

ice on the tree trunks, they followed in the footsteps. That night they spent in the forest on the snow, and a most wretched night they spent. They were the footmarks of a trapper going round his traps. How sorry the man was, when he found how, unbeknown to him, his footsteps had been the cause of leading others astray. Will it not be the scourge of eternity to know that our footsteps have not only not served as a guide to the narrow path that leads to everlasting life, but that also, long after we have forgotten them, our footprints may be leading even our dearest to their own destruction. Climbing these steep hills it fell to my lot to climb behind the komatik, and the path being narrow through the trees and very steep to climb, we were unable to wear snowshoes. The footsteps of the driver were pressed firm by his weight alongside the komatik, and I soon found that though I sank to my waist repeatedly if one forget to watch one's steps, yet if one stepped carefully in the footsteps of my guide, I could walk without difficulty. Surely it is thus in life—the path that leads to life, and is life here, can be trod by us. We need not be constantly floundering—we need only to walk in our Guide's footsteps, and we have a sure lantern at all times to guide our feet if we do our share in watching.

One more Sunday at the mill, spent in gathering in the school house, and sick visits between, and we were all ready to leave before daylight on Monday. A magisterial case of considerable gravity, however, concerning the wilful loss of a schooner for the insurance money, was made the subject of a confession—the man wishing to get the secret off his heart—and his was given me and necessitated an enquiry, the results of which of course one cannot refer to, only that it involved two days' hard work, and leaves us still at Roddickton, where as I write, a fearful gale is blowing and driving the snow into bottomless drifts, which bode ill for our progress if we can make a start to-morrow. Thus man proposes and God disposes, and so we believe the best for us is being worked out. Our thoughts wander naturally to Dr. Cluny Macpherson at Battle and his desolate coast, and to Sister Williams and Mrs. Macpherson, holding the fort while he is away on his travels. Even now the days are lengthening, and soon also we hope to welcome back Dr. Simpson and the sister for Indian Harbor.

Yours faithfully,

WILFRED GRENFELL.

### Familiar Sayings, and Who First Said Them.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Make a virtue of necessity,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking place' (not point), 'They laugh that win,' 'This is the short and long of it,' 'Comparisons are odious,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'A Daniel come to judgment,' 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives 'The almighty dollar.'

Thomas Murgan queried long ago—'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Charles Pinckney gives 'Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.'

'First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his fellow-citizens' (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the

House of Representatives, in December, 1720, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us 'Better late than never,' 'Look ere you leap,' and 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.'

'All cry and no wool' is found in Butler's 'Hudibras.'

Dryden says—'None but the brave deserve the fair,' 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and 'Through thick and thin.'

'When Greek joins Greek then comes the tug of war,' Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

'Of two evils I have chosen the least,' and 'The end must justify the means,' are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that 'Richard is himself again.'

Johnson tells us of 'a good hater,' and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, 'Wise and masterly inactivity.'

'Variety is the very spice of life,' and 'Not much the worse for wear,' Cowper. 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' Thomas à Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, 'Love me little, love me long.'

Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'a man's house is his castle.' To Milton we owe 'The Paradise of fools,' 'A wilderness of sweets,' and 'Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness.'

Edward Young tells us 'Death loves a shining mark,' and 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed.'

From Bacon comes 'Knowledge is power,' and Thomas Southern reminds us that 'Pity's akin to love.'

Dean Swift thought that 'Bread is the staff of life.'

Campbell found that 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever' is from Keats.

### A Monkey Hero.

A nobleman had a favorite monkey, a large orang-outang, which, you know, is the largest species of monkey, except the gorilla. This monkey was very much attached to his master, and to the baby boy who was the pet of the whole family.

One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in the nursery was almost forgotten and when they thought of him the staircase was all in a mass of flames. What could be done?

As they were looking up and wondering, a large, hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared, with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch, and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare.—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

### 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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### A Self-inflicted Fright.

#### A STORY FOR BOYS.

'I tell you I don't believe it. Why should Sanders play him such a shabby trick? He forgot to take the list of lessons, and there is an end of it.'

'Is there? I tell you he just kept that paper in his pocket on purpose, and I'll serve him out for it.'

At this threat there was a burst of laughter among the group of boys, but two or three clapped their hands and called out, 'I'll stand by the midget.'

'What are you going to do, midget?' said another of the party, speaking more quietly, while the lad whom it more immediately concerned walked away in dignified silence, that seemed to make his small antagonist more angry than ever.

'You may laugh, you fellows; but Bannister is my friend, and this losing to-day's lesson may just cost him all chance of the class prize, and put it into Sanders' hands.'

'Oh, nonsense!' spoke up another. 'I know Sanders, and he wouldn't do a mean trick like that. What a prejudiced, peppery little chap you are, Mansell!'

'Perhaps I am; but I am not going to see a friend cheated and not lift a finger for him.'

Another burst of laughter followed this, but the boys pressed round to know what Mansell proposed to do, considering that Sanders was 'big enough to eat him.'

To this Mansell smiled and shook his head. 'I know what I know,' he said.

'What is it you know?' asked his friend as they were walking home together a little later. 'I'm good for a lark, you know.'

'Well, it's a ghost! Sanders goes every Tuesday evening to town for his father, and gets back about eight o'clock. Now, if we could go across the green and meet him at the end of the lane that leads to Yew-tree Farm, we could see his long legs move as they never went before.'

The other clapped his hands. 'Good! I'll be one of the party and play the ghost. I can bring a sheet off my bed.'

A few more details were settled between them, and the next day one or two other lads were asked to join in the fun, and the time and place of meeting settled.

On the following Tuesday evening the party met at the place agreed upon about half-past seven, each bringing something by way of disguise or personal adornment, and they arrayed themselves to their own satisfaction at least, the ghost in his sheet with a convenient hole to peep through, and they were all concealed in the hedge ready to spring out upon Sanders long before the clock struck eight.

It was autumn, and the nights were growing cold, and when the party had stood in the shadow of the hedge for some time they began to feel chilly, and even the ghost openly wished Sanders would come.

'Hush! I can hear something,' said the midget in a whisper. The boys drew closer together to listen for footsteps, but the sound passed away, and there was another long silent wait; then the half-past eight chimed, and the ghost was just about to protest again, when there was an unmistakable sound heard in the distance and coming down the lane. But to the boys' excited fancy the sounds were weird and uncanny; there was a clank as of chains, and all at once the poor ghost remembered that along this road to the town there was a large lunatic asylum, and the fear suggested itself that one of the more dangerous of the mad people had escaped, and he whispered his fears to the midget.