

"In heaven. Kip prayed you'd bring something for his minister—'cause I heard him—behind the wood-pile," said Bud with slow emphasis. "I thought that made the chair come. I'm most sure 'twasn't any mistake, papa."

Mr. Mitchel pushed aside pen and paper, put on his hat and walked out. He really did not know the best way out of the difficulty. It was very vexatious, and in his perplexity he journeyed toward the parsonage. When he came in sight of the house he paused. What did he intend to do? Go there when others were making their offerings and explain that he had not wished to show any friendship or appreciation, and wanted to take back what had been professed through mistake? Certainly not! He turned, but at that moment some one joined him.

"Ah, Mr. Mitchel! just going in? That was a generous gift of yours—exactly the thing for poor Mrs. Clay."

Others came with similar comment. There was no chance to say anything, and scarcely knowing why or how, Mr. Mitchel found himself in the well-filled room, saw the sweet, pale face, with its smile of welcome for all, looking out from the cushions of the new chair, and felt the quick, warm, grateful clasp of the minister's hand. Something in look and clasp and murmured words brought a sudden thro' to Mr. Mitchel's heart, a moisture to his eye.

Then, before he had time to recover from his bewilderment, some one had called on him to "make a few remarks," and others echoed the request, and he found himself pushed forward to the front and heard his own voice saying, "How much cause all had to value Mr. Clay's work in the village," and expressing the hope that he might "enjoy these simple offerings as tokens of esteem and friendship." Ay, and he meant it too, for, catching the spirit of those around him, and swiftly comprehending more of the good man's life and work than he had ever done before, he only regretted that he had not sent the offering of his own free will and pleasure.

He found an opportunity, however, to whisper to Kip, who had slipped in later with very sober face—a face that brightened at sight of him.

"It's all right. Don't say a word to anybody about it."

He had a pleasant evening despite a feeling of strangeness about it, and on his homeward way muttered something to himself about "a blessed blunder." What he told at home Kip did not know, but when the boy arrived, a little later, Bud, wideawake and listening for his step, raised her yellow head from its pillow and called:

"Ke—ip! it all comed out right, didn't it?"

Kip thought it had. He was sure of it afterward when he saw the friendship that from that night began between the Mitchels and "his minister."—*Wide Awake.*

WHAT SINGING DID.

A TRUE STORY.—BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

Elinor Pomeroy's father had failed, as many a man had done before, but in this case failure in business was the precursor to still greater evils; his health broke down, his wife died, and his stately daughter was forced to forget her life of luxury, and make an effort to earn in some way money enough to keep hunger from the door. In her days of affluence she had often said, "If I should become poor, I would at once cut all my friends in upper-tendom, then throw myself into dressmaking or trimming bonnets." But when the crash came, she did not find it necessary to do the first, nor possible to do the latter. Her friends did not trouble her with attentions, and she found it impossible to secure a position in a dressmaking establishment, or milliner's shop, because she had no experience; but still she kept up a brave heart and said to her father, "Never mind, father, I shall find the right place after a while, and times will grow brighter." Her grief at her mother's death made her forget hardship and privation, and the gathering shadows of her father's illness spurred her up to every strong endeavor.

Every day she left the house, or rather rooms that now were called home, and was gone two or three hours, coming back with the same words on her lips she had uttered the day before, "Don't worry, father, the right place will come after awhile," and however hopeless her heart might be, her lips

never ceased to smile, to cheer the broken-down man, who was her all. In these outings she often met her old companions, sometimes touching their garments as she passed, but rarely finding one who could remember, in the Elinor Pomeroy of misfortune, the friend to whom they had been indebted for many a drive in the park, ticket for the lecture, flowers for their parlors. This would have made most girls haters of their race; not so with Elinor. She had in her fibre the material that makes philosophers, not misanthropes, and a pity sprang up in her heart for those who built their friendships on mere externals that must ever be changing as the sand upon the sea-shore, and she turned her face steadily toward the future and its duties.

"I have found it at last, father," she said one morning, after she had been gone longer than usual, "a place where I need only work five days a week, and can have every Saturday at home with you. I can begin work to-morrow, and my pay will be according to my work, so it will be my own fault if we do not have plenty of money soon." And she patted him on the cheek with her slender fingers, and began to hum a tune, as if she were the happiest mortal in the world.

It was a long time before the father learned that his beautiful and elegant daughter had promised to work in a shirt factory, whose proprietor was a Jew. Bitter as was the lesson, starvation was infinitely worse, and Elinor was a brave girl, whom God would surely reward.

This factory was not a bad place. Elinor was given a chair by an open window, where she was quite removed from the noise and clatter of machines and tongues, with merely a pile of shirts before her to suggest she was not in her own room, and a few others like herself busy making button-holes. Like a bird she sang little snatches of songs, that sounded as much out of place as if an oriole had piped its voice there; and like a bird, she charmed all who heard. Her voice had been thoroughly cultivated, and never, perhaps, had given as genuine pleasure to others as now in this room of a shirt factory, when weary heads and fingers were beguiled from their toil and troubles by its melody.

"Sing me another song, please," said the little children of her employer one morning, "and another, and another," they repeated. "We never heard such singing before. Where did you learn such beautiful songs?"

"In Sunday-school," was the reply.

"Why do we have no Sunday-schools?" was again asked.

"I am sure I do not know, but if you will come to me every day I will teach you many of these songs you love."

"O, that will be too lovely for anything!" replied the dark-eyed child of the Hebrew race. "Then Rebecca and I will sing to papa at night. Perhaps when he hears us sing he will let us go to Sunday-school, too. It must be a lovely place."

Thus it came to pass that before two weeks had passed Rebecca and her sister Ruth could sing "Only an Armor-bearer," "I Love to Tell the Story," and several others of those beautiful songs so familiar to our children.

One Saturday morning, while Elinor was occupied with her household cares, she heard a knock at the door. Opening it, she saw Mr. Abrams, her employer. What could it mean? Did he come to tell her that her services were no longer required? Her heart beat with fear as she welcomed him into their little sitting-room.

"I have come for a strange purpose to-day, Miss Pomeroy," he began, "and already I am afraid it is of no use, for I see you are very busy. I did not know you had a sick father, and must do the nursing and all at home, or I should never have dreamed of such a thing, I assure you." And he paused as if trying to find some way to make his escape.

"But you have not told me what it is yet, Mr. Abrams. Perhaps I can do it, though I am, as you see, busy."

"I have been thinking, ever since I heard my children sing, that it would be a good thing if our children could meet on Saturday and learn to sing your songs. They do nothing all day but play, and this would surely be better."

"I should think it an excellent plan," said Elinor. "Can I help you in any way?"

"I was hoping you could help us by teaching them how to sing. Of course I should not expect you to do this for nothing. I should pay you well for your trouble."

"We will try it next Saturday. Tell your little girls to urge all their little friends to come, and I will be on hand to see how they will enjoy learning to sing."

This was the beginning of a school which is now known as a Jewish Sunday-school where all the children of Hebrews meet weekly, and study the Old Testament, and sing the songs we sing in our Christian Sunday-school. Miss Elinor Pomeroy was far happier now than she had ever been in her days of prosperity, and though she did not work in Mr. Abrams' factory very long, she never left the Jewish Sunday-school, which had grown out of her singing.

"The songs of our Sunday-schools are a greater power with the masses than preaching," she was heard to say, and surely it seems so in this case.—*Church and Home.*

MISSIONARY CHICKENS.

How can we raise money for the missionary cause? This is a point many long to know, and one that often causes many serious thoughts. But a good lady in Solon has shown how it may be done without much trouble. Mrs. P. has long been a friend of missions. Her name can always be found among those who give to both home and foreign missions. But she wanted to do more this year than ever before; and this is the plan she took. Selecting a dozen good eggs, she set them under a good reliable hen, which in due time hatched out eleven healthy, active chickens. The proceeds from these she determined to give to the different missions in which she was interested, and to distinguish them from the other inmates of the hen-coop they were called the "Missionary Chickens." She fed and tended them herself all summer, and by fall they were fairer and fatter than all the other chickens on the place. The hawks came and carried off several of the neighbors' chickens, and even tried to help themselves to some of our friend's non-missionary chickens, though they did not succeed—but the missionary chickens were unmolested; and about thanksgiving they were sold for seven dollars.

A friend asked Mrs. P. if she intended to give it all to missions this year; and she replied, "Yes, every dollar of it." She said she remembered the saying of Christ, that he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much. So she fed those eleven chickens for Christ's sake, thinking all the time she was doing but a little for him.

Some of the friends of the missionary cause cannot give seven dollars or even half of it, or at least they think they cannot, but most of them could give six eggs and a hen's time to hatch them out and never miss the outlay. Is not the experiment worth trying; and if so who will do it next spring when the time of chickens comes?—*Christian Mirror.*

COST OF FREE SCHOOLS.

The *N. Y. Observer* says:—The number of scholars taught in New York city last school year was about 100,000, less rather than more. The Board of Education is a body of wise, judicious, and faithful men, who are entitled to the thanks of the city for the gratuitous service they render in the administration of their trust. With all the economy they can exercise, they are compelled to present the following estimate of expenses for 1881:

Salaries of teachers in the grammar and primary schools.....	\$2,410,000
Salaries of janitors in the grammar and primary schools.....	96,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the Normal College.....	95,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the evening schools.....	90,000
Salaries of teachers and janitors in the colored schools.....	26,000
Salaries of officers, &c., of the Board of Education.....	33,000
Salaries of City Superintendents of schools and assistants.....	30,625
Incidental and minor expenses.....	11,610
Support of Nautical School.....	26,500
Supplies, fuel, gas, rents, pianos and workshop wages.....	267,500
Incidental expenses of Board of Education, schools, &c.....	82,800
Purchasing and leasing sites for erecting buildings and incidentals.....	350,000
Corporate schools per special acts of the Legislature.....	100,000
Total.....	\$3,620,035

GIVE.

Give while you can,
Give while you may,
Give with a will that makes no delay.

When Mr. Baxter lost a thousand pounds he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gave the power of bestowing, and con-

sidered himself as culpable in some degree for having so long delayed the performance of a good action, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for a want of quickness and diligence.—*American Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

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.

109. Near what mountain were the Israelites encamped when God ordered them to build the tabernacle, and to whom was the order given?
110. Whose life was lengthened fifteen years in answer to prayer?
111. Who said, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his"?
112. Which of the great prophets brought the Lord's messages to him?
113. What prophet's bones restored a dead man to life?
114. To which of the patriarchs did God say, "Walk before me and be thou perfect"; and where in the New Testament do we find the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"?
115. Who rested under a vine which grew up in a single night?
116. Name four persons whose birth was announced by angels?
117. Who from his childhood never drank wine nor strong drink?
118. What man in the New Testament went up to the house-top to pray?
119. What prophet prayed three times a day?
120. What was Saul's first transgression after he became king of Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A part of the material universe which the Psalmist asserts especially declares the glory of God.
2. A constellation of eighty stars in the southern hemisphere, twice referred to by Job.
3. To what does the Psalmist liken the Word of God, as a guide to his steps?
4. By what name did God reveal Himself through Moses to the children of Israel?
5. What quality of mind did Paul attribute to the Bereans for searching the Scriptures to prove the truth of his teachings?
6. What important qualification did Apollos possess as a preacher of the Gospel?
7. From what source did he derive his wonderful power to convince the Jews that Jesus was Christ?
8. The first word in the song of all the redeemed of earth as they stand in countless numbers before the throne of God and the Lamb.

These initials form one of the words upon Aaron's mitre.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. By the star. Matt. ii. 9.
86. They were told by the angel of the Lord. Luke ii. 9, 11.
87. Herod. They were warned of God in a dream not to do so. Matt. ii. 7, 12.
88. Christ in the temple among the doctors. Luke ii. 41, 50.
89. Forty days. Matt. iv. 2.
90. In Nazareth. Luke iv. 16, 29.
91. The miraculous draught of fishes. Luke v. 1, 2.
92. At the pool of Bethesda. John v. 2, 9.
93. Alexandria. Acts xviii. 24.
94. Dorcas. Acts ix. 36, 42.
95. Eunice; Lois. 2 Tim. i. 5.
96. To Mary Magdalene. John xx. 1, 17.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

Elijah. Esau, Gen. 25 : 29; Lydia, Acts 16 : 14, 15; Isaac, Gen. 24 : 63; Job, 1 : 1, 12; 2 : 7, 10; Aaron, Ex. 4 : 14; Hannah, 1 Sam. 1 : 9-18.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 8.—James Adam Donaldson, 12 ac; Thos. F. Neeland, 12; Duncan S. Matheson, 8; Wm. Reid, 6.
To No. 7.—Kate J. Macpherson, 12 ac; T. Sturrock, 12 ac; Alvin Misener, 12; Annie M. Patteson, 12; Sarah E. Patteson, 12; Albert E. Patteson, 12; Edward B. Craig, 11 ac; Maud Halliday, 11; Thomas Telfer, 11; Sarah Fowley, 11; Thurlow Fraser, 11; Herbert Davidson, 11; Andrew Hamilton, 11; Alma G. McCulloch, 11; Wm. Wight Batters, 11; Maude Armstrong, 10; Nellie McKay, 10; Archibald Smith, 10; Georgina Findlater, 8; Edwin Brooks, 7.