

and getting ready to begin again, "but the force of habit is very strong in us old folks, and when I was young we darned our towels always, coarse or fine: we studied economies in those days of which you young people have never dreamed, and, indeed, in your grandfather's large family our utmost endeavor did not always make his moderate salary stretch over our necessities."

"And yet," I said musingly, "grandpa married an heiress!"

"Yes," said aunt Patsy quietly, "as money was counted in those days, my mother had a very pretty fortune."

"I know, of course, what became of it," said I, "but did you never feel, auntie, in the days when you were really pushed to get along, that grandpa was wrong to use up all his wife's money, even for charitable purposes? that her children had a right to its benefits, as well as the young men he educated, the orphans he provided for, the blacks he sent to Liberia, the churches he helped to build, and all the many plans that were furthered by that money?"

"If I ever held such opinions," said my dear old lady, a little more slowly than she had answered my other questions, "I have lived to see them disproved, and my father's course not only justified, but rewarded."

"Well," said I, "as nobody can suspect me of any personal regret in the matter (having more of this world's goods already than is quite safe for one), I may be allowed to say that, even looked at from the most heavenly-minded standpoint, the blessed grandfather made a mistake. If all the rich Christians gave away their fortunes right and left, interest and capital, our resources would soon be exhausted, and our schemes of benevolence crippled."

My listener pushed her slender needle backward and forward in silence. "Now, don't you agree with me?" I pressed at length.

"I have not thought enough on that side of the question," she answered, "to say much about it; but I have spent many years thinking gratefully over the proofs that my father made a good investment of his wife's money."

"The proofs?"

"Yes," she said, with sudden warmth, laying aside her finished task. "How can you fail to see them? Where are his children and grandchildren to-day? Can you show me a family more blessed in every direction than your grandfather's? Beginning with the natural cause and effect—the usual road along which Providence sends blessing or punishment—the struggle of life, sanctified by the warm piety that had prompted the generous distribution of my parents' fortune, was of uncouth value to their children, especially the boys. The simplicity of the home life, the industry and energy necessary, the independence and self-reliance, and at the same time mutual helpfulness, furnished such training as no rich man can secure for his children, try as he may. Our boys learned to deny themselves cheerfully, to think little of personal ease or comfort, to value and seize all opportunities for improvement, and to be thoroughly in earnest in all their undertakings."

"I need not point you to results; two of the sons are ministers of the gospel, whose old age is made beautiful by a long record of usefulness and honored influence; whose families are realizing in things temporal and spiritual, in earthly prosperity and heavenly hopes, the blessings of the Covenant. And the other sons, having a larger share of wealth and renown, have been followed by the blessing of God, keeping their sons and daughters from all the snares and temptations which beset riches and high position."

"Your mother, your aunt Jane and I have been the happy centres of such homes as few women have; generous and abundant support being added to the richer blessings of mutual sympathy and confidence and love. Even physically, we have as a family been rarely blessed. We are now old people, but since we laid the dear father and mother to rest, neither disease nor death has touched us. Tell me now, my dear young philosopher, from what other investment could your grandfather have realized such returns?"

Ah, thought I, going home with eyes clearer for having looked through aunt Patsy's spectacles, the children of light are sometimes wiser in their generation than the children of this world: witness my grandfather's good investment!—*Morning Star.*

"HOWBEIT."

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

David, the man after God's own heart, was suddenly drawn into sin. He seems, so far as we can see, not to have any mis-giving or uneasiness in regard to his sin, for when Nathan, God's prophet, comes to him with a story which but allegorized his own actions, he does not catch the meaning, but exclaims, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die!"

Yet, when Nathan shows him his sin in its true light, he cries out, "I have sinned against the Lord," and at once comes the declaration of mercy, "The Lord, also, hath put away thy sin."

But then follows a word that should stand out as a terrible warning to the young—"Howbeit." He is forgiven, but the consequences of the sin must follow.

Young people, especially young boys, are often taught that they can "sow their wild oats," can be careless and heedless, can associate with the unbelieving and the impure, and yet, by the mercy of God, they will be stopped on their downward career, and be as pure and happy as if they had never known such habits and associations. It is false. The "howbeit" of sin must follow, though God, in his infinite mercy, may change it into a blessing. There is the "howbeit" of memory. Do you wish your past to be full of sweet, pure, pictures? The only way is to choose the good and pure in youth.

There is the "howbeit" of health. The man who yields to every whim of his appetites, who cannot resist the temptations of youth, may not be lost. He may, by God's grace, become a power in the church and do much good, but the strong, healthy body that he might have had cannot be his—he must pay the penalty of his excess.

There is the "howbeit" that goes on into another life—a life dearer than your own. Perhaps, as in David's case, the child is taken—happy little one! But ah, bitterer punishment yet, perhaps the child inherits the weakness the father yielded to so long, and the son goes down to a drunkard's grave because of his father's sin!

Would you escape such an awful "howbeit" in your life, my boy reader? The only sure way is to choose this day to be pure, and true, and God-fearing. Remember, it is not enough to know the good, it is not enough to love the good. You must choose it; that alone will make it yours, and will insure you happy memories, a pure, vigorous body, a fearless outlook into the future.—*Am. Messenger.*

FINDING THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Old "Aunt Janie" lived all alone in the great city of London. She was very poor, besides being infirm. Long ago want had entered her dwelling, and she often had a hard struggle for her daily bread.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half empty room, eating her scanty crust, her attention was attracted to a singular outline on the beams of the wall. These walls had been whitewashed by her own hands, not long before; and until this moment she had never discovered it, but to-day it looked surprisingly as if there had been a square opening in one of them like a door, now carefully closed up. Old Janie's eyes were dimmed by age, and it is not to be wondered at that she had never noticed it before, and yet, perhaps, this was the precise moment when the surprising revelation was to be made to her, who can wonder? for I am telling you a true story.

She examined it closely, for she remembered, as a child the fearful days of the Revolution, when no property was safe and she bethought herself that far away in those troublous days some rich man might have concealed a treasure there—money, most likely—and fallen a victim to the cruel war before he had time to remove it; or, perhaps, one of the saints to whom she prayed daily had preserved it there, to sweeten the evening of her days!

For the first time she tapped with her finger, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With a beating heart poor Janie tried to remove the panel, and, after some difficulty, she succeeded in doing so, when lo! instead of the gold and silver she had

expected to see, she found only a damp book, mouldy and very old. She was so terribly disappointed that she was just ready to replace the boards and leave the book to crumble away, but, what if there should be some bank-notes, after all, hidden between the leaves, or, at any rate, valuable papers. But she could find nothing; it was after all only a book, and a mouldy one at that.

But what sort of a book could it be, hidden away so carefully; there must be something uncommon about it. So she wiped it off as well as she could, in spite of her vexation, and sat herself down to see what it was about, for old Janie had been taught to read in her childhood.

Instantly her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; not yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The words that she read appeared to her so sweet and precious, so comforting that she read on and on, during the whole day and into the night, forgetting to eat, and not wishing even to sleep.

The next morning she sat down again to this musty old book, the words of which were sinking into her soul, and making an ever deepening impression there, and, as she opened, she read, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved"; and again, as she turned, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

What joy! Her little chamber looked no longer desolate. She had found companionship at last, even that of the "King of kings," whose gracious words were like streams of blessedness flowing in to her lonely heart. Her food, which so long had seemed the bread of tears, now came to be like bread from heaven, for her heart, through much tribulation, had at last learned to know a Saviour's love.

She cleaned and bound the book as best she could, which, you all know now, was the Bible, that Book of books, the "Pearl of Great Price," and it was to her as meat and drink, by day and by night. From it she had learned the great lesson of life, even in the last days of her pilgrimage, and only waited for that blessed time when she should enter into the joy of that Lord, who had so mysteriously revealed himself to her, and who, when the bitter trials of her life were all passed, would welcome her among the innumerable company of the redeemed.

You ask me what became of the book? It is now in the hands of an aged pastor, to whom, in her last hours, she confided its history, and bequeathed it as the richest legacy she could have to bestow. The volume was so old as to date back to the time of the Huguenot persecution. No one ever knew its history, but God used it, then and there, to save a soul from death. Truly, His ways are wonderful and vast finding out.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FAITH'S WARRANT.

You are commanded to believe upon the authority of God Himself. He bids you believe in Jesus Christ, and you must not refuse to obey your Maker. The foreman of certain works in the north had often heard the Gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he might not come to Christ. His good master one day sent a card round to the works—"Come to my house immediately after work." The foreman appeared at his master's door, and the master came out, and said somewhat roughly, "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time? Work is done, what right have you here?" "Sir," said he, "I had a card from you saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that, merely because you had a card from me, you are to come up to my house and call me out after business hours?" Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you, but it seems to me that, as you sent for me, I had a right to come." "Come in, John," said his master, "I have another message that I want to read to you; and he sat down and read these words—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest." "Do you think, after such a message from Christ, that you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at once, and believed because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing.—*Sprycon.*

CROSSNESS.

I knew a dying colored girl, brought up in a hovel, "used," you would say, surely, to rough words, yet in want and pain her one muttered complaint was, "I hate to hear so much quarrelling."

It did not touch a hair of her head; it never would, but it was worse than dying.

I knew a family who started out with every promise. The mother, especially, toiled for their good; unselfish, clear-headed, indefatigable. I rarely saw a more skilful worker, and at forty-five she looked sixty. But crossness spoiled all. Her husband deserted her; half her children openly hated her. She was desolate, and they were hardened in character.

Beware, strong-voiced man! Beware, hard-driven woman! It is easy to make your home a place of misery, yourself a terror, and not even know it. It cannot be that you would do it wittingly.—*American Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where was the Tabernacle set up after the Israelites entered the Promised Land?
2. In connection with what priest and what prophet do we afterward hear of this place?
3. What heathen tribe captured the Ark of the Covenant, and who judged Israel at the time?
4. Which of the Psalms is a prayer for Solomon foretelling the glory of his kingdom as typical of Christ's reign upon earth?
5. Where was Jesus when he uttered the words "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The Stone whose name means "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

1. The scribe helped by God to rebuild His house.
2. The village where Christ helped two sisters by raising their brother.
3. The prophet whom God helped by means of ravens.
4. The leper whom a little maid helped to cure.
5. The queen whom God helped to save her nation.
6. The governor whom God helped by the words of Haggai.
7. The land to which Israel was forbidden to go down for help.
8. The city where the Lord promised to help Paul to bear witness of Him.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—1 Chron. xv. 25, 29.
SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—The Cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

1. C-ain Gen. iv. 6.
2. R-am Gen. xxii. 13.
3. O-badiah 1 Kings xviii. 4.
4. S-amaria 1 Kings xvi. 29.
5. S-apphira Acts v. 1.

The following metrical answer to the acrostic of No. 15 has been sent to us.

1. *Joab, Zeruliah's son, a murderer, he*
 2. *Slew Abner, son of Ner, in basest treachery.*
 3. *Chuzai, as Joanna's lord, we place,*
 4. *And Huzi the first of Micah's race.*
 5. *Through ignorance was Jesus slain,*
 6. *And Nathan, David did arraign.*
 7. *The poison asp shall yield to infant hand.*
 8. *Nabhi son of Vopai, spied the land.*
 9. *Daniel's learning shall forever shine.*
 10. *Berachel was sprung from Buz's line.*
 11. *Omega's name the last, shall wake the dead*
 12. *Abiathar the priest, to David fled,*
 13. *Small Zaccheus climbed up into a tree,*
- That so the Saviour passing he might see.
Right pillar's name we Jachin find,
And Boaz left; which bring to mind
Their meaning; both so dear defined.
For Jachin means Stability;
And Boaz, in His Strength to be.
Initial letters trace their name,
And final letters all explain.

A. H. W., 70 YEARS OLD.
Marlboro, Mich.
CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Mrs. A. Dickson, Sarah L. Rogers, Ella Moore, Lilian Greene, Albert Jesse French, George A. Riddell, and W. S. Denison.