

Amy, as she saw the letter consigned to the pigeon-hole again.

"Not quite, my dear. You must try again. I am very careful of mothers' feelings, you see," she added, with another laugh.

"And—and may I bring the letter to you when it is ready?" asked Amy thinking this little old woman would not be so hard in her judgment as stern Sister Ursula.

But the nun shook her head. "You have learned by this time, my child, that everything in this house is regulated by its rules. I am under them as much as you are, and so we must both conform. Give Sister Ursula the letter to-morrow," she added, waving her hand by way of dismissal; and Amy went out from the presence of the Spiritual Mother, half laughing in spite of her disappointment.

(To be continued.)

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

The air was keen and frosty. There was a sharp dash to the falling snow that seemed to pierce the faces of the people on the street like stinging needles, as they hurried along, each hastening to his home. The world was all astir; the busy, bustling world. Hustling and jostling each other on the street, the people hurried on. Everybody seemed anxious to reach somewhere, and everybody pressed forward without a look or a thought for those they met.

Mrs. Arnold, in a dress of the deepest black, with heavy folds of crape on the skirt, and a long crape veil closely drawn over her white face, moved along with the crowd that Saturday afternoon. The pitiless falling snow, as it beat upon her, seemed to strike deep into her heart, for she knew that it was falling faster and faster upon a little new-made mound in the churchyard—a mound that contained the most precious thing in all the world to her—her little boy.

Six months before her husband had died, leaving her a beautiful home, money enough to live in, and a first great sorrow had passed, she turned with almost idolatrous love. Her whole life seemed wrapped up in him. She scarcely ever looked at or spoke to another child; she gave no thought to the future, when, perchance, her boy would leave her and go out into the active business world.

In her passionate love for her child she forgot God; forgot all else save him, and she lavished all the wealth of a loving heart on this one wee child. There were cold and hungry children all about her, whose suffering she might have relieved, but she knew it not. Want and poverty looked at her out of wan, thin faces, on the street, but she never saw it. She only hastened homeward, thinking all the time of a bright, rosy face awaiting her there.

One day she had taken Willie down town to see the beautiful Christmas things displayed in the stores, and to notice which of all he saw pleased him most. After they had passed from counter to counter, admiring the pretty toys, she said:

"Now, Willie, mamma must go in the next store a few moments, come dear!"

"Oh, mamma," pleaded the child, casting wistful glances about him, "please let me stay here while you are gone! I'll not go outside of the door one minute, but will stay right here by the horses and carts."

Mrs. Arnold hesitated for a moment, but the pleading look in Willie's eyes was too much for her so she answered:

"Well, then, since you desire to stay here, you may do so; but remember and not leave the store on any account."

"Thank you, mamma, I'll remember!" said the child, his face aglow with pleasure.

When she returned a few moments later she found Willie standing where she had left him. There were tears in his large dark eyes, and a sorrowful expression on his childish face.

"What is it, Willie?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, mamma, while you were out a little boy, not much larger than I, came in, and when he saw me he came up and asked me if I had a penny for him to get some bread for his sick sister. He said that he hadn't had anything to eat since morning, and I've had such a nice lunch, and apples and oranges since then. Oh, mamma, I am so sorry for him!"

"I hope you didn't give him your pennies!"

Her voice had a ring of impatience in it seldom heard when speaking to Willie.

"Why, yes, mamma, every one of them, and I wish I had more to give him."

"Well, I shall be careful not to leave you again," said Mrs. Arnold, taking Willie by the hand and leading him out of the store.

The circumstance soon passed from her mind, but not from Willie's. He often stood at the window looking down in the street, wondering in a vague, childish way where his poor little boy was.

One Sabbath he came home from Sabbath-school with a thoughtful look on his face, and going up to his mother's chair, after their things had been put away, and she had seated herself for a nice chat with Willie, he put one arm lovingly about her neck, and said:

"Dear mamma, I'd like to do something for Jesus' sake. I know what I would do if I was a great, big man, and had lots of money."

"What would you do, dear?" she asked, smiling fondly, and caressing his cheek pressed against her shoulder.

"I'd help all the poor little children, and if there were any without homes I'd take them home with me, and not let them get cold and hungry."

That night little Willie was taken with diphtheria, and ere another twenty-four hours had rolled around the kind little heart that longed to do good "for Jesus' sake" had ceased to beat, and the mother's heart seemed breaking as she bent above his white, still face.

This afternoon was the first time she had ventured out since Willie was taken from her, and a hundred little half-forgotten sentences of his came back to her. How well she remembered the afternoon he had given his pennies to the poor boy in the store. A pang of remorse shot to her heart as she remembered that she had chided him for doing so. Perhaps the poor little child was needy. She was glad now that Willie had been more thoughtful and considerate than she had ever been. Her own great sorrow had softened her heart, making her more

broke the force of the building dirty children were standing. One of them was sobbing in a piteous way. As Mrs. Arnold drew near, the larger of the two said, in a voice full of sympathy:

"Don't take on so, Billy. My father's dead, you know, but I've got over it."

"Oh! but it's worse to lose one's mother 'tis one's father," sobbed the other child, with an extra burst of grief.

Mrs. Arnold paused in her rapid walk, and did something she had never done before in all her easy, careless life. She went up to the two boys, and her voice was low and sweet as she asked:

"Is your mother dead, dear?"

"Yes, m," said the child, taking his small, dirty hands from his face, and looking up at her through tearful eyes.

"When did she die?"

"This mornin', and they buried her right off, 'cause Mrs. Murphy said as how ma hadn't paid any rent lately, and she couldn't be kept out o' her room any longer."

"And where is your father?"

Mrs. Arnold had forgotten the storm, the people on the street, and she had even forgotten her own sorrow, so interested was she in this child's trouble.

"Oh! he died before, when I was a little chap."

A thrill of tenderness warmed her heart, as she thought what a very little chap he now was, no larger than her own lost Willie, and this child was fatherless and motherless.

"Where will you live now?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am. Mrs. Murphy says I can't stay there another night, and there's no place for me to go."

A fresh wail of despair arose from the child's heart as he said this.

Mrs. Arnold stood silent for a moment. A sudden thought had come to her. This child was homeless and she was so lonely.

"I might do it," she thought, "but then—"

She glanced with a feeling of disgust at his rags and dirt. Could she do it?

"For 'Jesus' sake, mamma."

She started quickly and looked around. It almost seemed as if a voice, the voice of her own lost child, had whispered the words in her ear. In faltering tones she said, as she touched the boy's shoulder with one

dainty, gloved hand:

"If there is no place for you to go to-night, come with me."

People turned as they passed, to look wonderingly at the richly-dressed lady and the ragged child. She entered a street car and gave him a seat by her side, and at last, she led him up to the door of a handsome house, and took him into the back parlor. Summoning her maid she said to her as she handed her a suit of lost Willie's clothes,

"Take this child away and see that he is washed and dressed properly, then bring him to me."

Then she sat and waited, there in the room where Willie used to come. She might give the forlorn child a place in Willie's home, but he could never take Willie's place in her heart.

At last there was a sound of footsteps in the hall, they halted near the door, then the child timidly entered the room where Mrs. Arnold sat waiting for him. When she saw him her face grew strangely white, and a thrill of tenderness crept to her heart. This child in Willie's clothes, could it be the same boy she had brought home half an hour before? Impossible. That was a ragged, dirty child with nothing attractive about him, this was a fair little boy, with large blue eyes and sunny hair. The face was thin and pale, but she could see that there was the promise of a lovely child with proper care and love. Yes, there must be love, and her heart seemed to go out to this little child as she had never thought it possible for her heart to feel toward any child but Willie.

Reaching out her hand she said softly,

"Come to me, dear."

And he came across to her side, looking up at her through his long bright lashes.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"The boys call me Billy, but ma used to call me Willie," a quiver creeping over his chin as he spoke of his mother.

"Then I shall call you Willie," said she, speaking her darling's name low and softly. "I had a dear little boy named Willie, but God took him from me. This is his home, his mother, and these are his clothes you have on. For his sake and for Jesus' sake I have given you a home. Will you try to be all that Willie would have been had he lived?"

"Yes, m," said the child snily, but I'll have to learn lots. I never had such a nice home as your Willie did; but I had a darling ma and she's gone."

Great sobs shook his little form again, and putting her arms about him she mingled her tears with his. He was weeping for the lost mother, she for the lost Willie, and somehow their common sorrow seemed to draw their hearts together.

Mrs. Arnold could not give the little out-cast Willie's place at once; but gradually as the weeks and months advanced, and the child's character under her loving care developed new qualities of worth and sweetness, he became very dear to her, and she felt that truly God blesses those who do a kind act for Jesus' sake.—*Church and Home.*

AN OLD SCOTCH CHRISTIAN'S CHEER.

The excellent Mr. Finlay, of Edinburgh, once called on a young girl sinking in a decline. Looking on her wan face, he took her hand, and said with a smile:

"Weel, my dear, you're afore me. You're only nineteen, an' you're almost across the river; a step or twa mair, an' ye'll stand on theither side. I'm almost seventy, an' maybe I'll hae some hard steps afore I can hear its ripple. O lassie, this is a sweet day for you. Ye'll get hame first."

Such was his spirit. Why should not all of us be equally "more than conquerors through Him who loved us?"—*Selected.*

LITTLE WILLIE, when he was only seven years old, was trying very hard to be a Christian boy. One day he came running in to his mother in tears and threw his head into her lap, saying: "Oh, mamma, I don't believe I love Jesus at all!" "Why do you think you do not?" asked his mother. "Because I forget all about Him in my play. I don't think of anything but my play. Willie was right in feeling sorry about not remembering Jesus in his play. It makes children play right to think of Jesus; indeed, I fear their plays will all go wrong if they forget how Jesus would have them do. To remember Jesus, and play so as to please Him, will be the way to praise God in play.—*Rev. W. H. Crafts.*

THE SENSE OF HONOR IN BOYS.

There is great confusion in boys' notions of honor. You should not go to the teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those who are in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief or broke a rule, no matter what the result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honor which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustice among boys go unchecked, and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false motion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate or keep silence to screen the guilt. Teachers and friends ought to put down this ignorant, petty "sense of honor" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silence about it when asked, you become a partner in wrong, and responsible for its original meanness. It is a pity that boys and grown people did not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honor and courage.—*The Wise Blackbird, in December Wide Awake.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

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.

73. Where was Mesopotamia situated?
74. What tribe left the kingdom of Israel and came to dwell in Judah, and when did they do so?
75. Who was the last king of the ten tribes of Israel?
76. How many sons had Benjamin when Jacob and all the family went down into Egypt?
77. What king freed the Israelites from captivity in Babylon?
78. During what time were the Jews not allowed to cultivate the land?
79. Where was Abraham buried?
80. Who was buried in this place before Abraham?
81. What four persons were buried in it afterwards?
82. How old was Abraham when he died?
83. Where was Rachel buried?
84. How old was Isaac at the time of his marriage to Rebekah?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A Christian woman firm and true and bold.
 2. A place to which they used to send for gold.
 3. A queen who loved her honor most of all.
 4. Mother of him the Lord did early call.
 5. That which 'tis good in youth to bear.
 6. A man who feared not to do or dare.
 7. A name which many startled eyes did see.
 8. Is given where the many mansions be.
 9. His birthright for a mess of pottage sold.
 10. One of the mighty patriarchs of old.
 11. A place where David rested in a cave.
 12. A prophet faithful, true and brave.
 13. One who prophesied the Lord would save.
 14. A dutiful son of a faithful priest.
 15. A prominent country in the East.
- The initials form a command Christ gave His disciples.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. The Ammonites and Moabites. Deut. xxiii. 3, 4.
50. In the book of Job.
51. The month Adar. Esther ix. 21.
52. Because the Jews were in that month delivered from the wicked designs of Haman. Esther ix. 21, 22.
53. Deborah delivered them from the Canaanites, Judges iv, and Esmer delivered them from the power of Haman. Esther vii.
54. With the king of Egypt. 1 Kings iii. 1; and Hiram, king of Tyre. 1 Kings v.
55. His mother sent him away to her brother Laban. Gen. xxviii. 5.
56. In the valley between mounts Ebal and Gerizim.
57. Othniel. Judges iii. 9.
58. He was the son of Kenaz, Caleb's brother. Judges iii. 9.
59. The tribe of Levi. 2 Chron. xi. 13, 14.
60. Rehoboam and his sons had cast them off from executing the priests' office unto the Lord. 2 Chron. xi. 13, 14.