

The last time I saw "the horses' friend" she looked feeble and worn, and yet the gravel was thickly strewn. A little cart, with a plump, intelligent donkey, was near at hand, and she went backwards and forwards to get her basket filled. People had become familiar with her work, and such was her perseverance and good will that the only wonder among the men was, "Who paid her for all this trouble?" as if no one would do it except for money.

Last winter was long and severe, and for one week in February the graving had not been done. The carmen carried the word home, "The old lady's dead, she's gone at last." So it was, and thenceforward the noble animals who trod so firmly over the "bad bit" had lost their friend.

Very soon her death became known, and people in Trinity Square and the Tower (for there is quite a little town in the Tower of London, officers and warders, storekeepers, and beefeaters) drew down their blinds on the day of the funeral of Miss Lisetta Rist, whose name had never been told till her merciful work had ceased. But now the daily papers have recorded her singular history, and it is known that she lived at Stratford, some miles from Tower Hill, the scene of her early morning labors carried on for forty years; and we know also that she has left £1,500 in trust with four respectable carmen, called in her will her "Gravelling Trustees," so that her good work may be carried on for ever.

Boys, you are spirited, brave, and full of courage; be merciful also, and merciful to animals; be merciful to all living creatures, and remember that wherever God has given life you have no right wantonly to destroy it.

Does it ever seem to you that insects are "fair game," and so you join in sports which you have never thought to be cruel! A butterfly crosses your path; at once your cap is thrown, and other boys joining in the chase throw up their caps, and so one of the fairest things of God's creatures falls a prey to the swiftest runner or the most dexterous thrower. A village lad comes along a country lane and sees the tiny light of a glow-worm; the treasure is taken home and exhibited, then put into a bottle—a thing forgotten. A boy goes out to take a walk; he sees a snail, and with his stick he thoughtlessly breaks its shell; he spies a cobweb, and with his forefinger he sends the spider spinning from the centre of its web; or, catching a fly, entangled it in the meshes of the well-laid net and watches the spider pounce upon its prey. All this may not be "meant" for cruelty, but it is cruelty nevertheless.

Who could think well of a boy who put his heel upon an ant-hill, or fired the skilfully contrived cells of a colony of wild honey-bees? and I am quite sure no boy, not absolutely wicked, would do such things if he had read books like those of Dr. Cumming, the bee-master, and Sir John Lubbock, the friend of the little ant.

Boys who pride themselves upon detesting mean actions, duplicity, and guile, should count it equally unworthy to practise any act which needlessly inflicts pain on any living creature. More than this, they should scout the companionship of boys who encourage cruelty. They should have pluck enough to rebuke the very suggestion, and they should loudly denounce the act if perpetrated. Such boys would grow up a blessing to society. They would never see a horse brutally flogged without remonstrance, or a poor cat pelted by boys, or a faithful dog kicked by a drunken drover, or a woman struck by the hand of a man, without an attempt to stay the act or to secure punishment.

Let but the boys be imbued with the sweet spirit of mercy, and cruelty to animals would be an uncommon thing, and dastardly conduct to defenceless women and little children would be a thing well-nigh unknown.—*The Boys' Own Paper.*

THE BIBLE AND THE HUMAN HEART.

Does this "old Bible," given so many centuries ago among the Jews, describe the human heart of to-day, and the condition of man in different lands, or is it antiquated and defective in this respect?

On a certain occasion, some fourteen years ago, I went into a native city in India, where the name of Jesus had never been heard, there, for the first time, to show them and give them these Scriptures, and to preach to them of Christ and his salvation. As an introduction, when we had assembled an audience in the street, I asked my native assistant to read the first chapter of Romans—the chapter a part of which has been read in your hearing to-night; that chapter which those who call themselves liberal-minded tell us is too black to be true; that chapter that describes the heart of man wandering away from God and into sin, and conceiving vile conceptions of God, and then wandering away farther, until at last, "though they know the judgments of God, that they which do such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure

in them that do them;" the chapter which many tell us is a libel upon human nature. That chapter was read. The most intelligent man in the audience, a Brahmin, stepped forward and said to me, "Sir, that chapter must have been written for us Hindus. It describes us exactly." The photograph was recognized. It had been taken centuries before, and among a Jewish people; but the artist was divine, and the heart that was photographed was that, not of a Jew, but of a man.

On another occasion I was reading from the seventh chapter of Romans that declaration of Paul of the power of sin over us, where he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do." As I read it the most intelligent man in my audience spoke up, saying, "That is it! that is it! That is exactly what is the matter with us Hindus. Now does your Book tell us how we can get rid of that evil disposition, and do the good we would and avoid doing the evil that we would not?" How gladly, from this same old book, did I point them to Him who can create a new heart and renew a right spirit within us; who can give us not only the desire, but the power to do good: "For I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

On another occasion and in a different city. I read the description in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, of the making and worshipping of images. When I had completed the reading, a sharp man in the audience, a Brahmin, stepped out and said, "Now, sir, we have caught you. You told us that this was an old book, given long ago, in another part of the world, to tell us how we might find God, and how, worshipping him, we might attain to peace with him; but, sir, that that you have just read you have written since you came here and saw how we Hindus managed it." The photograph once more was recognized.—*Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.*

HOW GAMES TRAVEL.

Travellers, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it on this wise: That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledore and shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite-flying seems to lie somewhere in South-east Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play-instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization. Within a century, Europeans becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called *manu* or "bird," flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of another of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that being one wet day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "cat's-cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the Maoris of New Zealand, who call it *manu*, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented; its various patterns represented canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "cat's-cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good to show that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a kind of draughts which was not the European game, and which can hardly be accounted for but as another result of the drift of Asiatic civilization down into the Pacific.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.

As long as written words exist, they stand silent witnesses of the character and sentiment of the writer. Many persons do not seem to realize the possibility of their falling into other hands than those for whom they were intended.

We were once visiting a friend, and one afternoon, to amuse us during her absence from home, she handed us a large package of letters to read. They were from the correspondents of her young days, and received before her marriage. The writers were now middle-aged men and women, and we knew them as such; but these letters were pictures of their early lives, and in style and sentiment were not such as they would willingly have had preserved for promiscuous circulation among their friends. Many of them closed with a request that they should be burned as soon as read, but they had not been destroyed; and here they were, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the same foolish, gushing sentimentalities; while the writers, as the years had sped on, had grown older, wiser, and higher toned. If they could but have looked out into the future, in those callow days of theirs, these thoughtless, confidential chronicles had never been written.

Dear young friends, we would not deprive you of the pleasure of corresponding with each other; on the contrary we heartily approve of it, under certain restrictions. It will give you fluency with the pen in the expression of your ideas, and will be a means of culture and mutual improvement, according to the subjects which you select to write about. We will not dictate to you now, however, as to topics or style, but you will bear with us (because you know we are so deeply interested in your welfare) when we beg you never to write anything that you would be ashamed to have your best friends see. Young men often, in their letters to each other, intersperse their language with profanity, and with descriptions of "larks" and sprees, which they think very manly and spirited, but which they would blush to have their fathers or mothers read. Once committed to paper and to the mail, they pass out of their control, and it is impossible to know into whose hands they may eventually fall, nor what may be the damaging influence, in the days to come, of the words which are so carelessly written now.

Especially would we say to the dear young girls, be as friendly and as chatty as you like, when writing to your companions—and no girl ever need be at a loss for subjects enough to make a readable, bright letter, but remember always to maintain your self-respect. Do not be drawn into making foolish speeches on paper which you would not say to your correspondent or show to your mother. She, after all, is your best friend, and should be your confident and adviser in all such matters. When we hear a young lady say, "I tell my mother everything"—and we know several such—then we are sure she is on safe ground, and that the wiles of the wicked one will be powerless to harm her, and that she will escape the snares and pitfalls set for the feet of the thoughtless and inexperienced.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE MISSIONARY "FAILURE" ONCE MORE.

Read the History of the Sandwich Island mission by Dr. Anderson, and see how sorry a failure modern missions can be.

These cannibals, who erewhile would cook and carve a merchant or mariner, and discourse on the deliciousness of a "cold slice of missionary"—these semi-devils have now \$250,000 worth of church property built with muscular Christianity and pious self-denial, which shame us out of all self-complacency. Think of it, 150 persons dragging each timber for a church eight miles; diving for coral ten to twenty feet, reducing it to lime and carrying on their shoulders seven miles, to cement stones, carried one by one an eighth of a mile; women subscribing \$200 to a church erection payable and paid by making mats at eight cents a week; and subscriptions by men payable and paid by the profits on fire-wood sold at eight cents a stick, after ferrying seven sticks in a canoe across the twenty-mile-wide channel; then 2,000 miles away beginning a "foreign mission" on the Micronesian islands—why if this were not fact it would be counted the silliest of all possible romances, the improbable of the improbable, the impossible of the impossible, compared with Jules Verne's expeditions would be stale sobriety itself.—*Northern (Methodist) Christian Advocate.*

IT MAKES A GREAT DIFFERENCE how the parent speaks to his child of the teacher and his work. The solemn consideration that the future for time and for eternity of each child intrusted to him may to a very great extent depend upon his unfaithfulness, will lead the teacher to view his work very seriously and solemnly; and the parent if he would be a real help to

the Sunday-school teacher, must view the work in the same light, and should show the child, by the way in which he speaks of it, how important he considers it, and how highly it is valued by him. That work should never be spoken of, in the hearing of the child, lightly or disrespectfully; it should never be the theme of ridicule or of a joke. And he should always refer to the teacher in the same spirit. At all times let the teacher be welcome as a friend.—*Church S. S. Magazine.*

ONE FIVE-DOLLAR BILL which represents the close economies of a whole year, and which carries with it the loving prayers of a whole year to come, may be mightier, under God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of heathenism at home, or abroad, than a thousand dollars from one who did not earn, and immediately forgets it.—*Congregationalist.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

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.

- 169. Who was Balak?
- 170. Who was Balaam?
- 171. Where may we find in Paul's own words an account of his conversion?
- 172. Which of the Apostles first suffered martyrdom?
- 173. What are the only two recorded acts of the Apostle Philip?
- 174. In what city was Paul born?
- 175. To what religious sect did Paul belong?
- 176. What was Christ's last command to His disciples?
- 177. What was Saul's errand to Damascus when he was arrested and converted?
- 178. Who was Paul's teacher?
- 179. To whom did Jesus appear first after His resurrection?
- 180. Who was compelled to bear the cross of Christ to the place of crucifixion?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. The first military captain on record.
 - 2. One who interceded with the king for the release of the prophet Jeremiah, when he lay in the dungeon of a prison.
 - 3. The first man who was called a Hebrew.
 - 4. The name given by Jesus to Simon when presented by Andrew.
 - 5. An encampment of the Israelites where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees.
- The initials form the legacy Christ left His disciples.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

- 145. Sons of Aaron; because they offered strange fire before the Lord, Lev. x. 1, 2.
- 146. A feast held the fiftieth day after the Passover in thanksgiving for the harvest.
- 147. To commemorate the passing of the Angel of Death over the houses of the Israelites in Egypt when the firstborn of the Egyptians were slain, Ex. xii. 24.
- 148. Every fiftieth year, in which all slaves of Hebrew descent were set free, &c., Lev. xxv. 10.
- 149. Every seventh year, in which the ground was allowed to rest, Lev. xxv. 4.
- 150. Gershon, Kohath, Merari, Num. iii. 17.
- 151. The Kohathites carried the ark, the table, the candlesticks, the altars, and the vessels of the sanctuary; the Gershonites carried the curtains and hangings; and the Merarites the boards, pillars, sockets, &c., Num. iii. 25, 37.
- 152. To drink no wine or strong drink, not to cut the hair, and to touch no dead body, Num. vi. 2, 8.
- 153. In the wilderness of Paran, Num. xii. 16.
- 154. Two; Joshua and Caleb, Num. xiv. 6, 9.
- 155. They were compelled to wander in the wilderness for forty years, Num. xiv. 23, 24.
- 156. Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun, Num. xiv. 30.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. D-orcas—Acts ix. 36.
- 2. A-bel—Gen. iv. 8.
- 3. N-athan—2 Sam. xvii. 7.
- 4. I-srael—Gen. xxvii. 41.
- 5. E-gypt—Ex. xiii. 3.
- 6. L-emuel—Prov. xxxi. 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—John Goldsbro, 12 ac; Agnes McCartney, 12 ac; Annie Mortin, 11; Maggie T. Walker, 10; Ella Huff, 7 ac; L. S. Doud, 11; Annie Donaldson, 12 ac; Francis Hooker, 12 ac; Flora M. Livingstone, 8; Emma I. Nickerson, 10; Chas. E. Beard, 10.
To No. 12.—Emma I. Nickerson, 11; Flora M. Livingstone, 10; Chas. E. Beard, 12; Susie M. Eastman, 10 ac; Euphemia J. Hamilton, 9; Miss Taft, 5; Richard Anderson, 11; L. Saxton Doud, 12; Agnes L. McKay, 11; R. H. Nalison, 11; Andrew Barnes, 10; Mabel Wickett, 12.
[These Questions are exclusively for children.]