

no consequence compared with what I made out of the load we sold the widow."

"But I don't see that you made much out of that!" said Charley.

"Ah, but I did; though I made something better than the most brilliant fortune ever achieved. I'll tell you how."

"I had it in me, as you see, to be a little—or, perhaps you will say, a good deal—dishonest. And if I had begun in a different way I might have gone on cheating more and more all my life, until I should have quite forgotten there was such a thing as conscience. But luckily I overdid the thing at the start."

"I can never describe the shame and misery I felt in consequence of that trick we played off on poor Mrs. Ober. The very sight of split wood sickened me long afterward. I got no comfort out of my share of the money she paid us; I hadn't the heart to spend it, and it was a source of bitter recollections to me while I kept it."

"Then you may be sure that it was anything but a relief to me to hear—as I did the following spring—that the poor woman was actually in want. I was at the town meeting when I accidentally heard the matter spoken of. 'Why can't she get along?' one man asked another. 'She works hard.'

"Yes," said the other; "and she's saving, in her way. But she don't know how to make a trade, and any body can cheat her. You would think it must be somebody pretty mean that would take advantage of a poor widow with six children; but there are just such wretches in the world, I'm sorry to say."

"I didn't care to hear any more. I went straight home; took out of the till of my chest the dollar and ten cents I had kept there all this time; folded the money in a letter, on which I wrote 'from a friend,' addressed it to Mrs. Ober, and mailed it that very night."

"After that a part of the load was taken off from my conscience. But I could find strength and peace of mind only in a resolution which I had already formed, and which was fairly burned into my soul by what I had overheard at the town meeting."

"That resolution was, never in all my life to resort to dishonesty of any kind, no matter what the seeming necessity or the temptation."

"It is a resolution I have never broken. It hasn't kept me poor either. I am not very rich and yet I believe I am better off to-day than I should be if I had been dishonest. I have always enjoyed a reputation for fair-dealing; and the result has been that my worldly prosperity has been solid to the core."

"But, boys, that is nothing compared to the satisfaction of always feeling that my gains were fairly earned, and that I had helped others while helping myself. A few thousands, more or less, are of no importance. But, O my boys, peace of mind is all-important."

"And Medad Prank—what ever became of him?" Charley inquired.

"I can't say that Medad took the lesson so seriously to heart as I did. He has always had the reputation of being a little tricky. Life has been a scramble with him—a scramble for riches. And it was thought at one time that he had a large fortune. But it burst like a bubble in 'seventy-three, and he has been scrambling in the old way ever since."

"I was the only one who really made anything out of that load of wood."—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

Dr. Tyng, Sr., tells the following story: "Once, at St. Denis Hotel, in Broadway, New York, I was summoned to visit a sick young man, who came from Charleston with a widowed mother. I had known her there. They had been at Saratoga, and had come back to New York, and in this hotel the young man was lying about to die. His mother had sent for another clergyman to visit him, and he said the poor young man was crazy; and when I asked that clergyman, 'What did you do to him?' he said, 'Do! I tried to pacify him; I tried to quiet him; I said, 'We will not talk, but say a little prayer,' and I left him in peace.'"

"His mother was not satisfied, and sent for me. He lay before me, a splendid youth of nineteen, his eyes like jets of the brilliancy of a diamond."

"Doctor Tyng," said the young man, 'my mother has always told me that I must

be converted—that I could not be saved except I was 'born again.' I am not converted. How can I be converted? Can I be converted? Oh! tell me—how, how can I be saved?"

"What man's eyes who felt the worth of the soul would not flow with tears at the remembrance of such a mother? A rich, cultivated woman, who had taken her boy's hand from his birth, and had said, 'Julian, my dear son, you must be converted'; and now, sitting by his couch, with all a mother's love, still pleading and urging him to give himself to Jesus—still telling him that he must be converted. How many mothers are doing this?"

"I sat by the side of that youth and told him the story of Jesus. I showed him the simplicity of salvation, and that his Heavenly Father had received and accepted him when Christ willingly died to bear his load, and he was to come in the simplest faith of a little child and rest himself gratefully, hopefully upon Jesus alone. We spent an hour in conversation. Twenty-four hours after I called again. Oh! how changed that face!—it shone like an angel's. He reached out his long, tapering, trembling hand to me with the sweetest smile, and said:

"Oh! sir, I understand it! I understand it! Love for Jesus is conversion! Sir, all night I was asking Jesus to let me love Him—to show me how to love Him—and I feel to-day as if my wholeness were overflowing with love to Jesus. Is that conversion?"

"My dear Julian, that is conversion! And all was well."

DISHONEST MEN VALUE HONESTY.

A young man came to me one day with a case of conscience. He was corresponding clerk in a flourishing house of business. His employers had begun to direct him to write letters to customers containing statements which he and they knew to be false. He had objected and they said, "We are responsible for these statements; it is nothing to you whether they are true or false." I said to him, "Do they sign the letters, or ask you to write them in your own name?" As soon as the question left my lips I saw that, if there were a difference, both would be wrong, and I hastened to tell him so. He said, "I have to sign them with my name, pro Messrs. Blank." I said, "Your course is perfectly clear; you must decline to do it." He said, "Then I shall be dismissed;" and after a pause, "I have a wife and family." I replied, "My dear friend, this is a trial of faith and principle; you must do right and trust to God to take care of you and your family." I met him some days after. "Well, Mr. ———," I said, "how are you getting on?"

He replied: "I am still in my situation; I had an interview with the partners, and told them I could not write letters I knew to be untrue. They were very angry, and I expected to receive notice; but I have not received it yet." Months passed, and he remained in his situation. After a while he called on me again; I saw by his face something had happened. "Well, Mr. ———," I said, "have you had your dismissal?" "No," he said, "I have not," and smiled. "What then?" "A very confidential post in their service, with a higher salary, has fallen vacant, and they have put me into it!" On second thoughts those unprincipled men had come to the conclusion that the clerk who would not deceive a customer would not deceive them; and was too valuable to be lost.—*Daleth.*

"I have to sign them with my name, pro Messrs. Blank." I said, "Your course is perfectly clear; you must decline to do it." He said, "Then I shall be dismissed;" and after a pause, "I have a wife and family." I replied, "My dear friend, this is a trial of faith and principle; you must do right and trust to God to take care of you and your family." I met him some days after. "Well, Mr. ———," I said, "how are you getting on?"

WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you last Sunday? "At home not feeling very well." Did you ever close up your store, and, by way of explanation, stick up a notice, 'Detained at home by headache?' and why not, pray?

"Visitors came in, and I could not leave them." Ah! Would you continue in your service a young man who should offer you a like excuse from staying away from your store on Monday evening? And when you stand at the bar of God, and the Judge asks you why you did not go to his sanctuary more, will you look him in the face and say, 'Oh! we had company?'"

"It looked like rain; indeed, it had begun to sprinkle." Did it? Had it? Would the prospect have kept you away from market or store? Indeed, have you not been known to go to a concert or a dancing party in the midst of what might have been the beginning of another deluge? Is it not time an

umbrella was invented that would protect church members from the rain on Sunday?

"I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Boanerges." And so the Athenians of Paul's time are not dead yet, but some still who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing? Is this what the houses of God are for? Is this to make "them gates of heaven?"

"I had an engagement that prevented me from attending." You had? And on God's day you were immersed in business? Have you had advices that the fourth commandment has been repealed? Surely it is safer and more profitable to overcrowd Saturday than to lose a Sunday!—*Standard.*

"NO, I THANK YOU" OR, STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

BY WASHINGTON HASBROUCK, PH. D.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not all precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

"Another time, hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing: "No, I thank you."

If John, at this time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a drinking-saloon, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steam-boat-excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been perhaps an honored officer in the church instead of occupying a cell in the State Prison.

Had William, when at school, said when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this—that resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous.

"Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friends, stop before you begin to go down the hill; learn how to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, "No, I thank you," and, in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.—*Golden Days.*

ONLY HALF THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the 'widow's mite'?" said the gentleman.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"Give me then your check for thirty-five thousand. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, but her example, rightly interpreted, would fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

"MAMMA, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

An influential lady, the wife of a prominent lawyer in C—, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account, at a prayer-meeting, of her conversion:

"Last evening my little girl came to me, and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?'"

"No, Fannie, I am not."

"She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, 'Well, if mamma isn't a Christian I don't want to be one.' And I tell you my dear friends it went right to my heart, and then and there I tried to give myself up to Christ."

Mothers who read this, in the language of that little child, "Mamma, are you a Christian?"

"SACRED MONEY."—Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money that came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put in it and paid out of it. Their father said that they invented the expression "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.

TIMIDITY creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

Question Corner.—No. 20.

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.

- 229. What book of the Bible is the history of a prophecy against a city which was at that time the metropolis of the world?
- 230. Why was the prediction against the city not fulfilled?
- 231. What does Christ say about this?
- 232. Who set up a monument in the midst of the Jordan; and what event was it to commemorate?
- 233. At the division of the land of Canaan among the twelve tribes, what place was given to Joshua?
- 234. Where did the Israelites bury the bones of Joseph when they brought them up out of Egypt?
- 235. What wicked man was proclaimed king by the oak in Shechem?
- 236. What man prophesied against him?
- 237. How long did he reign and how did he meet his death?
- 238. What man and his wife who had been banished from Rome became fellow-workers with Paul in Corinth?
- 239. To what place did they accompany him when he left Corinth?
- 240. What does Solomon say "maketh a glad father"?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

- 205. Abraham, Gen. xv. 5.
- 206. Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim and Bela or Zoar, Gen. xiv. 2.
- 207. Abraham, Gen. xii. 2.
- 208. The turning of the water into wine, John ii. 1.
- 209. To Abram, Gen. xiv. 13.
- 210. Abraham purchased a burying place for Sarah at Macpelah, Gen. xxiii. 3.
- 211. Isaiah lxvi. 24.
- 212. In the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii. 3, 8.
- 213. Yes.
- 214. From a fish's mouth, Matt. xvii. 27.
- 215. See Luke iii. 22; ix. 35; John xii. 28, 29.
- 216. Manasseh, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1, 7.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Love.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 18.—Ada L. Potts, 12 en; Jennie Sneath, 11 en; Rahm Attkon, 12.  
To No. 17.—Maggie Sutherland, 12; Herbert W. Hewitt, 10; Cora McIntire, 8; Louisa J. Wensly, 7.