

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We intend giving monthly a series of Bible Questions, for correct replies to which, during the year, we shall give

### THREE PRIZES

in books of the value respectively of FOUR DOLLARS, THREE DOLLARS and TWO DOLLARS. The replies are not to be sent until the close of the year. With the December number forms will be sent out for the use of any who desire to try.

The conditions are that those who send replies must not be more than twenty-one years of age, and they must not have been assisted in the questions. The Scripture reference or references must always be given.

For the first three questions see THE INDEPENDENT for January.

For the second three questions see THE INDEPENDENT for February.

### PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

7. Name the various rejection of Jesus while upon earth, and the different causes.

8. Which of the prophets was a farmer, which a keeper of cattle, and which were priests?

9. Name a Roman soldier whose faith and good works received a remarkable manifestation of acceptance by God.

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### "THE 'MORTGAGE' YE SHALL ALWAYS HAVE WITH YOU."

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We worked through Spring and Winter, through Summer and through Fall,

But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all;

It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday; It settled down among us, and it never went away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft; It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left. The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;

The dark-browed scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.

The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as came; The mortgage staid on forever, eating hearty all the same. It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,

And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more,

Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,

And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;

And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold.

And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.

The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown;

My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself alone. What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew;

But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to.

If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art, They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.

"Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,

But for first-class ruination, trust the mortgage 'gainst them all."—*Will Carleton.*

## Children's Corner.

### LITTLE ONES.

Little ones, tho' frail and earthborn,  
Heirs of blessedness may be;  
For the Saviour whispereth gently,  
"Suffer such to come to Me."

And in that eternal kingdom,  
'Mid the grand, triumphal throng,  
Childish voices, sweet, will mingle  
In the glorious choral song.

### THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

God of heaven, hear our singing;  
Only little ones are we,  
Yet a great petition bringing,  
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;  
Let the world in Thee find rest;  
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,  
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

Let the sweet and joyful story  
Of the Saviour's wondrous love  
Wake on earth a song of glory,  
Like the angels' song above.

Father, send the glorious hour;  
Every heart be Thine alone;  
For the kingdom and the power  
And the glory are Thine own.

### TINY'S WORK FOR GOD.

Growing weary with play, Leila and Tiny drew their garden-chairs close together, and sat down under the chestnut tree which grew beside their house. Their laps were full of flowers, which they had just gathered to make into a nosegay for their mother. Birds were singing in the branches overhead, and a little robin, which they fed every day till it was quite tame, hopped round them with a consequential air, and sometimes perched on their shoulders.

Both children had been quite silent for a few minutes, when Tiny suddenly raised her blue eyes, and said, "I am so happy. I do love the flowers, and birdies, and you, and everybody so much." Then she added in a whisper, "And I love God, who made us all