

heard in the bush as she stalked about in her blind foolishness; and now that she is dead, her spirit flits from town to town de- siring to enter, but not being able. Have you ever heard, when you lie awake at nights, loud above the whirring of the cricket and the croaking of the frogs, the jorowing cry that comes from her broken heart?

### Chinese Gordon's Medal.

'The most refreshing character of the century was General Gordon.' Professor Huxley is reported to have said that.

Let me tell you the story of the brave General's medal.

For his great services in China the Government of the day sought to reward him. But he most unselfishly declined all honors that would seem like a reward for doing what he considered to be his duty.

Money and titles the General simply scorned. But a medal inscribed with his name and a record of his thirty-three engagements was accepted by him because he could not very well refuse such a testimonial.

After his tragic death, the medal could nowhere be found.

Then comes the beautiful part, which shows the singular nobleness and charm of Gordon's character.

Not being able to trace the medal at his death, his friends made enquiries about it, and the discovery was made that it had been sent to the poor of Manchester during the famine.

An anonymous letter accompanied it, requesting that the ore might be melted down, and its value given to the fund for hungry children in that great city. This seems to have been done.

Having sent off the medal and the letter, Gordon wrote this in his diary, 'The last and only thing I have in this world that I value I have given over to the Lord Jesus Christ.'

So unworldly, so utterly unselfish was the generous deed. He just spent himself always in seeking to do with his whole might the thing that he believed God called him to do.

He gave to Manchester's starving bairns his best treasure. I am sure the gift was made at the prompting of a heart brimming over with love for Christ's little ones. And it was an offering that could in no wise lose its reward.

He did what he could. Perhaps no higher purpose could have inspired him. The Lord's approval of the conduct of the woman who poured the contents of the alabaster vase upon Him, while He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, makes a gift like Gordon's splendid.

If any of us—if all of us—resolve to do our best and give our most to Him, it will be reward enough in the great day of reckoning to hear our Lord say of us: 'He hath done what he could.'

Only we can give Him our best.—'Friendly Greetings.'

### The Story of a Good King.

Few things are more remarkable in the history of the Sovereigns of England than the piety of George III. To it was, doubtless, due a large part of his popularity with the people, and his simple and unaffected intercourse with them procured for him an extraordinary degree of affection and love.

He appears to have learned religious principles in very early years, and was never guilty of concealing them. At all times he was diligent in reading the Bible. A pious female servant said of him, 'I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down. I wish everybody made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does.'

His trust in God is shown by his motto. He quoted that of George II. upon the arms of the Electorate of Hanover, 'I trust in my sword,' saying, 'This I always disliked, for, had I nothing to trust in but my sword I well know what would be the result; therefore, when I came to the Crown, I altered it. My motto is "I trust in the truth of the Christian religion."' In one of his letters Bishop Warburton says, 'Nichols, Potter, and T. Wilson, Prebendaries of Westminster, preaching one after another, belauded

the King with flattery, who, as Lord Mansfield tells me, expressed his offence publicly, by saying that he came to chapel to hear the praise of God, and not his own.'

Many stories of the King are told, of which the following is one of the best. An under-gardener, with whom the King was accustomed to converse familiarly, was missed one day by his Majesty, who inquired of the head gardener where he had gone.

'Please your Majesty,' said the gardener, 'he is so very troublesome with his religion, and is always talking about it.'

'Is he dishonest?' said the King. 'Does he neglect his work?'

'No, your Majesty, he is very honest; I have nothing to say against him for that.'

'Then send for him again,' said the King. 'Why should he be turned off? Call me Defender of the Faith! Defender of the Faith! and turn away a man for his religion!'

He was naturally inquisitive, and whenever he met Mr. West, his carpenter, who was a village preacher, on Monday, he would inquire where he had preached the previous day, what was his text, and how he explained it. He was not only fond of religious conversation, but tolerant of the views of others.

He was one day passing in his carriage through a place near one of the Royal palaces, when the rabble was gathered together to interrupt the worship of the Dissenters. His Majesty stopped to know the cause of the hubbub, and, being answered it was only some affair between the townspeople and the Methodists, he replied, loud enough to be heard by many:—

'The Methodists are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody, and if I can learn that any persons in my employ disturb them, they shall be immediately dismissed.' Naturally, this put an end to the disturbance.

On another occasion, when some wise-head proposed to bring a Bill into Parliament to prevent the increase of licences to dissenting preachers, his Majesty, on being applied to on the subject, returned for answer, 'If the Bill should pass through both Houses it shall not obtain my sanction, as there shall be no persecution in my reign.'

The King had a Mr. Gray, 'an ingenious mechanic,' among his servants, who resided in the palace for many years. On one occasion he refused to repair a bedstead on a Sunday, and the matter was reported to the King. The King said, in reply (as he afterwards informed Gray), 'Gray is a good man, that fears God, and sooner than require him to make such alterations I would sleep without a bedstead.'

He was one day visiting the Princess Amelia in her illness, when he impressed upon her the truth that in the sight of God there was no difference between the greatest and the humblest, that the first needed to be saved as well as the last, adding, 'and that must be through the cleansing of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by His righteousness.'

The last years of his life were covered with the thick darkness of insanity; but in his case, as in that of many others, when the mind decayed, religion proved itself to be the strongest of all affections. He had lucid intervals, and during one of these the Queen, entering the room, found him singing a hymn, and accompanying it on the harpsichord. When he had finished it he knelt down and prayed for her Majesty, then for his family and the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him; but, if not, to give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason fled again.

On another occasion, when the passing bell was tolling at Windsor, he inquired who was dead. His attendants at first did not answer him, but on his repeating the question, they said, 'Please your Majesty, Mrs. S.' 'Mrs. S.?' rejoined the King. 'She was a linendraper, and lived at the corner of —,' naming the street. 'Aye, she was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to Heaven. I hope I shall soon follow her.'

Such was the life, and such was the death, of the good old King, a simple Christian, whose example endures for all.—'Friendly Greetings.'

### Buds and Blossoms.

One day a child came running to her father and said: 'O Father, I meant to take some flowers to Nellie while she was sick, but I didn't do it, and now she is well again, and it's no use. She will have to take the will for the deed this time.'

The father looked grave, but said nothing. He led his daughter out into the garden. There he picked some beautiful roses and gave them to her. While she was admiring them he picked a bud which was slightly blighted, and handed that to her also. 'Which is more beautiful?' he asked.

'Why, the roses, Father,' replied the child.

'But,' asked the father, 'would not the bud some day have been as beautiful as the roses?'

'No, Father, it never would have bloomed, because it was blighted.'

'My daughter,' said the father, 'your kindness was like that bud. If you had done promptly what you meant to do, then your intention would have bloomed into a kind deed, like a rosebud into a rose. But now, because you neglected it, your intention is blasted, and will never bloom, nor do any one any good.'

The child looked into her father's face, and in her heart resolved that good intentions should bloom into kind deeds.—'Child's Hour.'

### For the Handy Boy.

Have you a little sister? If so, would you like to make her a doll house? It is quite easy if you are handy with your tools. Take two soap boxes of the same size, and nail them together, placing them side by side. Divide one of the compartments into two sections by nailing a board, horizontally across, half-way between the top and bottom, thus making two rooms. Paper the lower room with some dainty 'left-over' wall-paper for the parlor, and the room above, if papered in some rich shade of green or red, will make a cheerful sitting-room or library.

Divide the other box into four equal parts by nailing flat boards horizontally and perpendicularly through the centres. The two lower parts for the kitchen and dining-room should be furnished and papered accordingly, and the upper floor should be the bedroom and bathroom.

This is merely the skeleton house, but there are many pretty touches you can add if you want to make it extra nice. I saw a doll house built by a boy of twelve. It had a slanting roof, painted green, with a well-made chimney on one side. Outside the library window was a bay-window, and the three lower rooms had a porch around them.

The whole front was an exact imitation of a house, with windows and doors complete, and it worked on hinges, so that its little mistress could swing it open and play with the things inside. The entire outer surface was covered with brick paper, and it was a credit to the builder when it was complete, and a joy to the happy little girl who received it on her eighth birthday.—'Child's Hour.'

### What the Learned Chinaman Believes.

In zoology he believes that tigers plunging into the sea are transformed into sharks, and that sparrows by undergoing the same baptism are converted into oysters; for the latter metamorphosis is gravely asserted in canonical books, and the former is a popular notion which he cares not to question. Arithmetic he scorns as belonging to shopkeepers; and mechanics he disdains on account of its relation to machinery and implied connection with handicraft.—W. A. P. Martin, in 'The Lore of Cathay.'

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