

those older than themselves. To speak plainly, there is great room for improvement in the manners of our young people. It is not so much their fault as the fault of their parents. There is seemingly so little pains taken to correct them, that I have sometimes wondered if parents were conscious of this deficiency.

How much it would improve these young masters and young misses, if in addition to their precious knowledge on general subjects, they had the urbanity and courteous manners to correspond! How charming they would be, if they were less careless or forgetful of the ordinary requirements of politeness!

For instance—you being, let us say, an elderly lady, are riding in the street cars beside a young miss in her teens; as you leave the car together, does she step back and allow you to pass out before her? Does she wait a moment at the step and assist you to alight? If the little miss has done this, have you not remarked it as being something unusual? On entering the church together, does the young girl who occupies the pew next yours, allow you to walk up the aisle in-advance of her? Does the lad who reaches the vestibule of the church at the same time with you, hold open the door for you to pass in? Do not the boys rush in from school, during your call upon their mamma, with their hats on; and not until they are severally called upon, remove them and notice your presence?

Do the girls find it necessary to give you more than a curt nod of recognition when you meet them, and then do they not continue the loud conversation with their schoolmates, as if they were the parties to whom respect should be paid, and not the ladies who are only mamma's visitors?

My sweet young friend, do you always take the most comfortable rocking-chair until mother or father ask you to give it up! And, that day in the street car, you looked so delicate that an elderly gentleman rose up and offered you his seat—and, when the place next you became vacant, you beckoned the young gentleman with whom you had been chatting to take the empty seat, the act was hardly a recognition of the politeness of the kind-hearted old gentleman, was it?

When two or three young ladies meet in an omnibus, they do not find it necessary to lower their tones in the least because they are in a public place; on the contrary, all their fellow-travellers are immediately made aware of what they consider "so awful," or "so horrid," or "so lovely."

It is not pleasant to find fault, and where we see so much to admire it is a pity to call attention to defects. Yet if you observed a speck upon your child's best dress you would try to get it off; if you see it upon her best manners, why not try to do the same?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SPLICING THE LADDER.

One night the large and splendid Sailors' Home in Liverpool was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them?

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "Give me a long ladder, and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder!" he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his own shoulders, and, holding on by a case-moment, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder, and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others we must add our own length to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow-clerk, Warren Proctor, was becoming a hard smoker and a hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years old. When he urged him to

stop smoking and drinking, Warren replied:

"Why, you sometimes take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor, I will do the same," was the reply.

The bargain was made, and Harry saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.

A widow lady near me was suffering from sickness and poverty. Her daughter, a delicate, refined girl, said to herself: "My mother must be taken care of: I'll advertise for a place as a servant girl."

She did so. A rich man saw the advertisement, and determining that the brave girl should not undertake that, he procured her a situation as secretary in an institution where she gets six hundred a year. An unselfish daughter thus brought relief to a suffering mother. She spiced the ladder with her own self-denying exertions.

It is a noble thing to be unselfish, and to give up gratifications for the sake of other people. When the great Christian sage of old said, "It is right not to drink wine by which my weak brother stumbles," he added the length of his own influence to the ladder for saving others from drunkenness.

I could tell of two Christian lads, well educated and refined, who go every Sunday to a mission school in a dirty, degraded street, that they may encourage some poor ragged boys to go there too. Those two boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish; and they mean that the poor, ignorant lads shall climb up in the world over them.

That is the way to imitate the Divine Master, who gave himself that men might climb out of the folly and degradation of sin into heaven itself.—*Youth's Companion.*

CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

Frank Herbert was set to correct his dictation in the school-room after lesson time. It was a bright clear afternoon, the boys were at play in the pleasure-ground near, he could hear their merry shouting, but he was determined not to look out at them. Ill at ease and vexed with himself and all the world, he drew the teacher's chair near the large fire-screen, and began with a somewhat discontented air to repair the mischief he had done.

"The rats were actified," wrote Frank, and paused. Then he looked at it. He could not tell what was the matter. He could not discover the error, and yet it looked queer. Besides, he was writing all on one side of the slate. Then he looked at it again, but this time a smile began to dawn on his face, his mouth twitched, and at last he burst into a hearty fit of laughter. It rang through the empty school-room with a startling sound.

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Frank, "the rats were actified, when it should have been 'the acts were ratified.' I am a careless fellow to be sure, and deserve to be found fault with. Well, 'it is never too late to mend,' and I must 'turn over a new leaf,' though it is only a slate. So here goes!"

And Frank rubbed his slate very clean and ruled it carefully. Then he began again, transcribing word and word as he could recall them, not misplacing or mis-spelling them, and so when his teacher came to look at it he was exceedingly surprised.

"Why, Frank," he began, "this is well done."

The boy looked gratified.

"I tried my best," he said.

"So I perceive," the teacher replied, "and you have written on more than the slate. You have stamped upon your character a habit of carelessness and self-conquest, and corrected a mistake in your life. Remember this, my dear boy, it is a great thing to see our mistakes, greater still to confess them, greatest of all to set ourselves to correct them."

Frank never forgot his lesson.—*S. S. Messenger.*

A DOG OF MINE.

Most little boys and girls are taught to be kind to dumb animals. I wish they were oftener told how sensible, patient, and faithful dogs are. I am going to tell you a little anecdote, just to prove what I say.

I know two little boys, called Edgar and Frank, who have a large collie dog, to whom they gave the name of Ruff. They were living, last summer, with their parents at one of those pretty houses on the banks of the

Thames. Edgar was always very kind to Ruff, who was devoted to him; but Frank used to tease Ruff; he would call him, and then when the dog ran to him he would give him a kick or a pinch, and say, "Go away, you stupid old thing; I don't want you." Frank did this simply out of fun, and could not be made to understand that he hurt poor patient Ruff, who never growled or bit him.

One afternoon the boys were playing on the banks of the river, when Frank exclaimed, "Oh, Edgy, do look at those lovely lilies just opposite! Let us get into the boat, and pick them for mother." To which Edgy too readily assented.

They jumped into the boat, followed by Ruff, and soon reached the coveted flowers. They were stretching their little bodies over the side of the boat to reach them, when it capsized, and, much to their horror, they found themselves in the water. They both cried out for help, but there was nobody near, except poor old Ruff, who, having gained a footing on the capsized boat, stood looking at the little boys with ears erect, as if wondering what to do.

"Oh Ruff! Ruff!" they shrieked; "save us!"

Upon which Ruff jumped into the water beside Edgar, who threw his arms round the dog's neck; but Ruff shook him off, and, taking a firm hold of his little jacket, swam home with him, and laid him gently on the grass. The moment Edgar recovered himself he looked for Frank, who was still in the water, holding on to the boat, and calling Ruff with all his strength. Ruff paid no attention to him, and was busily engaged licking Edgar's hand, and wagging his tail, as if proud of having saved his dear young master's life. Edgy jumped up, and said, "Ruff, fetch Frank!"

Ruff looked at Edgy, as much as to say, "Do you really want me to go; because I am so afraid Frank will only pinch and hurt me if I do?"

Edgy said again, in an imperative tone, "Go Ruff!"

Whereupon Ruff, somewhat reluctantly, swam across to Frank, but would not touch him until Frank put out his hand and patted him; then he took hold of him as he had done of his brother, and carried him safely to Edgar's side.

The two little boys ran to tell their mother what had happened. She was very much shocked to see them so wet, and ordered nurse to put them to bed at once, and give them some warm milk. When in bed, and chatting over the afternoon's adventure, Frank said to Edgar, "I shall never kick or pinch Ruff again, Edgy. I am sure I have often hurt him; for, you see, he doesn't like me half as well as you, and didn't want to save me."—*Little Folks.*

SEEKING FRUIT.

A master comes to his garden. He turns over leaves of pear and plum-trees, and he looks along the branches of the peach-trees. "Trees look very healthy, don't they, sir?" says the gardener, in a satisfied way. Then they pass into the orchard. "Nice trees these, sir," observes the gardener, "very choice sorts, golden pippin and russet." Then they turn to the hot-houses: "Vines and pines look very promising," says the gardener, smiling complacently. At last the master speaks out, half angrily, "What in the world is the use of healthy trees, and of choice sorts, and of promising plants? I don't want green leaves and fine young wood only—I want fruit. And if you can't get it I must find somebody that can."

The Lord of the vineyard comes to us. He stands before us and looks underneath the leaves of our profession, searching for fruit. Good desires, good feelings, good endeavors, all our praying, all our believing, —everything else counts for nothing unless there be some fruit.

This is what our Master requires and seeks.—*The Christian.*

A LITTLE BROTHER and sister were talking about their home, and their love for it. "I wouldn't swap my home for any other in the world," said the sister. "Oh! I don't feel so," was the boy's response. "I think that Willy A.—'s home is as pretty as ours. It's bigger; and it's got more things in it. I think I'd like to swap ours for that." "But would you like to give up your father and your mother for his?" asked the sister. "And would you rather have his sisters than yours?" "No, I wouldn't

want that," said the boy. "Well, to swap homes means that," said the sensible sister; "for a house itself isn't a home. A home is your father and mother and brothers and sisters, and everything you have in the house." Wasn't that well said? Isn't there a truth in those words which is hid from many of the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes? A well-furnished house is not a home. A home is the life and the love which the family in the house represents. Who would swap his home for a rich neighbor's?—*S. S. Times.*

MANY YEARS AGO three little English boys were amusing themselves together one summer afternoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave, and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said. "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This was the noted Captain Hammond. He was a faithful servant to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—*Child's Paper.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

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.

145. How old was Joseph when he was sold into Egypt?
146. In what Psalm are to be found the words of our Saviour on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
147. Name a weapon of destruction which became a fountain of refreshment?
148. What great work was undertaken by King Hezekiah in order to provide a more abundant supply of water for the city of Jerusalem?
149. What apostle speaks of journeying into Spain?
150. Sick persons were once placed where the shadow of a good man might pass over them and heal them. Who was the man?
151. What was Paul's occupation?
152. Which of the Apostles cut off the right ear of a man with a sword, and who was the man?
153. The name of what heathen god was applied to Paul?
154. Who was the father of Abraham?
155. By whom was St. Paul educated?
156. What army was smitten with blindness?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My first is oft prefixed to words,
And signifies "beneath,"
My second's blessing is the Lord's,
To save from sin and death;
And planted oft on heathen soil;
It well repays the gracious toil.

When patient Job prepared his soul
To bow beneath the rod,
Without reserve he gave my whole
To meet the will of God.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. Forty years.
122. The men of Succoth and Penuel to Gideon's army, Judges viii. 5, 8.
123. Numbers xxxii. 23.
124. At Gilgal east of Jericho, Joshua iv. 19.
125. Nineveh, Jonah iv. 11.
126. Shallum, 2 Kings xv. 10.
127. Second cousin, Genesis xxiv. 24.
128. Nathan, 1 Kings i. 10.
129. Caleb the son of Jephunneh, Num. xiii. 6.
130. Galatians i. 14.
131. Mephibosheth, 2 Sam. ix. 13.
132. Joel iii. 3.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. Sinai. 2. Enoch; Elijah. 3. Korah. 4. Shepherd. 5. Abraham. 6. Vine. 7. Emmaus. Seek (and) save.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—William C. Wickham, 8; To No. 10.—John Archibald McNaughton, 16; William C. Wickham, 8; D. Archie McDonald, 4 ac; James T. Rattray, 8; Washington Groves Smith, 4; John Trueman, 6 ac; C. A. Redmond, 9; Maggie Sutherland 12 en.