



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 12.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1881.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY BERGH.

Henry Bergh, the New York philanthropist, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, discovered his true mission in life in St. Petersburg about the year 1862, when he was secretary of the United States legation. In Russia the common people have or had a profound respect for official position, and Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I have found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as executive officer sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruelist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a regular "blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect; though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting poetry in an off handed way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife finding the double windows and large furnaces of St. Petersburg damaging to their health, Mr. Bergh resigned his office and, returning to New York, devoted the remaining portion of his life to the cause of humanity toward the lower animals. In 1866, after the passage of the charter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and laws by which its principles might be enforced, Mr. Bergh, the President, sallied forth armed with new authority to battle for the dumb animals. His attention was attracted to a brutal driver beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pummel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry.

In the early days of the movement Mr. Bergh was subjected to constant disappointment, principally through the unfaithfulness of the officers who would not administer the law. His wife, who was a tower of encouragement and a never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go upstairs to his room and have a "jolly good cry." The next morn-

ing always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

One June morning he met, opposite the city hall of New York, two young men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.

officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hour's rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home.

During the erection of a brick building in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow in a girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workers, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries,

to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order these walls taken down at once or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed, and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out, with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

Through such deeds as these Mr. Bergh has made his influence felt in New York city and throughout this continent.

HOW A FAN SAVED A MISSIONARY.

The women of Bulgaria do not wear hats, and when the children in the street saw the missionary's wife and her little girl out walking, they ran after them calling them names and saying, "See these people with pails on their heads!" "For," said the little daughter who herself told me the story, "their pails and baskets have no handles, and are shaped like our hats with wooden brims to hang them up by, their shelves being only wooden slats far enough apart to let the lower part of the pail through."

The Bulgarian children grew bolder and bolder, and at last their leader, a great rough boy, began to throw stones at the missionary's wife.

She had in her hand a fan that would open and shut, a thing unknown in that country. Opening it to its widest extent, she advanced upon the ringleader, and fanned him vigorously. The boy started back, and ran away at his utmost speed, crying in Bulgarian, "No doubt Satan helps these people with baskets on their heads, for that woman made a wind in my face just by shaking a stick at me." And this was the last and only time they were ever stoned in the street.

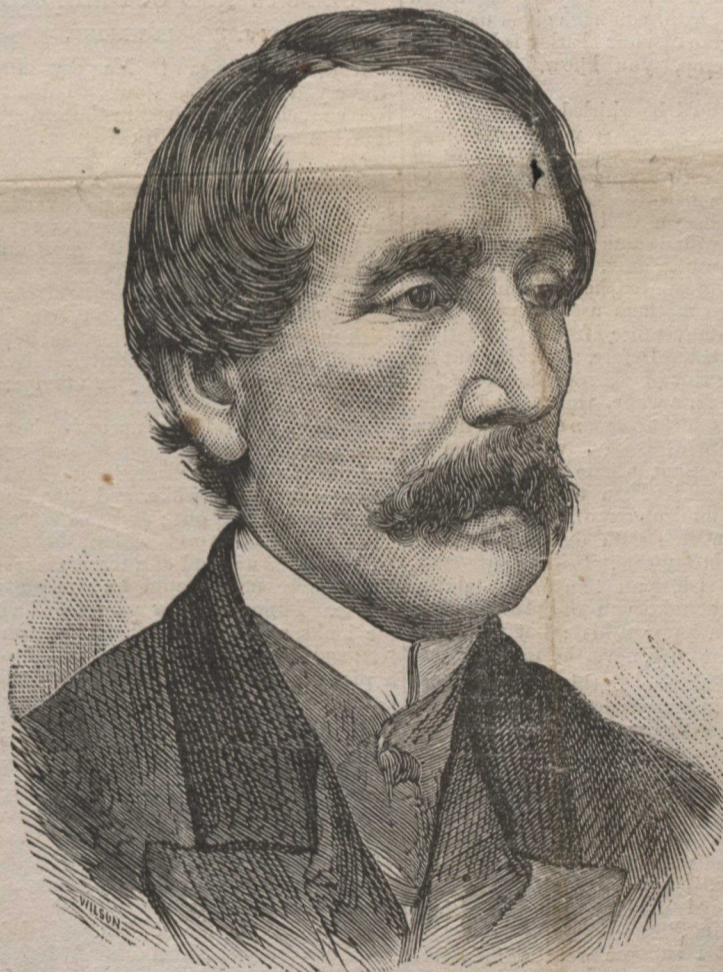
I wish I had time to tell you of another Bulgarian boy who, before he graduated at school, came to the missionary and asked him if he might go to a village near there, where many were dying of a contagious disease, to tell them about Jesus.

"But you have not finished your school yet," said the minister.

"I know it," he answered, "but I will go and teach them as long as my learning holds out, and then I will come back and get some more knowledge."

So he went to the village, and told them of the Saviour's love, till he too caught the fatal disease. But his last message to his teacher was that he was glad he came, for now he should the sooner see Jesus.—*Child's Paper*.

NEVER NEGLECT one duty under pretence of attending to another. You honor God as much in attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees, or in his house.



HENRY BERGH.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, that may be, but the milk is nature's and belongs to the flourishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the men in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging, and frisking its tail in veally ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the street when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the

and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr. Bergh, "to prosper in your business with such a crime sealed up in your building. How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built





## JOHNNY.

A Christian lady had collected a lot of wild street-boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and began to snore. "He's drunk," said his ragged little companions, laughing. Of course there was no use in trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterward she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk; that's a fact," said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I didn't mean to let yer see me, 'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it."

"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say so. You could help it."

"No: yer see I've got so used to it I can't stop."

"Oh, I am so sorry! What was it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down in Willard street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gin me the rum and sugar in the bottoms of the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking, if I'll tell you how you can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't b'lieve I could. I've got so used to't, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here" (putting his hand on his stomach).

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

"I—I donno but I'd try if I thought 'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you'll stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort. "Yes'm," he said, and he drew a long breath. "I'll promise never to drink no more liquor, for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning, the question was so unexpected, the teacher nevertheless knelt immediately; Johnny knelt too, and, when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would "ask Him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants ter be good, and don't never let him drink rum no more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street-boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, "'cause he kind o' loved her." He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man.

Just as a physician feels your pulse and looks at your tongue, to see if you have any disease, so let us think about our hearts and acts and see if there be any wicked way in us—wicked thoughts, wicked words, wicked deeds—that we need to ask Jesus to cure. We shall all find something wrong, and then we can hurry to Jesus in prayer, feeling sure that when He was so kind in healing the sick bodies of children when He was on earth, He will cure all our wrongs to-day of thought and word and deed.

The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus.  
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;  
O, hear the voice of Jesus.

## DEE AS A TEACHER.

He was a great splendid dog, whose name was Dee. The boys and girls in Mr. Graham's family loved him almost as much as though he were one of them. He was always with them, and took care of the youngest more faithfully than the older sister did; for she sometimes "forgot" and

Just before noon, as he was trying to get some comfort by tormenting Dee, he managed to roll over the old fellow in such a way as to hurt him. Dee howled—a very unusual noise for him to make,—and, escaping, ran to the other end of the hall. Then mother Graham, who thought she had been very patient, concluded that Harry certainly needed a scolding. She called him into the dining-room, gave him a chair over by the kitchen door, and told him he would better stay there for the rest of the morning, out of trouble; that he seemed bent on doing nothing but making himself and everybody else unhappy: even good, faithful Dee had to have his share of ill-treatment. I am sorry to have to tell you that Arthur, who had followed his brother to the dining-room, was much pleased at this, and thought that Harry had got what he deserved. But there was another who had followed—Dee himself. If he paid any attention to the scolding, you would have supposed that he, too, would have



THE SPARROW HAWK.

ran away from the little feet that were trying to follow her; but Dee never forgot.

One morning all the Graham children got up too early, or went to bed too late the night before, or something. Anyway, they were cross; nothing went right: Harry got Arthur's shoes instead of his own, and pulled off one of the buttons, and Arthur said he did it on purpose, and was always doing something to make him late to breakfast, and he wished he would let his things alone. And Harry said he "didn't care," there was no sense in being so cross about such a little thing; and he shouldn't play with Arthur at all that day. The troubles became so serious at last that the mother had to come and quell the riot. After that, though they said no more, they looked crossly at each other, and had an uncomfortable morning. Sure enough, Harry refused to play with Arthur, but wandered away by himself, not enjoying it, however, at all. He missed Arthur as much as that lonesome boy could miss him.

felt that it was no more than justice: but Dee had a forgiving heart. What did he do but walk gravely across the room, passing by Arthur, who tried to coax him to play, and hold up his fore-paw to Harry to shake hands and be friends. This was too much for Harry; he burst out laughing, and it was impossible for both mother and Arthur not to join.

"Good fellow!" said Mrs. Graham, "he wants to show you that when even he has been ill-treated, he can forgive and forget."

"Art," said Harry, after he had shaken hands with the dog, "I did not mean to pull off your shoe-buttons this morning. I honestly didn't know it was your shoe."

"I know it," said Arthur, "and I didn't mean to be so cross about it."

"Neither did I," declared Harry, "let's forgive and forget," and Dee wagged his tail, and the boys shook hands and kissed their mother, and the riot was over.—*The Pansy.*

## MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES.

Last week the papers told us how a young workingman of this city found a diamond breast-pin, worth several hundred dollars, in an old trunk which he had purchased out of an ash-cart. On being assured of its value by a jeweller, he refused to consider an offer to sell it till he should have made an effort to find the owner. He was confirmed in this resolution by his parents; his father, a veteran stage-driver, energetically adding, "I don't want it in the house." The pin was ascertained to have been lost by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, and returned to her. When spoken to about a reward, he said, "I don't want any money, but I would like to get my father an easier position, as he is growing old."

We are not attempting to make a hero of young Daniel O'Reilly. Unless we mistake the tone of the above incident, he would be the last to claim any sublimity in his act of "common honesty." And we are happy in believing that such honesty has not yet grown uncommon, or akin to jewels found in ash-heaps or the old disused trunks of the past. We think, however, that there are some little touches in the story, which render it quite an idyl of city life and of the "short and simple annals of the poor." Out of our stony and unsavory streets, it comes like a refreshing whiff of wholesome air. The little glimpse of instinctive honor in the boy, the old man's sturdy terror of the "appearance of evil" or the harboring of a temptation over night, and finally the son's modest declining of a reward for himself, and sudden thought only that here perhaps was a chance for "the old man" to get down from his weather-beaten driver's seat, before rheumatism and old age dethroned him, into a shadier corner and an easier work.

We think it was not Mrs. Vanderbilt, nor Dan O'Reilly, but we and the public who are most enriched by such a "find."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## THE SPARROW HAWK.

The Sparrow Hawk or little Falcon is a beautiful bird: but, though it is the smallest of the hawks, it is fierce and bold like the large ones. It feeds upon grasshoppers, snakes, mice, lizards, young rabbits, and hares, and small birds. It sometimes sits for an hour or more on a tree or stump in the meadow, waiting to pounce upon the first little animal that shows itself.

THE BEST RECIPE for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manner, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.

## THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

They were a very young couple, and as soon as they were married they tried to find a place where they could begin housekeeping. After looking about for some time, they found a lovely house, sheltered from the north and open to the south. It was a pleasant, airy spot, and quite sunny, so they decided to move in at once. Every thing went beautifully in the new house until the third day, when, to their great alarm, they woke early in the morning, and found the sun rising in the south. This was very curious, for they had read in their school-books that "if you stand with your face to the south, the sun will rise on your left hand, and set on your right hand." Yet there was the sun rising as plain as could be in front of the house, and they knew the house faced south. However, the sun came up in the most natural manner in the world, went up to the middle of the sky at noon, and went down among some beautiful clouds at night in the north.

Next morning something still more wonderful happened; the young people slept quite late, for the sun rose behind the house, and they did not know it was morning until he was shining brightly.

"My dear," said the husband, "this is very singular. The sun rose in the north, and I suppose it will set in the south."

So it did, for they both watched it go down in front of the house.

"Never mind," said the wife. I dare say the sun knows the way, and I'm very sleepy. I think I'll go to bed."

Then for a week the sun rose every day in the north, and set in the south, as if it were quite the proper thing to do. Then came a still more wonderful day: the sun rose in the north; but while the family were at dinner in the front parlor, it gave a jump and went clear round to the south, and set at night in the old-fashioned way.

"My love I think the sun behaves in the most surprising manner. I hope there is nothing wrong with it."

"Oh, I hope not, I'm sure," said she, "for father could not afford to give us a mantel clock for a wedding present, and I have to depend on the sun. It would be very distressing if it should get out of order."

The next morning the sun rose in the west, and before it had been an hour high, it gave a big jump and ran round to the east, and then went calmly in the old way, as if nothing had happened. The young people were, of course, greatly surprised, and were much pleased to see it go down in the west, just as it used to do before it fell into such bad habits.

The next day the little wife

went home to see her mother, and told the family all about it. They said it was very strange, but they had not noticed anything wrong with the sun. At night her father went home with her, and when he came in sight of the house, he sat on the fence and laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off. When he went home he told all the folks about it, and they had a good laugh over the young people who went to housekeeping in a ventilator.—*Harper's Young People.*

## ALDERMAN KELLY.

A young man in London has many temptations. The confidence reposed in him, the want of parental oversight, the attractions of pleasure, the evil example and counsel of fellow-shopmen or others in business, all conspire to try the character of an ardent

frequently averred that he saw the end;" adding emphatically that "not one of them came to any good." While others sought pleasure, Kelly sought profit. On week-evenings he improved his mind by study, and on the Lord's-day his heart by prayer. Let young men be encouraged. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—From "Life of Alderman Kelly," by Rev. R. C. Fell, M. A.

## ANECDOTE OF ROBERT RAIKES.

"One day," says Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, "as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the door; this was on a week-day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he

tion by a curious circumstance which happened while he was at school. His father was a journeyman carrier—a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the alehouse on the Sundays. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street, and said to him, 'My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sundays; your boy tells me that you now stay at home, and never get tipsy.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for it.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that is impossible: I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before.' 'No, sir,' said he; 'but the good instruction you give my boy, he brings home to me, and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life.'—*British Workman.*

## "WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A little three year-old girl stood at the window one Sunday "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming: and as he entered, she said,—

"Papa, what did Mr. R—preach about this morning?"

Her father replied. "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

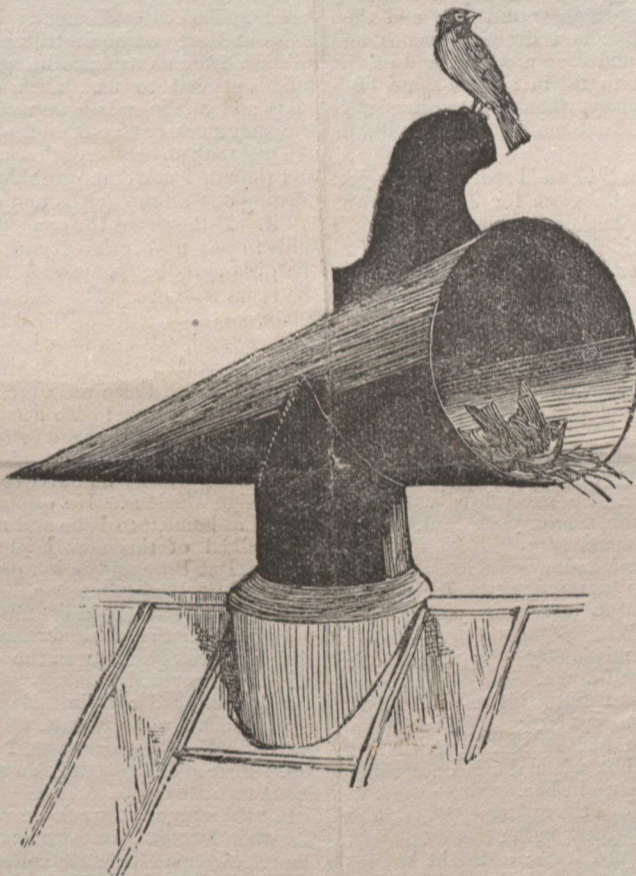
"Yes," said her father; "it was our Jesus."

The eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and spoke about him to his congregation.

Do you, dear reader, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for their own Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, ever room in his affection for you, and as many others as will ask him to care for them. "They brought young children to him, . . . and he took them up in his arms, and blessed them" (Mark x. 13, 16).

## ANECDOTE OF DR. WELSH, THE FATHER OF MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Riding one day on his multifarious business, Dr Welsh noticed a poor wounded partridge fluttering and struggling about, wing or leg, or both, broken by some sportsman's lead. He alighted in his haste, or made the groom alight if he had one, gathered up the poor partridge, looped it gently in his handkerchief, brought it home, and by careful splints and salve, and other treatment, had it soon on wing again, and sent it forth healed. This in so grave and practical a man had always in it fine expressiveness to me"—*Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle.*



THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

youth. But Thomas Kelly withstood the snares by which so many are caught. He was a faithful servant. For twenty years and two months he remained in one situation without receiving any encouragement beyond a small addition to his salary, till it reached eighty pounds. But the attention he paid to his master's interest was as great as if it had been his own. During the first fifteen years of his service he had no holiday, no offer of a better situation, or a share in the business, yet his fidelity was none the less to his master, and his strict Sabbath-keeping unbroken. We are told that "of all the young men of his acquaintance who were so persuasively earnest in their entreaties to him to join them in their Sunday excursions to Gravesend and elsewhere, he

was going to a place of worship. 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for that.' 'Me!' said I—'why, I do not know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when I was a little boy I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hopes of once more seeing you.'

"He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection."



tidily dressed chaps, some of them Eastern boys, more or less homesick, and all of them seemingly bent upon having all the fun they could get out of anything that came along.

"They gave me a cordial greeting, rather too uproarious, however, I thought; and in a very brief space I was one of them, seated familiarly at the well-stocked table, and answering their many questions. Presently Ed. Slate said to me, 'This is just the gayest old place to board at that we have ever struck. You see there is no 'man of the house,' and we boys run the shebang to suit ourselves, and just about drive the old lady out of her wits sometimes.

"Look here, Tyler, it's your turn to drink up the tea milk to-night, and call for more," continued Slate. "And, Benjamin, it's your turn to eat up the sugar. You see we make it a point to clear the table at every meal [to me]. Here, Jim, empty the salt-cellar into your pocket, and sing out for some horse radish, which you know she hasn't got!"

"We always eat horse radish on jelly-cake where I came from," said Jim, very solemnly, to Mrs. Griswold, when she came in with regrets that there was none in the house, and promised to order some at once. She soon brought in a new supply of milk and sugar and salt, together with a bottle of catsup that Slate straightway poured into a bowl of crackers and milk, and began to eat, to the great bewilderment of the poor widow, who was evidently wondering what would be called for next.

"As I glanced up to Mrs. Griswold's sad, worn face and black dress, I thought of my own widowed mother in our little home far away among the hills of New England, and on whose account, that her comforts might increase as she grew older, I had migrated hither, and wondered what she would do with a rough, thoughtless set of boarders to manage.

"At last, while Mrs. Griswold was tidying the cloth near my plate, for I was a late comer at the table, and while I was trying to repress my laughter at the drollery that was still going on around me, I said to her kindly, 'I am well supplied now, thank you; I won't trouble you any farther.'

"While thus speaking to her, and before the dining-room door had closed behind her, I had made up my mind to remonstrate, in as unassuming and sensible way as I could, with my new fellow-boarders as to their thoughtless, unmanly, and almost cruel treatment of our kind-hearted boarding-mistress. I thought I had better do it here and now while my presence was a novelty to the boys.

"As I glanced around the table, I saw that they were all silently regarding me, and evidently expecting that I would now introduce some new piece of mischief. For a moment my heart failed me, but as my own mother rose again in my mind I gained courage to say pleasantly, 'Now, boys, it's too bad to treat that poor woman in this shabby, unmanly way. Her grief for the loss of her husband, coupled with the hard necessity upon her to start out for the first time in her life to earn her own and her children's living, is trouble enough for her to shoulder at once without being bothered and made game of by her boarders. Besides, such rude conduct is beneath those who are called men. You know there isn't one of you who would hesitate to knock a fellow down who would undertake to insult your own mother as you seem to be in the habit of insulting that poor widow. You don't mean such carryings on as real insults, I know, boys, but they are nothing else, after all. Now, are they?'

"Well and bravely said," spoke up Ed. Slate, who had been the ringleader of the mischief. "I myself was thinking, when I went out from dinner this noon, that if we boys went on like this, day after day, it wouldn't be long before we should be unfit to mingle in civilized society, to say nothing of our unfitness to associate with any true woman. We can have fun enough among ourselves outside, and, for that matter, right here in the house, provided it is decent, and wounds no one."

"What Slate says is only quiet," said Ned Clayton, one of the more quiet of the boarders, "I like fun myself as well as any one, but often and often I have thought that we were carrying this thing too far. Mrs. Griswold is not the person to complain, but I do not think that any of us could fail to see how much hurt she has been at times. Now, boys, let's all own up that we have carried this

rough play far enough, and let's stop it right here."

"Let's call our boarding-house here 'The Eastern Boys' Home,'" said Dwight Dorman who, not long since, had left an orderly, Christian home in Connecticut, 'and all try and see how much like our own Eastern homes we can make it. Don't let's say a word, but keep mum, and surprise the good widow with the new order of things.'

"Mother Griswold, as we soon fell into the way of calling her, was indeed surprised by our changed demeanor and quiet ways. She was surprised, too, to see how handy and obliging we made ourselves by giving a lift now and then to some of the heavy work about the house. Did one of us chance to notice an empty water-pail or an empty coal-hod, they were straightway filled. Did we happen to see that her stock of kindlings in the basement was out, when down there blacking our boots, we would presently fall to the pleasant task of splitting up a good supply.

"We got into the habit also of calling at the post-office, and doing other errands for her on our way to and from our depot, shops, and offices. But what pleased Mother Griswold more than all was to see us fix up, when Sunday came, and accompany her to church. We had observed the walk and talk of this church-going Christian woman, and we not only voted that we would be decent and go to church, but that we would insist that our Sunday dinners should wait until afternoon, so that she could remain to the Sunday-school, in which, notwithstanding her many home duties she had a class of

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown until sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy, it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes it is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children, and are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority; but whether these are the command of the parent or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety and honor of the family—namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he comes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time and ought to know that he is in bed before eleven o'clock. When this can not be obtained by the exercise of gentleness, it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if kept in, but better endure eight or ten years of such



GIVING THANKS.

young men, composed largely of us, her former rough, Sabbath-desecrating boarders.

"We were amply repaid for our kindness to her, for in sickness or in health she sought our every comfort, and was a mother to us indeed. One day, nearly a year after this new order of things had been brought about, she said to us, 'You young men now seem as if you were my own sons; but I must tell you that at first I thought you to be the most ill-bred boys I ever saw. I was on the point of giving up the house when something—I really don't know what did happen.'

"We all happened to think that we have mothers of our own, Mother Griswold," said I, and that was all she ever knew about it." —S. S. Times.

AFTER DARK.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Almost invariably, boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different to that which is in the day; something that excites apprehension or creates alarm or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to say in daylight.

heat than to have that child ruined, and the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys because we do not suppose that any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the streets after dark.

We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make quiet observation upon the condition of their children at night, to find where they are, and to prepare to answer to God our Heavenly Father for the painstaking care which they give to their children.—*Christian at Work.*

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know;  
Upward He leads us, though our steps are slow;  
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know he leads us on.

A LITTLE boy and girl were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereat she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute and then said:

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed and she said:  
"Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."—*Child's Paper.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

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.

133. What was the former name of the city of Hebron?
134. For whom was it named?
135. The inhabitants of what four cities were reduced to perpetual bondage by the order of a victorious general?
136. What strongly fortified city was taken by the Israelites by a mere ceremony?
137. On what mountain did Christ abide all night?
138. At what place was Elymas the sorcerer struck blind?
139. Where is the command, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not"?
140. Name two instances where sailors called upon God to avert a storm.
141. What was the punishment threatened the man who should rebuild the city of Jericho?
142. Where do we find the words, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon"?
143. In what battle was the ark of the covenant taken by the Philistines?
144. How many Philistines did Samson slay with the jaw bone of an ass?

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. A place where David defeated the Syrians.
2. An ancestor of Christ.
3. A herdsman of Mesopotamia.
4. A son of Aaron.
5. God of Sennacherib.
6. David's head farmer.
7. David's vine-dresser.
8. Capital of the kingdom of Israel.
9. An ancient musical instrument.
10. An encampment of the Israelites.
11. A city founded by Solomon.
12. An ornament worn by the "daughters of Zion."
13. A king of Moab.
14. A vessel of the tabernacle made from polished brass mirrors which the Hebrew women freely gave to the Lord.
15. A son of Jesse.
16. A city built by Asshur.
17. Prime minister at the court of Darius the Mede.

The initials form the words inscribed upon a plate of gold, which was fastened to the mitre worn by the Jewish high priest.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

109. Mount Sinai: to Moses. Ex. xxv.
110. The life of Hezekiah. 2 Kings xx. 6.
111. Isaiah. 2 Kings xx. 6.
112. Balaam. Num. xxiii. 6.
113. The bones of Elisha restored the Moabite to life. 2 Kings xiii. 21.
114. To Abraham. Gen. xvii. 1. Matt. v. 48.
115. Jonah. Jonah iv. 5, 11.
116. Isaac. Gen. xviii. 10. Samson. Judges xiii. 13. John the Baptist. Luke i. 13. Jesus. Luke i. 28.
117. Samson. Judges xiii. 14. Numbers vi. 2, 5.
118. Peter. Acts x. 9.
119. Daniel. vi. 10.
120. Offering sacrifice himself instead of waiting for Samuel. 1 Sam. xiii. 8, 14.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Heavens. 2, Orion. 3, Light. 4, I Am. 5, Noble. 6, Eloquent. 7, Scripture. 8, Salvation.—*Holiness.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 10.—Alexander George Burr, 12 ac; Maud Armstrong, 11; Janet M. C. Pattison, 11; Annie M. Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11.  
To No. 9.—Frederick J. Priest, 11; Maud Armstrong, 10; Minnie Fotheringham, 10; Aggie Murdoch, 9; Louie Lloyd, 9.  
NOTE.—The order of the questions numbers 111 and 112 in Question Corner No. 10 should be reversed. No. 112 should have been No. 111.

