

enough, but the damage was small compared with what it would have been if the little home had burned. After sweeping out the water, Batty left Nora to tidy up the room somewhat while he went after the children.

"Poor scart things!" said Nora; "niver a bit would I slape the noight if wan av thim was from me side."

On turning down the blanket of the trundle-bed for Annie, to her dismay Nora discovered Katie asleep just as she had lain down before supper. The child had slept soundly through all the noise and excitement entirely overlooked by her mother. Loud cries brought Batty to the door, and there upon the floor sat Nora with the half-wakened child in her arms, rocking back and forth, crying piteously:

"Och, Katie, darlint! Katie, darlint! Was it yees own mither that left yees to be burned. The howly angels know 'twas not the mither's heart as forget her child, but the poor distracted head, but either head or heart, Katie, yees was left to the death all the same, an' widout a sup or kiss of pace. Och, Katie, 'tis me own hard wicked heart as has brought Nora Brennan to grief and niver the worriment of the swate child that's not bad at all, at all."

"Arrah Nora, the choild is not burned. The blissed saints in heaven stood atwen Katie and the fire. Sure the home would ave been in ashes now but for the sleeping choild."

"But where is me pace of moind, Batty Brennan, for did'ant I tell yees avery wan was safe, niver dreamin' of the lie I was spakin,' an' Katie, me own wild Katie, anent the bed."

Nora's grief was too bitter to be soothed at once. The inevitable night work demanded Batty's return, and left alone with the children, Nora moaned and cried all night for the almost fatal mistake she had made.

When the neighbors came in the next morning to offer aid or sympathy, they found Nora quite sick with grieving, and Batty trying to comfort each one who shared in sympathy the mother's sorrow.

Poor Katie stood shy and quiet near her mother's chair. Somehow she forgot to be saucy, and was gentle with the little ones for days afterward. Katie was really trying to be good though she didn't know it.

The sunlight of mother love had shone warmly upon her, and the good seeds that were sown in her heart sprang up and burst into buds and bloom of fragrant beauty. Batty was wont to say, "the howly angels that saved Katie and the house from burning, had kissed the child."—Interior.

"PEACE, PEACE," THE BELIEVER'S MOTTO.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Some little churches seem to think that they must have an angry discussion every month, or else they are living beneath their gospel privileges. This leads to heart-burnings, and promotes splits and divisions, and these are as frequent among them as fights at an Irish wake. They want a new minister every now and then, for they consider their want of prosperity to be the minister's fault; and then they want a fresh set of deacons, for the evil is thought to be the deacon's fault. By-and-by they discover that some leading man, or, what is worse, some leading woman, is at the bottom of the evil, and they must get rid of him or her, and then all will go right; and they practise the process of dismemberment, cutting off one part of the body, and then another, till they think the smaller they become the better they will be. What a mistake! Do they think to find peace by breaking into pieces? The more Christians are divided the more they can subdivide, and the smaller the sect the more prepared is it for another schism.

We should labor to carry out the same quiet spirit in the family. When you get home do not change "Peace, peace," into scolding and nagging. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." The apostle says, "If it be possible," because he knew it would be a very difficult thing always to be peaceable with everybody, for some people are so unreasonable that they are never at peace till they are at war, and never quiet till they are making a disturbance. Be it ours under great provocation still to cry, "Peace, peace." Put up with a great deal; bear, and bear, and bear, and bear, and bear—I have not time to repeat the word—till seventy times seven.

They will most surely conquer who can most completely submit, for in this world he that would be greatest must be least, and he that can stoop the lowest shall rise the highest. I do not think there is much in a heritage worth fighting for compared with brotherly unity. Family peace and love are worth more than a disputed will can ever yield. The game of quarrelling is not worth the candle. When I have had to compose family differences I have usually found that the misunderstanding began about nothing, and went on about nothing; and yet the mischief done is frequently terrible. When I have to make peace, I like to have some real injury, injustice, or wrong to deal with; something that I can handle, judge, and condemn; but an invisible, misty, indefinable suspicion is hard to overcome. When there is nothing in the squabble, peace-making is difficult work. There is a great tingle-tangle over nothing. You cannot get at it. It is a sort of stinging jelly-fish, which you feel but cannot grasp. Loving bonds are broken, and there is ill-blood between Christian men and Christian women who ought to love one another, and all about—about—nothing! Now, you Christian people, go about with this as your pass-word—"Peace, peace, peace, peace." This will quiet the worst termagant of a wife that ever wearied a man—peace, peace. This will sober the most outrageous husband that ever tried a woman—peace, peace. Cultivate peace in the home garden whatever you do elsewhere.

When peace reigns in your own family, go into the world with the same watchword—"Peace, peace." Do not set dogs by the ears, but tame lions and tigers. Compose differences, and make people friends. If certain persons were dropped into the garden of Eden, they would be the serpent in it; but there are others who, if you were to set them down in a village distracted with strife and contention, they would be lumps of love to sweeten every bitterness. Try and be just such. Let your motto always be, "Peace, peace," amongst your neighbors, for the glory of God.

May the day come when, all the world over, there shall be peace; peace to Afghan and to Zulu, as it is to-day to Prussian and to Frenchman and to Englishman. Let us wish "Peace, peace" to all of woman born. May this blessed word be rung out as a clarion note beneath these heavens till men shall recognize that they make one family, and God is the one great Father. Ye nations, learn war no more! "Peace, peace, peace." Catch the words, ye winds, and waft them—"Peace, peace, peace." Hear the words, ye stars, and shine them out to-night—"Peace, peace." Rise up, O sun, in the morning, and over all rejoicing lands pour forth, with thy light and warmth, peace and quietness! May peace be with you, my brethren, henceforth and forever. Amen and amen.

THINKING OURSELVES OVER.

"What is self-examination?" asked little Alice; "Mr. Clifford said something about it in his sermon this morning, and he told us all to spend a little while every Sunday practising it—practising what, mamma?"

"Self-examination is thinking ourselves over," answered Mrs. Langton. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves—what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

"How must I do, mamma?" asked Alice; "tell me how to begin."

"You may first think over your conduct toward your parents. Have they had reason to find fault with you during the week? If so, what for? Have you disobeyed them, or been sullen toward them? And what good have you done them? Have you made them glad by your kindness and your faithful and ready compliance with their wishes?"

"Then think of your duties to your brothers, and sisters, and little friends. Ask yourself how many you have made unhappy? Have you spoken cross words to them? Have you been angry or ill-natured? Have you deceived them? What hard thoughts have you cherished in your heart toward them?"

"O mamma, it would take me a great while to think all that over; and I'm afraid it would not always please me. What next must I think of, mamma?"

"Faithfulness in your business." "Business!" said Alice, smiling. "Papa

has business; little girls haven't any business."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Langton. "Any work which you have to do is your business. Your studies at school are your employment, in which you ought to be diligent and faithful. Have you been so? Do you never play in school? Do you thoroughly learn your lessons? Do you mind what your teacher says? Carefully think over whether your conduct is in all respects what a Christian child's should be."

"I know a verse about business," said Alice: "The Bible tells us to be 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' That means, we must mind God in it, doesn't it? What more is there to think over, mamma?"

"Secret faults," answered Mrs. Langton. "Have you cherished any wrong feelings in your heart? Have you had secret thoughts which you would be sorry to have exposed? Any envy of others, any pride? Have you harbored unkindness? Have you been selfish? Have you forgotten God? Have you neglected to praise him and to pray to him? Go over all this ground thoroughly, and confess your faults, and ask your Saviour to make your heart clean, and help you to love only what is lovely."

"But Aunt Jane says there's no need of children thinking," said Alice.

"Without thinking," said Mrs. Langton, "there can be no improvement. Thoughtlessness is the besetting fault of youth. It is this which makes young people giddy, foolish and vain, and blinds them to their own defects."

Alice sat still for some time, looking out of the window; then she came, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, gently said, "Dear mother, I will try to be one of yours and God's good children."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

IS ONE-TENTH ENOUGH?

Bishop Penick, of Cape Palmas, writes to an enquiring friend on the grace and duty of giving:

"And you want to know what I think of one-tenth as constituting the amount a Christian is required to give? I answer the question is raised by those who are holding back when they should be pressing forward, those who want to know how little they must do instead of how much they may do; and any spirit that seeks such exemption from the fullest service of the Lord, instead of the fullest participation in all his plans, works, purposes, and joys, is pressing away from Jesus instead of deeper and deeper into the unsearchable riches of his love.

"I confess it is a matter incomprehensible to me, how Christians with the New Testament open before them, can for one moment go back to the system of a one-tenth. For the kingdom of heaven is set forth in the parable of the talents and the pounds. Did the Lord require one tenth when he came back? Oh, no; principal and increase brought forth the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' &c. Yes, 'good' as well as faithful; the heart-work and joy of participation as well as the hand-work of material increase. Would the 'widow's mite' ever have resounded through a lost and ransomed world if it had only been a one tenth? Would Jesus ever have said, 'Having food and raiment, therewith be content,' &c., if he intended they should lavish nine-tenths of his trust-fund on themselves? Again, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Do you think any spirit in 'our Father's house' up there would be chained to one-tenth? No, no; the whole idea is a terrible misconception of the very character of a Christian and of God. 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' not a regular taxpayer. It is a sad mistake to imagine for one instant that it is the amount of money God is after; it is the loving co-operation of his children's spirits with his that is the joy of giving with Him. I want to be here as near as possible what I strive to be in heaven. I want no metes and bounds placed between me and my Father's and Saviour's love, but pray for grace to manifest to the fullest my grateful love. I lay my life and no one-tenth at the cross of my Lord, and count all but loss for his overwhelming love for me."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A SABBATH SERVICE which has nothing in it that will win the hearts of children will not win the hearts of older people, for the trait of Christian perfection even under grey hairs, is the perpetual youth and tenderness of childhood.

Question Corner.—No 4.

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.

37. What brook did David cross with four hundred men?
38. Where was he going?
39. By what brook were the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal slain?
40. What prophet in a time of famine was told to go and hide by a brook?
41. What was the name of this brook, and where was it situated?
42. What king reigned in Israel in the time of this prophet?
43. What was the name of the river near which the prophet Ezekiel had several visions?
44. What city of Syria, now in existence, was contemporary with Sodom and Gomorrah?
45. What city was the birth-place of David?
46. What city was the native place of Andrew Peter and Philip?
47. Upon what city besides Bethsaida did Christ pronounce woe?
48. What was the first miracle performed by Christ?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Who did in cruel wrath his kinsman slay?
2. Who was warned to flee, yet tarried by the way?
3. To whom did John write, touching Christian love?
4. Who to his God did ever faithful prove?
5. Whose self respect provoked her husband's ire?
6. Who rose to heaven in chariot of fire?
7. Whose rashness led to his untimely end?
8. The brother of the man whom God called friend.
9. Whose faith and love filled Paul with holy joy?
10. Who feared and served the Lord e'en when a boy?
11. Who from a child the Holy Scriptures knew?
12. What woman voiceless prayed a prayer most true?
13. Where did a king in agony of mind Guidance and comfort vainly hope to find?
14. What people for lukewarmness were reproved?
15. Unto whose dwelling was the ark removed?
16. What youthful widow made Faith's happy choice?
17. What king in anguish wept with lifted voice?

The initials form a precept both of the Old and New Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

13. The soldiers of Ahaziah king of Israel; Elijah called the fire from Heaven, 2 Kings i. 1, 12.
14. Elisha, 2 Kings vi. 1, 7.
15. Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 1, 7.
16. Because there was a famine in the land, 1 Kings xvii. 1.
17. The waters of Marah, Exodus xv. 26, 28.
18. Paul and Silas, Acts xii. 25, 28.
19. David. He killed Goliath the champion of the Philistines, 1 Sam. xvii. 20.
20. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Dan. iii. 26, 27.
21. In the land of Egypt, Ex. x. 22, 23.
22. Job xxiii. 12.
23. To the lawyer, Luke x. 25.
24. John, 1 John iv. 8.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Esau, Benjamin, Enoch, Nazareth, Emmaus, Zachariah and Elizabeth, Rama.—*Ebenezer.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Addie A. Cunningham, 12 ac; Cora May McIntire, 12; Edward Shepperson, 12; J. W. Dolph, 12; Minnie Vandusen, 11; Herbert W. Hewitt, 10; Fredrick J. Priest, 10.
To No. 1.—H. A. McKenzie, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 12 ac; Maud Leggo, 12 ac; William A. Piper, 12 ac; Maud Gamble, 12 ac; George Bot, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Aloah D. Has Broud, 12; Isabel McDonald, 12; Vesta McDonald, 12; Agnes McDonald, 12; Arthur Hicks 12; Addie A. Cunningham, 11 ac; Martha Jane Bates, 11; Thomas S. Telfer, 11; Louisa J. Wensley, 11; Carrie Edmunds, 10 ac; Flora A. McDougall, 8.