

came to a poor cottage, near the docks where the marble for the church arrived. And in that cottage they found Euphrasia the widow, whose name was carved where the Emperor's had been. So they brought her straightway to Justinian to be examined. When she came into the Emperor's presence, what she saw was a poor old gray-haired woman with marks of sickness on her face. At first she had nothing to tell. She had not even heard of the inscription. Had she dared to disobey the commands of the Emperor? Had she given gold or marble, or wood, or iron to the church? No, she had given neither gold nor marble, neither wood nor iron. "Hast thou done anything—anything at all—in connection with the building of this church?" Then the old woman said, "My lord Emperor, if I have done anything contrary to thy commands, it was in ignorance. This is my history since the church began to be built. I was laid down with sickness; my body was racked with pain. Weary days and nights passed over me. Month after month I lay in pain and sickness. But in my loneliness and distress, God remembered me, and He sent a linnet to cheer me. It came every day to my window-sill and sang its song to me. And that song gladdened me, and filled my heart with thankfulness. And when I recovered I said to myself, 'I shall show my thankfulness to God in what way I can.' So, because I could do nothing else, I plucked handfuls of the straw on which I had been lying and scattered them on the sharp stones which cut the feet of the oxen that were dragging the marble from the ships. That was all."

But that was more than the great Emperor had given, who yet seemed to have given all. That was the gift of a loving and thankful heart. Even the proud Justinian was put to shame. "Verily," he said, "she has given the most in giving love, and therefore has her name been written by God above the door of this church."

Justinian sinned just as Nebuchadnezzar had done. God had given him riches and power, and he did not give the glory of them to God. And instead of praying, "Lead me not into temptation," he filled his heart with the pride of the thought that he would do a good thing for which even the angels of God should give him praise.

You may be quite sure the old widow Euphrasia said every day of her life, "Lead me not into temptation." Her temptation was to think that God was forgetting her; she was so poor, so sick so racked with pain. But God kept her from yielding to that temptation. And besides that mercy, He sent her the linnet with its daily song. She never forgot that. She never ceased to be thankful for that. Though the bird was small, and the song only the song of a bird, Euphrasia knew that God's love to her was in both.

If Walter, of whom the next story tells, could have thought as she thought, and prayed as she prayed, and if he could have been contented with God's love in little things as she was, his life would have had a happier ending than it had.

He was young and strong. He lived among mountains in a beautiful land. One day he set forth, staff in hand, to climb the mountains. It was a lovely summer day. The trees cast their shadows on the sides of the mountains; birds sang in their branches. Little rills of water trickled over rocky beds on their way to the valley; flowers grew on every bank; and the heart of the young man glowed within him as he stepped from one beautiful object to another.

Still ascending the mountain, he came to a spot where roses bloomed and mosses were wet with the tiny stream below. He gave a cry of joy. Beneath the roses and the mosses his eye caught sight of a little purple flower—a flower he had long wished to get—the Luck-flower—

"The Wishing Wort, Forget me not."

Often had he heard of this flower, which blooms but once in seven years, and then only for a single day. He gathered it and set it on his breast, and then renewed his walk with steps more active than ever. He had climbed a long way from where he began; but to the top the way was longer still. High above him soared the peak of the mountain. Rougher and steeper grew the path. At last it ended at a sheer breast of rock. Walter sighed. Was he to fall so near the top? He saw a strong tuft rooted in a cleft of the rock. He seized it; he sprang up the steep. As his body swung to and fro, the Luck-flower on his breast touched the rock, and in a moment there was a hollow

moan, a splitting open of the stone wall, and the entrance to a mighty cave. But still more wonderful, when he looked into the cavern he found it full of all precious things—gold and precious stones, stones red and green and yellow and purple. And there were diamonds sparkling clear as water from the spring. Never before had such riches been seen by him; never had he even dreamed of such. And it was no dream, but reality. A step farther, a step into the cavern, and he could touch the gems. Ah if now, at that moment, he had lifted up his heart to God and said, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," how different his adventure would have been! But Walter in a moment forgot God, forgot the beautiful mountain he was climbing, forgot the Luck-flower which had so filled him with joy, forgot trees and flowers and songs of birds and all the happy, innocent, joyous life that God had given him, fastened his eyes greedily on the riches at his feet and on every side. In a moment he might be rich. And in a moment he stepped down into the wondrous cavern and began to fill his pockets; his breast and at last his cap with the rubies and diamonds and gold.

If you had seen him now! He was not the same bright and happy youth as when he set out in the morning. The face of youth was gone. The face of care was in its place. He had become in one hour a miser, a hoarder with no thought, among all his thoughts, but this—"It is the one good for me to gather these riches."

And if you had been near to see him you might also at that moment have heard a tiny voice sounding from the floor of the cavern, and saying, "Forget me not, forget me not." O poor foolish Walter! If this greed for gold and precious stones had only left him room to think, he would have known that it was the voice of the Luck-flower which had dropped out of his breast. It was the Luck-flower which had opened the mountain for him, and by which he had been admitted to all this wealth. But it was nothing to him now; he had forgotten it. He despised everything except the gold and the precious stones.

Again and yet again the flower called to him, "Forget me not—forget me not," but Walter gave no heed. He heard the cry, and would not pause to think what it was. His one work now was to get home with his treasures. He turned; he made for the entrance. Behind him still sounded, but more and more faintly, the cry, "Forget me not." He was deaf. Another step, and he would be outside. But that other step was never to be taken. He had left his guardian angel behind him, on the floor of the cavern. It had opened the door for him; it could not keep it open till he was out. But it was no longer on his breast—not even kept in mind. Walter came up to the entrance. There was a rumbling noise, then a crash of rocks, and the youth was crushed between the closing sides of the mountain.

Many a child, setting out in life to climb the hill of life, finds this Luck-flower—this fear of the Lord—in the very lessons of the fireside. It is found in the hearts of godly mothers and fathers, and from theirs it passes into the hearts of the children. Happy is the child who, finding it, keeps fast hold of it to the end! It will open gates into the heavenly places where the riches of the soul are stored up. But, ah! the case too often is that many who have found it in their youth let it go, as Walter let go his "Forget me not." The greed of gold and of earthly splendor is like Walter's greed for the treasures of the cave. Everything else is let go. The old joys and the innocent thoughts of childhood are cast away, thrown into the dust, forgotten. And the life whose breath was the fear of God is at last crushed within them, and they become dead souls in the sight of God.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"I WILL NOT BE A CHRISTIAN."

"Won't you speak to that lady near you?" said Mr. W. to Mrs. F. in a revival meeting in New York. "I think she has been here before."

Mrs. F. discovered her neighbor to be a lady in deep mourning, and drawing near her she asked kindly, "Have you come in to help us?"

"No; I have no interest here whatever. I am not a Christian."

"Would you not like to be?"

"No."

"May I enquire what has been your motive in coming, for I think you have been here before?"

"Certainly. I knew nothing of Mr. Moody's meetings, but in passing I heard some one singing 'Ninety-and-nine,' and as I am very fond of singing, I came in."

"Let us hope," said Mrs. F., "that it was the guidance of the Holy Spirit—the Shepherd calling his lost sheep. Shall we go in an adjacent ante-room and have a little talk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as she followed, "you may talk to me all you wish, but do not preach the Bible to me. I have heard that all my life. I know it from beginning to end."

"I will not pretend to preach the whole Bible; but we will just take part of a verse, turn it over and over, and eat it up."

This rather strange expression aroused her attention, and she listened with a little more interest as Mrs. F. quoted, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

"That is not for me," she said, "because I will not. Your efforts with me will be fruitless. All my friends and relatives are religious. I have been the subject of special prayer for many years, but it has been of no use. I have no desire to be any different. I do not wish to be a Christian."

"Are you happy as you are?"

"Oh, no, I am not at all happy; far from it."

"Then you need Christ, and my text is for you."

"I do not think so."

"Pardon me, I do not wish to intrude on your grief; but I see by your dress that you have been sorely afflicted."

"Yes indeed; my father, mother, and husband are all in heaven, while I will be left out."

"No, no," urged Mrs. F., "Whosoever will."

"But I won't," persisted the wayward one. "It is said that sorrow softens the heart, but it has made mine harder than ever."

In vain Mrs. F. labored with her, applying her text in every form. The answers were all the same. One point only was gained: the lady promised to come again the next day. She kept her word, but there was only the same hopeless ground to be gone over.

"I fear," said Mrs. F. at last, "that you are very self-willed."

"That is just it. I have had my own way all my life. I would not submit to my parents; my husband could not control me. I would never yield to any one or anything, and I will not now. If I become a Christian, I must give up my own will, and that I cannot do. You are very kind, but I do not want Christ to rule over me."

On the following day Mr. Moody's text was singularly enough, "Whosoever will," &c. Mrs. F. was listening attentively, and thinking sadly of the strange lady who had so interested her, when a hand reached over and clasped hers tightly. Turning she beheld with surprise the object of her thoughts, as she had decidedly said she would not be there that day. "I have seen it," she said earnestly: "I have seen the nail-prints;" and then, as if to assert her old independence, "but I will not give up. I want to come, but I cannot, I will not."

She seemed exceedingly distressed. Mrs. F. tried long to help her, and was almost in despair for her, when with a new thought she said, "You look warm, my friend; lay your muff on the chair before you. It will be of relief."

The lady did so, and Mrs. F., taking her hand, exclaimed, "Just so, lay your burden of self will off on Christ."

Was it that a gleam of faith shot through her soul till she felt she could do just that, or was the struggle at its climax, and had this last word of encouragement, almost of loving authority, pressed down the balance on the right side of the scale in which she had been weighing her decision?

In an instant her face grew radiant, though the tears literally rained down her cheeks, and in a joyful, eager whisper she said, "I see, I see; I come, I come!" The proud spirit was broken at last.

A few days later, meeting Mrs. F. in the street, she greeted her with, "Oh, I am so happy. I am a different being. I have just come from my son who is sick, and he too has accepted Christ. How can I thank you enough!"

"Thank God; only thank God," said good Mrs. F. "I simply told you of the Shepherd who was seeking his own."—*American Messenger.*

How did you make your money? is a very important question. The world does not press this question very nicely; but if you are giving away your money very freely, God may consider how you got it. There is a very common feeling that the first three-quarters of a man's life may be spent in getting money by all sorts of means, and that then if he will be very liberal and charitable, it will make it all right. Of course, if you can make \$100,000 by short cuts, you can afford to give \$10,000 to church objects—reserving \$90,000 for your earthly comforts, and "placing" the other \$10,000 in heavenly securities. Restitution in such cases (which is the only test) is rarely thought of.—*Central Presbyterian.*

Question Corner.—No. 23.

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.

- 265. Which of the prophets alludes to the great wisdom of Daniel?
- 266. Of how many years does the book of Genesis give an account?
- 267. What is the first city mentioned in the Bible?
- 268. How many sons had Gideon?
- 269. Who was Abimelech and how many of his brothers did he kill?
- 270. By what other name was Gideon known?
- 271. How did he receive this name?
- 272. Who, attended only by his armor-bearer, went over to the garrison of the Philistines and attacked them?
- 273. Who founded the city of Samaria?
- 274. Who besieged Samaria for the last time, and how long did the siege last?
- 275. Who was king of Israel at the time?
- 276. Who was king of Judah at this time?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A Roman Governor of Judea.
- 2. The first judge of Israel.
- 3. A book of the Old Testament.
- 4. An Egyptian vegetable like the onion.
- 5. A precious stone.
- 6. A title applied to the Saviour.
- 7. A city of Macedonia.
- 8. A disciple who resided at Philippi.
- 9. A river of Syria.
- 10. An ingredient of the holy anointing oil.
- 11. An article of the priest's official dress.
- 12. A command of Christ.
- 13. A grandson of Eli.
- 14. An instrument of music.
- 15. A brother-in-law of Moses.
- 16. A prophetess.
- 17. A vessel used in the tabernacle service.
- 18. A celebrated range of mountains in Syria.
- 19. An idol worshipped by the Ammonites.
- 20. David's oldest brother.
- 21. A town in Galilee.

The initials form an injunction of Paul's.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

- 241. Jephthah. Judges xi. 30, 39.
- 242. Samson. Judges xv. 4, 5.
- 243. Samson. Judges xv. 15.
- 244. Abraham. Gen. xxii. 2.
- 245. Rebekah. Gen. xxiv. 67.
- 246. Bethel. Gen. xxviii. 19.
- 247. He was fleeing from his brother Esau. Gen. xxvii. 42, 45.
- 248. Miriam. Num. xii. 10, 15.
- 249. Aaron's rod. Num. xvii. 6, 8.
- 250. Uzzah. 2 Sam. vi. 6.
- 251. Revelation v. 5.
- 252. Elijah. 2 Kings i. 9, 12.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Farthing, Obed, Revelation, Thomas, Hor, Ecclesiastes, Leah, On, Vashti, Elijah, Olives, Figtree, Mbab, Onions, Nahor, Esther, Yoke, Issachar, Shadrach, Tiberias, Herod, Eljah, Ruth, Og, Obadiah, Timbrel, Onesimus, Frig, Ahdy, Lamentations, Lydia, Elisha, Vinegar, Ishmael, Laban.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No 20—George V. Donaldson, 12 ac; Alex. McEachren, 12 ac; Rebecca Jestin, 12 ac; Maggie D. Becket, 12; Janet Pattison, 12; Lizzie Christie, 12; Sarah E. Pattison 12; Annie M. Pattison, 12; George R. Keys, 10; Mary Jane Long, 8.