

With it he took out his pocket Testament, and with a sudden tenderness as he remembered of whose business this was a memorandum-book, he opened it.

"Ye are not your own."
"No," he said, thoughtfully and thankfully. "I have an owner; I am glad of that."

"Moreover, it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful."

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men."

As he read those words there arose before him the vision of the solicitors of contributions, as one after another, they had passed before him. "As unto the Lord." Had he thought of that?

"I will think of it," he said, and opened his memorandum, but from its pages spoke the same voice that had spoken from the Testament.

"Christ is owner of this great world factory where you are at work, is He not?" it said.

"Yes," was the joyful reply.
"Does all you have belong to Him?"

"Yes, for I am His."

"You did not growl when asked to pay out Mr. Markham's money for his factory expenses?"

"No."

"And if Christ wants some of His money for His factory expenses?"

"I would give it gladly to Him, but these agents!"

"As unto the Lord and not to men." The voice was low and tender this time. It did not seem quite like the voice of conscience.

"You did not complain of the demands for wool and freight and boxes and oil because they came through others. You trusted Kennet's investigation into the belting, but better men than he have investigated the demands of the Freedmen. Can you not trust them? And when you could not trust Scroggins, you examined for yourself. You dared not risk letting even his demand pass unnoticed. It is well you did not; but are you not running a greater risk in refusing to enquire about that destitute family? What if He should say, 'Ye heard of me hungry, and fed me not, because you had no time to enquire?' And you were glad, I think, that the demand for boxes was doubled by the increasing business. Are you glad that the great in-gathering from the Foreign Mission field this year has doubled the demand for laborers and for money? You were not contented with merely listening to the solicitors in your factory. You went from room to room looking for chances to spend your master's money. Are you looking for places where repairs are needed in Christ's great work?"

"No, but I will," Mr. Rathbun answered, in a voice so gentle that no one could have dreamed it the same with that which spoke in the office the evening before. "I do thank thee, my Master, that thou hast revealed this to me before it is too late."

And very humbly, very peacefully, he went out from the office to look up the white-haired old man who had passed his window the day before. He did not think whether his contribution was thankfully received. He had not expected thanks from those who reported the needs of the woollen factory. It was rather his place to thank them, and he did thank the old man now.

And as once more there passed in vision before him the faces of the "money-suckers" he had encountered the day before, they looked very lovely to him, much lovelier than his own.

"I shall welcome them all in future," he said, "for if I cannot do what they think I should, I can do what He thinks I should, and it is as 'unto the Lord and not to men.'" — *Watchman.*

HARD DATES AND EASY DATES.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

Philip shut his history with a bang, declaring it was of "no use trying to remember these old dates." He wished he could give it up.

"Other boys have mastered it," said grandfather. "I suppose you will not admit but what you have average talent."

"But some boys have a peculiar talent in this direction," said Philip. "I can remember the incidents pretty well, but when they happened beats me. John Reed never misses a date. He has a remarkable memory."

Just then little Harry came into the room to see if grandpa wished a morning paper, and the old gentleman handed him out the change to buy one.

"Just let me look at that copper, Harry, if you please," said Philip, with sudden interest. "Good—1805; maybe I can make something out of that. Here is another in place of it," and he dropped the old copper into his pocket.

"Did you ever make anything out of your coins, Phil?" asked grandfather, rubbing his glasses.

"Yes, sir, I sold a bright, clearly-stamped copper of 1809 for fifty cents one day at a place I know in Fourth street. I am on the lookout for cents of 1793, 1799 and 1804. I can get from one dollar to ten for them, according to their fineness. I wish, grandfather, you would be so kind as to let me look over any old coppers or old silver coins you get in change, before you pass them off. Especially anything with the date of 1804 on it. There are only twelve silver dollars out of that date. Collectors will give a thousand dollars for one. In fact there was very little coining done in that year, and none at all in 1815. I could get five dollars for a good half cent of 1796, and those of 1793 are worth half a dollar."

"What a memory for dates you have, Philip!" said grandfather. "I couldn't begin to remember these things as you do."

"Oh, yes, you could, grandfather," said Philip, smiling, though he felt a little "caught," "if you had the same interest in them that I have."

"Maybe that is so," said grandfather. "Taking an interest in anything does make a difference, whether it is in studies or anything else. Now if you could only get up a little sentiment in favor of history, wouldn't it help along some?"

"Oh, history dates are very different."

"You mean the interest you take in them is very different. You have proved to me very conclusively that you have a good talent for remembering dates, so there is not the slightest difficulty on that score. Suppose you put the identical determination to remember into your history dates that you do into your coin dates and see if they do not stick in your memory? The very fact of having conquered will be worth more to you than one of those high-priced old dollars of—"

"1804," suggested Philip.

"Yes, my boy, learning to make a point instead of being beaten by it is a fortune in itself, to any school boy. Half study and half effort of any kind are what fills the world with incapables; such an army of them in every walk in life. Don't join that army. Throw your whole power into anything that is to be done, and conquer it. To make the matter practical, I would tackle that history with a new zeal and fix one date after another until all in the lesson were fast. How many have you to learn this morning?"

"About ten," said Philip, turning the leaves, "and you will see, grandfather, that I'll have those before school time," and he did.

DO IT NOW!

BY A. F. R.

"Did you know that Miss Effie died last week?" asked a lady of her friend Mrs. Dean.

"Miss Effie dead! Are you sure? Oh how I wish I had written that letter!"

"Yes, she died last Friday. You know she had been an invalid for a long time."

"Well, she is at rest, dear soul, and I do not doubt that she was happy when the long-expected summons came—but I shall regret all my life that I did not write her that letter I intended writing."

"What letter, Mrs. Dean? Please explain."

"Only this—months ago she sent me a book, accompanied with a sweet little note. I meant to have answered the note at once. There were many things I wished to say, for she was very dear to me, and I was not able to visit her. You know my own health has been so impaired and my burden of cares and duties so heavy that I have really had little time or strength for letter writing, but I wanted so much to write to her, and now it is too late, for ever. The hardest part of it is that I know she expected a letter from me, and to think I disappointed her! Such a little thing as it would have been for me to do! I can never forgive myself."

Mrs. Dean is like the rest of us. She

only neglected doing a little kindness to a friend—or rather she delayed doing it—until it was too late.

Perhaps you can think of some loved one who has long been anxiously waiting for a letter from you. Your mother, my dear young friend. Of course you intend to write to her as soon as you can find time. But you are so busy all day long, and your evenings are so full of social engagements, which you cannot break—and so the weeks pass and the letter is not written. Your mother is old now. The form that once was straight is bent and feeble, the eyes that watched your young footsteps are very dim, the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning to silver, but the mother-heart is the same. Some day an unexpected message will come to you, perhaps a telegram will be given you at your place of business, or the yellow envelope may be slipped into your hand just as you are starting out for a pleasant evening in congenial company. Only a few words in the message—"Your mother is dead"—but the world will grow very dark to you for a time, and your heart will ache with unavailing regret that you neglected writing to the mother who loved you so fondly, and who longed for frequent news from her child. You will think if she could only come back you would do so differently in the future. But it will be too late.

Too late as far as your mother is concerned. But you have other friends who have claims upon you. They expect kindly interest, friendly recognition, or even words of commendation. You intend some time to see them, and you have pleasant things in your heart to say to them. Don't put it off too long. Life is uncertain. Do not keep all the good things you mean to say to your friend hid in your heart till he is dead. It is easy to praise the dead, but your friend would have been wonderfully helped along his way if you had only spoken while he could yet hear what you had to say. There are plenty of people, all around you, waiting for appreciation and sympathy—perhaps some are under your own roof—and you really intend, when you have time, to be both appreciative and sympathetic. Take time at once. If we could only remember that

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WORD ABOUT ACCURACY.

How few people are really accurate in their statements of ordinary facts. To be exactly truthful is a rare quality. It is so easy to say, "Why, you never saw such an awkward creature! he fell half a dozen times in as many minutes," when the sober truth is that he only fell once and stumbled over.

But then, the bare truth would have spoiled the story, and not have raised the laugh that the misstatement produced.

So we get in the habit of altering things a little, to make them more amusing or more interesting, until we are hardly conscious of our own wrong-doing, and yet we would be very angry if any one should accuse us of not being strictly truthful. Some years ago we knew a young lady whose scrupulous veracity on all occasions was really remarkable. We asked her one day how she had been able to free herself from so prevalent a fault. Her answer was: "I have long made it a rule to stop myself in the middle of a sentence, if I find I am exaggerating in the least, and begin it over again, and this method of self-reproof has made me careful." While we do not recommend this discipline to all, we should be glad if our friend's carefulness of speech was widely imitated.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NOMINAL CHRISTIANS.

Amid all the never-ceasing attacks on the Christian religion on the ground of the weakness and failure of some of its nominal confessors and defenders, one never hears it said that these failures come because of too close a following, or too accurate a reproduction, of the principles of Christ. As a recent writer says, the world misjudges Christianity because it insists on looking at churches which caricature it or individuals who falsely illustrate it; but Christianity would be seen as it is, if only New Testament precepts were reproduced in human character. If every nominal Christian in the world were utterly debased and unworthy of his name, nothing would be proved against the excel-

lence of the Christian religion itself. Every one who seeks to excuse his own neglect of religion by dwelling on others' misuse of it, should ask himself whether he really believes that Jesus Christ was a bad man, who put forth a detestable and ruinous system of faith and practice. Until one is ready to say this, his criticisms are no more pertinent than would be the charge—to borrow a clever illustration from the London Church Times—that a downfallen Good Templar, suffering from *delirium tremens*, owed his illness to total abstinence.—*S. S. Times.*

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. What king made two golden calves for the people to worship?
170. What birds were employed as messengers of mercy and to whom were they sent?
171. Where are we told that "God loveth a cheerful giver"?
172. Who once kept back part of what they had devoted to the cause of God?
173. With what tribe did the Israelites first engage in battle when they came out of Egypt?
174. How did the Israelites obtain the victory?
175. Who entertained angels unawares?
176. Who carried a little coat to her son every year and where did this son live?
177. Unto whom did God say, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward"?
178. Who was the Apostle to the Gentiles?
179. Which of the apostles beheld the transfiguration?
180. On what two other occasions were these apostles chosen to be with him?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. First name a woman whose heroic faith saved all her kindred from impending death.
2. A preposition next proceed to find, Two words of gracious invitation joined.
3. Who judged God's people three-and-twenty years?
4. Who Abraham's brother's first born son appears?

The final letters form the name of one who was that first heroic woman's son. The initials give his name (his willing bride) who was to her near kinsman first allied. Both bride and mother came of heathen race, Yet both were honored with special grace. From them not kings alone may trace their birth, But one far greater than the kings of earth. When God vouchsafed to take our mortal frame, Him as their child may both these women claim.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

145. Seventeen years old, Gen. xxxvii. 2.
146. Psalm xxii. 1.
147. The jaw-bone used by Samson, Judges xv. 15, 19.
148. He stopped the upper water course of the Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David, 2 Chron. xxxii. 30
149. Paul, Romans xv. 24, 28.
150. Peter, Acts v. 15.
151. Tentmaking, Acts xviii. 3.
152. Peter, Malchus, the servant of the High Priest, John xviii. 10.
153. Mercurius, by the heathen at Lystria, Acts xiv. 12.
154. Terah, Gen. x. 31.
155. Gamaliel, Acts xxii.
156. The Syrian Army at Dothan, 2 Kings vi. 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Sub-mission.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- To No. 13.—C. Redmond, 11.
To No. 12.—C. Redmond, 8; Archie McDonald, 9; Jas. T. Ratray, 12; Cora M. McIntyre, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 10.