

Pierson you are a villain! God will judge you!"

"Pooh, pooh! Don't get excited! You'll think better of it. At any rate, I must go back to Boston on the next train. Now, old fellow, don't think I'm out of temper with you. You're green, like your country produce; that's all. Ha, ha! You think it over and you'll come round Bye-bye." And with a jocular, patronizing air, Pierson rolled himself out of the apartment leaving our friend alone.

"God help me! What shall I do?" he said. "My poor wife and the girls! It'll come hard on them. O Lord, hold me up! Don't let me listen to him. Help me to do the right thing."

It was no light trial to a man passed middle life, who needed rest and felt that health and strength were going on the downhillside, to be called suddenly to face the question of giving up his whole worldly support for right-doing. He was by nature cautious and desponding, and it seemed the most hopeless ruin. He laid his head down on the table and groaned aloud.

Was he alone? Let us trust not. We have high authority for thinking that God's little ones are never left alone in their hour of struggle; the angel that always beholdeth the face of their Father, is with them.

The spirit world is not remote;
Thine eye is sealed, thy sense is shut.

Could we see into that ever present world we might see bending over this plain, poor man, a face fair as a star, solemnly strong and sweet. Gradually the tempest of his heart lulled and beautiful words passed over his soul like music: "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life." And then the solemn services of All Saints' Day returned to him.

"Yes," he said, "here is my cross. Here is where I am tempted to renounce Christ. I must not burn incense on heathen altars, whoever else does it. I see it all. I must give up all to be a good Christian."

Again the voice said within him: "There is no man that hath left houses and lands for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive manifold more in this life and in the world to come life everlasting."

"It's the same thing," he said to himself. "I am tempted just as they were. I must give all to be a Christian, as they did. After all, I am not called to give up life itself, to bear tortures as they did; but here is an opportunity to give up a great deal, and the Lord will give me strength to do it—oh yes, He will!"

A great steady calmness fell over his soul, the rest of a great conflict past. "Bless God, I didn't yield," he said over and over to himself. "He will keep me from falling. He is able."

We should do injustice to our friend Johnson should we represent that the trial here ceased. The cross is never anything but a cross, and he who has taken it up, with whatever exaltation, will find it a bitter burden. It was no light affliction to bear the news to his wife and daughters and witness their trouble. His wife and daughters with one voice supported him in his resolution, and began immediately to shape their plans for the new paths of self-denial and enterprise in which they must tread.

The small sum which Johnson had accumulated in the savings bank was immediately drawn out and appropriated to the payment of those of his customers who were most dependent upon their little gains from dairy and garden; but for the larger debts there was no resource but the sale of the house, and this was a matter requiring time.

The winter was a sad one. It is not possible at once to lose business and property without an accession of daily trials and fatigues. There were days of fatigue and nights of care, and not always could they see the bright side of the trial. The apostle has told us that no trial for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; and another writer has said: "It is not when the storm is raging on the beach that we go out to look for treasure; but when the waves are gone down and the shore is still we find pearls and precious gems that have been cast ashore in the tempest." There are such pearls, but we must wait till the tempest is over to find them.

Suffice it to say, the house was sold and every debt honestly paid, and the next year

found the family dependent on summer boarders, the mother and daughter doing their own domestic labor and the father in a situation of much work and small salary.

During all those struggling months in his battle with sleepless nights and weary days, Johnson had one comfort. "Thank God," he said, "I didn't yield. He gave me an opportunity, and I might have lost it; but, thank God, I didn't! He helped me to give up all and I did. That is something nobody can take from me."

And the daily trials came to mother and daughters in bodily fatigue and unaccustomed cares. Though it was a trial to see Sam Pierson coming back to spend his summer, florid and easy, with his span of horses and his wife and daughters bedecked with fashionable ornaments, yet neither Johnson nor his family ever in heart took back their sacrifice or regretted what they had done. The consciousness of a heroic constancy in right is the "manifold more" than houses and lands which the Saviour gives to those who give up all for His sake and the Gospel's—that is, for the right and the true for which He laid down His own life.

And could we have seen again into the spirit life that lies along side of ours, we should have seen in that little household the faces of guardian angels bright with solemn joy, for angels think of things far otherwise than we, and while men are saying one to another, "Poor soul, what a loss! what a trial!" the angels say, "Blessed soul! what an opportunity! what a gain!"

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation!—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in Good Company.*

JIMMY'S EXAMPLE.

Tim Jones had long cherished a strong dislike for Jimmy Langdon. After Jimmy's public acknowledgment of Christ, this dislike was greatly increased. He could scarcely have given a particular reason, if he had tried. The real secret was that the striking contrast between Jimmy's frank, outspoken, generous manner of life, and his own low cunning, hypocrisy and meanness, made him feel uneasy and ashamed of himself whenever they came together.

But Tim was not wholly unsusceptible. The prayers and counsels of a godly mother were not altogether lost upon him. Attending the same school, constantly receiving good for evil in many and unexpected ways, and obliged to respect the manly bearing of his young associate, he at last found himself thoroughly won over.

Meeting Joe Whitney, a special confidant of his, he made a clean breast of the whole matter. "Joe," said he, "I've never done the fair thing by Jimmy Langdon. I've misunderstood and mistreated him in every way, and yet he has always treated me respectfully and kindly. The other day, in playing baseball, he had every chance in the world to cheat me several times, and he knew it too, but he never took any unfair advantage of me. I couldn't say as much for myself, I confess. Yet, when he caught me at my tricks, once or twice, he only looked a little disappointed, that's all. And only a day or so ago, I overheard him talking with Pete Lathers. Pete said some sharp and hard things about me, and I must acknowledge they were about just. But what did Jimmy do but just turn all aside by speaking of the only good qualities that I could lay any kind of claim to. Now, I have to admit there's something genuine about such religion as that. And it must be a matter of religion, for you know Jimmy wasn't always like that. He used to be as excitable and hot-tempered as any of us once. No one was quicker to resent an injury. I tell you what it is, Joe, I've been thinking such fellows as we ought to be looking into this thing. I've got some sense of honor yet, anyhow, and I don't mean hereafter, that Jimmy shall have it all so one-sided—at least, as far as I am concerned."

Does any Christian boy, among my readers, sometimes get a bit discouraged in finding frequently the cold shoulder, and sometimes sneering and open persecution? Don't give up. Remember that Jesus, in all these particulars, suffered more that you ever have, or ever will. Be faithful, be consistent, and you will one day find, though perhaps not so soon as Jimmy, that your example has not been without its salutary and saving influence, and a greater influence than you have imagined.—*Child's Paper.*

SEEKING FRUIT.

A master comes to his garden. He turns over leaves of pear and plum trees, and he looks along the branches of the peach trees. "Trees look very healthy, don't they, sir?" says the gardener, in a satisfied way. Then they pass into the orchard. "Nice trees these, sir," observes the gardener,—"very choice sorts, golden pippin and russet." Then they turn to the hot-houses: "Vines and pines look very promising," says the gardener, smiling complacently. At last the master speaks out, half angrily, "What in the world is the use of healthy trees, and of choice sorts, and of promising plants? I don't want green leaves and fine young wood only—I want fruit. And if you can't get it, I must find somebody that can."

The Lord of the vineyard comes to us. He stands before us and looks underneath the leaves of our profession, searching for fruit. Good desires, good feelings, good endeavors all our praying, all our believing—everything else counts for nothing unless there be some fruit. This is what our Master requires and seeks.

Do you remember how the Lord Jesus took His disciples into the vineyard and told them of the vine? The words are worth thinking over solemnly, one by one. "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away." Every branch in Me. Surely it is enough to be in Him! This is much more than profession; and much more than orthodox belief; and much more than a moral life: In Christ. Yes, but it is not enough. Privilege and position do not deliver us from the need of any good results—they make the obligation. In such a vineyard; with such a husbandman; a branch of such a vine, what if there be no fruit? This: "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit He cleanseth it that it may bring forth more fruit. . . . Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." To Him, to us, to others, fruit is to be the end and evidence of our life.—*Rev. M. G. Pearse.*

BROTHER, WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

BY CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

An interesting story has been related in one of our missionary periodicals concerning a faithful minister now laboring in the foreign field. While travelling once in India, he discovered in a retired spot by the wayside a man lying on the earth. Seen at a distance, he appeared to be asleep. He judged him to be one of those singular heathen devotees, so often in that land encountered, upon their painful pilgrimages, and supposed that, fatigued with his protracted journey, he had fallen on the ground for rest.

Coming up to him, however, he found that the man was really in a dying state, just breathing his last. Kneeling down by his side, and solicitous to give help or bring comfort to one in such mortal extremity, he put the question in the native language: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?"

Faintly, but with an expression of delighted surprise, the man replied: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." His strength failed him with the mere repetition of these inspired words; and in a moment more, the soul of this unknown believer had passed out of human sight, and was in the presence of God. Subdued into unutterable emotion at thus suddenly confronting death, there in so secluded a retreat, the missionary gazed upon the lifeless body, silently wondering who this strange fellow-Christian might be. His eye caught a glimpse of a fragment of paper closely clasped in the dead man's hand. On examination, this proved to be a detached leaf of the Bengalee Testament. And on it were traced the words which that Hindoo convert had repeated with trustful reliance, as he floated out alone upon that shoreless sea of eternal existence which rolls all around the world.

There comes an hour to every individual, when that same impressive question must be answered with equal explicitness: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?" There will be a day when each one of us will withdraw quietly from the dusty road of human travel, and seek some undisturbed spot in which to die. A score of wrong replies may be made then, when it will be too late for a man to make any other. That which the Bengalee believer made is the only safe

one; and that has to be understood earlier.

It is a useless thing to assert with persistent vehemence that it matters little or nothing as to what a man believes provided he is only sincere. It makes a great deal of difference what a man believes. Faith decides character, and character fixes destiny. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Theory governs life, and life it is that opens the door of eternity.

Question Corner.—No. 4.

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.

37. Where does Christ say "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," and where are the words found in the Old Testament?
38. Which of Christ's miracles were miracles of creation?
39. On whom did the office of High Priest fall after the death of Aaron?
40. Who was smitten with leprosy for having obtained money and goods under false pretences?
41. In whose reign and for what reason was the brazen serpent that Moses made destroyed?
42. Who in Bible times preaches from a pulpit?
43. When the Holy Land was divided among Israelites what portion did the Levites receive?
44. What two persons in the Old Testament fasted forty days?
45. What noted man was slain in a city of refuge, and what was the city?
46. What king feigned insanity in an enemy's country?
47. Who was Sisera, and when did he live?
48. What prophet was sent as a missionary to the Gentiles?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The letters in the answers to the following will, if rightly placed, form the name of a learned teacher:—

1. One of the encampments of the Israelites where there were wells of water.
2. A man who conspired against Abimelech, and was thrust out from the city where he had dwelt.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

13. A brother offended, Prov. xviii. 19.
14. Prov. xviii. 24.
15. Seven years, 1 Kings vi. 38.
16. Four hundred and eighty years, 1 Kings vi. 1.
17. The confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, Gen. xi. 6, 9.
18. "Trees used for food, Deut. xx. 19, 20.
19. By sea on floats, 1 Kings v. 9.
20. Fear God and keep his commandments, Eccl. xii. 13.
21. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," James ii. 8.
22. Proverbs xvi. 32.
23. The Syrian army at Dothan, 2 Kings vi. 18.
24. A piece of brass, 2 Kings xviii. 4 the name was given by Hezekiah to the brazen serpent.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

- "HOPE THOU IN GOD."—Psalm xlii. 11.
- H-ebron—1 Sam. ii. 2-4.
 - O-thniel—Judges i. 11, 33.
 - P-adan-aran—Gen. xxviii. 5.
 - E-lisha—2 Kings iii. 11.
 - T-erah—Gen. xi. 31, 32.
 - H-azael—2 Kings viii. 15.
 - O-livet—2 Sam. xv. 30.
 - U-ri—Exodus xxxi. 1, 2.
 - I-sboeth—2 Sam. iv. 5, 6.
 - N-achons—2 Sam. vi. 6.
 - G-ibal—Josh. v. 12.
 - O-bed—Ruth iv. 17.
 - B-emetrius—Acts xix. 24, 20.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Willie Fairchild, 11; John Wainwright, 8; William Walsh, 7.
To No. 1.—Mason Liebhart, 12; Nelle Bridge, 11; Maggie Colhoun, 11 ac; Walter McClive, 11 ac; Lotie Baker, 11; Robert M. Grindley, 12 ac; Elbert T. Vardon, 10 ac; Martha Barnhill, 11 ac; Abigail Sutherland, 10 ac; Cora M. MacIntire, 11; Phoebe T. Ford, 12; Hannah Brown, 12 ac; C. W. W., ac.