

might have been lost for his culpable negligence.'

'So my father said,' replied Blossom, gravely; 'but poor Bennie was so tired and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too.'

'What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand,' and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. But Blossom told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: 'Send this dispatch at once!'

The President then turned to the girl and said: 'Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: 'The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country.' Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: 'The Lord be praised!'—Selected.

LINCOLN AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging between the North and the South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said, in a tender tone:

'Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?'

The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face and asked: 'Won't you write to my mother for me?'

'That I will,' answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no sign of weariness. When it was finished, he rose, saying:

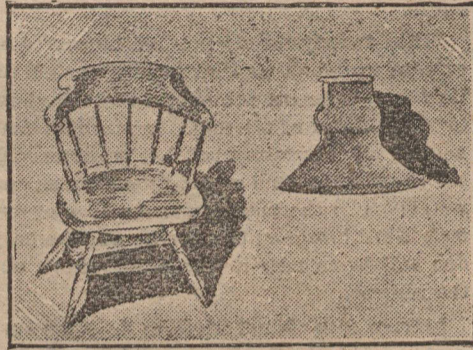
'I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?'

The boy looked up appealingly to the President.

'Won't you stay with me?' he asked. 'I do want to hold on to your hand.'

Mr. Lincoln understood the boy's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so, he burst into tears, and when, soon afterwards, he left the hospital, they were still



Lincoln's Law-office Chair. Lincoln's Broadax.

streaming down his cheeks.—From 'Best Lincoln Stories,' by permission of James E. Gallaher & Co.

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN.

1. 'The Union must be preserved.'
2. 'Let us have faith that right makes might.'
3. 'Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history.'
4. 'A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws.'
5. 'I believe this government cannot permanently exist half slave and half free.'
6. 'No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.'

The Beautiful.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep

Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—Anon.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to him can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Alcohol in every form is still a poison, the rapidity of its effects being largely determined by the degree of dilution in which it is introduced into the system.—J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER IX.—THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

Many Christians, who profess to take the Bible as their guide, and who may any day turn to the first verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians, are nevertheless quite as fond of judging others as those who make no religious profession. There were, for instance, Methodists who were making money fast in Anyborough in easy fashion, who were quite ready to blame their minister, with his comparatively small income, for being anxious to make large profits in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' Tradesmen who stretched many points of their moral compass in business every day, to make themselves comfortable in mind when they sold doubtful articles for their full price, or got rid of something that had become a glut in the market, by asserting that it possessed a fictitious value, or remarked the size of their stock-in-trade in the glove department, to get them off their hands literally as well as figuratively, were loudest in the denunciations of Mr. Lawrence's unseemly conduct in his commercial transactions. The storm grew apace. Some of the leading teetotallers called on John Aylmer, and requested him to convene a meeting of the committee, to take steps for some public manifestation of their disapproval of Mr. Lawrence's conduct. The president of the society, Mr. Clark, was also amongst Aylmer's visitors in regard to this subject; but it was not to condemn Mr. Lawrence, so much as to consult with him as to how best they might be helpful to the minister, without any compromise of principle.

'If Mr. Lawrence had held any conspicuous office in the Anyborough Temperance Society,' he said, 'it might have been our painful duty to request him to resign. But my idea has been that we should write him a letter, expressing our honest disapproval and disappointment (for myself, I am deeply grieved), and begging him to withdraw from his participation in such a miserable business.'

'How can he?' asked John Aylmer.

Mr. Clark looked at the temperance secretary in surprise, but there was no mistaking the sorrow in his face. His question evidently did not arise from any light view of the minister's conduct.

'What do you mean, Mr. Aylmer? Why shouldn't he sell out at once?'

'To whom?' asked John Aylmer.

The two men were silent for a little, and then Mr. Clark said, 'Dear me, it is a difficulty; to sell seems as bad as to buy, because you initiate another into the position of shareholder in an evil company. How complicated it is.'

'I am very glad, Mr. Clark, that you are not disposed to regard Mr. Lawrence's conduct severely,' said John Aylmer. 'His serious illness makes it impossible that we should take any action for the present; and I, for my part, should deem it only fair to ask him for any such explanation of what is to us so inexplicable, as he may like to make. I hope you will do all you can to quiet the temperance friends; there is a very strong opposition, and it is unmanly, in my opinion, to strike a man when he is down. I have heard so much that I am anxious no more shall be said until Mr. Lawrence is able to defend himself.'