

nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts: O my friend, will you not look into this matter?"

"And remember this," he continued, with the majestic severity that the old prophets might have shown, "it is written in God's Word, and He will yet prove it—'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

Father Gwynn repeated the passage again, impressively and went away.

"He'd give the Lord the credit of everything!" muttered Captain Earnshaw, "but there'd be queer doings if it wasn't for us watchmen!"

But it was long before he ceased to think of his midnight visitor and the text that rang in his ears like a prophecy.

Some months later, as Captain Earnshaw was on guard, a gust of wind suddenly swept the square. Thinking it might betoken rain, he lifted his eyes to the sky. The blood leaped into his bronzed face; there was a lurid gleam in Warrenton, Power and Co.'s store—fire in his own square! The captain instantly gave the alarm. The firemen were soon on the spot. But the building was so secured by bolts and iron shutters that they could not get inside, and the fire was in the upper story.

"I'll go to Warrenton's for the key," cried Captain Earnshaw, starting on the run.

But he had not gone far before something new occurred to the athletic man—terrible in the present crisis. His step faltered, his feet would scarcely support his trembling frame; like one in a nightmare, no effort of will hastened his progress. He met no one whom he could send ahead; he could only go slowly on, knowing that each moment was an advantage to the fire-fiend. He groaned aloud as he thought of the property he had so proudly guarded. He reached Mr. Warrenton's house too exhausted to pull the bell.

The captain says he was insensible about twenty minutes. When he came to himself he heard the clang of firebells, and as distinctly as if he were beside him, the stranger's striking text—

"Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."

He realized then that his midnight visitor was right.

The square was burned that night. It is rebuilt; but Captain Earnshaw does not guard it. The story of that terrible walk was not believed; forgotten were the twelve years of faithfulness under the smart of the calamity; he was dismissed with severe rebuke.

The old watchman bears his bitter punishment patiently, for he has learned to rely upon the Lord whom he once despised. He earns his bread by watching in an obscure store near the scene of his former labors; but every night he visits the old square, hoping to aid if there is trouble, and perhaps regain his reputation. And often as he goes the rounds in the silent night, he repeats—

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Watchman.*

KEEPING HIS TRUST.

"If they were mine, Harry, I would lend them to you willingly, but, as it is, I cannot, and there is an end of it."

It was evidently hard for Ralph to speak these words, though his voice was very firm.

But Harry did not note; his eyes were fixed on the handsome skates on his friend's arm. Full fifteen minutes he had been teasing for them, and he would not give them up.

"You are the most absurd person that ever lived, Ralph Grey," he answered impatiently. "You admit you made no promise not to lend them, and I'd like to know how one boy more than another can hurt a pair of skates!"

"I've told you, Harry, that—"

"Ridiculous, Ralph. Come, be obliging, and let me take them just this one afternoon. Why, Frank would lend them to me, if he was here."

"So he might, Harry, but I cannot."

"Well then, you are the meanest, most selfish person I ever met; there isn't a boy for miles round that won't agree with me. And you needn't try to palm it off on us as principle, either; you've got the best pair of skates in the neighborhood, and you don't mean any other boy shall try 'em. You needn't talk to me, Ralph Grey."

So speaking, Harry turned away hot with

anger, and went rapidly down the road. Ralph stood looking wistfully after him; he was a large boy, but his eyes were full of tears.

"I wish they were mine, and I would give them to him," he murmured; "I would, rather than have him think that of me."

His tears fell on the shining skates; he thought drearily of the pleasure he had felt that morning Frank Lee brought them to him, with the words:

"We are going away south, after all, Ralph, so I will have no use for these. If you like, you can have them till I come back."

That was all he said, but Ralph was a very conscientious boy. "You can have them till I come back." The skates were his for his own use only; he had no further right in them. He could not see it in any other way. Ralph had anticipated trouble, at least with Harry. But surely when he told him, he would understand. Alas! Harry had not understood; he believed him mean, selfish, and yet what else could he do?"

His tears fell on the skates. Handsome skates they were truly; of a new patent—what wonderful things Ralph had planned to do with them? Now he was sure he could never use them; never after what Harry had said. He could not. It was grand skating on the pond that afternoon, and Harry, though still angry and disappointed, hastened there as soon as school was out.

What was his surprise to come upon Ralph strapping on his old, worn skates. So the next, and the next: the third day Ralph was to be surprised.

"See here, Ralph Grey," spoke a voice suddenly beside him, "you're not using those skates, and I know the reason why. Now I just want to tell you that I don't think you are mean at all; I've been doing a good lot of thinking since Tuesday, and admiring you more every day. I'm a different boy from you, and it's rather hard for me to say all this; but I tell you I mean it, and if we were men, and I had a million of dollars, I'd trust you with every cent. You'll make just the man for that, Ralph Grey."

So you see Ralph, after all, was not misjudged. And what did he win? Harry's displeasure for a time, truly, but what fully made up for it—his confidence and respect at last. So generally, boys, does the right.

It was a little trust, but Ralph kept it well. And the boy who keeps his trusts will keep nobly, as Harry realized, the greater ones of a man.

Do not mistake boys; do not think Ralph over conscientious, too strict in his ideas of right. You may never be so; especially, now, when you are forming habits that shall cling to you through life.—*Rosa Graham in Child's Paper.*

SUE'S CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY KATE SUMNER.

"Five and five is ten, and ten is twenty, and three is twenty-three, and two is twenty-five! Three and two is five, and five is ten, and five is fifteen, and ten is twenty-five—"

There was no use. You could not make one cent more of it no matter how you counted it, and Sue gave it up finally with a little sigh. "It's awful to be poor! If I was only rich like Lena Rivers, I would do lots of good," she said, as she put back the money into her purse.

To-morrow was the Sabbath-school picnic, that Sue had been looking forward to ever since the snow went off. Was she not going to have a whole long holiday out of the hot, noisy mill, and going on the boat to the nice cool woods—how she had looked forward to it! There was one drawback, however, to Sue's happiness. All the rest of the girls in her class were to have new, pretty dresses, and she had nothing but her old white one that she had almost outgrown; and besides it was darned—well, I do not dare to say how many times. The brightness all faded out of Sue's face when she thought of that, but then she could not have another possibly; and perhaps with fresh ribbons it would not look so very bad. So she had been saving up her pennies. Slow, tedious work it was; but at last there was a quarter, enough for two yards and a half. To-morrow was the picnic, and to-night she was going down street to buy the ribbons. She felt so happy that she almost ran on the way home from the mill, until she came to Mrs. Mellen's.

Mrs. Mellen went out working by the day, anywhere she could get work. And Jimmy, her little crippled boy, was sitting in the

door, watching for her to come home. He had been very sick a long time, and was just getting about again. He looked so sad and pitiful, that Sue stopped to speak with him. "Isn't it nice out of doors, Jimmy?" she said.

"I guess it would be if I could get out where there's some green grass and trees; but it's so hot and dusty here."

"I know it," replied Sue, looking up and down the narrow dingy street. "How I wish you could go to our picnic. We are going on the river, and then to the grove. There'll be music, and good things to eat, and swings and I don't know what else."

"I wish I could," said Jimmy with a queer little quiver in his voice, and something very like tears in his eyes—only boys never cry, you know. "But mother couldn't spare the money for my ticket, for I've cost a lot lately."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sue, with an odd little start. "I must be going. Good night."

There were two things that popped into Sue's mind all at once. One was the verse that Miss Benton gave her, only last Sabbath: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward"—and added:

"There's a chance for every one, isn't there, Sue, for the dear Saviour promises to reward even a cup of cold water, and any one can give that much."

The second thought was of her treasured quarter at home—the tickets were just a quarter! The conclusion she arrived at, instantly was: Is not this an opportunity for me to give a cup of cold water to Jimmy Mellen? But then there were her ribbons! What would become of them? She really did need them so badly. O dear, what should she do?

There was no more running. Instead, she walked very slowly; and, once home, she went directly to her own room. To be sure, she knew exactly how much she had, and yet perhaps there was a little more. But not a cent more could she make of it, and now the question was, what should she do? Go without her ribbons, and give Jimmy a day's pleasure, or—O dear, how could she give up the ribbons!

Seven—eight—the clock struck. And still Sue sat by the window, her treasure in hand, pondering. A bit of a song floated through her mind:

"I gave myself for thee—
What hast thou given for Me?"

She sprang up quickly. "I won't be so awfully selfish. I will give this little bit," she cried aloud. And then she went flying down-stairs, out of the yard, toward Mrs. Mellen's. "O Jimmy," she cried almost, out of breath, "you can go, after all. Here's a quarter for your ticket, and we'll have lots of fun!"

You should have seen Jimmy. He tried to say, "Thank you." But he could not—do his very best. And, boy as he was, he buried his face in the pillows, and sobbed as though his heart would break. "O Sue, I wanted to go so bad—you don't know."

As for Sue's ribbons—well, perhaps you won't believe me, but she never thought of them all day long. They had such a splendid time, you see, and everybody was so good to her and Jimmy.

"It isn't so much what folks have, after all, is it, mother," she said that night, "as it is the way they feel inside? I was so glad I let Jimmy go, that I had every bit as good a time as Lena Rivers, I know, if my dress was old and hers new."—*Intelligencer.*

"A HOLE IN THE WALL"

"Surely there is no text like that in the Bible," I hear some reader say. Turn to your Bible, and at the seventh verse of the eighth of Ezekiel you will find it, and that it forms part of a wonderful story.

Ezekiel was a prophet, one of the number whom the Babylonish king had carried captive to his own land. But at this time all the Jews were not in captivity; some were still at home. And God wanted to show the prophet how sinful they were, and how sadly they were breaking His laws. So he took Ezekiel in vision to his own fatherland, to the dearly-loved, ever-to-be-remembered temple. There in one of the priests' courts he saw chambers, called in the vision chambers of "imagery." Pictures of idols were painted on the walls, perhaps the objects of Egyptian idolatry—the ox, the ape, the crocodile.

But how was it the prophet saw into the chamber? There was "a hole in the wall." "Dig now in that wall," was the command; and having done so, he soon found the door, and opening it, saw a sad sight. The room was not empty. But within he saw seventy old men, "ancients," the chief of the city, each one having his censor, and a thick cloud of incense rising to the ceiling. So you see it was this hole in the wall which led to the discovery of their wicked conduct. They thought no one could see them, saying all the while, "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth."

How often are the Bible words fulfilled: "Be sure your sin will find you out"! Almost always a something that perhaps you do not think of, like this hole in the wall, leads to the discovery of the sin. Well says another proverb: "It will take a great many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth."

And even when there is nothing to lead to sin's discovery, no hole in the wall to cause its detection, never must we forget that it is all known to God. He did not need even that hole in the wall to reveal to Him all that was going on in that chamber of imagery. "There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves."

A chamber of imagery—have we not, my dear reader, all one? Is not our heart one? Yes; and around that heart-chamber there are pictures bright and beautiful, pure and holy, or dark and gloomy, unholy and sinful, and from that chamber there ariseth incense. Is it to God or to Satan? Oh, how much there is going on there that no one sees! hidden from all but God!—*British Workman.*

AN OLD CHRISTIAN WOMAN, whose servant dropped on the cellar floor a nice, fresh ball of butter on its way to the tea-table said that it required more grace to submit patiently to such a trial as that than to the loss of a child. The latter would at once be traced to Providence, and the hope would spring up that somehow good would come. The former would be traced no farther than to the stupid, careless servant, and no thought would come of an overruling Providence. Yet it is the little trials that crowd over day, and the manner of bearing them, that tell upon character.—*Golden Rule.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

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.

- 181. What two persons kept back part of what they had devoted to the cause of God, and lied about it afterward?
- 182. Who upon one occasion was attacked by a viper, but shook it off and was unharmed?
- 183. At what place was he at the time?
- 184. Who was the first Christian martyr?
- 185. Who took Judas' place among the twelve apostles?
- 186. Who came to prove Solomon with hard questions?
- 187. Who, when cruelly put to death, prayed like our Lord for his murderers?
- 188. What Bible author lived for forty days upon a mountain without eating or drinking?
- 189. In what land was the tower of Babel erected?
- 190. Unto which of the seven churches in Asia was it written, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life?"
- 191. Who was the father of Samson?
- 192. Whom did Elijah raise from the dead?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

- 187. Sixty-six.
- 188. Thirty-nine in the Old and twenty-seven in the New.
- 189. Four hundred and fifty years.
- 190. By Miles Coverdale in 1535.
- 191. Zadok. 1 Kings i. 39.
- 192. Seth, 912 years. Gen. v. 8.
- 193. Enoch. Gen. v. 21.
- 194. Jacob.
- 195. Ephraim and Manasseh. Num. ii. 18, 20.
- 196. Othniel. Judges iii. 9-11.
- 197. Abimelech. Judges ix. 53, 54.
- 198. Eli.