

blue eyes unclosed quickly at that and smiled into the dark ones.

The service that followed was very brief and simple, that Abigail might not grow wearied. They took the bread and the wine together—the three who had observed this memorial for many years, and the little child who came to the table for the first time, but who, like the Savior nineteen centuries ago, would drink no more of the fruit of the vine until she should drink it new in the Kingdom of her Father.

The odors of the locust flowers floated in at the window, and from their branches the songs of the short-lived birds that yet would be chirping and twittering after little Abigail's voice should be heard no more.

She smiled happily up into Miss Martha's face when they two were left alone. 'I am very happy,' she said; 'and I have been happy all my life with you, Auntie.'

Miss Martha kissed her hastily, and went to the window to arrange the curtains. Several minutes passed before she could arrange the muslin folds to her satisfaction and return to the little white bed.

It was at the next monthly business meeting of the church that the clerk read from his records:—

'June 8th.—Abigail Lucy Somers received, on confession of faith at her home, the rite of baptism and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

'June 12th.—Died the above-named Abigail Lucy Somers, aged seven years and six months.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Old, Old Story.

There comes through the vanished ages,
Like a note from the songs above,
A tale from the sacred pages,
Of the wonderful gift of love.

For deep in their sin the nations
To the gods of the world had gone,
And, lost to the great salvation,
They had knelt to the gold and stone.

They lived and they died in blindness,
And the hope of the world was gone;
God gave in His love and kindness
To the perishing world,—His Son.

He came to the long-lost regions,
It was not with the roll of drums,
No, not with the tramp of legions,
As the earth-born warrior comes.

He came to the world a stranger,
He was born of the sons of men,
A babe in the far-off manger
In the village of Bethlehem.

Though not with the banners waving
For the sin of the world to cease,
A King of the House of David
Came the beautiful Prince of Peace.

He came from the home in glory,
He has gone to the realms sublime;
They'll tell of the old, old story,
Till the end of the years of Time.

A O. BROWN.

Kingsmill, Ont.

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A Place for Sarah.

('Presbyterian Journal.')

It began when she came into the world. The cradle and the crib and the other crib were all occupied, and so was the bed in the little room off mother's. There simply was no place for Sarah, and the house had to be turned upside down to make one, for in those days their house was not so large as that built in later years. They talked about it and tried to change about, and plan, but at last the little princess arrived, and her bed had to be hastily improvised from a clothes basket, without even the ordinary silk and muslin accompaniment of such basket-nests that fond mothers make for their little birds.

It was hard for Sarah that the four preceding her had been girls. To be the fifth girl-baby, with only one boy at the head of the list, made it rather monotonous. There really was no time nor place for Sarah. Perhaps it was due to that fact that her father named her, and she bore the old-fashioned and royal name of Sarah, in honor of his loved mother. It had been considered too staid and old-style a name for all the other babies, and the father's quiet suggestion had been laughed aside, but when Sarah came he saw his chance, and putting his hand upon the little, round, hairless head, he said to himself, 'Sarah, my little princess.' Perhaps because she was undeniably plain father was allowed to have his way, and 'Sarah' she became. And because she was a quiet child and did not win at once a place and a nickname for herself like the others, she was never softened into 'Sate' or 'Saidie,' but remained plain Sarah all her days.

She seemed to recognize the state of the case in her very young babyhood, and quietly accepted the situation. She was a good baby, and never made unnecessary trouble nor demanded her mother's time from the sisters who were ahead of her and who impudently yelled for what they wanted—and got it. She would lie for hours and amuse herself with her mysterious ten pink fingers, and by and by would sit contentedly on a quilt upon the floor. She had large, wistful eyes, but she did not often complain. Only when her father came and took her would her dark little homely face light into smiles and her eyes glow with an unexpected beauty. She grew to feel that he was a refuge from all the emptiness of life, and it was enough to rest contentedly in his arms.

As a toddler she was never wanted, and she grew accustomed to being set back when she followed with her sisters to see the fun. She would turn obediently, only keeping her head twisted, and her grieved eyes upon them as long as they were in sight, and then trot back again, reminding one of the little dog who is sent home. The door often shut in her face as she was on the very verge of Eden, and as she grew taller and could turn the knob there would follow that vindictive turn of the key in the latch. There were so many secrets and so many delights that were not hers, poor baby! She sat patiently for a long time one day on the top stair, puzzling over the why, but could not understand. Then she drew a baby sigh and sadly went back to the little playthings that had been left from the wreck of the others' play. They were treasures to her, and were always carefully handled.

'Mamma, call Sarah back. We don't want her. There isn't room, and she's too little,' would her sisters call as they grew apace and were starting on some all-day frolic. Sometimes Sarah's lip would quiver and

the hot tears would tremble in her eyes as she heard her mother's voice calling her back, but she would listen silently to her mother's explanation why she could not go, and accept with a sigh the occupation offered her in place of the pleasure. She took all these things so quietly that her mother would be relieved and say that Sarah was an easy child to manage—easily appeased. She would even give her some work to do as her strength grew greater, and say that Sarah enjoyed work better than play. No one knew the stifled sorrow that grew and grew in the little heart till it was like to burst. She never told anyone, not even her father, though when he came home at night and she might stand beside his chair as he warmed his feet before the fire, and rest her cheek against his, her heart seemed soothed from all its ache, and the many slights did not matter.

There were rides and walks as the years went on. But there was no room for Sarah in the carriage. The others always filled it up. Not that this was intended. Oh, no, they were not unkind, these sisters of hers, and they loved her dearly in their way. She was good to sew on a button or run an errand in a hurry, and could always be depended upon. But when there was any lack of space it came to be understood by common consent that there was no place for Sarah. They did not even speak with apology in their voices as they grew used to saying the same old thing. It was also commonly understood that Sarah did not care. And Sarah, as the years had made her spirit stronger, accepted her role of household saint with a sigh and a stifled longing for the things that were not hers, and tried to live up to what was expected of her.

But a day of sorest trial came when Florimel, her eldest sister, was to be married. She had announced at once that her sisters were to attend her. Sarah's cheeks grew pink with delight and her breath came quick with the wonder of it. For once she would have a pretty white gown like her sisters', and be dressed exactly as they were, and walk with them and have a place. It would be the proudest day of her life. She pictured the thronged church and the velvet-covered aisle down which she would move with eyes downcast and great white roses in her hands. Yes, and a large pink picture hat. Florimel had said they should wear white, with pink shepherdess hats. Florimel would permit nothing that was not lovely. She drew a long sigh of ecstasy, and her eyes brimmed with tears of joy. Then her senses came back to the parlor where she sat listening to her mother and sisters as they were discussing plans for the wedding. This was the sentence her quivering heart heard. 'Twas Florimel who spoke:

'There will be no place for Sarah, then, mamma, if Beatrice is maid of honor, for no one ever has three bridesmaids, and I don't care to have any of the other girls.'

Then Sarah caught her breath and dared not lift her beseeching eyes to her mother lest they should brim over. They glanced in quick apprehension at her, but were reassured by her quiet demeanor, and then May, the next to Beatrice, said lightly: 'Oh, Sarah does not care. She is younger and doesn't really go with the rest of us yet. Her dresses are short, too, and it would look queer to have one in short dresses. It would be better just to have Lillian and me.'

'It would make it less expensive,' said the anxious mother, 'for Sarah would not need a new dress. I think we could fix your light blue over for her. And if you