and see for yourselves:

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands—that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third finger on that hand despite its seeming so easy at first. Try it.

The Baby's Mistake.

A clergyman who has just returned from a tour in the North of Ireland narrates an amusing incident which occurred one day in a tramcar.

'My complexion, as you know,' he said, 'is not by any means white; some call it swarthy.'

One day in a Belfast tramcar a poor woman, with a baby in her arms sat opposite me. As soon as the child noticed me she pointed a chubby finger in my direction, and called out, 'Daddy, daddy!'

The poor mother, thinking to relieve my embarrassment, looked across to me, and with a smile, said,

'Please excuse her, sir; shure she don't know any better. My husband's a sweep, and when she sees a black-lookin' man like him she always thinks he's her daddy.'—'League Journal.'

Monkey That Wears Glasses.

In the zoological gardens at Breslau, Germany, there is a spider monkey which was operated upon for cataract, and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the zoo it was very healthy and lively; then it became very quiet, ceased to play, and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so it was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated upon. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles which it wears with becoming gravity.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

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