

trouble was which kept Laura secluded from her friends and made her shun their confidence.

"Gladly indeed, my dear, would your cousin resign all her wealth, could she by so doing bring back two lost treasures—a mother's love, and a father's honor. Your Uncle Philip has purchased his millions dearly, for in gaining them he has contracted a habit from which he strives in vain to break away, and to which his health has completely succumbed. You can surmise what dreadful habit that is when I tell you that the groans you heard this afternoon proceeded from a victim of mania-a-potu."

Molly drew back in horror even while a great pity for Laura swelled up in her breast.

"Uncle Phil a drunkard? How dreadful! What will cousin Laura do?"

Late that night Mr. Carew returned to his home, bearing with him the presents which Molly had forgotten and which Laura had insisted upon sending. Uncle Philip was better and profuse in promises of reformation, but Mr. Carew had in vain besought him either to leave his daughter in Philadelphia, or to remain himself.

"Where I go, she must go," said the father. "For her sake, I'll try to be a better man, William."

Mr. Carew had already had experience of his brother-in-law's stubborn selfishness and knew that it was quite useless to plead for his only sister's only child. He knew, moreover, how prone Philip was to trust himself, nor look above for help. So, with sinking heart, he heard the rich man's promises.

To the South went Laura and her father—further and further away from old friends and associations. "Promises made but never kept," did Philip's promises turn out to be, and a year later he was laid in a drunkard's grave.

Laura was free then to return to the Carews, her only relations. She did so, with shattered health and nerves.

And Molly Carew, setting her cousin's wealth in the balance against her own health and unbroken home and freedom from sorrow's shadow, weighed it well and found it "wanting."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

"SO MANY CALLS."

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord!  
Largely Thy gifts should be restored,  
Freely Thou givest; and Thy word  
Is—"Freely Give."  
He only who forgets to hoard,  
Has learned to live.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow; what could be the matter with Mr. A—? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-room, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription; and this year has been one of heavy family expenses, building and fitting up this house, carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then, there are the bills for the boys and girls; they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house;—wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep.

In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; and there stood a plain poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. A— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A— presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he, "you know all the wants of that cause

which can be told you; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it." This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and, without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society; and, in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation.

Mr. A— became impatient. "Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate; now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose and, fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul: "One year ago, to-night, you thought that your daughter was dying; you could not rest for agony; upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started, and looked up; there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling: "Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" enquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?"

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but, as he spake these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within. "O God and Saviour! what have I been doing! he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all that I have, to what Thou hast done for me?"—*Episcopal Recorder.*

IT WAS TOO LATE.

BY DR. PLUMER.

The steamboat was advertised to leave the wharf at 6.30. Every officer and every hand was at his post. Carriage after carriage arrived. The saloon was soon filled. Some sought the cabin. The deck was half covered. The appointed hour was fully come. The signal was given. The line was loosed. Soon we were moving. We were going a hundred and fifty miles. The occasion was important and interesting. We had not gone ten rods when a man past middle life was seen making great haste and beckoning to stop the boat. That could not now be done. Away we went, leaving our worthy friend out of breath, as he was out of time, and perhaps a little out of temper, at least with himself. But all that availed nothing.

Perhaps he resolved to be more punctual next time. But that did not stop the boat. Some smiled, because they knew his tardy habits. Some pitied him, and he was greatly disappointed. But their sympathy with his sufferings availed nothing. Nor was there any other boat for two days, and by that time there would be no reason for going. For some time he had desired and intended to be one of the company. But he missed his last and only chance. He was not much too late; but he was not on time. It was not his intention to be behind time, but he did not come up to time. Ten minutes earlier, and he would have been with his happy friends. Oh, it was sad. It was wholly unnecessary. His family was mortified to see him coming home with a dejected countenance. Some of them had tried to hasten his departure. They had told him he might be too late, and so he was.

You ask, Who was he? To know that would do you no good. But he was not a bad man, nor was he a mean man, nor did he of purpose miss the boat. Strangely enough, he thought they would not go off without him.

But, reader, are not you like him? Are you not following his example? Are you not acting as he acted? How is it about the affairs of your soul? Have you made peace with God? Are you ready to die? Surely you do not intend to go unprepared into eternity. Surely you do not think it wise to leave the most solemn and weighty concerns to uncertainty and hazard. Surely you do not think God will be mocked. Why will you trifle with things of everlasting moment?—*American Messenger.*

THE CHOICE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE L. SMITH.

In reply to a question like this, "Can't you now believe that Jesus Christ has died for you?" the man answered in substance, "If I knew that I was going to die, I think I could." He was very thoroughly engaged in business, and, as he thought, a business which it would be inconsistent for a Christian to pursue. He was at times serious, apparently very anxious about the welfare of his soul. But he did not then give up his business, and, so far as I know, has not since. He is probably farther from being a Christian to-day than he ever was before.

But what a fearful position this for one to hold—to deliberately choose and follow a business which he believes is antagonistical to Jesus Christ, and which he cannot pursue and at the same time be a Christian. How little appreciation does it show of the worth of the salvation purchased, and how little regard for Him who has given His life to purchase it for us. He came to this world, and lived and suffered and died to secure salvation for the sinner, and then the sinner is unwilling to deny himself even so small a thing as giving up an objectionable business for His sake. Is it not strange? If he knew that he was going to die, and could not receive any more benefit from his business, he thought he would give it up; but so long as he could enjoy it he would retain it.—*American Messenger.*

"JESUS LOVES EVEN ME."

I heard the other day of the singular experience of a very good man in New York. He was looking up some mission-school scholars, and going into the cellar of a tenement-house in the lower part of the city, discovered a rather peculiar family group. The father was a Chinaman, and had his idol Joss; the mother was a Roman Catholic, and had an image of the Virgin Mary; the little child, his scholar, sat on the floor, singing,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

He said that he could not help praying in his heart that that Christian child might be the means of converting his idolatrous father and his mistaken mother. By the blessing of God it may be so.

It struck me also as a forcible illustration of the importance of having the great practical truths of the Christian religion put in easy words and set to pretty and attractive music. "Jesus loves even me" is one of the most precious and comforting truths contained in the Bible, and we all know the importance of having jewels placed in a setting worthy of them.—*American Messenger.*

How THE ANGELS must smile when they see a man whom God has greatly prospered carefully take a hundred dollars out of a hundred thousand that he has laid away, and hear him say, to himself, with a chuckle of self-complacency: "Yet, we are only stewards; we must deal generously by these good causes; I will give that to the Lord." A pauper giving crumbs in charity to the King on whom he depends for daily bread! But, then, there are some who do not give even the crumbs.—*Congregationalist.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

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.

109. What was the first money transaction we read of in the Bible?
110. Where is Mount Carmel?
111. What kings of Israel were contemporary with Asa, king of Judah?
112. What king was reigning when the Israelites were carried captive into Babylon?
113. Our Saviour bade his disciples shake the dust off their feet against those cities which refused to receive them. Where did they do this?
114. On what four occasions were savage beasts employed as instruments of God's anger?
115. Where is the injunction, "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not?"
116. By whom was an axe made to swim?
117. How long was Solomon's temple in building?
118. At what place was the ark of the covenant taken by the Philistines?
119. Who was the last king of all Israel?
120. Of whom and by whom was it said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided?"

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

Six letters in one name appear,  
As in the sequel will be clear!  
And numbered thus in order due,  
May be discovered by this clue:—

You find in six, five, one, two, three,  
One hung on his own gallows-tree.  
Three, four, five, six, his name compose,  
From whom man's second lineage flows.

In six, two, one, his son you find,  
The least beloved of all his kind.  
In one, two, three, you clearly trace,  
The name of our degenerate race.

From one, two, four, and three, you ken,  
Of Judah's twos the first of ten.  
Three, two, five, one, of Judah's tribes  
The least of Caleb's sons describe.

Two old Egyptian cities see,—  
This in three, four, and that four, three.  
With all the six, describe at length,  
The Father of the man of strength.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. Babylon, Isaiah xiii. 19.
86. The battle between Barak and Sisera, Judges iv. 12.
87. On Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, 2 Chron. iii. 1.
88. At Jehovah-jireh, on Mount Moriah, Gen. xxii. 14.
89. Solomon's temple.
90. Omri king of Israel, 1 Kings xvi.
91. Upon Mount Gilboa, 1 Sam. i. 6.
92. By Jacob when he had his dream there, Gen. xxviii. 19.
93. Nathanael, John i. 47.
94. At Lystra, Acts xiv. 19.
95. In Athens, Acts xvii. 22, 23.
96. Job, xvii. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The stone which slew Goliath.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Harry E. Gowen, 12 en; Jacob Pyke, 7; Sarah Shepperson, 5; Fred. N. Weyant, 4; Robert T. Cockburn, 6; William C. Wickham, 10; Rebecca E. Munroe, 7; Cora May McIntire, 11; Agnes McNaughton, 4; Edwin Brooks, 8; Jennie M. A. Colver, 12; Allie Dale, 11; C. A. Redmond, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 11; M. J. Fiddis, 9; Archie McDonald, 4; Abigail Sutherland, 10.