

a one. Still, I can so easily call to mind one of his age, now gone from earth, who would have been melted to tears by her tears, and would have exclaimed, eagerly,

"Never mind the money, Mrs. Noble. I will get the wood and water for nothing."

So there has been such a boy; and I know there are more. But George Burch was of another sort, and it must not be wondered at. From his earliest childhood he had been taught to get all he could and to keep it. "Make every cent you can, Georgie," his father would say, "and there's nothing to hinder ye from being as rich as any of 'em." That had been his motto, though as yet he had not made himself very rich by it. He had, however, a good house and all that he needed. George seemed to be born with a love for money. He would never lose a chance to make a cent if he could help it. He was willing to work, and to work hard, not because he loved to work, although he really did love work better than study, but because he loved the money the work would bring. He was always ready to lose a half day's school for a few cents, and it was generally remarked by his schoolmates when he was absent, "George is out making a cent."

George was never known to work for nothing. "No pay, no work," was his way of repeating the motto. When a neighbor wanted him to do an errand he had no hesitation in asking, "How much do you expect to give?" and if he found that it was expected to do it for nothing, even if it were right in his way, he always invented some excuse for not doing it. "Don't catch me working for nothing," he would say, with a shrewd look in his eye—a remark which his father always approved. So, of course, he had no idea of working for Mrs. Noble for nothing.

A few days after this, George and several other boys were playing in the yard adjoining Mrs. Noble's. Suddenly one of them shouted,

"See old Mis' Noble! She's dressed up nice to get a pail of water, ain't she? See her gloves!"

"I should think she was goin' to meetin'," added another. "Hope she won't catch cold!"

"No danger o' that," said a third. "Pity she hadn't a buffalo-robe to wrap 'round her head, on top of her big white shawl. She'd make a good scarecrow; wouldn't she, boys?"

At this the boys joined in a hearty laugh. "I thought you did her chores, George," said a pale, slender boy, who had not yet spoken.

"Well, I did as long as she could pay; but when the money stopped I stopped. You know, I ain't one of the kind that works for nothing." No, sir: you don't catch me doing that. I ain't so fond of work as all that."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Noble was struggling very hard to turn the heavy crank of the well. The cool November air made her shiver and cause her face to grow whiter than ever. Besides she had heard part of the remarks the boys had made, and she felt as if she must look very ridiculous. Her only thought in wrapping up so much was to protect herself from the cold, knowing by hard experience how she should have to suffer from any exposure. The nearer the bucket of water drew to the curb the heavier it grew; and as she stopped to lift it over, in order to pour it into her pail, her strength failed her, and she cast a wistful look toward the boys. That look was not lost on Ned Ingalls, the boy to whom George Burch had been giving his ideas about "workin' for nothin'." With one bound he cleared the low fence which separated the yards, and, seizing the crank, he said:

"Here, Mrs. Noble, let me lift the pail over. It is too heavy for you. I will carry it in, too."

"Oh, thank you, dear! but I don't like to trouble you. I find it hard, though, I confess, to get it in myself."

"It is no trouble at all. I am used to bringing water."

So he carried it in and put it in its place by the sink.

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Noble. "George Burch used to do this work for me; but lately I have been trying to do it myself. But it is quite an undertaking for me to get a pail of water. I find I have to wrap up as much as if I were going a long distance."

"I will come over and draw what water you need. I live near, and it will only take a few minutes."

"I should like to have you, but I cannot afford to pay you. I gave George up for want of money."

"Oh, I didn't mean to do it for pay. I will do it for nothing. I have plenty of time before and after school."

So, without waiting for Mrs. Noble to express her thanks, he bade her good-night and went away.

Ned Ingalls's mother was a widow. She was glad to get employment to help support her family, and to keep Ned at school. She did all the sewing she could get, and frequently took in washing and iron. So, really, Ned could less afford to work for nothing than George Burch and many of his other boy-companions. But, with all her work and all her poverty, she never lost a chance to teach her children to be kind to others, and to lend a helping hand whenever they could.

"You will never lose anything by doing for others," she would often say. "Don't expect to be paid always in dollars and cents."

George Burch was surprised when he found that Ned was doing Mrs. Noble's work.

"That's pretty queer," said he, angrily. "She said she turned me off because she couldn't afford to pay, and now she's gone and hired you. I'm glad, now, that I took three cents for that extra pail of water. I set out not to charge anything, but then I thought I'd better get all I could. That's father's way, and mine, too. He says I'm a chip of the old block, and I guess I am. Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm glad she didn't get nothin' out o' me but what she paid for. I s'pose you work cheaper. How much do you charge her?"

"Nothing," replied Ned. "It doesn't take long to get what little wood and water she uses, and she looked so sorter sick I told her I'd do it for nothing, as long as she couldn't afford to pay."

"Do it for nothin'! Well, you area fool. All right. Go ahead. Guess you'll get sick enough of it before winter's over. I s'pose you'll shovel for nothin', and go to the post-office for nothin', and go after yeast for nothin', and do everything she wants done for nothin'. Well, I hope you'll lay up money. The bank won't be apt to burst while you are so prosperous. Do it for nothin'! Well, as for me, I'd rather work for something."

But Ned did not get tired of it before the winter was over. In fact, as time passed, he liked it better and better. Although he did shovel, and go to the post-office, and go after yeast, he did not feel as if he did it for nothing. He felt doubly paid when he came in, perhaps out of a drifting snow-storm, to meet her pleasant face, and to see her point smilingly to an extra plate on the little teatable, which she had drawn close up to the fire, and to hear her sweet voice say,

"That plate is for you. You must have a cup of tea with me to-night; and here are some doughnuts which I made purposely for you."

Then, after supper, she would help him with his lessons, explaining all the difficult portions until she made them clear to him. This last was a great help to Ned, and he progressed so rapidly at school as to excite the wonder of his teacher and classmates. George Burch in particular, wondered what had given Ned Ingalls such a start. But Ned and Mrs. Noble knew. So, although she had not money to pay Ned for the work he did, she had many ways of helping him. It was she who knit his mittens, although it was often done with yarn ravelled from stockings her husband used to wear. It was her delight to make him pretty neckties from bits of bright silk she had in the house. Then they had nice talks about Ned's future prospects, and many a cheery game of checkers and backgammon; and often in the midst of their enjoyment, Mrs. Noble would exclaim:

"Why, Neddie, I don't know what I should do without you. But it doesn't seem right to have you doing my work for nothing."

"I don't do it for nothing: I think I am over-paid every week; so if you are suited I am sure I ought to be."

And so the weeks went by, and the months went by, and even the years went by, and little was said about Ned's doing the work except an occasional enquiry from George Burch, in a rather sneering way, if he still enjoyed "working for nothin'."

But this state of things could not go on. At the end of two years, George and Ned

both left school to go to work. George went into the factory, and Ned got a place as clerk in a book-store on smaller wages. But he thought he should have some chance to study there, and though he had said nothing about it to any one besides his mother and Mrs. Noble he had a strong idea of trying to work his way through college. About this time a telegram came to Mrs. Noble, informing her that her brother was dead and urging her immediate presence in New York. So she closed the cottage and went away and he missed her very much. But after a few weeks she came back, bringing with her a little girl, the only child of her brother.

Ere long it was rumored that the Widow Noble had bought the cottage where she lived. Soon additions began to be made to it. It was painted, and an ornamental fence was put around it. New and handsome furniture arrived, and many signs pointed to the conclusion that the widow had had a fortune left her. And so she had. Her brother had left a large property which was divided between his only sister and his child, whom he had confided to her care. But the greatest sensation of all was produced when it was announced that Ned Ingalls had left his place of employment, and, after a few months at the Academy, was to enter college.

"I don't see how you've managed to save money enough to go to college," said George Burch to him one day. "It's going to take a big lot, and you can't be earning much while you're there."

"No I shall not have much time to earn anything then. But to tell you the truth, George, I laid up a lot while I was working for nothing!"—*Christian Union.*

HOW ANIMALS PLAY AND ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Curack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*Passions of Animals.*

USE OF FLOWERS.

It's a trite and homely saying, "You can't eat your cake and keep it too," and we are obliged to square our actions with it pretty closely; but there is one peculiar satisfaction in the cultivation of flowers, for, in a certain sense, they are an exception to the practical operations of the rules of addition and subtraction, as embodied in the expression of them in the old and popular axiom above quoted. During the growing and blooming season of many of the best bedding plants and annuals the flowers can be cut freely and used, and the oftener they are removed the greater the amount of bloom. When plants are allowed to perfect seeds, they soon cease to produce more flowers, as the whole strength of the plant is necessary to mature the seeds. Therefore, if you want flowers, cut them and use them; place them on your tables, give them to your friends, and re-

member those that are sick, and perhaps, too, you may use them to help some one who is disheartened, or even to lift up a degraded one who needs, above all else, your sympathy. It would be sad indeed if objects so beautiful as flowers should be the occasion of growing selfishness. Give them with a liberal hand and he who sends the sunshine and the rain will bless you with increasing blossoms. A gift of flowers can seldom be inappropriate, either to young or old, and purity and goodness are painted on every petal. With the gift,

"Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth."
—*Vick's Magazine for July.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

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.

- 253. Which of the Judges was called to be leader of the children of Israel when threshing wheat behind a wine press?
- 254. To what tribe did he belong?
- 255. Where did the ten tribes of Israel worship after they revolted from the kingdom of Judah?
- 256. Who were described as "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ"?
- 257. What does Christ say about him that loseth his life for his sake?
- 258. Of whom did Christ say "She hath done what she could"?
- 259. Why was Joseph buried in Palestine?
- 260. When did an ass see what a prophet could not?
- 261. There were twelve rods laid together, and one of them budded, blossomed and bore fruit. Whose rod was this?
- 262. When were diseases cured by handkerchiefs and aprons?
- 263. Who said, "God is not man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent"?
- 264. On what occasion did he say it?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 20.

- 229. The Book of Jonah.
- 230. Because they turned from their evil ways, Jonah iii. 5, 10.
- 231. See Matt. vii. 41.
- 232. Joshua set up a monument in the midst of the Jordan to commemorate the passing of the children of Israel over dry-shod, Josh. iv. 5, 7.
- 233. Timnath-erah in Mount Ephraim, Joshua xix. 50.
- 234. In Shechem, Judges xxiv. 32.
- 235. Abimelech, son of Gideon, Judges ix. 6.
- 236. Jotham, the son of Gideon, Judges ix. 7, 20.
- 237. Three years. A woman threw a stone from a tower which caused his death, Judges ix. 53.
- 238. Aquila and Priscilla, Acts xviii. 2.
- 239. To Ephesus, Acts xviii. 18, 19.
- 240. A wise son, Prov. x. 1.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

- 1. Whose wife, forewarned in visions of the night,
Pled for the cause of justice and the right?
- 2. What noble queen did for her nation plead,
When they to cruel slaughter were decreed?
- 3. Of noble martyred hosts, who leads the van?
- 4. Upon whose name fell heaven's fearful ban?
- 5. Name the most ancient prophet who foretold
That which our wondering eyes will yet behold;
Himself the sample of what we then shall see—
The mortal clothed with immortality!
A fruitage of the Spirit here you see,
The blest Redeemer's precious legacy.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 20.—David W. McGee, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 12; Ada L. Potts, 12; Helen Cranston, 11.
To No. 19.—Maggie Sutherland, 12; Arthur Hicks, 12; Linda Halewood, 11; Helen Cranston, 10; Richard Douglas, 10; Herbert W. Hewitt, 9; Edith Mary Hewitt, 8; Elisha F. Broadhead, 1; Robert L. Cook, 1.