

Question Corner.—No. 6.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. To what city did Jonah flee when sent to warn the people of Nineveh?
2. What village is intimately associated in our minds with the scenes of the last days of Christ?
3. What city was the native place of Andrew, Peter and Philip?
4. Upon what city beside Bethsaida did Christ pronounce woe?
5. What city did Christ say should have less tolerance in the day of judgment than Sodom?
6. In what place were Christ and His disciples when He asked them "Whom do men say that I am"?
7. In what place did Jesus spend the first thirty years of his life?

SCRIPTURE ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

1. The number of years that elapsed between Caleb spying out the promised land and obtaining his portion of it.
2. Multiply by the number of years a man was bed-ridden with palsy, and who was suddenly healed.
3. Add the number of letters in the Lord's Prayer as mentioned the first time in the Bible.
4. Divide by the fourth part of the age of Azariah when he began to reign.
5. Subtract the number of days St. Paul stayed with St. Peter in Jerusalem.
6. Multiply by the number of men who were near the sepulchre of Joseph's mother, and who told Saul some good news about lost asses.
7. Add the number of princes and elders in Succoth.
8. Multiply by the number of times St. Paul was beaten with rods.
9. Subtract the age Enoch's father was when Enoch was born.
10. Subtract the number of months a beautiful baby was hid by his mother for fear of being killed.

The result will be the number of chariots of iron a certain king of Canaan possessed.—*Child's Companion*.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 5.

1. Gath, 1 Sam. 21. 12, 13.
2. Jabesh Gilead, 1 Sam. 31. 8, 13.
3. Mizpah, 1 Sam. 10. 17-25.
4. Samaria, 1 Kings 11. 24.
5. Dan., Judges 20: 1.
6. Rabbah, 2 Sam. 12. 20.

HIS INNER LIFE.

About a year ago a prominent broker in New York died, and was discovered, to the surprise of all the business world, to be bankrupt. His estate was brought to the hammer. He had been a noted collector of works of art, and the sale attracted connoisseurs and dealers in pictures, rare and antique furniture, china and bric-a-brac. The sale of his library was the most important of the year. Catalogues were sold at a high price, and the lovers of fine editions in all parts of the country came or appointed agents to compete for the treasures which, at enormous cost, he had gathered on his shelves.

Several ladies were present. Among them, one in deep mourning, seated in a quiet corner, attracted much silent sympathy. It was his only child, a married daughter, who had just arrived from New Orleans, for the purpose, it was supposed, of securing some of the rare volumes which her father had accumulated with such infinite trouble and cost, and had held at such priceless value. As one volume and another was put up, the auctioneer glanced at her, expecting her to bid, but she remained motionless. Old Elzevirs, unique folios, specimens of the earliest or the most perfect printing, were sold, but she made no effort to keep them. At last, near the close of the sale, a small octavo, cheaply bound, but well-worn Bible was put up. She bid on it eagerly. One or two dealers, seeing her agitation, and supposing she would know the chief treasure of the collection, opposed her. The price rose rapidly. She was a poor woman, as they all knew, but she continued to bid, with pale cheeks and trembling lips. The book was knocked down to her at last, at an exorbitant price, and she at once left the hall.

"What rare treasure have you gained?" said a friend who went out with her. She opened it. It was a cheap, common copy of the New Testament. There were faint pencil marks against some of the verses.

"I knew my father had this book; I have seen him read in it. I came from New Orleans to find it. These little marks show me his secret thoughts."

Now that the rich man was dead, the faint pencil-lines on the cheap book were worth to her all the vast sums and all the rich treasures he had gathered, for they showed that his soul was at peace with God.

Before we decide on the value of an object or give ourselves to its pursuit, we

should consider how much it will be worth to us the day after our death.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE CHILD MESSENGERS.

NETTIE A. PERHAM.

Two little girls with curly hair,  
And winsome faces sweet and fair,  
With ribbons waving in the breeze  
That came from tops of maple trees,  
Walked down the street one afternoon,  
Each humming as they went a tune.  
They passed some dwellings large and grand,  
Which had been built by skilful hand;  
Others where poverty had come,  
Whose predecessor oft is rum.  
"Oh! Bessie, look!" cried Sister Nell,  
"What is this costly building, tell?"  
"Why, that is a saloon! Oh, dear!  
I wish there was no rum-shop here.  
Oh! Nelly, say, let's you and I  
Go in and talk with Mr. Guy,  
And tell him that he mustn't sell  
The poison people like so well.  
And maybe he will stop it then  
And never sell the stuff again."  
"Oh! Bessie, if he only would!  
But I'm afraid he'll do no good.  
But we can try it anyhow;  
Oh, look! he's in the doorway now."  
The two approached him—with some fear  
Lest he at all their talk should sneer.  
"Good morning, Mr. Guy," they said;  
The liquor-dealer raised his head.  
"Who are you? What do you want here?"  
The old man's tone was rough and queer.  
"We're Bess and Nellie Ames," said they;  
"And as we came along this way,  
We thought we'd stop and talk with you,  
As we had nothing else to do."  
"Please, sir, strong drink does lots of hurt;  
It's meaner than the worst of dirt.  
What makes you sell it, Mr. Guy,  
If lots of folks do want to buy?"  
"For in the Bible I have read  
A verse which I should think you'd dread.  
Woe to him who toward neighbor's lips  
Holds out the glass from which he sips,  
Please, Mr., won't you stop it, though?  
Some people will be glad, I know."  
Sobs now convulsed the old man's frame  
As in his eyes the dew drops came.  
He said, "I had two little girls  
With rosy cheeks and flowing curls,  
With pretty ways and eyes of blue—  
They looked a little bit like you.  
And many a time with me they've plead,  
But now the little ones are dead."  
He stopped and wiped away the tears  
Which had not flowed before for years,  
"Poor man! perhaps you didn't think  
How wrong it was to sell the drink;  
But you won't sell it now I know,  
Because you see it hurts folks so,  
But in its place have lemonade;  
Of that you needn't be afraid.  
In summer time, when it is hot,  
That's nice and cool; but rum is not.  
It heats the brain and makes men mad,  
Who once good sense and reason had.  
Please tell us, will you sell it more?"  
We ought to've told you this before."  
The liquor-dealer was confused;  
He hardly knew what words to choose,  
To answer such an earnest plea  
That came from girls so young and free.  
He loved his silver and his gold  
That came from liquor he had sold;  
But with these messengers of love,  
And thoughts of his dear ones above,  
Could he but grant their sweet request?  
A struggle passed within his breast.  
At last he said: "Children," said he,  
"You've done your duty well to me,  
In telling of the wrong I do,  
Although I knew it before you.  
Yes, I will grant what you have asked;  
You've gained your victory at last.  
God helping me I will no more  
Let liquor come inside this door;  
But this a temperance house shall be,  
And in it harmless drinks you'll see."  
So children often may, though young,  
Do untold good with one small tongue.  
—*Domestic Journal*.

WOMAN IN JAPAN.

The husband is compared to heaven, the wife to the dirt under his feet. The husband is the day, the wife the night. A woman may have every beauty, grace, and virtue, still she is lower than the lowest man. Woman's position in Japan is better than in most other Eastern lands, still it is not what we find it in Christian lands. Woman in Japan is never her own mistress. She seems never to come of age. Until married she must obey her father; when a wife, the will of her husband; if a widow, her eldest son. I knew one case, however, where the mother ruled as with a rod of iron, and made her son's life most miserable. He often came to us with his trials and troubles. Sometimes she would watch him, and when she found him praying would throw water on him. Still he kept on praying, and believed she would become a Christian, and she did. And one New Year's morning she took all her gods, for she had many of them, and threw them into the canal. I received a letter from this

young man, after his mother's conversion, in which he stated there was hope for all Japan, now that his mother had accepted the truth. Woman in Japan enjoys many liberties and advantages of education. She is not degraded nor kept in ignorance to the same extent as in India or China. Nine of the sovereigns of the empire were women. But after all, Christianity alone gives woman her true position, and creates the home-life and the happy child-life.—*A Missionary in Japan*.

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