

Proverbs for Boys.

Whitelaw Reid was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business hand-book. He recommended 'The Book of Proverbs,' and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.
A soft tongue breaketh the bone.
Labor not to be rich.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
Buy the truth and sell it not.
Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.
A faithful witness will not lie.
The borrower is servant to the lender.
He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.
He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.
How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.
Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.
Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.
Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.
There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
He that oppreseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.
If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink.—'American Boy.'

The Boy With the Hoe.

Can and Could both had to drive cows to pasture, and to hoe in the garden. Can's cows were regularly cropping the grass on the hillside long before Could was out of bed. Can easily kept ahead of the weeds by hoeing before they got much start; Could waited until there was 'some real need of hoeing to keep the weeds down,' but the weeds had such a start then that they soon got ahead of him and ahead of the crops, too, which were hardly worth gathering, although Can's garden yielded bountifully. 'If I could have had such a garden as that,' said Could, 'I would have been glad to hoe up every weed; but my garden was so poor that it didn't make much difference whether I hoed it or not.'—'Sunday-School Evangelist.'

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything, Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the slatted fence into Tommy's garden, with a great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now what do you suppose that it was all about?

Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells,—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth, green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came hurrying home from school at noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

'That new boy has everything!' he exclaimed crossly. 'He has tops, an' balls, and a bicycle, an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts! 'Taint fair, so it isn't!' Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—

a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin,—all three.

Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his very own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh and Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

'Hello!' called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

'Don't you like living here?' inquired Tommy. 'You look as if you were homesick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got a dandy lot of them, and they are all my own, every one.'

Teddy sighed again. 'I've been a-waitin' for a pumpkin for years an' years,' he said sadly. 'But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any.'

Tommy looked surprised. 'Would you like one?' he asked quickly. 'Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine, if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one right now.'

Tommy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took his jack-knife out of his trousers' pocket, and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

'You have everything, don't you?' said Teddy, regretfully. 'You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples, an' grapes, an'—'

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. 'I have everything!' he said in astonishment. 'Why, I thought that you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, an' horse-chestnuts,' he said.

'Why, so I have,' answered Teddy, thoughtfully. 'I wanted a pumpkin so much that I 'most forgot all about everything else. I did not remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some. Would you?'

Tommy's eyes danced with delight.

'You can have a big bagful,' declared Teddy. 'An' if you'll get some toothpicks, I'll show you how to make a Brownie man.'

'An' I'll help you make your lantern after school,' said Tommy. 'We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really and truly.'

'Why, so we can!' said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry. They ran away to see if they could find two cross, discontented little boys. I do hope they did not find you.—Selected.

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'Work Your Way.'

(The Rev. Dan F. Bradley, D.D., President of Iowa College, in the 'C. E. World'.)

Joe was a blacksmith's son, one of seven children, going to school in a little town of northern Iowa, and doing odd jobs about the shop in the village for the advantage of the family. Joe would have stayed in the village always, but for the minister in the little Congregational church where he went to Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society. The minister said to Joe: 'Don't be content to be a horse-boy in N—. Go to college.'

'But where's the money coming from?' said Joe.

'Work your way,' said the minister. So Joe got together his things, and packed them in a canvas telescope, and spent about all the money he had to get to Iowa College.

He arrived in the evening, and tried to find a place to work for his board and room, but in vain. That night, without money to go to a hotel, he lay down, like Jacob of old, with his meagre baggage for a pillow, upon the stone porch of the church; there was no ladder let down, and no angels ascending and descending; but God's voice gave him courage and rest. In the morning he was up early. Before night he was enrolled in the Academy, with a place where he could earn his own way.

For five years he washed dishes, mowed the lawns, tended furnaces, and studied, and sang in the glee club. He had his fun in the gymnasium, where he won prizes for performing; worked hard to get on the football, and, although he was light, he made the team in the last year, and in the last critical game got the ball and ran down the field for a winning touchdown. No wonder that when he came up for a contest with twenty-two young men for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship he won the prize, and is the first man to represent his State at Oxford.

No wonder that when the people in the little town of his birth heard of his splendid victory, won entirely by character and scholarship and grit, they rang the church bells, and came down in a body to the train to meet him. And, when he goes to the ancient university which sent out John Wycliffe, Thomas Arnold and W. E. Gladstone, there will be no man there more worthy to succeed those heroes than Joseph Garfield Walliser of Iowa College.

Chinese Names.

The names of the places where the Russians and Japanese are fighting are Chinese, and easily understood, when a few words are known. Yang means fortress, consequently Liao Yang is the iron fortress; Ping Yang the fortress of peace. Cleen is a walled city; Shan, a mountain; Hai, the sea; Kwan, a camp, consequently, Shau-hai-Kwan is the mountain sea camp. Ling is a mountain pass; Tao, islands; Pho, a harbor; Wau, a bay; Kuang and Ho, a river; Kow, a port; Fu, a first-class city; Ju, a provincial capital; King, capital; Pei, north; Nan, south. These explain Peking Nanking, Hai Cheu, etc.

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