

up its ruined walls, and make the people of it the sharers of my wealth."

So he abode in the village; and he became a neighbor to old and young. The inhabitants became his children, and his brothers and sisters, and his parents. And light arose in their dwellings, and prosperity came back into their street, and songs to their lips. The rich man was happy, and the poor were blessed; and in his old age, when young people were setting out in life, and came up to him for his blessing, he used to repeat to them the song which the fair-haired child of his vision had sung to him, and call it "the secret of a happy life."

Long years have passed since those things took place. The ruined village is now a large and prosperous city; but in the centre of it stands to this day a granite cross with the portrait of a beautiful child cut on the stem, and underneath, the words of the song—

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find?  
Hearts of love around thee bind?  
Be thyself a heart of home;  
To gentle hearts, hearts gentle come."

That is the monument of the rich stranger who shared his riches with the people of the ruined village. His name is unknown. But in the histories of the city you will find that the founder of its prosperity is described as "the man with the neighborly heart."—*Dr. Macleod.*

WHISPERS THAT COME ABROAD.

BY EASY L.

Aunt Edith was sitting at the open door of her cottage, one bright afternoon, when Fannie, her niece of seventeen, entered with a quick step, and cordially taking her extended hand said with an anxious look, "O Aunt Edith, I want you to tell me something, or at least to help me get my thoughts straight, so that I may know just what is right for me to do."

"Well, my dear child, sit down a minute and take breath," said Aunt Edith to the eager girl, whose sweet, serious face was a true index to the character of one who desired to know "just what was right."

"What troubles you," continued her aunt, as Fannie dropped upon a carpet-bench at her feet, and, laying her arms in her aunt's lap, rested her head upon them in thought.

"Why, Auntie, it is only one of those things about which I am always troubling you. Do you suppose I shall ever come to know my duty without leaning upon others?"

"Poor motherless lamb!" said Aunt Edith tenderly, as she stroked the soft hair from the upraised brow. "To be sure you will, for the Good Shepherd never withdraws his lessons of wisdom, his supplies of grace from any heart that has learned its own ignorance and need of guidance. But you have not told me what perplexes you to-day."

"Well, Auntie, you know Carrie spent all last winter in the city, and she made many new acquaintances. Among them was a family of several girls, with whom she became very intimate, and yet it seems to me they must be very different from what we in the country call 'nice girls.' They had lots of beaux, with whom they made very free; they laughed at all her shy notions about gentlemen, and told her of incredible things that they were in the habit of doing. One day while sitting at the open window, they induced her to wave her handkerchief to a perfect stranger, a young man who was passing. He raised his eyes and fixed them upon Carrie, who the next moment was frightened at what she had done, and retreated from the window.

"A few weeks from that time she was riding in a stage, when she suddenly perceived that the same stranger was sitting opposite her in company with two or three rude young men. She saw that he recognized her, for he bowed, with an annoying familiarity, and when she left the stage he followed her until she entered the house of a friend near by.

"And now, Auntie, would you believe it, no sooner has she left the city and come back home, than she has received a letter from him, in which he alludes to these circumstances and promises to visit her, though how he found out her name or address, she cannot imagine. But what is worst of all, she wishes to meet him, yet knows that she cannot do so, in her father's house. She wanted me to plan with her, and to promise that I would not tell. When I hesitated, she burst into tears and reproached me with not being a friend. She would not listen to

my assurances that I should always love her and be true to her confidence, for I shall speak of this to no one but you, Auntie. I begged her to tell her mother all about it, her poor mother who is so bound up in her, and who is so willing to toil and deny herself that she may give Carrie the best advantages. But Carrie said her mother did not understand her; that society and everything was so different in the days when she was young; that she considered any little bit of fun as something dreadful, and in short, above all persons, nothing on earth would induce her to tell her mother. But she supposed such a friend as I had always professed to be, would help her out of a little scrape as she called it instead of opposing her. O Auntie, she looked as if she were so disappointed in me, and felt so bad, that I could not really tell what I ought to do or say."

"I do not wonder, my dear, that you did not know what was best. And, Fannie, as you have been telling me this, the words of the book come to my mind: 'For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad.' I have been compelled to think much on these subjects in my frequent intercourse with the young. What sad wrecks of character have I known in young girls, who classify under the name of 'fun' acts and words of indelicacy, pert or bold advances before men, secrets and confidences among each other on improper subjects, all of which, to say the least, soil that purity of mind and real modesty which is the chief charm of woman and which, when once lost, can never be replaced by any regret or circumspection in the future."

"But, Auntie, Carrie has always seemed such a true girl, until she went away from home."

"I know it, my child, but in the very nature of evil there is a power to increase and spread itself over the soul. The most

stealthy and deep-hidden movement of the mind, if unchecked, is sure to repeat itself; and if evil be tolerated, it will inevitably bring to the open blaze of day that which in its beginnings was only whispered in the ear, or given under pledge of secrecy. It need not be published by malicious lips; it will as surely reveal itself as any law of nature will work out its legitimate results."

"I do not think that Carrie saw the matter at all as I do, Auntie."

"No probably not. Evil thoughts indulged take a false hue from the imagination, and soon pervert or discolor the decisions of the judgment. We no longer see the simple truth in its purity, and while our love of it is steadily declining, we fail to perceive the guiltiness of our indifference. If the mind be allowed to roam among thoughts that are mean or debasing or impure, the citadels of defence are carried away unperceived to ourselves, and a thousand little avenues throw open to the outer world the secrets of the inner. The face unconsciously speaks, the glance of the eye, the very tone of the voice, unbidden tells tales of what is so carefully concealed."

"O Auntie, if I could but persuade Carrie to come to you for counsel! You have always been such a true friend to her, just as you have been a precious adviser to me."

"I doubt your power to do it, my child, though I have indeed felt a deep interest in her, and wish most heartily that I might help her in this time of need, which I feel she so little realizes."—*Advance.*

TIRED OF HOME.

A few months ago two foot-passengers sought shelter in a barn, in the outskirts of Titusville, Pa. The elder one was a "professional tramp." The younger was a boy about fourteen years old, fine-looking and well-dressed, though both his face and clothing showed signs of rough travel.

They found lodging in the loft of the barn, where they scraped together a little

hay-dust for a bed. In the middle of the night the boy complained of feeling cold and proposed to go down to the lower floor for a horse-blanket, which they had discovered on entering.

The barn was dark, and his companion warned him to be careful how he moved. He got the blanket, however, climbed back to the loft, and called out—

"Where are you?"

"Here, in the same place," the tramp replied, and reached to take the blanket.

The next moment a heavy, crushing sound was heard, followed by faint groans on the lower floor. The tramp called, but got no answer. He then made his way to the floor, and groped about until his hand came in contact with the boy's body, lying across the pole and whippetrees of a waggon. With some difficulty he disentangled his limbs from the iron-work, and laid him on the floor; then roused up the farmer and returned to the barn with a lantern. The boy was dead.

His dress, his fine features, and everything else about him showing that he belonged to a good family, his tragic end created a profound interest in Titusville.

Mr. Hall, the kind-hearted undertaker, assumed the funeral expenses, and received in his store hundreds of people who came to look upon the fair young face in the casket. Mothers shed tears over him, and questions none could answer were eagerly asked regarding his parents and home.

Mr. Hall had placed on the coffin two silver plates, one of which bore the inscription:

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.  
WILLIE CARTER,  
Died May 14th, 1880.  
Aged about 14 years.

On the other plate were inscribed these lines:

"Take him up tenderly,  
Lift him with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!"

Willie Carter was the name the tramp had known the boy by, as he testified at the coroner's inquest. They had "tramped" together from Jersey City, being about nine days on the road. But who the boy's parents were he could not tell.

The case was advertised extensively in the newspapers, and by handbills; and in a few days another tramp turned up, who recognized the boy by a photograph, which had been taken after his death.

Through information he was able to furnish, the mystery surrounding "Willie Carter" was at last solved.

He belonged to respectable parents in Wilmington, Del., and had been enticed away from a good home and kind friends by two tramps travelling with a Punch-and-Judy show.

Mr. Hall communicated, by telegraph, with his father, photographs were exchanged, and the boy's identity, though he had been travelling under an assumed name, was established beyond question.

Great sympathy for the bereaved parents was excited; newspaper, telegraph and railway men gave their services, everybody helped who could, and the remains of the poor boy were sent home for burial.

It was an extremely sad case, yet, in some of its features, not an uncommon one. How many boys grow restless in good homes, run away to seek adventures, and, perhaps, in the end meet with a worse fate than that of poor young "Willie Carter."—*Youth's Companion.*

A CHILD TELEGRAPHER.—The frontier telegraph office at William's ranch is managed by Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years of age. A gentleman who returned from there a few days since says Hallie is the most remarkably intelligent little elf he ever had the pleasure of meeting. She handles her instrument with the success and precision of an old operator. Recently, when election returns were coming in and the whole coun-

try was wildly excited to know the result, little Hallie sat at her instrument, her eyes aglow with intelligence, and gathered in the news from all over the Union, while dozens of brawny men crowded around to hear what the lightning brought, and to admire the wonderful skill of the little operator. While, controlling the wires as she does Hallie is not unlike other little girls of her age in her habits and inclinations. For instance, one end of her operating table is piled full of baby dolls, and she spends a great deal of her leisure time dressing and nursing them. Brown county may claim the youngest telegraph operator in the world.—*Waco (Texas) Examiner.*

REVENGEFUL SWALLOW.—A gentleman of Brenchley having shot a hen-swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner immediately flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, and continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot, the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sundays, when it did not recognize him, in consequence of his change of dress.

Question Corner.—No. 11.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

121. What man's hair was the means of his death?
122. What queen had a man put to death so that her husband might possess his vineyard?
123. What prophet was sent to reprove them?
124. What death did this queen die?
125. At what place were Elijah and Elisha last seen before they crossed the Jordan to the place from which Elijah was taken up into heaven?
126. What man beside Elijah was taken to heaven without dying?
127. To what tribe did Daniel belong?
128. What street, mentioned in the life of Paul, is shown at the present day?
129. What judge of Israel on retiring challenged the people to show an instance of his unjust judgment?
130. Where are we told, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man"?
131. What man in the Old Testament at the age of eighty-five claimed that he was as vigorous and as fit for war as he was forty-five years before?
132. Which was the largest of the twelve tribes when they were numbered in the desert and how many men able for war did it contain?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

97. Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Isaiah ix. 6.
98. Mount Nebo. It is situated in the tribe of Reuben, near the head of the Dead Sea.
99. Acre. Mount Carmel.
100. The trial between Elijah and the prophets of Baal to show which worshipped the true God. 1 Kings xviii. 17, 40.
101. On Mount Moriah. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
102. God commanded Abraham to go there to offer up his son Isaac. Gen. xxii. 2.
103. On mount Horeb. Ex. iii. 1, 2.
104. Abib (March-April). Deut. xvi. 1.
105. To Thomas. John xx. 26, 29.
106. To the eleven apostles on a mountain in Galilee after his resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 1, 20.
107. James. 1 Cor. xv. 7.
108. Jonathan. 1 Sam. xiv. 1, 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 9.—Annie M. Pattison, 10; Carrie S. Hatfield, 10; Sarah Pattison, 10.  
To No. 8.—W. W. Alexander, 12 ac; Lizzie Colhoun, 12; Edward B. Craig, 12; James R. Smith, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12; John Barbrick, 12; Ada E. Ruttan, 12; Emma J. St. John, 12; Maud Armstrong, 12; Annie M. Pattison, 1; Janet Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11; Louie Lloyd, 11 ac; Carrie Hatfield, 11; Thomas T. Telfer, 11; Frederick J. Priest, 11; Alexander Dickie, 11; Agnes Murdoch, 11; W. A. Piper, 10; Herbert Davidson, 10; Minnie Rothe-Ingham, 10; Maggie A. McLeod, 6; Harriet Maua Orr, 5; Willie Orr, 1.