## Northern Messeng

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## Sunday.







## One Step at a Time.

(Mrs. E. E. Williams, in the 'Christian Standard.')

Only a step—one little step— 'Tis all that I can see! Just one small step my gracious Lord Uncover now for me!

Obediently I take it, and Another I behold. Thus, step by step, the hidden way Before me doth unfold.

God knoweth best! I yield to Him, The shaping of my way! And, step by step I'll follow on Through life's short, fleeting day.

I cannot see, but I can trust Knowing the time will come, When the last step shall be revealed And I shall be at Home!





## On Sabbath Morning.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, the 'Ram's Horn.')

Mary Averill debated the question anxiously, To go or not to go?' She had slept little that night. Voices had been speaking to her all night long, her good angel had been striving with her soul, just now in fierce conflict with an evil temptation, and after a brief morning nap she had awakened unrefreshed, miserable still, with the elements warring within her.

'Yes, I will go,' she said to herself decidedly as she looked out of her window upon the Sabbath quiet. 'The day threatens rain and the fashionable people will not be out in force, and I have so long wished to see Grace church. To-day there may be empty seats enough to afford a shop girl a sitting. Her lip curled, involuntarily, she had been brought up in a small village where the fashion of pew renting had not penetrated, and this idea of exclusive rights in the house of God was a sore subject, one which kept her away from church









-'Sabbath Reading for the Young.'