

ther, if this principle isn't true, there is nothing true in the universe."

For answer, Mrs. Burnham sighed. She didn't quite know what to make of her son. He had made few professions, but when it came to the test, his philosophy answered the purpose. Hers had only been good for prosperity. The exigencies of poverty had tried it and found it wanting.

John fell to brushing his clothes, and his mother sighed again.

"There is a lingering remnant of aristocracy about my appearance, mother," he began again, in a lighter tone, "which is very much against me when I go in with the fellows who strike the big licks of the world. They regard me as if I were a sort of *lusus nature*, and when they find out what I want they seem to think it is prodigiously funny. I'm off now," and the young man kissed his mother affectionately. "If I am not back at the usual time don't be worried, because in that case I may have struck a job. In our condition, mother, there is something very depressing in punctuality."

There never was the slightest sadness or indecision in John Burnham's manner when he was with his mother, but now, at a safe distance from the house, he stopped to consider which way it was best to go. He felt as if he had used up everything in every direction, and for a moment a beggarly, shame-faced feeling took possession of him. It seemed to him as if the very stones of the street he had travelled over so much knew of his poverty and his inability to lessen it.

"This'll never do," he said to himself. "The question is, have I, or have I not, a right to look for a living? If I have, what is there to be ashamed of? There must be something radically wrong in a fellow's make-up to get into such a pickle as this."

John had turned down a side street in order to have his growl out, as he told himself, and by so doing to exorcise the demon of shame that had taken possession of him. It was the first time in all his long and exhausting struggle that he had ever felt ashamed of his poverty, or too tired to keep on trying for work. Physical fatigue was no doubt the cause of this mental unrest, but the determined young man fought like a hero, and of course came off conqueror. As he walked slowly along trying to decide in which direction he should turn his steps, a man passed him with some circulars. John watched him a moment, and noticed that the announcement which had seemed important enough to call public attention to was in almost every instance thrown carelessly into the yards instead of being left at the houses. He picked up one and found it to be an advertisement of the opening of a new grocery store, with a list of articles and their prices, which were certainly very cheap.

"I'll go for this," he said, and throwing off his fatigue as he might discard a coat he was tired of, started himself for the street and number.

"Have you any route which hasn't been worked?" he enquired of the proprietor.

"Why?" the gentleman asked.

"Because if you have I want to take it, and if I don't bring you some customers it must be because folks don't read the circulars."

"All right," was the hearty answer, "we can give you a job; but I shouldn't suppose you had been used to this business."

"Never mind about that," said John, "I want the work, and I'll do it to the best of my ability. If I work till to-morrow afternoon, I shall hope to be paid at that time, on account of needing the money for over Sunday."

It was a small sum, but it would keep the wolf from the door, and there would be plenty of business, John found, for a part, at least, of the following week. His request was acceded to, and the young man loaded up with the advertisements.

"I guess you'll get along," the proprietor remarked, encouragingly, and John hurried off to his new, and certainly not very congenial, employment. He had noticed every thing about the store, and those connected with it. His intuitions were keen, and his impressions reliable, and feeling sure that this was an A 1 grocery store, he determined that he would make other people think so also. Not a circular went astray on this route. They were not left to blow about the streets, or litter up the sidewalks. Whenever he rang a bell, he handed in the notices with a few pleasant words calling attention to the popular prices, and in almost every instance was sure he had made the proper impression.

"Oh! but, John, such hard and such disagreeable work!" his mother exclaimed when she found out what he had been doing. "And so anti-respectable!" he laughed. "Despise not the day of small things," he continued. "I have heard you read that sentence many times, and also, 'whatever your hands find to do, that do with all your might.' I, you see, am getting the meaning out of those things which folks generally slide over so glibly, and I think I shall live to see the day that I am glad of it."

A paragraph in Sanscrit would have been about as intelligible to Mrs. Burnham. She shook her head sadly, but refrained from discouraging remarks.

All the next week John carried circulars from house to house. It was hard work, and took all the nerve and courage he possessed, but not once did he falter or complain. Toward the end of the week the proprietor encouraged him by telling him that he had had more calls from the houses he had visited, than from all the other routes put together.

When the young man received his pay on Saturday night, his employer said pleasantly: "Burnham, I've been wondering if you couldn't buy goods."

"I should like to try," John replied. "You have got more grit and thoroughness in you than any man in my employ, and I don't intend to lose sight of you," the gentleman went on. "You've got brains as well as grit, and if you can be contented to be my righthand man, I want you."

After this there was a good salary, peace and plenty, all brought about by the young man who wasn't too proud to peddle circulars, and who literally "did with all his might whatever his hands found to do."—*The Methodist*.

WORK VERSUS POVERTY.

In a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer's day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty?" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger; "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the ale-house, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away; for no master wants a loafer about. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever anyone would hear me I scraped my violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt on my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy, young fellow like I was, ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterward heard, a writer of books); I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed

up my shirt sleeves and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In a war against your misery?" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. What! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses, and march forward in the war."

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."—*Selected*.

A FRENCH SABBATH.

In a letter written by Dr. Guthrie to a friend, dated from Paris in the year 1827, he says:—"It is on the Sabbath more than any day that I think of you all at home: the awful scenes that obtrude themselves upon my view suggest by contrast the very different circumstances in which you are all placed. When I see the tricks of the jugglers, and hear the music of the musicians, and observe the busy traffic of the merchants and the reckless levity of the people on the Sabbath-day, I think of the quiet streets of Brechin; and the stillness of our house is brought sadly to my remembrance when I hear in this one the light song instead of the sacred hymn, and see, instead of the Bible, the cards and dominoes upon the table, and the people, instead of repairing to the church, driving off every Sunday evening to the playhouse. I confess to you that frequently I am heartily disgusted with Paris, and wish that I were home."—*From Memoirs of Dr. Guthrie*.

A DOG'S FRIEND.

A gentleman owning a kitchen-garden remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He asked the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when the dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further enquiry was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail, he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The scene was repeated until the carrots were all gone. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two horses in the stable, but the other received no notice, much less carrots.—*Methodist*.

PRAYER AND LESSONS.

A girl at a London boarding-school was remarked for repeating her lessons well. A schoolfellow rather idly inclined said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well then, I will pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it, learn it!" answered the first. "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it."

A PRAYING CHURCH is the bulwark of the pulpit. A laboring church is the right hand of the pulpit. A dead church has been the death of many a pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon says: "Have you ever read 'The Ancient Mariner?' I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering. But do you know I have lived to see that time; have seen it done? I have gone in churches, and have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as deacon, a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear."—*McArthur*.

Question Corner.—No. 20.

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.

229. At what place in the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness were they attacked by the Amalekites?
230. At what place did Moses meet with his wife and father-in-law?
231. What great sin did the Israelites commit while they were encamped at Mount Sinai?
232. How many men were put to death as a punishment for this sin?
233. When did the supply of manna, on which the Israelites lived in the wilderness, cease?
234. What place did the Israelites next attack after they had captured Jericho?
235. Why did they fail in their first attempts to take it?
236. What woman judged Israel?
237. By what heathen king were the Israelites oppressed during her life?
238. What was the first cause of Saul's jealousy of David?
239. Who asked the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"
240. Which three of the apostles were from Bethsaida?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The country to which Jacob fled after he had fraudulently obtained his father's blessing.
 2. The hill in the wilderness of Ziph in which David hid to escape the wrath of King Saul.
 3. A city of Lycaonia where Paul and Barnabas were so persecuted that they were obliged to leave.
 4. The city to which they departed, and where Paul healed a man who had been a cripple from his birth.
 5. A town to which Paul was conveyed by the Roman guard, to escape the conspiracy formed against him by the Jews to waylay and put him to death.
 6. A town of Lycaonia, the birthplace of Gaius.
 7. A city of Asia Minor where Paul preached daily for two years in a public building used for a school.
 8. A church to which salutations were sent by Paul, with a desire that his Epistle to the Colossians should be read also to them.
 9. A city in Macedonia where resided Lydia, who, being converted under the ministry of Paul, opened her house to entertain the apostles, constraining them to partake of her hospitality.
 10. The last in order of Scripture canon of Paul's epistles (sent from Italy by Timothy).
 11. The country where Paul declared he had "fully preached the gospel."
 12. The tribunal before which Paul was brought when in Athens, for preaching against the idolatry of its inhabitants.
- These initials form the name of a city in which was a church—one of the seven addressed by Jesus in the Revelation of St. John.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

205. The book of Daniel.
206. In the books Ezra and Nehemiah.
207. Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon. Daniel iii.
208. By Judges.
209. Eli and Samuel. They were the high priests.
210. Forty years. 1 Kings ii. 11.
211. Hebron. 1 Kings ii. 11.
212. Michal, Saul's daughter. 1 Sam. xviii. 27.
213. Balaam. Num. xxii. 28, 30.
214. During the reign of Jehoram. 2 Kings iii. 5, 6. 2 Kings vi. 25.
215. Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 38, 41.
216. Everything was made ready before it was brought there. 1 Kings vi. 7.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Babylon. Immortality. Barak. Love. Emerald.—*Bible*.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—Maggie D. Becket, 11; Alex. George Burr, 10.
To No. 16.—A. Dennick, of Rochester, Kent, England, 11.