

dulled towards God and man, by his habits of covetousness, he died and passed on to meet his earthly record in another world.

A search was instituted for his heirs. The stepmother had long been dead. All of his own brothers and sisters were dead. Of his half brothers and sisters—children of the woman he had so wronged—three were living and among them the fortune of the miser was justly divided. It amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The lawyer in whose hands the property had been placed, had the curiosity to reckon the interest on the twelve pounds for the years which elapsed before it was returned to the family. At the high rates of interest then prevailing, the sum was found to approximate so nearly to the amount which was distributed among the heirs as to excite his surprise, and to cause the question, "Was this simply a coincidence?"

Unwittingly the man had worked and pinched and saved only to pay a debt which he never meant to pay. He had illustrated a truth that is not always apparent to human vision.

Injustice may do its wretched work and triumph in its wrong. But sometime and somewhere, in this life, or in the eternity that awaits with solemn portent all human events, the wrong will be brought to light, and justice will be done. Neither moral law nor physical law can be violated, with God and right to uphold them, and the violator escape penalty.—*Youth's Companion.*

"THOU KNOWEST NOT WHETHER SHALL PROSPER."

PHIL. O'MATH.

"A lady relates the following experience in her early Christian life. At the close of a term of court in the town where she resided, a large number of criminals were sentenced to the penitentiary. Among them was an old man for whom she became greatly burdened. Repeatedly the Spirit said, 'Go and speak to that old man,' and every time she answered: 'What can such a girl as I say to one so hardened in sin?' Still it said, 'Go and speak the words which I shall give thee.' Trembling under the burden she finally went and asked that the old man might come to the gaol window. As she addressed him, he began to vindicate himself and to curse his accusers, but God gave her a message to which he listened with stoical indifference. Her work being done, she went away with a sense of relief, but with this question on her lips, 'Why this sowing on the rock?'"

"Two years passed by and the incident was remembered only as the beginning of a work to which she felt especially called. Business called her to a neighboring town to see a judge. Her only chance for an interview was upon the street. As she waited his coming, she noticed a fine-looking and well-dressed gentleman standing near, who seemed to study her with more than ordinary interest. As she closed her business with the judge, he stepped forward and spoke her name, inviting her to his residence a few steps away. She felt it proper to go with him, but during the short walk, no explanation was given as to the meaning of the invitation. The beautiful yard, and well-furnished house indicated thrift and comfort. Seating her, he excused himself a few minutes, and then returned accompanied by his wife and two daughters. The group stood before her in silence, but apparently with feelings too deep for utterance. The silence was broken with these words: 'Miss A., you do not recognize me, or understand the import of this meeting, but you doubtless remember the message you delivered two years ago to an old man at the gaol in the town of B. Your words were not for him but for me, a chained prisoner at his feet. Every word you spoke went like a dagger to my heart. I saw what a miserable wretch I made of myself by choosing a life of sin, and I also saw how there was hope for a sinner like me. I never rested till I found pardon. The Lord also helped me to a release from prison. I became an industrious man, and have built this house with my own hands. When I heard your voice I immediately recognized it as the one by which God sent his message to my soul. You have the explanation of my strange conduct. All I am I owe to God, who in his great mercy sent you with a message of warning and comfort.'

"The lady in relating this said: I sat in wonder and amazement, as God's 'mysterious way' opened up to my limited under-

standing. I embraced His unknown will as never before. I went out to sow beside all waters and leave the results with the Lord, resolving never to count that sown upon a rock which God directs."—*Living Epistle.*

"OLD TEN DOLLAR."

BY C. E. R. PARKER.

"What was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" or "Who was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" I fancy some of my young friends may inquire, and perhaps will be not a little astonished when I answer that "Old Ten Dollar" was a cow, and I will tell you how she came by such a curious name.

We children lived in a small farming town in the State of New Jersey. Our family was among the first settlers there, and our home (as I look back upon it now after many years of life's clouds and sunshine) seems almost like the garden of Eden for greenness and beauty and quiet peacefulness.

We had neighbors of every description; some thrifty and industrious and careful managers, keeping their farms and cattle in good order, and their families were respectable, God-fearing people. But many were thriftless and careless and slovenly about everything, and among this latter class was poor Peter Long. Everything about his farm was unutterably shabby. His fences were always falling down, his gates off the hinges, his barns open to the weather, and his cattle the most forlorn, uncared-for creatures, who had to look after themselves all the year round.

One morning, my brother Tom, sister Matty and I were strolling about with no particular object in view but to enjoy the lovely springtime just coming back to us after a long and dreary winter, and as we proceeded on our walk we found ourselves approaching the wretched premises of Peter Long, and we noticed standing near the barn, as if trying to get the benefit of a little sunshine on her shabby back, the most forlorn looking-cow our eyes ever rested on. She was originally of a respectable dun color, I have no doubt, but "the color was all done," as the Irishman would say. The hair was most all rubbed off her back, her hide was dingy and unsightly in its uncleanness and ugliness, and yet the poor creature had a kind, pitiful look in her large soft eyes as she watched us coming near. We plucked small handfuls of the new grass and gave it to poor bossy, but we had not moral courage enough to pat her with our hands, as we might have done to a more reputable-looking beast.

Presently old Peter caught sight of us and drew near with his shuffling feet, and we bade him good-morning as we stood looking at the wretched cow.

"Poor critter, isn't it?" he said. "She an't good for nothing, and never will be; and yet she is not an old cow—not seven year old yet. I can't keep her, and I don't want to kill her," he added.

"She looks as if she did not have half enough to eat," spoke up honest Tom, in his straightforward way.

"Well, she never will, I guess," answered Peter with a sigh. "She has her chance at the vittles with the rest of the critters, but she don't grow no fatter."

"How would you like to sell her?" I ventured to ask hesitatingly.

"Sell her! Why, nobody wouldn't want her, of course. I would sell her fast enough if I had a good offer. I will let you have her for ten dollars, young man, and perhaps you can make a cow out of her."

"A cow out of her," exclaimed Tom; "why, she is a cow now, I suppose, though a very poor one, to my idea of cows."

"Yes, that's so," said Peter. "She is a cow by name and she is a cow by nature, and yet she an't no cow at all, according as I look upon critters. You don't want to buy her, do you, Thomas. I say you may have her for ten dollars."

Well, we children looked at the disreputable beast thoroughly, over and over, and then we put our heads together to discuss ways and means, and finally we told Peter we would think about it, but we should have to go home and talk over the matter with our parents and see if they would allow us to make the purchase, and told him that, any way, he might drive the cow over in the morning and let them all have a look at her.

Our account of the poor animal did not seem at all satisfactory to our father but we pleaded very hard, and told him that we had money enough between us to pay for

the cow, if she could be our own and belong to us all three together.

The wretched-looking animal was driven over early the next morning. Peter had rubbed her up a little, but she looked forlorn enough. Neither father nor mother thought her at all prepossessing, but finally father said we might buy the cow if we were able to pay for her, but on condition that we took care of her ourselves. He said that she might have the same food and pasture with the other cows through the summer, and if we succeeded in making a cow of her we were entitled to all the profits from her, selling the milk and butter, and might divide the proceeds between us three. Jerry should see to her at first, and afterward Tom must learn to milk her, as he was head proprietor, and Matty and I must be dairymaids.

So we bought the cow. The ten dollars were paid down very cheerfully, and the unattractive animal became our property. We christened her "Old Ten Dollar," and she never knew another name.

You could hardly believe how rapidly she improved under the treatment she received from us all. Jerry scrubbed her down and made her clean and presentable, soon she began to put on a respectable coat of hair, and before the fall she was as decent a looking cow as any on the farm. She was very gentle and kind, and seemed to appreciate the loving care of our hands, she knew her name and would follow us like a pet dog. Tom soon learned to milk, and sister Matty and I were dairymaids; we bought bright tin pails and pans and a small churn, and we made butter and sold milk, and "Old Ten Dollar" became really valuable property.

The next spring we raised a pretty calf which was born to "Old Ten Dollar," and which did her mother great credit, and became a fine cow, and after a while we each had a cow of our own and "Old Ten Dollar" between us. We were really getting to be very prosperous farmers, and in time sold not only milk and butter, but cattle of our own raising, and made our business not only self-supporting but quite remunerative. And when our brother Tom was grown up, father set off a certain part of the farm as his portion, and the greater proportion of the dairy stock upon the farm were descendants of the "Old Ten Dollar" family of different generations.

But the dear old home is broken up now, father and mother have passed to their heavenly inheritance, and we children all have homes of our own. Thomas keeps up his place in the country for a summer residence, and a very beautiful home it is too, and his children and his children's children still love to hear him tell the story of "Old Ten Dollar," and the name has been retained as a familiar enduring name among the sleek soft-eyed cows of his dairy farm.—*Illus. Chris Weekly.*

THE SECRET OF IT.

Olive Meeker was a womanly, helpful child of ten years. Her mother said she was her "right hand," for she was always close by to help when she was needed, and could always be depended on; for whatever she did was done just as well as she knew how to do it, whether people were looking at her or not.

"She is no eye-servant," her mother said. "I can rely upon her as I could upon a woman."

What a reputation for a little girl to have! I have seen so many children who would never think to help mother at all unless she asked them, and then would object, or pout, or fret—or if they did what she asked, would take no sort of pains to do it well—that when I became acquainted with Olive I admired and loved her.

At one time I was visiting her mother's house. We were expecting company and were all very busy getting ready. Mrs. Meeker had given Olive and Crissy, my little daughter, permission to go into the garden and cut flowers to fill the vases and decorate the rooms.

"Go now," she said, "while Arthur is asleep, and there will be no trouble."

But they had not cut half the flowers they needed before a cry reached them from the nursery.

"That's a sign," laughed Olive.

"A sign of what?" asked Crissy.

"Why, that there is no more cutting and arranging flowers for me. Didn't you hear Artie?"

"The little nuisance!" said Crissy. "Let him cry, I would not go."

"Mamma is busy, I must go," said Olive, and away she ran. She tried to hush the little fellow in the cradle, for I could hear her singing little baby-songs in a low, soft tone, but he would not be kept down, there was no sleep in him.

"He always seems to know when I want him to sleep for any particular reason," she said afterward, good-naturedly; "I think he smelled the flowers this time."

So, finding it was useless to try any longer she took him out of the cradle, washed his face and brushed his hair, and took him down to the piazza. Crissy had brought in the basket of flowers and was putting them up in bouquets, and Olive longed to help her. She put Artie down on the footstool and gave him his playthings, but nothing would satisfy him but flowers, and when she gave him a handful of flowers, the little tyrant looked as cross as before.

"Poor little thing! I guess his teeth hurt him," she said: "I must try to amuse him."

I watched the child to see if her good nature would hold out. It never for a moment failed. I knew she wanted to be beside Crissy at work with the flowers, but she gave it all up to take care of that cross baby, and she did not fret at all, notwithstanding his fretting and spiteful ways. She was as bright and sweet as the roses and lilies themselves, and tried to please her baby-brother until mother came and took him away.

"Thank you, darling," mamma said when she carried him in, and Olive smiled and looked so happy.

Then I talked with the little girl. I said, "You wanted to be at work with the flowers didn't you?"

"Oh, yes'm," she answered, "but that was nothing. Mamma says that babies are worth more than flowers, and then you know we want him to grow sweet tempered, and he can't if we are cross with him."

"I noticed you spoke very low to him. I should have spoken loud."

"Mamma says the crosser he is and the louder he cries, the more careful we should be to speak softly; that's to teach him, you know. He takes lessons from us every day, and we must give him only that sort we want him to learn. That is mamma's doctrine."

A very good doctrine. I wish all the little girls who had to help mother and amuse baby sisters or brothers would take lessons from Olive and her mother.

But I learned the secret of Olive's helpful happy ways later one day when I was talking with her mother.

"Why, Olive is a little Christian," said Mrs. Meeker. "She loves Jesus, and tries to please him in all she does."

Ah! that is the secret of it. I see it all now.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A DUMB MESSENGER.

This messenger never had existence except in a certain man's sleeping thoughts, and was only enabled to deliver its message to him through another man's lips. By the same man's lips, also, though without his knowledge, it delivered a message of great importance at the same time to other men that stood by. More singular still, in this same roundabout manner, it said, at that time, to one of these two: "In reality, I belong to you." Finally, it may be said to have afterward become a messenger of death to countless numbers of the oppressors and enemies of the people of God. What "messenger" is intended? to whom did it speak? What did it signify? And what did it finally do?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 6.

1. Phillip, Acts 21: 8.
2. Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, Act. 21: 30.
3. In connection with the stoning of Stephen, Acts 8: 1.
4. By Festus to Paul, Acts 27: 24.

ACROSTIC.—*The Prodigal Son.*—1. Thomas, 2. Husks, 3. Emerald, 4. Palm, 5. Rose, 6. Olive, 7. Dates, 8. Juniper, 9. Gourd, 10. Almond, 11. Lilies, 12. Spikenard, 13. Onions, 14. Nettles.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jessie French, Hattie J. Judd, Josie Keaney, Alma L. H.acock and Bella F. Christie.