

to the latest scientific and pantheistic diatribe against the Bible and the Christian religion. He felt himself to be safely entrenched in his position and fully able to defend it.

But the few Christian believers in the vicinity all followed the advice given them by the minister when they first heard that a declared infidel was coming to take charge of the village store.

"Let him alone in the way of argument. We will preach Christ to him by our lives as shaped and quickened by the precepts, teachings, and commands of the New Testament and the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. The Lord will have a settlement with him in good time."

John Moulton was studiously let alone, so far as and controversy with words was concerned, until one evening a God-fearing old farmer from the outskirts of the town, and belonging to another parish ran into the store to get an ounce of nutmegs. After the store-keeper had placed a leaf from the old Bible in the scales, and, having weighed out the nutmegs, was proceeding to do them up, the farmer called out in an abrupt manner characteristic of him,

"No, no, Mr. Moulton, no, no! Don't use that to wrap up anything I buy here. That wont do at all for my nutmegs."

"I've nothing else handy," replied the storekeeper, with a contemptuous laugh and a coarse jest.

"Hand them right over here then; I'll put them loose into my coat-pocket," and suiting the action to the word, with a grieved, sorrowful look toward the storekeeper and the torn Bible lying on the counter, he turned toward the door.

He had proceeded but a few steps when John Moulton, standing with the rejected leaf still in his hand, and exchanging sly glances with a few of his cronies who were in the store at the time, called after him,

"A good many of your brethren and sisters in this vicinity, sir, have had parcels done up in that kind of paper, and you are the first person who has ever objected to it."

And folding the leaf into a small compass, he put it carefully into his waistcoat pocket.

Did John Moulton intend to read it out of a sudden feeling of curiosity at some future time, or was this action prompted by his innate love and petty saving which had grown into a confirmed habit, making it seem a sort of second nature to place this loose leaf out of harm's way? Or did the Blessed Spirit inspire that stranger customer to say what he did on the occasion of that insignificant purchase, and had those few blunt but earnest words of protest, with that grieved, reproachful look, gone to the heart of that bitter enemy of Christ and his followers?

After every customer and hanger-on had left the little store for the night, and John Moulton had finished posting his books and was arranging his various memoranda, he found that folded leaf among other papers; and smoothing it out very carefully upon his desk he read it over slowly and attentively. Had there been any one present he could not have been induced to do this by any human agency, but he thought now,

"I might as well read this one leaf, my designed use of which so horrified that old fellow. I never did read a word of the trash in my life, and I don't think it will affect me much now."

The leaf spread out before him happened to be the last chapter of the book of Daniel. The hardened infidel read it over more than once, but he did not understand it. His life-long wilful ignorance of God's word made this portion of it all the more wonderful, profound, and puzzling to him.

The last verse in particular impressed him: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

He read these words over and over until he seemed to feel them like coals burning into his heart. He sat on the high accountant's stool at his desk with bowed head, pondering upon them until his wife became alarmed, and crossed over the street to the store to see what had detained him. He heard her tap gently at the locked door, and, opening it, drew her in.

Pointing to that last verse, the letters of which now seemed to him to stand up from the crumpled page, he asked her, with trembling voice and blanched face, "What shall my lot be at the end of the days?"

"Alas, my husband, that you should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you!" she replied,

bending in turn over the leaf. "This verse has marginal references, I see, to Isaiah and to the Psalms and to Revelation. Let us look them up," and she turned to the coverless, mutilated old Bible. He knew nothing, and she very little, of the order of the books, but after considerable search they found that the two first named books were missing. Presently they came to Revelation and eagerly read the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works shall follow them."

"I have done no works that I could wish to follow me," said the husband. "That is one great proof to me that it is wrong to lead such a life as we do. I believe the scales are dropping from my eyes. If what little we have now read in the Bible be true, and we should die as we are, should we not be among those mentioned here in the second verse on this page, 'some to shame and everlasting contempt?'"

"I do not know," said the wife again, and weeping now. "But I do believe this is God's holy word, and that, even in what there is left of it, we can find out how to live so that we may know how to die."

"We will indeed seek for it then," said John Moulton, "and we will never stop studying this Bible until we have found out the true way to live and to die." And carefully placing the remnant of the soiled, mutilated Book into a basket in which were a few little articles for their own household use, he carried it back again across the street to their dwelling.

He was as good as his word. The precious Bible was studied, first the old, torn one and then a new and perfect copy, until the way of life and salvation was found; and his wife was only too glad to join him in the now sweet exercise of prayer, that unspeakable privilege of mortals which the Bible so plainly points out and enjoins, and in walking in the heavenly way.

And so that old family Bible finally accomplished its mission, and all there was left of it, up to the time of that providential protest of the stranger customer, lies to this day under a newer and handsomer copy on John Moulton's parlor-table.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SUCCESS.

Swarms of young men and women have just graduated from our public schools and colleges, a great majority of whom must go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of these young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them desire to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all its commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is, at least one way by which success may ordinarily be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor, you should seek to be the best doctor of your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order at the most convenient time, and for a fair price. Yours should be the neatest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you have made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do your paper well it will be a success.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowery, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper institute now stands. A man came into his store one day, and said—

"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars."

Upon enquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself—

"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I'll try."

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the process by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments; superintended every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillot did with pens, Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with something.

ANGRY PUNISHMENT.

I remember once, when quite a small child, of being on a visit with my mother at the house of a lady, whose daughter, and little two year old grandchild, and elderly aunt, were among the guests. The child was very much indulged, and consequently, was very wilful. Some trifle was not just to his liking, and he threw himself backward upon the floor, and kicked and screamed for a long time, in spite of his mother's coaxings and pleadings, and his grandmother's offerings of sweetmeats and toys.

At length, the grandmother's patience gave out. "Laura," she said to her daughter, "you must punish him; there is no other way."

Laura continued her coaxings for a while longer, with the same success. Her mother again advised punishment.

"I cannot," almost sobbed the young mother, with her eyes filled with tears. "If I could feel angry with him, I could do it, but I do not."

"Laura," said the elderly lady, her great aunt, "never punish your child while angry. If you cannot govern yourself, it were folly to attempt governing him. I recollect punishing one of my children while angry. I did not punish him more severely than I should have done at another time, but I never forgave myself for it. I regret it to this day."

I do not remember how the difficulty was settled, but the above incident I never forgot.

Wilful parents almost invariably have wilful children. Some parents consider a temper the worst evil that can befall a child, and it must be "broken" at all hazards. Often the process of "breaking" develops passion and evils compared to which the original temper was a virtue, and which will ultimately be his ruin. In another child the same method will so destroy his spirit that in all his after life he will be a nonentity, having no will of his own, dependent upon some one who has a "temper" and influenced so easily that it only depends on his associations, whether his life be for good or ill. Temper is a good thing. It is will. But it must be governed, kept under control. Reason must be used. Don't let us mistake our own tempers for independence, self-respect, and other good qualities. Let us analyze our own feelings and passions with impartiality, before attempting to correct the same faults in our children. Remember what our Saviour said about the mote in the brother's eye. I think it is as applicable to parents in their bearing toward children as in a more theological sense, of church people toward each other.—*Household.*

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES of the English language are no better illustrated than in the following doggerel which is sailing around the newspapers:

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
The plural of goose is not geeses nor geeses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of moose should be mice, and not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice;
But the plural of house should be houses, not hices.
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet;
But the plural of root should be roots and not reet.

WASHINGTON was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front, making many apologies for the delay.

Washington replied pleasantly, "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader but if the hour has come."

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR WEEKLY 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.

145. Who presented his brother with five changes of raiment?
146. Who saw abundance of provisions, after a famine and was prevented from eating any?
147. Who was Caleb?
148. How old was he when he obtained Hebron for an inheritance?
149. What king in despair sacrificed his eldest son?
150. Who left the plough in order to follow a prophet?
151. What prophet when he was enquired of by the king asked for a minstrel to be brought to play before him?
152. What celebrated prophets were contemporary with Ahab?
153. By what two prophets were the waters of the Jordan divided?
154. What woman attempted to utterly destroy the prophets of the Lord?
155. What relation was Mordecai to Esther?
156. To what tribe did Daniel belong?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A village in Galilee where Christ performed His first miracle.
2. A city of Syria where the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians.
3. A city in Macedonia where a church was gathered by Paul and Silas, the first apostolic labor on European ground.
4. A village a few miles northwest of Jerusalem where Jesus on the eve of His resurrection, accompanied two of the disciples to their home, and was revealed to them in the breaking of bread.
5. A city where Paul remained in custody of a soldier for two years in his own hired house.
6. A city in Greece where Jesus raised to life the widow's son.
7. A city of Galilee where Paul preached, and reproving the inhabitants for their idolatry and superstition, was summoned before the Areopagus.
8. The birthplace of Abraham.
9. A field and cave purchased by Abraham for a burial-place, where he and his wife and several of his children were buried.

These initials compose the name of a city where our Saviour often resided, and where many of his wonderful works were done.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. Jeremiah. Jer. xiii. 5.
122. Deborah, Rebekah's nurse. Gen. xxxv. 8.
123. Ahab. 1 Kings xxii. 39.
124. By Ezra. Neh. viii. 4.
125. Abraham buying the cave of Macpelah. Gen. xxiii. 3.
126. For a burying place for Sarah. Gen. xxiii. 1, 9.
127. In the reign of Solomon. 2 Chron. i. 15.
128. Asked of God. 1 Sam. i. 30.
129. Joash. 2 Chron. xxiv. 8.
130. For repairing the temple. 2 Chron. xxiv. 1, 13.
131. Judah. Gen. xlv. 33.
132. Benjamin. 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

TRANSPOSED BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.
2. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep.
3. Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.
4. Doth our law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth.
5. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.
6. Ye yourselves bear witness that I said I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before Him.
7. For Jesus Himself testified that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.
8. And herein is that saying true, one soweth and another reapeth.
9. Then said they unto Him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.
10. Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him?
11. Even as Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness.
12. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
13. And ye will not come to me that ye might have life.
14. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.
15. Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool, for He is holy.
16. One Lord, one faith, one Baptism.
17. Not of works, lest any man should boast.
18. Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—P. J. Hunter, 8 ac; Annie Clyde Hunter, 8.
To No. 10.—Anni D. Burr, 11; Alexander George Burr, 11; A. Fulton Johnson, 11.