

think the Lord ought to pardon him for so many prayers. That night, on his way home, he knelt down under an old oak and prayed again. "Oh, what a moment that was! My mental vision of Christ crucified for sinners—for me—was so powerful, that it seemed taking place just then before my eyes. I saw that my debt was paid on that cross, paid in mercy, but paid in full, paid in blood; this I believed from the deepest depths of my soul. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. I did not shout, I did not weep; but an overwhelming flood of joy came over my soul. I was now justified, not for praying nineteen times, not by works, but by believing; justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The reality of this experience was severely tested by the scoffs of his fellow-workmen, and by sceptical doubts; but it stood till death. The next year he began to preach in connection with the Free United Methodists, and his mother sat in the Bagdale chapel weeping for joy, while the son for whom she had made the never-to-be-forgotten pinafore proclaimed the unsearchable riches he had found.

His work in the Chapel for the Destitute was John Ashworth's first great and independent effort to serve Christ. Twenty years of toil and trial—struggle for bread, domestic sorrows, disappointments—came before that work.

The history of the Chapel for the Destitute is instructive. In 1851 Mr. Ashworth visited London, and was so deeply impressed with the utter neglect of all spiritual things among the masses, that he made a solemn vow to open a place of worship for the very lowest class on his return to Rochdale. But friends there threw cold water on the proposal, and he left the vow unpaid for seven years. At last the hour of decision came. "He lay on his face for three or four hours, and vowed that if God would only make him more useful, or found it necessary that he was to know deeper sorrow or more trouble, he would take it meekly, whatever it was. He wrote the promise down, and very shortly afterwards one of the greatest sorrows that ever took place in the whole course of his life occurred, the death by drowning of his eldest son. After this he felt such strength as he had never felt in all his life. From that consecration to God sprang the Chapel for the Destitute." His own words are remarkable. "I prayed earnestly that God would give me grace and firmness to endure any amount of ridicule, abuse, misrepresentation, opposition, or imposition; that He would take money matters entirely into His own hands, and would send pecuniary help as it might be required. Believing that God would bless the undertaking, I determined not to consult any human being, but go at once to work, dependent upon God's help and blessing."

A young man came to Mr. Ashworth's door begging. He took in the state of the case at a glance, and asked the beggar to change places with him. He stood below and began to whine, "Please, sir, will you relieve me? please sir, will you relieve me?" and then asked the man how he looked. The beggar would have sneaked away, but Mr. Ashworth "spoke kindly to him, told him that if he had the spirit of a midge, a young fellow like him with a good trade in his fingers (a cabinet-maker), he would be ashamed to go whining at people's doors in that way; advised him to look up into God's blue sky, shake himself, settle down, and be respectable; gave him sixpence, and never expected to see him again." But some months after he called on Mr. Ashworth, well-dressed and thriving, to give him a subscription for the Destitute, and to express the hope that he would serve all such beggars in the same way.

John Ashworth had long cherished the ambition of authorship, and about this time it began to be realized. He must rouse the sympathy of the public toward the class whom he knew and loved so well. A friend met him in 1860 in Manchester, and asked why he looked so downcast. He said a publisher had just explained to him that the publication of the "Strange Tales" would involve an expense of £100, and he had not that sum to risk. The friend set his mind at rest, bargaining in a joke for a share of the profits. Eighteen months later Mr. Ashworth went to him with the first £30 of profit, and offered him his share. To-day the circulation of these sixty-one tales as separate tracts just touches four millions, and two hundred and forty thousand are sold in volumes. They have been translated into Welsh, French, Dutch, Russian, and Spanish. He wrote also two little books, "Walks in Canaan," and "Back from Canaan," of which forty thousand have been sold in nine years; and a later volume of "Simple Records," issued in 1872, has reached a circulation of twenty thousand.

Popularity brought its own perils and toils. He was sought after in every quarter to preach and lecture in behalf of chapels and missions of all sorts; and every engagement which he could fulfil consistently with opening his shop regularly at six in the morning,

he accepted. In this way he did for some years the work of at least three men, a lecturer, a missionary, and a house-painter. A commercial traveller once asked his landlady in Rochdale if she knew a man called John Ashworth, adding, "I suppose he is one of those men that go up and down preaching, praying, and neglecting his business." The landlady pointed across the street, and said, "Do you see that shop there? Well, then, every morning at a quarter to six you will see John Ashworth there, sending his men to work." But at length he found that he must choose between the paintshop and the platform; and the astonishing success of his writings enabled him to choose the latter. Whatever he gained as a lecturer was not for himself. He gave every penny beyond his bare expenses to the Chapel for the Destitute; and was delighted to find that, where tickets had been sold, two thousand pounds had been obtained for the building of chapels in various places.

He was a self-reliant and decided man. With our drinking customs he would have nothing to do. He would drink no healths, and "a twenty-shilling dinner to celebrate the opening of a public building was no place for him;" he walked in the procession with his fellow-townsmen, but left them at the hotel door. The following words from his diary may be commended to the notice of all Christian workers: "September 22, 1871.—Feel very tired with the last four days' work, and am thankful that I can rest. I believe if I were to take stimulants to stir me up at these exhausting meetings and journeys it would be fatal to my health, and jeopardize my religious life and peace with God." Some wealthy Christians were not very well pleased when they found that John Ashworth, who had been preaching for them all day, would not go home in their cozy broughams. But no; whether it was one mile or ten, he would only walk on the Lord's day. His theological opinions were as high and strict as his religious principles—the old doctrines of grace; but no man was ever farther from being hide-bound; he held his creed, his creed did not hold him, and he commended the truth of the gospel to all men by broad charity and earnest good-will. He had a perfect passion for finding out the very hardest cases of affliction and trying to comfort them; and this passion went with him everywhere. He died of a distressing cancer in January of 1875. Among his last words were, "Safe in the arms of Jesus. Thank God! safe in the arms of Jesus;" and the very last were, "God bless my poor people at the Destitute!" A good mother used to impress it on us, that friendships founded on Christian principles were the best. John Ashworth, by his life, made many such friends, and by his writings will make many more.—*Condensed from Sunday Magazine.*

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN READING?

BY MINNIE L.

A mother has the principal care of her child for many years, and I believe it to be a strict duty, that nothing should prevent her glancing, at least, over the pages of the literature her child may be reading, even if she cannot spare the time to peruse it carefully, which would be better, and it becomes all the more so when we reflect that reading goes far towards forming the future disposition and mind of the child.

Not even are the books in our Sunday-schools wholly free from evil. I once saw one so decidedly immoral in some of the chapters, that it was like poison in the hands of youthful readers. Happily, however, such instances are rare, yet I mention this to show the need of careful investigation on the part of the parent. And while the printing presses in our country are sending forth floods of reading matter both good and bad, I believe it to be just as easy to take a little time and select the good, and to try and place something in the hands of our boys and girls that will benefit and leave good impressions and ideas in their young minds. They will, if fond of reading, obtain books or papers some way, and if we do not help them to the good and useful, they will no doubt get hold of the evil.

To avoid this let them take some nice paper or magazine in their own name, it will please them better than if it came to them in yours, for children like to feel an ownership in anything, as well as we older ones do, but above all, be sure that no one of the flashy newspapers of the present day, with their over-drawn, silly, sensational stories, ever finds an entrance to your dwellings. If they come around packages from the drug stores, as they often will, immediately consign them to the stove; it's the only safe place, for even a fragment will often awaken curiosity to learn more, and they will slowly but surely corrupt the mind, bringing a distaste for all that is elevating and pure.

There are plenty of good papers within reach of all, even in these hard times, when the parent often finds the funds so low that

even one seems impossible. And there are many interesting books on history. When a little girl I read with great interest a History of England, that was written in a style I could readily comprehend. If you have to economize in these days, don't do it at the expense of good reading. Dress the little ones a little plainer, if need be, but don't take away the reading matter that may be the means of benefitting them so much in after years.—*The Household.*

AN EXPERIMENT.

One morning as we sat at our breakfast table the conversation turned on strict truthfulness of statement, and as the discussion grew more and more lively it was finally proposed by one member of the family that we should all pledge ourselves to the sternest veracity of speech for that day, and see what would come of it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and as a first fruit of the resolve we asked the one who had suggested it, "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to our compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago." Presently another one remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life." An enquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly, with, "Oh, I don't mean that, of course,—I've been much colder many times, and I don't think it was so cold after all."

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain instead of excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new rule. More and more we realized the unconscious exaggeration of our daily speech, and the distance between it and truth, and each one acknowledged at the close of the day that the lesson had been salutary as well as startling.

Now, we would like to propose to our friends who read this to try the same experiment for themselves, and note the result. And perhaps they will tell us their experience in turn.

Such a day may be of service in more ways than one, since it enforces good humor as well as strict truthfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TWO.

Two ways: One broad, the other narrow; the one leads to destruction, the other to life. Many go by the one, few by the other.

Which is your way?

Two classes of people: The righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the chaff, the living and the dead.

Which are you?

Two deaths: The death of the righteous, and the death of the wicked.

Which do you think you will die? Which do you wish to die? Which would it be if you were to die this moment?

Two sides at the judgment: The right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right hand will be blessed: "Come, ye blessed." Those on the left hand will be cursed: "Depart from me, ye cursed."

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive for the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad.

Reader, what word shall be spoken to you? On which side of the throne will you stand?—*American Messenger.*

PINS IN THE BIBLE.

It was an old Bible, a family Bible, a well-worn Bible—the Bible of an old lady, who had read it, and walked by it, and fed on it, and prayed over it for a long lifetime.

As she grew older and older her sight began to fail, and she found it hard to find her favorite verses. But she could not live without them; so what did she do? She stuck a pin in them, one by one, and after her death they counted one hundred and sixty-eight pins there.

When people went to see her, she would open her Bible, and, feeling over the page after her pin, would say, "Read there," or "Read here;" and she knew pretty well what verse was stuck by that pin, and what by this pin. She could indeed say of her precious Bible, "I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold." They are sweeter to me "than honey, and the honey-comb." "Stick a pin there!" reader.—*The Christian.*

RULES FOR ACQUIRING WEALTH.

Be Honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end.

Be Temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Be Industrious. Improve each day as if you expected to die on the morrow. Indolence, Debt, and Disease are brothers.

Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

Limit your expenses by necessity and comfort, leaving a good margin for balance saved.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators.

Give your personal attention to your business. To do this, keep brain and body healthful.

Question Corner.—No. 7.

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.

73. Give a complete list from the Old Testament of those who were raised from the dead?
74. Who was it that caused the destruction of the city of Nob?
75. How many instances of suicide are recorded in the Bible? Name the persons and the manner of their death?
76. How many cities were given to the Levites for their use?
77. Of whom did Jeremiah prophesy that he should be buried with the "burial of an ass"?
78. Why was the brazen serpent that Moses made destroyed, and by whose order?
79. What two persons lost their lives for using "strange" fire in burnt offering?
80. What man was slain in a city of refuge, and by whom was he slain?
81. What king and prophet refer to the slavery of Israelites in Egypt in the very same terms?
82. What three kings were denounced in exactly the same words?
83. What is the most ancient war on record?
84. In what manner and by whom was Benhadad put to death?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

First name a chief, the bitter foe
Of Judah's Lord, and Judah's land.
A river next, whose waters flow,
By old Damascus' heathen strand.
What did the Lord of Hosts o'erthrow,
In pity to his chosen band?
What word is oft-times used to show
The wonders of his mighty hand?
Next mark the name first borne in youth,
By one who, in the cause of truth,
With many courage risked his life,
To still the murmuring people's strife.
And, last, his father's name set down,
Known only by that son's renown;
The initials form a monarch's name,
Who, once a mighty empire swayed;
Yet are his exploits lost to fame,
And all his glory sunk in shade.
His captain's name the *Annals* tell.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. Forty-two thousand three hundred and three score, Ezra ii. 64.
50. Hulda, the prophetess, 2 Kings xxii. 14.
51. Exodus, xv. 11.
52. The mighty men who came to David at Ziklag, 1 Chron. xii. 1, 2.
53. Issachar, 1 Chron. xii. 32.
54. Job xvii. 9.
55. Elam, Jer. xlix. 36.
56. They put out his eyes, Jer. lii. 8.
57. Ornan, 1 Chron. xxi. 20.
58. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 10.
59. Potipherah, priest of On; his grandsons were Ephraim and Manasseh, Gen. xli. 45.
60. Solomon's, 1 Chron. xxii. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Na-hum.
O-badiah.
Mi-cah.—Naomi.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—W. C. Chisholm, 10ac.; Annie Donaldson, 9ac.; Francis Hooker, 9ac.
To No. 4.—N. V. S. Mallory, 8; Agnes McCartney, 9ac.; Freddie W. Moulton, 10; Edwin Longman, 11; Nell McEachern, 8ac.; John Goldsboro, 12; Mrs. Lewis McLeod, 8; Clarence N. Goodspeed, 12; Orpha Whitfield, 11; Rosetta J. Feren, 12; James E. Graham, 10; Annie Donaldson, 11ac.; Francis Hooker, 11ac.; Isabella Patton, 11ac.; Sarah Patton, 11ac.; George R. Truesdell, 4; Mrs. Wm. Case, 10; Alice A. Hamilton, 12.