

A cry from the kitchen called her thither again, but her heart was light, and old hymns sprang unbidden to her lips, all tuned to the happiness within.

That day saw the beginning of true happiness in the old red farm-house. Not but that Herbert had to pass through many trials and temptations, but at last he won the victory, and one week later he called his family together and told them the happy news. I cannot describe that scene, but when he gave his experience in the prayer-meeting none doubted his sincerity or conversion.

Perhaps the story of the change at home is about as May whispered it in the ears of a confidential friend: "You see, pa asks a blessing now, fore we eats, and then we read the Bible, and he prays the Lord to keep us good all the long day; and so we grow gooder and gooder. Pa brought ma home a new black silk dress the other day, and, oh! he is so much loviner then he ever was before!" Yes he was "loviner," as May called him, for truly he has passed from death unto life.

The old farm-house, too, soon began to change visibly; the shades of ugliness that had so long hung over it vanished away. Its very angles seemed to grow less acute, and never in its palmiest days had it rejoiced in such bright coats of paint. But with all the brightening up without and within, there was one most cosy place of all, and that was "Grandmother's room," where the family were wont to gather Sabbath after Sabbath.

"Seems 's though it is always full of rain-bows," Willie said; but that must have been owing to the blessed influence of her who sat there, for this dearest of all nooks is "Grandmother's Room."

Before the lapse of another year she passed away from earthly things.—*Methodist.*

MRS. GRAY'S PLAIN WORDS.

One sunny afternoon the residents in Florland Road had their curiosity aroused by noticing a lady making her way down the street, who was evidently a stranger; for, with an air of uncertainty, she glanced to the right and to the left for the number she wanted.

Arriving at Number Thirty-one she paused; and the soft air wafted the sound of a double knock in at the several open windows.

This gentle summons brought the mistress of the house to the door.

"Are you Mrs. Wigram?"

"Yes, ma'am; will you walk in?"

And ushering her visitor into a tolerably neat little parlor, and offering her a seat, she waited for what was to follow.

"I have called to know why Harry does not come to the Sunday-school now."

"Are you his teacher, ma'am?"

"Yes."

A shade of annoyance passed over Mrs. Wigram's countenance as she replied,

"Well, it is very tiresome; but he's taken to going for walks on Sunday afternoon instead; and though his father and I both tell him to go to school, he won't."

The lady looked surprised as she questioned, "And do you intend him to follow his own way in opposition to yours?"

"Well, I really don't know what's to be done with him. We tell him to go; but if he won't, what can we do?"

"As his mother, you ought to answer that question better than I," responded the visitor; "but I am quite sure no good ever comes of allowing children to set at nought their parents' wishes."

Mrs. Wigram smiled.

"It is very well to talk, ma'am, but when one has a family, then one finds how difficult it is to manage them."

"Not if they are properly managed—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for, at that moment, the quietude of the cottage was broken by sounds of juvenile contention; and Clara, Mrs. Wigram's eldest girl, burst open the sitting-room door.

"I'll tell mother, see if I don't! You shan't have it!" And with an angry and flushed countenance the speaker entered the room.

The unlooked-for presence of a stranger made her pause somewhat abashed at her passionate outcry; but the provocation under which she was suffering was too great to be entirely suppressed, and, in more moderate tones, she added,

"Is Freddy to have my prize, mother? He's showing the pictures to the cat!"

Now, it may seem very inoffensive and kind of Master Freddy, supposing pussy intellectual enough to appreciate his attentions; but when we explain that the young gentleman had divided the pleasures of the afternoon between making mud pies and eating bread and treacle, it can easily be conceived that his little chubby fingers were not in proper trim to turn the leaves of Clara's prize, a book by which she set great store.

Mrs. Wigram looked greatly perplexed at this appeal, and in apologetic tones reasoned—

"I gave it him to keep him quiet, and he'll scream if you take it away again!"

"Oh, mother, it is a shame! baby has everything he cries for; and you promised you would take care of my book for me!"

With an air of dissatisfaction on her face Clara banged out of the room as rudely as she had burst in, and the screams that issued from the kitchen announced that she had possessed herself of her property.

Of course all conversation was at an end till Master Freddy had been pacified, and with this object in view Mrs. Wigram hastened from the room.

"Has she taken it away? She's a naughty girl—take the stick and go and beat her!" And having changed the child's look of grief to one of delight at the prospect of inflicting pain for the injury he had suffered, this injudicious mother returned to her guest, while her baby son toddled out of the door to wreak his vengeance on his sister Clara, who was playing in the street.

"You see now, ma'am, what it is; the children are always upsetting one another in that way, and I'm worried out of my life with them."

Mrs. Gray looked thoughtfully at the harassed countenance before her, and a feeling of pity impelled her to speak.

"There is evidently something wrong somewhere; but whether the fault lies with you entirely it is impossible for me, as a stranger, to say."

The pleasant manner in which these words were uttered disarmed them of all offence, and with a weary smile Mrs. Wigram enquired,

"How can the fault be mine; I am sure I and their father set them a good example."

"I don't doubt it! but from the little I have seen while I have been here, and from what I know of your children, I should say your management of them might be improved."

Mrs. Wigram flushed; but not being of a touchy disposition, and seeing her visitor—who was many years older than herself—meant well, she waited for the advice which she saw was ready to fall from her lips.

"I have brought up a large family of my own," continued the speaker; "but I never gave one of them anything that they cried for."

"Oh, it is different with well-to-do children; they have servants to wait on them, and of course they can be kept amused," asserted Mrs. Wigram; "but with such as myself, we are glad to do anything to keep them quiet."

"Well-to-do children," smiled Mrs. Gray, "are quite as tiresome as their poorer brothers and sisters; but there is one valuable rule for the government of both."

"What is that, ma'am?"

"Never promise a child anything that you do not intend to perform—whether in the shape of rewards or punishments."

[The listener's earnest gaze on her visitor's countenance here relaxed, and a half sigh escaped her lips as she remembered that this was not one of her strong points; for, if this rule had been attended to in her own family, young Dickie, the terror of the neighborhood, would have been spending his half-holiday in the seclusion of his own chamber, instead of roving about the streets, throwing stones and dust in at the neighbors' windows.]

"You mischievous young scamp! You shall be locked up all to-morrow afternoon!" had been the hasty threat that had escaped his mother's lips on the occasion of his hanging on to the pendulum of the old Dutch clock, bringing it and himself to the ground with a heavy crash.

But with the explosion of her anger the threat was forgotten, and Dickie, as he had previously determined, spent his afternoon in his usual mode of recreation.]

"The observance of this rule," continued Mrs. Gray, "sometimes involves us in a deal of trouble; but it saves endless pain and misery in after years; besides, if we fail in performing what we promise, how do we teach our children to regard us?"

"As unreliable?"

"As untruthful; and, without my telling you, you know how beautiful truth is; it sanctifies the cottage of the peasant, as well as the palace of the prince. The parent's word should be her bond, and 'mother says so' should be sufficient to satisfy all doubts in a child's mind. Never let your children see that you are capable of deceiving them; they are quick imitators, and many of the faults committed by the little ones are only a juvenile representation of their parents' shortcomings."

A moment's pause followed these words, but the silence was broken by Mrs. Gray remarking,

"I am sure you don't intend to teach your children to be cruel and revengeful."

"Law, no, ma'am! I can't bear cruel children!"

"Yet you have taught little Freddy this afternoon to return injury for injury. This is how the first seeds of malice are sown; his little face looked quite cruel as he ran out at the door to beat Clara."

Mrs. Wigram smiled.

"I often say things like that."

"So do many mothers," returned Mrs. Gray, "but they are not the less unwise, and I am sure it teaches the little ones to be cruel and quarrelsome."

The speaker's venerable appearance gave weight to her words, and her hearer, after due meditation, resolved on reforming the ways of her household.

But to decide was one thing, and to act was another; for the young Wigrams stoutly evinced their aversion to any innovations.

"As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines," is a well-known saying; and Dickie and Harry soon showed that they were young twigs which did full justice to their early training.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Wigram persevered in her new course; and though, as might have been expected, many unpleasantnesses at first arose there by, and it would often have been easier to give baby the thing he screamed for, and to let Clara's disrespectful manner pass without reproof, yet, after a time, her untiring efforts brought their reward, and future years proved the power of her judicious training.

Mrs. Gray's plain words were not thrown away, for Mrs. Wigram is one of England's many mothers who have proved the truth of Solomon's wise words, "Train up a child in he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*British Workman.*

HARDNESS.

For want of a more exact term we have used the word at the head of this article to denote a certain quality of mind which is more common than agreeable. Of course we know that the usual definition of the word "hard," when applied to a man, is that he is hard to deal with in money matters, unscrupulous in taking and keeping an advantage, and so forth. But this is not our meaning. We would indicate that spirit which is inclined to measure all the work or the weakness, the trials or the toils of others by one unchanging standard of personal opinion, and to pronounce judgment accordingly.

Many an otherwise amiable woman is prone to this great fault, and it robs her of the capability of true sympathy. We have all felt the influence of this hardness at times, and it has wounded or depressed us in accordance with our temperaments. It is difficult for such persons to accord the full meed of praise to others even when well deserved. They are apt to qualify their commendations with criticisms which to an enthusiastic soul are very vexing.

"Do you know that Mary makes all her own clothes and her children's too; she is certainly a wonderful woman," says an admiring friend of Mary's to one of these hard people.

"Yes," replies Mrs. Hard, "she does her sewing, but then she ought to do it. Her husband has only a small salary, you know."

"But she is always so lively and good-tempered, and she is a very good housekeeper too. I wonder sometimes that she can keep up with so many claims on her strength," pursues the friend, anxious to win a little praise for her favorite.

"Well, I don't know," answers Mrs. Hard, "her children take care of themselves so much, and I know she always has a woman to assist in washing, which is a needless expense, I think. I never hire any extra help."

"But you keep two servants and Mary has only one," protests her companion.

"I have heard my mother say that she never kept but one girl when she was first married, and she never hired any extra work either. Besides, Mary is young and healthy, and exercise is good for her," is Mrs. Hard's comment. "She might better save what she pays the washerwoman and put it in the bank."

"She would have to work very hard to do that."

"Well, a wife should be willing to work if her husband cannot afford to keep her in idleness," says Mrs. H., and as this is an incontrovertible fact (though not applicable to the present case) she closes the discussion triumphantly.

Another time she says: "I don't see how Mrs. Jones can bear to waste so much time in sleep. Why, she takes a nap every afternoon, and that is something I never do, no matter how tired I am."

It is useless to add that Mrs. Jones is a semi-invalid, who would never be able to get through the day if it were not for the rest her physician orders. Mrs. Hard "does not put much faith in doctors," she thinks "they are apt to make people imagine they are sick," and poor Mrs. Jones will always seem to her a lazy, incompetent woman.

It will not do to set up our own standards of life and action as infallible, or to make of our convictions a Procrustean bed on which to measure our fellows.

The best remedy for this hardness of which we speak is Christian charity, and the more of that grace we cultivate the less we shall be inclined to sit in judgment on those who fail to meet our requirements.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Council of University College, London, have determined to provide systematic instruction for women in regular college classes. In most subjects the junior classes for women and men are to be separated. The senior classes are, as a rule, to be open to both; and those classes which are already open to both, like the fine-art classes and that on the philosophy of mind, will remain so. *The Spectator* is much gratified with the increased facilities for female students, and adds: "A great deal of fear is felt in some quarters lest women should be tempted to learn more than will be consistent with their physical well-being. But that is, we believe, chiefly a question of age and of individual organization. For the most part, women's health is much more improved than endangered by light but steady intellectual work. If it sometimes increases neuralgic pain, it constantly cures the tendency to hysterical affections."

Question Corner.—No. 19.

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.

- 157. What nation was famed for skill in hewing timber?
- 158. In answer to whose prayer was rain withheld and afterwards granted?
- 159. Who refused to seek refuge in the Temple in time of danger?
- 160. Who were forbidden to eat anything made from the vine?
- 161. What king of Israel was a shepherd in his youth?
- 162. Who was the last king of Israel?
- 163. To what king of Israel did the Lord appear in a dream by night?
- 164. What people were so fond of jewelry that they put golden chains around the necks of their camels?
- 165. What three persons were swallowed alive in a pit?
- 166. By whom was the first temperance society organized?
- 167. What army was compared to "grass-hoppers for multitude?"
- 168. What king was smitten with leprosy, and why?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My first is luscious, sweet, and round,
And pleasant to the taste is found.
My second in the forest grows,
And bears an acorn for a rose.
My whole may in a vineyard stand,
And well repay the planter's hand,
Or else seem flourishing and fair,
And yet stand profitless and bare,
And only mock the Master's care.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 18.

- 133. Michael, the daughter of Saul, 2 Sam. vi. 20.
- 134. The Lord gave, &c., Job i. 21.
- 135. Elisheba, Exodus vi. 23.
- 136. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.
- 137. Ezekiel to Chebar, Ezekiel i. 1.
- 138. Samuel, 1 Sam. ix. 25.
- 139. Amos, herdsman of Tekoa, Amos i. 1.
- 140. Jeromiah, Jer. xxxviii. 6.
- 141. The children of Israel under Ahas captured Judah, 2 Chron. xxviii. 8.
- 142. Obed, 2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
- 143. David, 2 Sam. xxiv. 1.
- 144. Solomon, 1 Kings x. 22.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

D-eborah, Judges iv. 9;
O-badiah, 1 Kings xviii. 13.
G-hazi, 2 Kings v. 20, 22.
O-bededom, 2 Sam. vi. 10.
O-rpah, Ruth i. 4.
D-avid, 2 Sam. xviii. 13.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—Sustie E. Brown, 10; William Fraser, R. D. Moore, 9.
To No. 17.—Adie E. Werley, 11; S. C. Warner, 8; Hiram McKim, 9; Saunders Sweet, 6; Leroy S. Dale, 11; Stephen S. Stevens, 8; Margaret McKeon, 10; The Dale, 9; N. S. McEachern, 10; Frederick W. Highgate, 11; John W. Webb, 10.
James Morton sends a complete list.

We have received several letters from children asking if it were allowable for them to receive help in looking for the answers to the Bible Questions. We can make no absolute rule about this, as there would be no possible means of ascertaining whether it were strictly adhered to or not. But as they are put in for the purpose of helping children to become better acquainted with their Bibles, we think that it would be much better for themselves if they found them without help, as what they have a long search for they will not be likely soon to forget.