

The answer came one day in this wise: It was late in the afternoon; the clouds had been pouring down their treasured store of rain for the refreshment of the dry, hard ground all day; now, however, the sky was beginning to clear, and fresh from her showery bath Dame Nature came forth radiantly beautiful. Mrs. Newcomb was just getting ready for a drive with Winnie when word came that she was wanted. "It's only a boy with eggs and butter, ma'am. He'll not be keeping you long, I think."

"Come down with me, Winnie, and see this Scot Walton. He is quite a character in his way."

They descended to the room where a bright looking boy of fifteen was waiting beside his baskets of fragrant butter-rolls and fresh white eggs. Winnie cared nothing for these, however, but could not help observing the eager haste with which the brown fingers were turning the leaves in a book upon Natural History that he found lying upon the table. After watching him for a few moments, she ventured to ask him if he were "fond of the science."

"Hey! it isn't so much what it's about, miss, so it's learning. I am that anxious to learn that I catch up a book just anywhere I come across one."

"Do you attend school?"

"Not often, now that there's nobody to look after the farm; but I read lots, and so get on some."

"Would you like to read that book? If so, you may take it, and return it when you come with something for my aunt."

"Oh, that I would, and I do thank you, miss, just ever so much."

This was the beginning. Before Scot came again Winnie had collected a large number of books, a few from her own, some from her aunt's store, and two or three from the rather meagre supply in the so-called "bookstore" of the small town in the suburbs of which her aunt's house stood. Her aunt increased rather than lessened her interest in the boy, and between them they devised many a plan for his benefit. Scot's amazement was almost amusing when he came to the house next time.

Winnie, throwing aside her natural timidity, questioned him extensively concerning his ambitions and aspirations. These she found to be of no mean order. He must and would go to college, if he didn't see the inside of the walls till he was forty years old. He'd amount to something in the world, if he didn't get at it until he was sixty. Winnie fairly held her breath, he was so vehement.

"If I'd only some knowledge of Latin and had gotten along a little farther in my algebra, I could be ready right soon. I'm trying to teach myself these two, but I blunder dreadfully, yet I tell you I'll stick her through. I've a trifle of farm stock, and mother's saving up some too, and I can teach and work odd times; so, take it altogether, I'll not fail, I'm sure."

"Oh but, Scot, if you wouldn't mind, I will be here all winter, and I would help you with both those studies. I only finished myself this spring; so, you see, I have it all fresh, and I'd be so glad."

"Miss Winnie, God must have sent you right to me, for there wasn't a bit of a way open for me to get any more teaching for two years, till we've paid off the mortgage on the farm or lose the whole of it; and then I don't know as we could have gotten together the means to pay for schooling without taking the things I'm saving to help me through college with."

"I hardly dare hope so, Scot, but I know I shall like to help you."

But Winnie did not confine her labor to teaching alone. When she found with what a high order of intellect this young boy was endowed, she did not rest until she had persuaded him to consecrate it all to the service and blessed work of that God who had given it to him; and when, several years after, she heard of his marvellous success in bringing souls to Christ, she felt that the Lord had indeed called her to spend that long winter with Aunt Lucy, and had given her a blessed work to do there for him. Never again did she doubt or delay when the Master called her to do what at the time seemed as diametrically opposed to her own plan for laboring in his cause. Unwavering, unquestioning was her obedience to his commands. Like Philip, she "arose and went"; like Philip, she reaped an abundant harvest for the Lord wherever she sowed the blessed seed, whether in the desert or in fruitful fields

white with the ripening grain.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

PILOT-BOAT NO. 3!

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"There she is down at the pier now! They have brought her round from the dock, and she'll be off soon, I know. Dear me, why don't mother hurry?"

Here Tom, who was looking out of the window, nervously stood on his toes, seeing up and down, till unconsciously he stepped on the cat's tail, and then she began to see-saw with her musical voice:

"Me-ow-ow!"

"Scat there! Always in the way. Out of doors with you!"

"Tom, Tom, what is the matter? You are getting nervous," and Mrs. Marden gave him one of her "double smiles," as Tom called them, with mouth and eyes, and a cheery, motherly smile it was.

"But, mother, are you not going to have prayers? 'No. Three' will go, and go without me." Tom's voice was sharp with the spirit of complaint. "Bill and Bob Timmins don't have to wait for prayers and will be ahead of me," he thought.

"Tom," she said mildly, "you know I mean to give you time enough always to get down to the boat. Hand me the Bible, please."

Was there not reason why Mrs. Marden should have prayers? There was her husband away off on a long East Indian voyage. Fred was a hardy young fisherman, off every morning by three and a-half; and here was Tom, all energy and fire, a boy on board pilot-boat "Number Three." You could tell her a long way off by the huge black three she carried on her sail. That was her number among the pilot-boats that daily skimmed like petrels the waters off the harbor's mouth.

Mrs. Marden bowed in prayer that morning. How that mother did plead before God for the soul far away at sea, and for those who every day left their home for the treacherous ocean.

"May the birds all be in their nests when night comes, dear Father," was her plea.

Tom felt ashamed of himself after this pleading. "I am a booby," he thought.

Down at the wharf of the pilot-boat was Capt. Luffkin. He had a voice like a trumpet, a face round as a compass and brown as a down-east pancake. He was the master of Number Three, as good a pilot as ever roared on a quarter-deck.

"Ho, Tom!" he shouted, "you are in good season. Wonder where Bill and Bob Timmins are? Ha, there they are, the lazy dogs! quarter of a mile off."

Having finished his growl, Capt. Luffkin stepped aboard "No. Three."

Everybody on board, the ropes cast off, the canvas all spread, how "No. Three" did fly before the wind! She went quicker than a chip before a mill-stream.

"Ho!" said Tommy, rubbing his hands.

"Isn't this nice! What a spanking breeze!"

The clouds were out—a fleet of them—all sailing away, and down on the harbor yacht after yacht went shooting off, their long slender masts leaning over, their canvas swollen, and the water splashing and breaking into foam around their bows.

"No. Three" had passed the islands, the fort at the harbor's mouth, and also the tall white lighthouse tower lifted like a finger of warning from the extremity of a rocky island.

Tom was forward. What made him start? Looking off, he saw a hand lifted from the water! Then amid the waves, like the white flower of a lily, coming to the surface, he saw a pale, ghostly face!

"Man overboard there, skipper!"

"Starboard your helm!" shouted the Captain to the man steering.

"No. Three" obeyed her helm, swung round, and, heaving to, the man was picked up.

"Why, why," stammered Tom, "it's my brother Fred!"

"Take him into the cabin!" shouted the skipper.

When the exhausted Fred had revived and could tell his story, he said: "Tom, I have had a scrape, I tell you. I was off here pretty early, and it was misty, and a steamer ran my boat down. I thought I was gone sure, but, somehow, I came up, and have been floating round on that empty water-cask of mine. And do you know what kept me up, Tom?"

"No, Fred."
"Well, the thought that mother would be particular to have morning prayers, and if I could hold out till she began to pray, I knew I was all right."

Tom was now more ashamed than ever.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ELEMENTS OF HOPE.

Let us for a moment ask what the word "hope," used by St. Paul, means properly speaking. The word "hope," used in its proper sense, contains within itself two essential elements, and expresses the combination of two distinct facts of consciousness—desire and expectation. If the hope be real hope, there must be actual desire, on the part of the person who indulges the hope, for that on which the hope centres itself. Similarly, if the hope be a real hope which is cherished, there must not be only actual desire, but also there must be some reasonable expectation on the part of the person who indulges in the hope that the particular thing in question may be actually obtained; otherwise you may call the thing by the name of hope if you will, but it does not deserve the title, and so to employ the term is simply an abuse of language, a misuse of the word.

For example, let us say there is a pauper dying in your union infirmary, dying of some miserable and irksome disease. He seems to be dying in utter poverty and want. Now, if that man were to tell you that he hopes to be worth a million of money before he dies, you would regard it as a mental delusion, a sign of insanity. You would ask, What right has he to indulge such an expectation? Perhaps you would begin to catechize him about his hope—"Here you are dying in a workhouse, you have not one farthing you can call your own; on what ground do you base your expectation? Have you any rich relatives?" "No, all my friends are poor." "Have you any rich acquaintances? Do any wealthy persons take an interest in you? Are there any who are likely to leave you money?" "No I never knew such a person in my life. I do not know a rich man in the world." "Well, in the name of reason, then, what right have you to indulge the hope that before you pass from this life you will be worth a million of money?" So, perhaps, you would speak, endeavoring to disabuse the man of his vain hope, and yet some of you would, perhaps, after so doing, go home to your comfortable houses, and lay your heads down on your comfortable pillows, uncertain of what might take place in the night, with the possibility of awaking in another world present to your mind, and yet calmed with the hope that all will be well with you at last. If examined about your reasons for the hope that you will be an inheritor of Christ's kingdom and glory, you would be no more able to justify your hope than the pauper could justify his.—*Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aiken, in Word and Work.*

FATE OF AN OLD COMPANION OF NAPOLEON III.

L'Independant, published at Boulogne, gives some interesting details about a personage that played an important role in the history of the last emperor of the French, and has not had much cause to be proud of the gratitude of his patron. This personage was the famous tame eagle that accompanied Prince Louis in his ridiculous expedition to Boulogne, and which was taught to swoop down upon the head of the pretender—a glorious omen to those who did not know that the attraction was a piece of salted pork! This unfortunate eagle was captured at the same time as his master, but while the latter was shut up at Ham, the eagle was sent to the slaughter-house at Boulogne, where he lived many years—an improvement in his fate, says *L'Independant*, since his diet of salted pork was replaced by one of fresh meat. In 1855, Napoleon III. went to Boulogne to review the troops destined for the Crimea and to receive the queen of England. While there some one in his suite spoke to him of this bird, telling him that it was alive and where it was to be found. But the emperor refused to see his old companion, or even grant him a life-pension in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. The old eagle ended his days in the slaughter-house; and to-day he figures, artistically taxidermatized, in one of the glass cases of the museum of Boulogne—immortal as his master, despite the reverses of fortune.

TEMPTATION.

Unless the ploughshare cut the earth,
But scanty crops will grow;
Unless the sharp knife prune the vine,
Grapes make no goodly show.

Unless temptation try the soul,
Its strength is little worth;
Unless some troubles o'er it roll,
It clings too much to earth.

Question Corner.—No. 5.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. What Jew born at Alexandria was said to be an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures?
50. What plant was used to sprinkle the doors of the Israelites in Egypt with the blood of the Paschal Lamb?
51. Of what plant was the pottage made for which Esau sold his birthright?
52. To the seed of what compare the kingdom?
53. What plant is symbolic of sorrow?
54. To what animal did Jacob compare Judah?
55. What animals were the Philistines when the Covenant was in the land?
56. To what animal was the man in David's army compared who was this man?
57. What animal is spoken of as typical of Christ's patience, usefulness and exposure to enemies?
58. To what reptile is wine compared in the Bible?
59. What insects were the Israelites permitted to use for food?
60. Who was stricken dead for steadying the Ark of the Covenant?

BIBLICAL-ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Add the number of feet in the length, breadth and height of Noah's Ark; divide the sum by the number of years Absalom dwelt at Jerusalem and saw not his father; subtract from this the number of years of the life of the father of Abraham; add the number of years Isaiah walked bare-foot; and the number of years the famine was in Egypt in Joseph's time, and you will have the years of the life of Amram the father of Moses.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

25. The Book.
26. In Hebrew.
27. Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Esther, Nehemiah, Ezra.
28. Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.
29. Greater: Isaiah, Jeremiah, (Lamentations), Ezekiel, Daniel, Lesser: Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.
30. The most ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament which has come down to us. It was translated about two hundred years before Christ.
31. Alfred the Great.
32. Pison and Gihon, Gen. ii. 11, 13.
33. The Nile (the river of Egypt), Gen. xv. 18.
34. Solomon, 1 Kings x. 27.
35. Elah, 1 Kings xvi. 8, 10.
36. It was built by Omri, who named it after Shemer, from whom he bought the site, 1 Kings xvi. 24.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Gaza; 2, Enon; 3, Taurus; 4, Hor; 5, Sinai; 6, Emmaus; 7, Moriah; 8, Ararat; 9, Nebo; 10, Ebal.—Gethsemane.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Libbie Hawkins, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 12 ac; Alma McCulloch, 12 ac; Fred W. Pirlette, 12 ac; Clara Luck, 12 ac; George Bolt, 12 ac; Samuel E. Kacy, 12; Willie B. Morrison, 12; Edward Phoenix, 12; Arthur Hicks, 12; Robert Murkar, 12; John W. Jewitt, 12; Helen Nicholson, 12; Mary Jane Brown, 12; Jane Elizabeth Pope, 12; Agnes McDonald, 11 ac; Thomas Teller, 11; Alexander Dickies, 10 ac; Sarah Fowley, 9; Sarah Elizabeth Colhoun, 9; Edwin Brooks, 8; Florence A. McDougal, 8; Lizzie Taylor, 8; Thomas Buffam, 7; Mary C. Smith, 2.