

the pastor of all the Churches in America. Now I'm going," and John Ormiston actually did shake hands with Mrs. Hamilton, pick up his carpet bag, and with the following parting shot walked out of the house without giving his friend a moment's chance to reply:—

"Let me tell you one more thing. Your wife will do more good with her sweet, sunny manner, her broad, universal charity, her helpfulness, her good common-sense, than five hundred such ministers as you are."

That same morning Mr. Ormiston received the following note:—

"DEAR JOHN: Please forgive me and try it again to-night. You were right; but notwithstanding appearances my heart is in the right place. Come up to-night and see for yourself."

"FRED, OLD FELLOW."

John Ormiston swallowed a big lump in his throat; then he wiped his eyes, and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God!"

When they met that afternoon, Fred Hamilton's voice was as tender as a woman's, and his arm went round his friend's neck as affectionately as in the old college days.

"You have made me thoroughly ashamed," he said. I thank you, and ask your pardon at the same time. It will be a lesson to me always, and with God's help I will never again have to be excused on account of its being 'his way.'—*Zion's Herald*.

MY LOTTERY TICKETS.

WHAT THEY COST AND WHAT THEY AMOUNTED TO.

It was Saturday night, and the little woman who bears my name and mends my stockings, was sitting in her low chair by the fire, zealously putting a patch upon the knee of little Tom's trousers, turning the piece of cloth this way and that, and holding her head on one side to watch the effect. But the stripes would all run the wrong way, while the colors were provokingly bright, compared with the faded garment.

"Never mind that, Mary," said I, "here's a chance to throw away your patches. Hurrah for a lovely country seat on the Hudson, fifty shares of bank stock, a house in town, or anything else you wish, and all for a dollar!"

"Now, Thomas," said she, and when she wishes to be particularly severe she always calls me Thomas, "what are you talking about?"

"A gift enterprise, Mollie; tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize." I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. "What do you think of that?" shouted I, triumphantly.

"I think," she said, laughing, "that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby." Then, seeing that I looked annoyed, she added: "But I do not think that lotteries are just right, especially for church members. Do you?"

"O, nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have 'grab-boxes' and lotteries. I shouldn't dare say how many dollars I have spent on them, and never drew anything either."

She looked roguishly at me. "Don't you think, then, you are most too old to begin?"

"It may as well be I, as any one, and it is no great matter—only a dollar."

"I know, Tom," and the wise little woman looked grave, "but we haven't many dollars to throw away," and she held up the baby's socks with a good-sized hole in each heel. "And little Tom's school bill comes in next week."

I laid down my paper and tried to speak convincingly. "Now, Mollie, it is all very well for a man to jog on day after day, earning and spending just so much, but he likes to venture once in a while, just for the excitement of the thing, if nothing more."

"Yes; but, Tom, don't you remember the share in the oil well?"

"Ye-es," said I slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topic of conversation to me. I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million of dollars, more or less; oil wells flowing day and night on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was much elated, and promised Mary, among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some show window. Well, they bored and bored, throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a great deal of water, but not a drop of oil, and just as they were about to begin in a new spout, the treasurer or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary, like a good little woman, never reproached me, but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and upside down, I felt, well, I can't tell just how, but I thought of that black silk dress.

"And oh!" she continued, "don't you remember the patent for the flour-sifter?" and she laughed outright. So did I, when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I chanced to turn the crank the wrong way, and the flour flew in every direction.

But I had made up my mind to buy one of these tickets; so, though Mary sighed, she said no more. I invested, on my way down town, Monday morning, and thought while I was about it I might as well buy one for Mary, and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

"Not three! O, Tom, how could you?" and she looked really grieved; while I, thinking it a pity if I must account for every penny I spent, assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she only had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one; and I grew quite happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I sent it home unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interrupted my reverie with: "O, father! Old Susan, who used to work for us, has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Briggs gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some save on her hand and gave her something to eat." I did not look at Mary, but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel.

"Nor was I any more comfortable, on passing through the hall next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend: 'No,' she was saying, 'I shall not subscribe to the reading club this winter; I can't very well spare the two dollars.'"

Well, the days went by without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time for drawing the prizes drew near, and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of the fortunate numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully first to last, and then, more carefully still, from last to first; but in vain—my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared, which I read with the same result. At last, among others which drew a prize worth less than one dollar, I found my own.

"Tom," said a friend whose office was next to mine, "don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in the gift enterprise?"

I winced, but said nothing, and he went on. "What do you think he drew?" A dauby print of Washington and a pair of eighteen carat brass buttons. He consoles himself with the adage, 'Live and learn,' but I think 'A fool and his money,' etc., more appropriate."

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night; I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea:

"Why, Tom!" said she, "where's your paper?" I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told the whole truth.

I believe if she had scolded, or said: "I told you so," I should have put on my hat and left the house; but her only remark was: "Never mind, Tom, we'll know better another time."

Do you wonder that I think her a wonderful little woman? I made a great resolve that night, and I have not bought a lunch down town nor smoked a cigar for a month. Even my pipe and paper of Killinick are laid away on a high shelf, out of the way of temptation. And when Mary asks what has become of my pipe, I look sober and reply that I think smoking disagrees with me; but I laugh to myself as I think of the sewing machine that will stand in the corner by the window before many months, and the rest that will come to those busy fingers. I even stepped into Brown & Smith's to enquire the price of their best black silks; but that I do not think of at present.

It has been, after all, a good lesson; but I think it will be my last, as it was my first, experience in lottery tickets.—*Household*.

ACT INDEPENDENTLY.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

"Myra, you have a fault which, if not corrected, will make you and your friends very unhappy," said Mrs. Spofford to her niece.

"What is this fault?" asked Myra.

"I refer to your habit of constantly quoting other people's style of living, as a rule for yourself. The question in your mind is not what is proper and best for you, but what will other people say? What people think and say of you seems to govern you more than the propriety or the right of the thing."

"You refer to my asking Amy how ladies wear their hats, I suppose, don't you, aunt?"

"Not entirely. I have long noticed your habit of discarding clothing hardly out of style, just because it is not the latest fashion; not stopping to think of the expense and trouble to your father, who works every day

throughout the year, never giving himself a vacation, because he cannot afford to lose his time. Now if you were to ask what is just to your father, you might do very differently sometimes, and with the happiest results. Did you never observe the almost sad look that comes to his face when you say, 'Papa, I must have a new dress for a party?'"

"No, indeed, aunt! I never thought of such a thing. He always wants me to do as my friends do, as far as I know."

"I do not think he would like to have you appear in society in a dress so unlike all others as to attract attention, yet at the same time you might have sufficient independence in a style of your own as to maintain an individuality. When a lady does this, she gains an influence and power to mould society. It should be the object of every woman to gain influence and use it for the high and noble purpose of elevating society to a plane where reason and right shall be the ruling principle."

If we are to be truly great and good, we shall aim higher than merely to keep pace with others. We shall be enquiring what is conducive to health, morality and prosperity; and having attained to this knowledge, we shall act accordingly, thus encouraging others to something higher than the mere routine of fashionable life.

What possibilities are within the reach of women! They may, if they will, break the fetters that have so long crippled business, and do much toward bringing peace and prosperity to the nation. The doing as others do, has brought untold misery to husbands and fathers, and has had its reflex influence upon their families. Every true woman will ask what is right before making a demand for expensive outfits. When both men and women come to act independently, then will peace and prosperity dwell within our borders.—*Zion's Herald*.

PERMANENT INTEREST-BEARING INVESTMENTS.

Many persons affected by financial disasters have at least one consolation—what they have given for Jesus' sake is saved. More than this, it is bearing interest, and no human power can lessen or destroy it. It is not like a bond, payable in full at the option of the one who issues it. It draws interest throughout eternity. The grain sown will multiply, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold, and the sheaves must aggregate a much larger amount than the seed. Those who have sown bountifully will reap also bountifully. The only bags that wax not old are those woven by gifts. These are stored away in the heavenly garner, and will add to the exceeding weight of glory. Gifts do give relief to the recipient; they further the work of man's redemption. This fact is the objective reason for them; it lies upon the surface, and is soonest comprehended. There are times, however, when it is proper to consider how our charities may abound to our own account—how we may secure for ourselves enduring mansions, spotless robes, and imperishable crowns. If we have been tempted to trust unduly to certain riches, which have made for themselves wings, and used them, it is time to ask, what investments are safe—what are the treasures that never fail? Bountiful givers cannot be absolutely poor. They may be called to wait a little for their inheritance, but only for a little, for their Master's word is sure: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

The above appeal, from the *American Missionary* for July, is as true as it is beautiful. This autumn and winter, judging from present appearances, there will be abundance in all our borders, enough to use in legitimate ways and a surplus to give away. Now we do most earnestly suggest that the first fruit of all increase be presented to the Lord in the shape of gifts to home and foreign missionary societies, and missions to negroes, Chinese and Indians. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but he places the whole into the hands of men as his stewards to use for his glory and their own good. His command to carry the Gospel into all the world is imperative, and it is truly discouraging to find that Missionary societies are so neglected and cramped with debt as to have to diminish rather than extend their efforts. We should change all that, and the very first prosperity that is sent to any and every one should be availed of to relieve and strengthen missionary societies.—*N. Y. Witness*.

It is wiser often to leave circumstances to speak for themselves, while we hold our peace. Jesus Christ did this continually. There were times, of course, when He took the opportunity to say something, as when He said to the restored paralytic, "Go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come to thee," but many were the times when He appears to have refrained from uttering a word, as when He raised the widow of Nain's son, and gave him back alive into her arms. What an opportunity for saying something useful and impres-

sive! Yet, He appears to have gone away in silence, leaving the event to work its own work in the heart of the mother and her son.

THE LATE Rev. Peter J. Gulick, of Japan, left the following written in pencil, as his last memorandum:

"For my breast in the coffin:

"By the grace of God I am what I am.
Into thine hand I commit my spirit.
Thou hast redeemed me O Lord God of truth.

"Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son.
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One!"

"Jesus alone can help, Jesus is mine,
Farewell mor-a-ty, Jesus is mine,
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine,
Welcome, O loved and blest, Jesus is mine."

"To lay down my burdens at Jesus' feet,
And cease from my toiling and laboring, 'tis sweet."

"I wish the above printed, or written very legibly, and laid on my shroud, in a very plain, cheap coffin."

The Rev. Luther H. Gulick, in a private letter from which the *Congregationalist* makes some extracts, states that his father's wishes were carried out, and that his body was laid in the cemetery of the Foreign Concession, in Kobe, "near the shores of the Pacific, whose billows he daily saw for fifty years, and in whose people, first on the Hawaiian Islands and then in Japan, he for half a century took such a deep interest—praying for them when he could no longer labor."

Question Corner.—No. 18.

Answers to those 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.

133. What woman ridiculed a king for rejoicing and suffered for it?
134. What did Job say at the loss of his children and all his possessions?
135. What was the name of Aaron's wife?
136. What was the language of Eli when sore afflicted?
137. Which of the prophets was carried captive into Babylon?
138. Who was the prophet of Israel in the time of Saul?
139. Which of the prophets was a herdsman?
140. Who was Maher-shalal-hash-baz?
141. What victorious army took, as trophies of war, two hundred thousand captives and much spoil?
142. Upon the advice of what prophet was a captive host returned to their own country by their victors?
143. What king in his vain glory took a census of his people?
144. What king traded in apes and peacocks?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

What woman armies to the battle led?
In troubled times who gave God's prophet bread?
Who told a lie to please his thirst for gain?
Whose house the holy ark of God received?
Who early of her husband was bereaved?
Who felt a loving father's keenest pain?
In these initial letters find,
A precept all our deeds to guide,
That bids us think of other's weal,
And cast all thought of self aside.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

109. Ahasuerus, Esther viii. 10.
110. Saul, by falling on his sword, 2 Sam. i. 6.
111. Workmen on the Temple, 2 Kings xxii. 7.
112. Jonathan and Ahimaaz, 2 Sam. xvii. 17.
113. Saul, 2 Sam. i. 25.
114. Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 23.
115. King of Salem, Gen. xiv. 18, 20.
116. Jehu, 2 Kings x. 15.
117. Zipporah, Ex. ii. 21.
118. Korah, Num. xxvi. 31.
119. Job, Job xiii. 15.
120. Love them as themselves, Lev. xix. 33, 34.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Man-o-war.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 10.—Fred. R. J. Priest, Orange, Iowa Co. Mich.; John J. Prosser, Montreal, Que.; 11; Thos. Willey, Baltimore, O. 12.
Complete lists received from: Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Q.; Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Q.; George Graham, Clango, Q.; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Q.; Annie Patton, Ormstown, Q.

To No. 15.—Agnes MacFarlane, Almo Lake, O. 0; Alice Pablatto, Truro, N. S. 7; Elizabeth Jane Hillard, Windham, O. 0; S. D. Carpenter, Weston, Vt. 2; Jennie A. Ferguson, Cazenovia, Q. 8; Rhoda N. Broad, Haydon, O. 7; Alice Goodspeed, St. Marys, N. B. 11; Melinda H. Wallace, Shubonacade, N. H. 8; Richard D. Moore, Ketchikan, O. 10; Grace D. Robertson, Vernon, O. 5; Stephen R. Stevens, Honesdale Hill, N. B. 10; Clara Emma Asen, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que. 2; McDonald Miller, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que. 7; Vene-a M. Asen, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que. 0; Jas. R. Blinling, Marcell, Ont. 9; N. S. McEachern, Massey, O. 10; Esther E. Hunt, Kilsyth, O. 4; Carrie Savage, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que. 0; Gus Kells, Kingsclear, N. B. 0; Fred. J. Priest, Cranee, Mich. 7; Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Que. 11; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Que. 11; Annie Patton, Ormstown, Que. 11; Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Que. 11.