

'That was good business,' said she: 'every boy would like to buy a pocket knife.'

'You sold it for a good deal of money, I suppose?' said his father.

'No; I could find nobody to buy it, so I exchanged it for a splendid new book bag.'

'What a smart boy that is!' cried his mother. 'If one thing would not sell, he exchanged it for something that would!'

'You surely got a good price for the book-bag?' said the shoemaker.

'No; nobody seemed to want a book-bag, so I traded it for a beautiful picture-book.'

'Now that's what I call common sense!' said the mother. 'A picture book is very impressive to the mind, and, besides, what would sell better in a school than a book?'

'And how much did you get for the book?' asked his father.

'Well, I didn't get any money for it,' replied Tom, 'but I did the best thing that I could. I exchanged it for a magnificent humming top.'

'How smart!' cried the mother. 'Of course a fine humming top would be more suitable than an old book, which, no doubt, was somewhat thumbed already.'

'And you got a good deal of money for the humming top, I suppose?' said the shoemaker.

'Not money, exactly,' said Tom, 'as the big boys in our school do not care for humming tops, so I traded for a peg top.'

'That was good business,' murmured the mother.

'And what became of the top?' asked the shoemaker.

'I exchanged it for some marbles, because it is not top time,' said Tom.

'What could be shrewder than that!' exclaimed the mother.

'And where are the marbles?' asked the shoemaker.

'I sold them for a cent,' said Tom.

'Oh, how smart! I knew he would prove a merchant!' said the mother.

'Let me see the cent,' said the father.

'I bought some candy with it to sell to the boys, because boys always love candy.'

'Why, that was the smartest thing yet!' cried the mother.

'And how much did you get for the candy?' asked the shoemaker.

'I couldn't sell it, so I ate it up,' said Tom.

'Of course,' said the mother. 'It would be poor business to let it go to waste!' But the shoemaker flew into a violent passion and cried: 'So, you stupid fool, you have wasted my hard-earned \$1 for a mouthful of candy and eaten the candy!' A pretty merchant you will make! You will go to work to-morrow morning learning to be a shoemaker, like your father, and in the meantime you will go to bed without any supper. A dollar's worth of candy ought to stay your stomach for one day.'

The shoemaker felt very bad about the loss of his \$1, but, after all, perhaps it was very well spent.—'The Picayune.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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The Farmer Feeds Them All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea;
The lord may live right loyally;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride;
The sailor roam o'er oceans wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
The men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
Beggars or king, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
And partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses by his gain;
And if men rise or if men fall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak;
He has no gift or place to seek;
To no man living need he bow,
For he who walks behind the plough
Is his own man, whate'er befall,
Beggars or king, he feeds them all,
—Selected.

He Div.

It was a little New York boy who was fishing one day last Summer and after a time appeared before his father with a fish-line in his hand and a couple of tears in his eyes.

'What's the matter?' quizzed his papa.

'He's gone,' sobbed the youngster.

'Who's gone?' queried the father.

'A pickerel,' answered Georgie between his sobs; 'I caught him on the hook—'

'Why didn't you land him?' asked his father.

'I was landing him,' gulped the boy, 'but—but—he—unbit and div.'—Exchange.

In a Mysterious Way.

J. R. Miller told an interesting incident once in 'The Family Friend' about a Canadian surgeon as follows:

One of the most skilled of Canadian surgeons has recounted his own sharp but salutary lessons. When but a little lad the bent of his nature was plainly shown, but the death of his father, and the failure of a bank, made all but a rudimentary education impossible. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the village carpenter, in whose employ he remained for eight years. At the end of that time he had become a skilled mechanic, but, better still, he had acquired the sterling qualities of industry and endurance. One day an accident befell him, and for a whole year he was confined to his bed. The enforced invalidism was most irksome to one of his industrious habits, but one day, in despair at his utter lack of occupation, he caught up his mother's sewing, which lay upon the bed, and essayed his skill with the needle. His hands were so broadened and coarsened by the heavy shop work that he was unable to take a stitch. His awkwardness both provoked and amused him, and he persevered until he was able to sew both quickly and well, and could relieve his mother of a large portion of her work.

About the time of his recovery a distant

relative of his died, leaving him a couple of thousand dollars; and, with many misgivings as to his qualifications, he entered upon his surgical training. Suddenly the meaning of his years of discipline unfolded itself. No nervous tremor ever disturbed him. In the carpenter's shop he had gained what no university could have given him—the workman's habit of thought. He never took a surgeon's tool into his hands without feeling that a workmanlike job was to be done. He was conscious neither of himself nor his patient. In the same way he amazed his professional brothers by his delicate stitching, the like of which was seldom seen, but they ceased to marvel when they learned that his master had been that tiny shaft of steel—his mother's needle.

Tiny Tim.

(M. E. Safford, in the 'Sunday-school Times'.)

A gentleman who had long been ill had at last begun to feel better and to grow stronger. When well enough to walk about the room, he could not yet leave it, and time hung heavy upon his hands. Any occurrence, however trivial, if novel, was of interest to him, and this is the story which he told me of what he saw.

One afternoon I sat in an easy-chair near the fire, my feet resting, man-like, on a narrow ledge halfway down the tall wooden mantelpiece. In the room was an organ, upon which my wife was playing. After a while she began to play, in soft, low tones, an air in a minor key. My head was thrown back against my chair, and my eyes rested on the wall above the mantel as I listened.

Presently I saw, in a hole in the plaster just over the mantel, a pair of very bright eyes peep out. Then a little head appeared, and turned cautiously about, as if inspecting the outlook. Apparently assured by the absolute quiet of the room, except for the music, soon the whole body of a tiny mouse emerged from the hole, and seated itself upon the mantel, still thoroughly alert, and ready to fly at a moment's notice. Just then my wife paused to turn a page of music, when our little visitor was off like a flash, and inside the hole.

The next afternoon I asked for the same piece of music, and seated myself in my accustomed position before the fire. I was confident the music had attracted the mouse, and I was on the lookout for him.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him appear and creep warily from the hole. Then he squatted down upon the mantel, and assumed a look of intense listening. He remained until again some stir put him to flight. This was repeated every afternoon, and always, at the playing of the minor strain, or something equally soft and low, mousie put in an appearance, growing bolder every day.

I scattered a few crumbs on the mantel, and he would patter about and pick them up, keeping his bright little eyes on me. Then I put a crumb on the ledge, and a train of them on the leg of my trousers. These preparations were made before he came. Tiny Tim crept to the ledge, and ate the crumb, and then very cautiously followed up the train of crumbs on my trousers, watching me intently. We called him Tiny Tim, both on account of his gentle, confiding ways, and a trick of limping he had, as if one leg had been hurt, and moved with difficulty.

Tiny Tim's visits became constant. If, however, he did not appear, and we wished for him, a few notes on the organ, and he was on hand. He became perfectly fearless, would creep in and out of the folds of a newspaper I was reading, in search of crumbs hidden there for him. He would dive into every pocket of