

work; and it is idle to speculate on what we would do in circumstances merely supposititious. Many have, like Peter, vaunted, in the hour of safety, how boldly they would go to prison and to death for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, who, when the trial actually came, were much ashamed of their vain boasting, and denied their faith: others, shrinking with terror from the anticipated hour of temptation, in mistrust of their own experienced weakness, have, out of that weakness, been made so strong, that their names now stand enrolled among the boldest and brightest in the noble army of martyrs. The habit of fancying scenes and situations, with the part that we ourselves should take in them, is more hurtful than is generally supposed. 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be,' is the promise given; and we ought by no means to anticipate the day, seeing that we cannot anticipate or calculate the measure of strength that God may see good to vouchsafe.

But I must return to the gipsy. The rencontre with her gave rise to a long train of thought, which occupied me during the rest of my walk. I was near an abode of royalty, and could not but recall the touching anecdote of the beloved and venerated monarch George III., who, when hunting near Windsor once, with his characteristic tenderness of feeling, relinquished the enjoyment of the chase out of compassion to his exhausted horse, and gently riding along through an avenue of the forest, was led by a cry of distress to an open space, where, under a branching oak, on a little pallet of straw, lay a dying woman. Dismounting and hastening to the spot, his majesty anxiously inquired of a girl, who was weeping over the sufferer, 'What, my dear child, can be done for you?' 'Oh, sir, my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to Windsor, and asked for a minister, but no one could I find to come to pray with my dear mother.' The dying woman's agitated countenance bore witness that she understood and felt the cruel disappointment. The king exclaimed, 'I am a minister! God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother.'

Then, seating himself on a pack, he took the hand of the gipsy woman, showed the nature of sin, and pointed her to Jesus, the one and all-sufficient Saviour. His words appeared to sink deep into her heart; her eyes brightened, she looked up, she smiled; and, while an expression of peace stole over her pallid features, her spirit fled away, to bear a precious testimony before the King of kings of that minister's faithfulness to his awful charge. When the party, who had missed their sovereign, and were anxiously searching the wood for him, rode up, they found him seated by the corpse, speaking comfort to the weeping children. The sequel is not less beautiful: I quote the words of the narrative. 'He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and then mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord I. was going to speak; but his majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said, with strong emotion, "Who, my lord—who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?"'

Let, then, the eloquent example of this king plead with you, when God gives you opportunity of following it. You will occasionally meet a gipsy in your path, or some other poor wanderer from the ways of God, to whom

you can deliver the message of reconciliation, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear; and you know not but the Lord may even then be awakening in that outcast's mind a desire for the teaching that you, if you know Christ as your Saviour, can certainly afford. Remember the good king's words, and the high authority whence he quoted them. Ask yourself, 'Who is neighbor unto this poor wounded soul?' and strive to be that neighbor, pouring in the wine and oil of Christian consolation, if the case be one of awakened conscience; and if the spirit be yet lulled in the fatal slumber of habitual and allowed sin, sounding the call to awake, to arise from the dead, and receive light from Christ. However bright the eye, and ruddy the cheek, and active the frame, still the poor gipsy is dying, and so are you. Work while it is day; for the night cometh, when you can work no longer.—From 'Charlotte Elizabeth.'

The Geography Trap.

(M. C. W. B., in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly'.)

'Always be honest, boys,' said Uncle Nathan to the youngsters. 'Don't ever try to cheat at play, at work, or at lessons.'

'I remember well how I tried to cheat my teacher once, and how I came to grief in consequence.'

'We had a new teacher that term, a Miss Mason, and we were all delighted with the way she heard us recite in geography the first day. No passing the questions around the class by turn, but all answered in concert. You know it is such fun to school boys and girls to be allowed to make some kind of a noise, and we made the old schoolhouse ring.'

'It was just the same the next day, and the next. There was a large class of us, and we considered that recitation prime fun.'

'The fourth day of school came, and as I drew out the geography from my desk to prepare my lesson, something seemed to whisper to me, "What's the use of your taking so much pains to learn your lesson when the class all answer together? Who is going to notice if your voice isn't among the rest? You can pick up enough from what you know of geography, and what the rest answer, to put in an occasional word, and it will do just as well."

'I suspect that imp of mischief went about and whispered the same in the ears of the rest of the class, and you may conclude so, too, before my story is done. I am ashamed to tell you, boys, that I listened to the evil suggestion, and spent the time drawing pictures on my slate, and arranging a jack-knife trade with Ned White, that should have been given to my geography lesson. And withal the geography was a new one that term, and not one of the class had ever studied it before.'

'"First class in geography!" called Miss Mason that afternoon, and just then there was a knock at the door. She answered it as we were taking our seats, and ushered in the minister and his wife, a committeeman and his wife, my two grown-up sisters, and last, but most important of all to me, my cousin Nathan, for whom I was named, and for whose good opinion I cared more than for almost any other person's. He always had such a pleasant way of rewarding me when I did well, and such a way, too, of making me feel his displeasure when I was in the wrong. At that moment I would have given anything I possessed in the world, for the knowledge of my lesson, but it was too late to wish for what I might have had so

easily. It seemed to me I felt small and mean enough to crawl into a knothole!

"You may recite in concert," said Miss Mason. "What peninsulas on the Arctic coast?"

"Boothia and Melville," piped up a small girl, the very least and most diffident of the whole class, while the rest of us sat dumb as statues, but redder in the face.

"In concert!" said Miss Mason. "What ones on the Atlantic coast?"

'Again the small girl answered alone.

"Once more; and this time decidedly in concert," said Miss Mason emphatically. "Now what ones on the Pacific coast?"

'For the third time Susie answered alone.

"You will now answer by turns, since you cannot seem to answer in concert," said Miss Mason; and three more questions went round the class, each to be finally answered by Susie.

'Miss Mason laid the geography down on the desk, with a peculiar smile on her face. "Those of the class who have learned their lesson for to-day will please raise their right hands."

'Up went but one little hand. Susie's, of course.

'Miss Mason looked amused enough to see how the rest of us had walked into her trap.

"Perhaps you thought," she said, "that because I had heard you in concert heretofore, I should always do the same; but that is quite uncertain. I shall never tell you beforehand how you will answer, so the only safe way is to prepare your lesson. Now I will tell you a little story, and then I will hear Susie recite the rest of the lesson, while the others take their seats and prepare to recite after school."

"Once upon a time the whole world agreed to meet together and shout all at once, to see what a great noise it would make. But when they were met, it seemed each one thought his voice could make no difference in such a crowd, so he would only listen to the rest; all thought so except one old lady, who went to do her duty and had no thought of shirking it. So when the signal was given for them to shout, all that was heard was one old lady squealing 'Boo!' at the top of her voice. Moral—each do your duty and the shout will come."

'A shamefaced crew, we went to our seats and into our geographies. Oh, dear! how humiliating it was, before visitors, to see the rest of the school dismissed while we remained; but you may be sure we did not need the punishment again.

'So I charge you once more, my boys,

'Always and everywhere
Be honest and fair.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at \$2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at \$1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.