

quick to act on their judgments. If you will learn this lesson, William, you will be a very successful man.'

'Thank you, grandma, I think I see what you mean. James and I are going out again to-morrow, and I believe I shall get as many pictures as he.'

And sure enough William got more pictures than James.

### A Wonderful Acrostic.

Explanation: The initial capitals spell, 'My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ' The words quoted, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete:

Make known Thy gospel truths, 'our' Father king,

Yield us Thy grace, dear 'Father' from above;

Bless us with hearts 'which' feeling can sing, 'Our life thou "art" for "ever," God of love!

Assuage our grief 'in' love 'for' Christ, we pray,

Since the bright prince of 'heaven' and 'glory' died,

'Took all our sins and 'hollowed the' display. Infant 'be'ing first a man 'and' then was crucified.

Stupendous God! 'thy' grace and 'power' make known;

In Jesus' 'name' let all 'the' world rejoice.

New labor in 'Thy' heavenly 'kingdom' own, That blessed 'kingdom' for thy saints the choice.

How vile to 'come' to Thee 'is' all our cry. Enemies to 'thy' self and all that's 'thine,'

Graceless our 'will,' we live 'for' vanity, Loathing thy very 'be'ing, 'evil' in design,

O God, thy will be 'done' 'from' earth to heaven;

Reclining 'on' the gospel let 'us' live,

In 'earth' from sin 'delivered' and forgiven. Oh! 'as' thyself 'but' teach us to forgive.

Unless 'its' power 'temptation' doth destroy, Sure 'is' our fall 'into' the depths of woe.

Carnal 'in' mind, we've 'not' a glimpse of joy, Raised against 'heaven' in 'us' hope can flow.

O 'give' us grace and 'lead' us on thy way; Shine on 'us' with thy love and give 'us' peace.

Self and 'this' sin that rise 'against' us slay, Oh! grant, each 'day' our 'trespasses' may cease;

Forgive 'our' evil deeds 'that' oft we do. Convince us 'daily' of 'them' to our shame.

Help us with heavenly 'bread'; 'forgive' us too, |

Recurrent lusts, 'and' 'we'll' adore thy name.

In thy 'forgiveness' we 'as' saints can die, Since for 'us' and our 'trespasses' so high,

Thy Son, 'our' Saviour, bled on Calvary. —'Christian Advocate.'

### An Enthusiastic Auditor.

The late Dean Hoffman was once called upon to speak at a gathering in the interests of a cause to which he had given much of both time and money. He took the rostrum reluctantly, and began apologetically as follows:

'I am not much of a speaker, friends.'

'Amen,' came heartily from a good Methodist not far from the speaker.

Dean Hoffman looked disconcerted, but manfully tried to proceed:

'I shall detain you but a moment, friends!'

'Hallelujah!' came from the same Methodist.

The dean proceeded to make a very few remarks with a very red face. He laughed most heartily, however, when it was afterwards explained to him that the exclamations of pious gratitude had come from a deaf brother, who, able to recognize nothing but the pause in the dean's speech, had expressed his approval on faith, rather than on hearing.—'Christian Youth.'

### A Bagster Bible Free.

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### A Legend of the Robin.

The old Britons had a beautiful legend of the robin which embodies so much of tenderness and religious sentiment that it ought to be preserved as an evidence of the softening influence of Christianity on this warlike people.

When our Saviour went forth, bearing his cross, and with the crown of plaited thorns piercing his brow, a little bird, touched with pity for his sufferings, plucked from the crown one thorn, which carried with it a drop of his precious blood.

'This blood, 'tis said,  
Down dropping, dyed the tender bosom red.'

Since this time, the legend runs, the bird has borne a charmed life, for the little creature had 'done what she could' for the Master.

'Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest,  
Weasel nor wildcat will her young molest;  
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.'

This tradition is, perhaps, the foundation for the high favor, amounting almost to reverence, in which the 'redbreast,' as they lovingly call it, is held by the English people to this day.—Mrs. G. W. Miller.

### Not so Bad a Slip.

'Mamma,' said little Bessie, at table one noon, 'I'm to write something to read in school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it.'

'An essay, perhaps,' suggested Bessie's father.

'An oration,' offered the little maid's high school brother, teasingly.

'A valedictory,' prompted a senior sister.

'No,' said Bessie, suddenly brightening. 'I remember now what it is—it's an imposition.'

—Selected.

### A Lesson in Elocution.

'The queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds,' said a merry girl, 'is that they nearly always have such very disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear anyone preface a compliment, a commendation, or anything gracious or pleasant, by saying, "I always must speak my own mind?"'

'When anyone begins that way, I wonder whether it is my conduct, my friends, or my last new gown that is coming up for adverse criticism. Of course, if it is some of your elderly relatives or acquaintances who have the habit, you can only be resigned and respectful as possible; but I had a schoolfellow, a girl no older than myself, who had exactly the same kind of a mind. She had confronted me with it on several occasions, and so one day when she began "You know I must speak" —I interrupted her.

'Must you? Well, then, I've just come from the elocution class, and I'll tell you what the professor said: "Never speak anything until you have studied it, and feel sure that it is worth speaking, that you are the person to do it properly, and that it will suit your audience."

'She looked at me a full minute without a word, but the professor's rule worked so like a charm that I've often wished that all the people with minds they must speak could take lessons in elocution.'—Selected.

### How to Know a Lady.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that 'a lady may be known by her boots'; in another, 'that she may be known by her gloves'; 'by her neck-wear,' etc. A writer who claimed to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say, 'A lady is judged by her laugh.' Again I have heard, 'You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes.' So I began to put these things to the

test, and I now tell you the result of my observations.

1. The Boot Test. The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired looking mother, carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent-leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother, and I could not help thinking that a lady would be more considerate of the comfort of others.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test. In a large dry goods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received. Surely a lady would not be so thoughtless of the little courtesies of life.

3. The Laugh Test. I heard a merry, ringing laugh which I would have declared came from a pure as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laughter say to her mother: 'It's none of your business who my letters are from.' Would a lady speak thus to her mother?

4. The Voice Test. I heard a reader give, in the sweetest, most musical voice, that old but beautiful poem, 'Somebody's Mother,' and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement. Would a lady be guilty of ridiculing the misfortunes of others?

5. The Hand Test. Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but those hands, on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms. Can a lady be devoid of feeling for her unfortunate sisters?

6. The Letter Test. I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attention of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the pastime of a heartless flirt. Would a lady be guilty of any such amusement?

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, should cultivate sweetness of voice, and should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order, as the divinely appointed moulder, teacher, and refiner of men; and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place, she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world shall be fairly done as her hands can do it; and the mind in knowledge, accomplishment, and taste, that she may be a delight and help in her home. There is a hidden lady in every woman as there is a gentleman in every man, and no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, a true lady or a true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged by this nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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