

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Good Resolutions.

I will be neat.  
I will do honest work.  
I will be master of myself.  
I will keep my mind clear.  
I will learn to love good books.  
I will not even shade the truth.  
I will be punctual in all things.  
I will never spend more than I earn.  
I will not acquire another bad habit.  
I will not let my temper control me.  
I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.  
I will read my Bible and pray every day.  
I will be agreeable and companionable.  
I will not become habitually suspicious.  
I will 'do right though the heavens fall.'  
I will know well some honest business.  
I will not write a letter when I am angry.  
I will not overrate nor undervalue myself.  
I will not be a whining, fault-finding pessimist.  
I will neither work nor play half-heartedly.  
I will be courteous to old people and to women.  
I will deserve confidence whether I get it or not.  
I will not meddle with what does not concern me.  
I will be an avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.  
I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to the good.  
I will never let another person lead me to act like a fool.  
I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it.  
I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment.  
I will exert myself in all honorable ways to make and keep friends.  
I will, when I undertake a thing, be sure I'm right and then stick to it.  
I will not waste the next ten years, the most important of my whole life.  
I will keep myself physically clean, mentally alert, morally pure and spiritually alive.—'The Cumberland Presbyterian.'

## Ben's Kaleidoscope.

Mrs. Kennedy's little boy had the chicken-pox, and Ben felt sorry for him. Ned was a cheerful little chap usually, but now that his playmates couldn't come to see him he sat and watched them from the window and looked melancholy.

'I wish I had a kaleidoscope for Ned to look at,' said Susie Canfield.

'I shouldn't wonder if I could make one,' said Ben thoughtfully; 'I've read how to do it somewhere. Say, Susie, have you any glass beads, real bright red or blue, or a bit of gay paper? You look when you go home.'

Then Ben sauntered down—school being over—to the glazier's shop. He fished industriously in the heaps of odds and ends of window glass till he had three strips, each about two inches and a half wide and ten inches long. Next he stopped at the store and bought a sheet of heavy black paper, black on both sides, and a piece of thin, transparent oiled paper. When he reached home he hunted up some thin wire, and made some boiled paste; then he was all ready.

Susie came in with a little box of beads, bright paper scraps, and some bits of tinsel, and she and Ben's sister, Edith, watched the making of the kaleidoscope. First Ben took the three long, narrow strips of glass and put them together in the form of a hollow prism. Susie held them for him while he tied them to-

gether with the wire at the top, at the bottom, and at two places between. He twisted the ends of the wire tight and then bent them flat against the glass. When all the wiring was finished he laid the triangular tube on the black paper and pasted the paper neatly round it, lapping it over where it joined on one side; then he trimmed it off neatly at the edges. The bit of oiled paper came next. Ben stood the tube on it, cut it an inch larger all round than the opening, nicked the corners, and then pasted it up so as to make an end-piece covering.

'Now, all it needs is the eye-piece,' he went on, 'and that's easy enough.'

The girls watched with interest as he took a ten-cent piece, laid it on the black paper, and cut out round it with his knife; then he pasted the bit of black paper, with this circular hole in the middle, over the other end of the glass tube. 'Give us the beads,' he said; and Susie handed him the box. Ben took out only a very few of the things—the brightest and clearest—and dropped them in carefully through the hole in the eye-piece. He held up the tube to his eye against the light and turned it slowly. The gay contents, against the half-transparent paper, arranged themselves in fantastic patterns of rainbow color.

'There! Isn't that 'most as good as your cousin Johnny's?' he asked Susie, handing it to her.

'It's splendid!' cried Susie; and then Edith took a peep. Then they all three took the kaleidoscope down to Mr. Ames' shop and showed it to him.

'Well, now that's clever, Ben,' said the glazier. 'I'll make one for my little girl, but I don't believe I can beat yours. One thing, though; if that oiled paper end piece gets torn I'll put a dull glass one in any time you bring it round; but the paper's just as good as long as it lasts.'

After that Ben and Susie and Edith went on down to Mrs. Kennedy's and left the new kaleidoscope there with Ben's compliments. Ned was a very happy little boy that afternoon; but perhaps Ben got more pleasure out of it than Ned did, for there is lots of fun in making things, as every boy knows.—'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

## Music and Animals.

Some very curious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals. The instrument was the violin, and Herr Baker was the performer.

Of all the animals the puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence. His moods changed rapidly, according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous.

Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became livelier. The hyenas were very much terrified, but the monkeys were merely curious.

The experiments are to be continued, and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.—'Scientific American.'

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## Miss Martin's Legacy.

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden. She owned a two-roomed cottage and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. When she was fifty, a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

'I don't think I need to keep it,' she said to herself. 'It doesn't cost me much to live, and I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square. I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor, and nice furniture and two large oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet.'

'And I'll give fifty dollars to the church,' she added by way of after-thought.

But why was it just then she thought of the Dilling children—three in number—who on the morrow would be 'bound out' to live with any person who might be willing to take the responsibility of caring for them?

About two years before Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs. Dilling had time to look about her after this blow, things were very discouraging indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away, and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late, but in a few months her health failed, and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged, after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: 'As long as I can work they shall be kept together.'

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling. But now she was gone, something must be done. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be 'bound out.'

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children who were knit together by the ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said, 'They must be provided with food and shelter some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it.'

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

'It seems so bad for the children to be separated,' she mused, as she looked out at the Dilling house. 'I hope they'll be where they can see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought up.'

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over at the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the 'binding out' of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and at length a farmer who wanted a bound boy, arrived. He had tried two already. One had run away after a few months, and the authorities had taken the other from him on account of cruel treatment.

Miss Martin shut her lips tightly together when she saw this man. Probably he would want Fred, who was eleven years old. It