

## COME UNTO ME.

Come unto Me all ye that labor.  
(Matt. xi. 28.)  
O taste and see that the Lord is good.  
(Ps. xxxiv. 8.)  
My son, give me thine heart.  
(Prov. xxiii. 26.)  
Every word of God is pure.  
(Prov. xxv. 5.)  
Unto you, O men, I call.  
(Prov. viii. 4.)  
No man can serve two masters.  
(Matt. vi. 24.)  
The Son of man is come to seek and to save.  
(Luke xix. 10.)  
Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation.  
(Rev. v. 9.)  
My sheep hear My voice, and I know them.  
(John x. 27.)  
Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.  
(Phil. ii. 11.)  
—Friend.

## A GENTLEMAN.

The horse-car stopped at a crossing, and a news-boy jumped on the platform.  
"Have a *Times*, *Enquirer*, *Press*?"  
"I'll take a *Times*," said one of a group of school-girls.  
"O Jenny!" said another. "From such a little monster!"  
An old gentleman who was reading glanced up from his pamphlet. The newsboy was a dwarf, and a hunchback. His face, which was bent back on his shoulders, twitched suddenly at the girl's words, but he did not look toward her, as he stood waiting for his money. The old gentleman's grave look of rebuke angered the girl.  
"It makes me sick!" she said, with a look of disgust. "The conductor ought not to allow him to come on board."  
The boy turned and looked at her steadily. Everybody on the car expected a torrent of vile abuse, but he said, gently,—  
"If the Beast was not here, the people on the car would not appreciate the Beauty at her real value," and then bowing to her, he went out, amid the smiles of all the passengers.  
The old gentleman—who was a well-known physician, Dr. Avery—followed him, but he was already out of sight.  
"Who is that boy?" he asked the conductor.  
"His name's Willy, and his route is on this street. I don't know anything more."  
"He has an educated voice, and he showed good breeding and sense just now."  
"No doubt. The other news-boys call him 'Gentleman Bill.' Everybody likes him. We conductors give him the freedom of the cars on this street."  
A few days afterward, Dr. Avery was on a car late in the evening, when Willy came in, carrying a large bundle of papers. He sold none, and turned to go out, looking discouraged and anxious.  
Dr. Avery stopped him, drew out a paper, and handing him a piece of silver, said, "Never mind the change."  
"No, thank you," said the boy, smiling, as he gave it to him.  
"Why, not, young independence?"  
"I don't need alms, sir. I really get on very well. And if I did"—  
"You would not take it?"  
"It would be the hardest thing I ever had to do. Good-evening, sir!" and touching his cap, the little hunchback swung himself off the car.  
Dr. Avery after that often met the boy, who puzzled and interested him. There was nothing morbid in him; he was always ready with a laugh or a merry answer. His voice was controlled and gentle, and there was a fine courtesy, a tact, a delicate feeling, in all his words, that we do not find sometimes in those who call themselves gentlemen. In spite of the boy's wretched clothes and patched shoes, Dr. Avery found himself talking to him as to an equal, and always thought of him as his little friend.  
Late one night, when it was storming heavily, he met him, trudging down Chestnut street.  
"You have a hard life, my boy," he said, kindly.  
"Not so hard as you think, sir," he said, cheerfully. "I am never sick an hour. Then I do a better business than other boys because of—this," glancing down at his deformed body.  
"Oh!"  
The doctor was confused for a minute.

"Have you any plans, Willy? Do you ever look forward?"  
"Yes. Oh, I have it all planned out! If I could save enough to start a street-stall of books and papers, then after a year or two I would be able to open a shop, and then a big store. Some men who began that way in Philadelphia have become publishers, and live in beautiful houses of their own."  
"Hillo! Do you care for fine houses?"  
"Not for myself, sir."  
He became suddenly silent, and at the corner of the next street, said, "Good-night!" and ran away.  
A moment later, Dr. Avery heard cries and shouts in the direction which Willy had taken; but such things are common in a great city. He hurried home.  
The next morning, looking over the paper, he read:  
"A little hunchback newsboy, known as 'Gentleman Will,' was knocked down by a runaway horse last night. Dr. Johns pronounced the injuries mortal. The lad was taken to the Penn Hospital."  
Dr. Avery was soon beside the cot on which the misshapen little body was laid. Willy looked up, trying to smile. "It is not so bad as they say, is it? I can't die now! I have too much to do."  
"What have you to do, my boy? Let me be your friend; let me help you, if I can."  
"I thought you would come, maybe. I haven't anybody to come. The boys are good friends, but they couldn't do anything now."  
"I have come, you see. Tell me what I can do, my boy."  
The lad waited until the nurse had passed his cot, and then whispered,—  
"It's Letty, sir. She is my sister. I have her out with a farmer's wife near Media. She goes to school there. It takes all I can make to pay her board and buy her clothes. I like to see her look nice." His mind began to wander, and he began to mutter at intervals.  
"If could start the stall—the shop—a carriage for Letty."  
The doctor was forced to leave him. When he came back in the afternoon, he was rational, and when the doctor wished to go for his sister, said,—  
"No, don't bring Letty here. She mustn't know how poor I am. When I go out on Sundays to see her I have my good suit on. She calls me a 'swell.' Yes, she does," laughing, but with the tears in his eyes. "I went once with some papers to a Quaker boarding-school for girls near town, sir. They were such lovely young ladies, I always thought I'd send Letty there when I could get the money. But now"—  
Dr. Avery found out his story by degrees. He and Letty were the children of a planter near Savannah. Their mother was in Philadelphia during the war. Her husband was killed, her slaves and property were gone. She struggled for years, teaching and sewing, to support them, and at last died, leaving Willy in charge of his little sister.  
"And your name?"  
"My father was Charles Gilbert."  
Dr. Avery drew his breath quickly. "I knew Charles Gilbert in Savannah long ago. No wonder your voice seemed familiar, and that I was drawn to you so strongly. But you are my friend for your own sake, my boy."  
That evening Dr. Avery sent a long despatch to a lawyer in Savannah, where he had once lived and still had business interests. He took two of the principal surgeons in the city to examine Willy.  
When they had gone out for consultation, the boy lay, holding his hand, touching the door, breathing quick and hard.  
"Do you want to live, Willy? You have had a hard life, my child."  
"Oh no, no! I did not think it hard! I have so much to do for Letty!"  
"Had you never any plans for yourself?"  
The boy turned his gray eyes thoughtfully on him. They filled with slow tears.  
"I used to think—if I could be a scholar—a gentleman, like my father—but"—  
"If you do not live, my boy," said his friend, trying to reconcile him to death, "God will take care of you. This poor body will not be against you any longer."  
"It is not against me here!" said Willy, vehemently. "It is not me. Everybody knows that. If God will only give me the chance to do something in the world, the body won't stand in my way." He muttered after a while again, "It is not me."  
Dr. Avery was called out to hear the verdict of the surgeons. When he came back

Willy gave one look at him and sank back, covering his face.  
"There is still a chance, my boy, though but a slight one. I think it best to tell you the exact truth. Morning will decide. Would it comfort you to have Letty with you? I have brought her to town."  
"Yes! yes! It doesn't matter now that she knows I am a poor little newsboy."  
Letty was a sturdy, red-cheeked little woman, whose every word showed a heart full of love and a head full of good sense. She petted and soothed Willy, while he clung to her, and then said, cheerily,—  
"Now, dear, you must go to sleep. You are not going to die. The doctors don't know how strong you are. The nurse says I may sit here and hold your hand, and in the morning give you your breakfast."  
For days the boy lingered between life and death. One morning, after the doctors had made their examination, his old friend came to him and taking his hand solemnly, said:  
"Willy, God has given you the chance you asked for to do something in the world. You will live."  
When he was able to be removed, Dr. Avery took the children to his own house. He laid before Willy a statement of his father's affairs that he had received from Savannah, which showed that enough could be rescued from the wreck of his estate to yield a small income for the children.  
It proved to be enough to educate Letty at the Quaker school to which Willy dreamed of sending her, and to give him a thorough training in college and the law-schools.  
They both always "came home," as they had learned to call Dr. Avery's, in the vacations. When Willy came back at the end of his course, with the highest record of his class, he said to his old friend,—  
"All that I am or may be in life, I owe to you."  
"No, my boy. I never should have noticed you more than any other of the hundreds of newsboys but for the honor, self-control and good-breeding that you showed. A true gentleman will be a gentleman in any and all circumstances in life. God helped you to keep yourself separate, and above all the hard circumstances."  
Willy's eyes grew dim. "If my friends and God can see the man inside of the 'little monster,' I am satisfied," he said.  
His dream in life does not seem unlikely to be realized. It is character that wins and tells.—*Youth's Companion*.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

The following is the revised list of the prize winners in the *Northern Messenger* money competition:—

|                                       | PRIZE.  | AMOUNT. |
|---------------------------------------|---------|---------|
| 1st. J. H. Miller, Ontario.....       | \$10 00 | \$12 50 |
| 2nd. B. W. Miller, Ontario.....       | 6 00    | 9 00    |
| 3rd. Miss Maggie Steacy, Ontario..... | 4 00    | 8 70    |
| 4th. Mrs. D. McTavish, Ontario.....   | 8 00    | 7 40    |
| 5th. John Sturk, Nova Scotia.....     | 1 50    | 6 30    |
| 6th. Miss Amelia Butterfield, Mass. . | 1 50    | 6 30    |
| 7th. Geo. P. Forsey, Newfoundland. .  | 1 00    | 6 25    |

As will be seen the amounts sent in by our workers are not large. Two of them being equal, we divide the 5th and 6th prizes between the senders.

The money will be sent to the prize-winners next week.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following letters have been received from winners of premiums:

BROWNSVILLE.

SIR,—I received my premium all right, and was much pleased with it. It is far beyond my expectations.  
Yours truly,  
GEORGE THOMAS.

ARDOISE, April 9th.

DEAR SIR,—I received my prize book all right and was very much pleased with it, as it is much better than I expected. Please accept my thanks for it. I shall try next year to get more names for the *Northern Messenger*, which I prize very highly.  
Yours etc.,  
EMMA MARINETTE.

ELMSDALE, N.S., April 25th.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to receive the book, which you sent as a prize for the list of subscribers. We all like the book very much. I shall try to get some more subscribers next year.  
Yours truly,  
JAMES LAYTON.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**

## BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information.  
Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.  
Mention this Paper.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

## FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world.  
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1887 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Windsor, Ont.

DEAF.—A very interesting 80-page book on Deafness, Notices in the Hand, &c. How relieved. Sent free. Address NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall st., New York.

90 LOVELY SCRAP PICTURES.—Agents' Canvassing Outfit Cards and Novelties, with private terms. Also, 25 large Rich Embossed Motto and Verse Chromos. Your name on each for only 10c silver.  
Address EUREKA CARD CO., Bolton, Que.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 521 and 523 St. James street, Montreal; by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, and James Duncan Dougall, of New York.

## Question Corner.—No. 10.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. From what tree was the rod which Jeremiah saw in a prophetic vision?
2. Of what material were the pillars of Solomon's temple made?
3. What plant does Christ mention in connection with the tithes of the Pharisees?
4. The fruit of what tree is compared to a fitly spoken word?
5. What grain was gleaned by Ruth in the field of Boaz?
6. What other tree besides fir and pine does Isaiah say furnished wood from Lebanon for the temple?

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. Sidon. Acts 27: 3.
2. Milletus. Acts 29: 17-26.
3. Treas. Acts 29: 6-9.
4. Rome. Acts 28: 30.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

## CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER,"

when sent to one address, are as follows:—

|                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| 1 copy, - - - - -      | 30 cents |
| 10 copies - - - - -    | \$ 2 50  |
| 25 copies - - - - -    | 6 00     |
| 50 copies - - - - -    | 11 50    |
| 100 copies - - - - -   | 22 00    |
| 1,000 copies - - - - - | 200 00   |

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Publishers, Montreal.