

believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you.—'Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?'—'Butterflies, to be sure,' said the Caterpillar. 'Caterpillars!' sang the Lark, 'and you'll find it out in time;' and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.—'I thought the Lark had been wise and kind,' observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, 'but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude, nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder.—'I would tell you, if you would believe me,' sang the Lark, descending once more.—'I believe everything I am told,' reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.—'Then I'll tell you something else,' cried the Lark; 'for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a Butterfly yourself.'—'Wretched bird!' exclaimed the Caterpillar, 'you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel, as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more.'—'I told you you would not believe me,' cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.—'I believe everything that I am told,' persisted the Caterpillar: 'that is'—and she hesitated—'everything that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible.'—'I know no such thing!' said the Lark, warmly. 'Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call any thing impossible.'—'Nonsense!' shouted the Caterpillar, 'I know what's possible, and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body, and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!'—'And fool you! you would-be wise Caterpillar!' cried the indignant Lark. 'Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upward to the mysterious swonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive as I do, upon trust.'—'That is what you call—'Faith,' interrupted the Lark.—'How am I to learn Faith?' asked the Caterpillar.—'At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs! Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. 'Teach me your lesson, Lark!' she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.'—*Parables from Nature, Mrs. Gatty.*

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

A Scotchman—a dear, but now departed, friend of the writer of this paper—used to tell how he early, when a very little child, lost his father. His mother had tenderly loved her husband. She was distracted; she was desolate. All day long, and for many days, she lay as one stunned; she could not brook the loss; she could not live for her child. One night she dreamed she was in a deep forest alone; she could not see the path, nor know the way, but she knew she was in a forest. Suddenly a shining one stood before her. He was clad in white, but he was radiant, and he illuminated the forest. He revealed the path; he revealed himself. He held in his hand a golden wand, and with it he touched the left eye of the mourning widow, and she saw no longer the forest; all was lit up with heaven, with brightness, and there in the distance, beyond a doubt, was her husband, and he knew her, recognized her, and gave her his well-known smile. The stranger still stood by her side.

"Oh," she said, "touch the other eye!" She was all impatience. What might not

that touch do?—bring her to him; bring him to her?

"Better not," said the white-robed shining one, "better not."

But she still said, "Do, do! oh do!" Her heart was impatient.

"Well," he said, and he touched the other eye, and instantly all faded, the husband, the heaven, the stranger, and she woke to her lonely pillow.

The reader may rely on this as a veritable dream, perhaps he will say a foolish dream, but on the strength of it she arose and went forth to life and duty. The dream became cheerfulness, solace, and hope to her heart; her boy, in due time, took his degree in Edinburgh, became a minister, and was just one of the most beautiful spirits it has been the writer's privilege to know.—*Leisure Hour.*

IT WOULD HURT ME THE MOST.

"Would you like to buy some berries?" said a bright, cheerful voice at the back door.

"How many have you?"

"Two quarts."

"Are you sure there are so many?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The lady hesitated. It really looked to her like quite a small measure.

"I wouldn't cheat, ma'am," said the same clear voice; "it would hurt me the most if I did. But you can measure them."

They were all right; and the lady bought them, the girl going on her way in the glad possession of her hardly-earned money, and in the possession of a truth that it would be well for us all to learn—that, when in any way we cheat or rob others, we injure ourselves the most.

"I can't see why," said little black-eyed Frank at my side.

"Because, my boy, by cheating others, we only deprive them of some of their earthly treasure, which, at the longest, they can keep but a little time; but as for ourselves, we injure our souls, which are to live forever."—*Zion's Herald.*

DON'T LET THE FIRE GO OUT.

My husband was absent for a week. I remained, with my two little children and a lady teacher—who is boarding with us and attending the public school—to look after matters at home. Lucy Parkinson, a little girl of eleven years, often comes to play with the children, or remain, in my absence, with the teacher. Neither the teacher nor little girl were professors of religion, although Lucy is regular in attendance upon the regular weekly prayer-meeting. For three mornings I conducted family worship. On the fourth I was absent visiting friends in the country; but at the appointed time I could remember husband and children in prayer. Upon my return I was gratified to learn, incidentally, that after breakfast the teacher and little girl repaired to the sitting-room, read a passage of Scripture together, and then kneeling, the little girl addressed the throne of divine grace. Both are now, I believe, indulging a hope in Christ. Had I neglected the family altar in husband's absence, such a thing, doubtless, would not have taken place in our humble home. Parents, do not let the fire go out on the altar. The joy that I feel over this incident is more than a reward for all my painstaking and cross-bearing.—*Ida Fletcher, in Herald and Presbyterian.*

THE UNGRATEFUL SHEEP.

A farmer, whose high character gave him great influence in his elevated hamlet, lost his children, one after another; at last he lost a little child who had taken great hold on the father's affections; the father's grief was intemperate and quite unbounded. The death took place in the spring, when, although the sheep were abroad in the more inhabited Lowlands, they had to be preserved from the blasts of that high and stormy region in the cote. In a dismal, snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out lamenting aloud; he went to the door of his sheep-cote to take a lamb he needed, and he found a stranger at the door. He was astonished to find, in such a night, any person in so unfrequented a place. He was plainly attired, but with a countenance singularly expressive of mildness and beneficence. The stranger, very singularly, asked the farmer what he did there amidst the tempest of such a night. The man was

filled with awe, which he could not account for, but said he came there for a lamb.

"What kind of lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best I can find," answered the farmer; "but come into the house and share our evening meal."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any disturbance afterward?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveller; "when I come to visit my sheep-fold, I take, as I am well entitled to take, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamor of discontent by those ungrateful sheep whom I have fed and watched and protected."

Perhaps the reader may, in some form, have met this story before, but we give it as it has come down from the mountains, ages since.—*Leisure Hour.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomasin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes, or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve Him. You think you cannot speak for Him, but if you live for Him, and with Him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger than we sometimes think for good and for evil. Let us not underestimate it.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Dr. Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the cause of his constant flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'"

—*The Christian.*

"MY MOTHER IS HERE."—A little boy was away from his city home, spending a few weeks in the country. On being asked one day by the minister if he was not homesick, his prompt reply was, "No, sir; my mother is here." His best earthly friend was with him, and he was contented and happy. And so is it with the child of God. In this world he is away from his heavenly home. There his best friends and kindred dwell. There are his treasures; there his possessions lie. And yet, though he often turns a wishful eye homeward and heavenward, he is not homesick, because his Father, his best friend, is ever nigh. He has a refuge in him; a very present help in all his troubles and trials. He draws near to him day by day, and finds it good so to do. In childlike confidence he casts all his cares and burdens upon him, and is at peace.—*American Messenger.*

THE MAN WHO allows a doubt to come between him and his honesty has taken the first step toward evil.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

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.

157. How old was Moses when he demanded of Pharaoh that the children of Israel should go?
158. Where in the Bible are we told that Moses was forty years in the land of Midian?
159. How many years did God provide manna for the children of Israel in the wilderness?
160. How many years was Israel governed by judges?
161. How long was Saul of Tarsus blind when converted?
162. How did God manifest his presence at the dedication of Solomon's temple?
163. How were the children of Israel guided in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness?
164. What two miracles were wrought upon the sun?
165. Where do we find an account of an army being sent to take one man?
166. What was Saul's first victory?
167. Mention a dinner in which the shoulder was given as a mark of highest respect—to whom was it given?
168. Where was it said and of whom, "they have turned the world upside down"?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. In every house my first was found, And rolled and rumbled round and round; And this was woman's work, 'tis said, To fill each mouth with daily bread. But now they press the running stream Such work to do, or haply steam; So changed its form, and yet its name Still to this day remains the same.
2. My next once propped a pilgrim's head; Once laid a threatening giant dead; Once showed God's help, and power to save; Once a new name to Peter gave. Type of His strength who guards the humble, But makes the disobedient stumble.
3. Part of my first will make my whole, True picture of a callous soul! The paradox may make you stare; But of your own hard heart beware! 'Tis a man's life, the Law alleged, And hence forbade it to be pledged. A prophet once my whole beheld— By a strong angel's hand propelled— Into the deep with fury hurled, To show the judgment of the world, When Satan's kingdom shall be o'er, And Babylon be found no more!

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

133. Balak sent for Balaam to curse the Israelites, Num. xxii. 4, 5.
134. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, &c., Gen. iii. 15.
135. The face of God, because Jacob saw God there, Gen. xxxii. 30.
136. In Gaza, Judges, xvi. 21, 30.
137. Between the time of Samson and Eli, Judges xxi. 25.
138. In Cana of Galilee, John ii. 2.
139. Joab, 1 Chron. xxvii. 34.
140. In the reign of David, 1 Chron. xi. 5, 7.
141. He was slain by Benaiah by order of Solomon, 1 Kings ii. 29, 34.
142. In the reign of Rehoboam, 1 Kings xii. 16.
143. From the Midianites, Judges vii. 1.
144. To the tribe of Judah, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

HAMAN.—Esther vi. 11.

- H-adassa-h—Esther ii. 7.
- A-s-a—2 Chron. xiv. 9, 15.
- M-iria-m—Num. xii.
- A-mas-a—2 Sam. xx. 10.
- N-aama-n—2 Kings v.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 12.—William C. Wickham, 9; To No. 11.—Jacob W. Pike, 9 ac; Cora May McIntire, 10; Bella Francis, 11 ac; Charles Redmond, 9; Fanny P. Cooke, 1; Julia Smith, 10; Louisa J. Wensley, 8; Maggie Sutherland, 11 ac.