

conquering. The last two mornings he has triumphantly given me first rice, then eggs, then hot water. This is the order we have continually impressed upon him, and he looked quite pleased when I told him it was as I liked it. This morning he brought in a cabbage from the street. This was the first we have had, so I said I was glad he had bought it, and told him to cook it in water, not in oil. He said yes, and I went back to my study. Presently I heard the oil fizz in the pot, so I went out, and we had the following dialogue: "Is that oil?" "Yes." "I told you to cook it in water." "Yes, but it is bad eating when it is cooked in water." I, solemnly, "If I tell you to do a thing, I want you to do it." When it was served I found it was not so bad as I expected, and with the 'mien' (a kind of macaroni) was quite palatable. So I told him when he came in that it was "good eating," but would be better cooked in water. He then gave a long explanation, of which I caught the drift. He said in the ninth month they cook cabbage in water, but in the seventh month (this month) in oil. "Why not cook it in water in the seventh month?" I asked. "Because it is bad eating." "But why is it bad eating cooked in water in the seventh month, if it is good eating cooked in water in the ninth month?" But such reasoning was altogether too frivolous for him, so he simply laughed, and concluded the argument by repeating, with emphasis, the statement he had been making all along—"it is bad eating."—"Christian Herald."

Utilizing the Destroyer.

(Mrs. J. Arthur Johnson, in 'Sunday School Times.')

'Say, Johnnie, come over to Luke Smith's barn next Sunday morning, and we'll have some fun!' sang out Will Lucas from the top of a high rail fence which separated the two gardens. 'My uncle brought me a fiddle from Julestown, and I can almost play it a'ready. Luke Smith's got a banjo, and Fred Perkins plays a jewsharp, and—'

'Don't see where my fun comes in,' said Johnnie. 'Sides, I have to go to Sunday school.'

'Pshaw! no fun there, Johnnie. I'll tell you,—you get an old comb, and put a piece of thin paper over it, and put it to your lips, and just sing,—see?' Will jumped down beside Johnnie. 'It'll be jolly! We'll have a real band then, Johnnie, like they do in big cities.'

Johnnie's eyes shone with delight. He loved music,—what child does not?—and he had heard of bands of music to which the soldiers marched. Perhaps some day he would be a soldier and go marching to war, if he knew how to play in a band. On the other hand, Sunday was the only day he did not have to work in the fields, and he went to Sunday school.

But the next Sunday found the four boys gathered together in Luke Smith's father's barn, each with an instrument, and Johnnie's sister was late to Sunday school because she couldn't find her comb.

The Sunday following there were more combs missing, and the number of boys in the 'Moccasin Band' had doubled. One by one and two by two the young people wandered away from the church and Sunday school, where the older ones felt it was wicked to use a musical instrument of any kind.

And how the Moccasin Band did play! If not such correct music, it certainly was 'stirring' to the greatest degree, and a novelty in that quiet community. The

parents stormed, and even whipped, and then settled down with long faces, as if a curse were resting upon them all. What was to be done?

One day, in a great city not far away, a man received a letter which read something like this: 'Dear Brother B—: We are in great sorrow. A Moccasin Band was started by some of our boys here quite a long time ago, and it has taken all our young people away from the Sunday school. Can you suggest any help for us?' 'Brother B—' answered: 'I'll come down and see you.'

A few days later, Will Lucas looked up from his hoeing, and saw a fine-looking stranger before him.

'Are you the leader of the Moccasin Band?' he inquired, holding out his hand. 'Yes'r,' replied Will, filled with wonder.

'Well, sir,' said the man, 'here are some hymn-books, and I would like your band to learn the marked hymns, and come to Sunday school next Sunday morning.'

'Why, they wouldn't let us in, sir.'

'If I guarantee that they will, will you promise to come?'

'Yes, sir, we will, sure.'

The stranger left the field, and walked on up the road filled with a purpose, and Will's hoe was never worked so hard before.

At an evening meeting of the older people that week, it was announced that the Moccasin Band would play in Sunday school Sunday morning, and the stranger beheld a shocked congregation. But where one member's seat was vacant on Sunday, there were fifty people to take it. The Moccasin Band was there, too, and probably for the first time in his life 'Brother B—' sang a solo to the band's accompaniment. Before ten o'clock, came, however, the roof rang with God's praises from young and old. And then they listened while 'Brother B—' told them of how God loves such praise, and wants his people to use all possible and harmless means to draw the young to him.

It was a beautiful lesson and a lasting one, for now every one of those boys of the Moccasin Band is a member of that little church and a 'soldier of the Lord,' and the little Sunday school is crowded.

Editor's Note.—This little sketch is based on actual facts. The incident occurred in Johnson County, North Carolina. 'Brother B—' is Hon. N. B. Broughton, of Raleigh, a prominent Baptist Sunday school worker and member of the Legislature, who called upon the leader of the band, named for Moccasin Creek.

Tact.

(F. W. Robertson.)

Every man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour. And if he were to resent them all life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not argue about such things, does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

What a Little Book Did.

A STORY OF GREAT RESULTS.

(The 'Sunday Companion'.)

It was an ordinarily-bound, small-sized Bible, and would not attract more than a passing glance from any one of the hurrying hundreds who passed the little bench in front of the secondhand-book shop every day. Perhaps it had lain there for years unnoticed until one day last week, when its former owner found it.

He was ambling along, surrounded by several boon companions—a man of about thirty-six years from his general appearance, but one whose eyes looked like those of an old man. He was the jolliest of the group, and in a boisterous way was joking his fellows.

As his eyes shifted restlessly he happened to catch sight of that little leather-covered Bible as it lay on the board in front of the old secondhand shop. In an instant he stopped as if petrified, and, forgetting his companions, stood riveted to the spot. Then he walked quickly into the shop and asked the old woman to come outside.

'How much for this book?' he asked, picking it up.

'Sixpence,' was the reply.

The man handed her a silver coin, and, picking up the book, left the shop.

'What on earth do you want with that book?' exclaimed one of the party who did not see the title.

But the man paid no attention to the question. Instead, he opened the book, and there on the fly-leaf saw the inscription:

'To my boy,' and underneath the date, 'July 5, 1883.'

As he read the words two tears came into his eyes, and one of them plashed down upon the book.

His companions had by this time passed on and had entered a tavern; but he did not think of them.

His thoughts were of that twenty-first birthday, when his mother had given the little book to him on the eve of his departure for the city.

In a minute he had lived over all those evil years that had elapsed since then; and, unmindful of the passersby, he stood in the middle of the crowded street, the book still open in his hand. His companions had by this time missed him and came back.

'Hurry up, old boy; the drinks are ordered, and there's a good game going on upstairs!' cried one.

But the man only shook his head and quietly said:

'I don't think I'll play to-day. Good-by, boys. I'm going home by the six o'clock train.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.00.