

to her hands inside the sacred walls of her home.

However, she at last decided to teach a class the next Sunday, and be guided by the result. If she could, by extra effort, make preparation of the lesson during the week, she should consider herself led of God to again take up the work. And Mr. Baird was well satisfied with her decision.

That was a strange week for Mrs. Tremont. She was watching, as never before, for the hand of God in all the varied happenings of each day, holding herself in loving readiness to be guided and led by him, and it was wonderful how he had made himself known to her in even the most common occurrence. She was given to much worrying and fretting over the heavy pressure of work and care that filled her life; but Monday's routine of crowding work never progressed so smoothly and rapidly; her copying never seemed so light a task, and at four o'clock she found herself with a whole hour for study before tea.

Feeling God's presence all about her, and the Holy Spirit illuminating the pages of her worn Bible, she arose from the contemplation of the next Sunday's lesson with the consciousness of a new nearness to the Master she served.

And the other days of that week were as full of God's presence as Monday had been. His hand pointed out the way so plainly for her willing feet to follow that she was amazed, and wondered how she had failed to see and acknowledge more fully his blessed guidance in the years gone by. From her new standpoint God was to be seen and trusted and loved in all the every-day, work-a-day details of her overburdened busy life. The thought filled her to strive daily after holier living. And the atmosphere of that little home had the breath of heaven in it.

From a week of communion with the Master Mrs. Tremont presented herself before the superintendent Sunday morning, and asked to be shown to her class. When she found it was to be Class A, she stood aghast, and cried out:

'Oh, not that class, Mr. Baird! I cannot take that class! Why, I prepared myself to teach the infant class. Mrs. Brown has been called from the city, you know, and I supposed, of course, I was to take her place. I did not know there was any other vacancy.'

'Very well, Mrs. Tremont: if you have decided not to take Class A there is nothing more to be said. I shall make no further effort to secure a teacher, and they may disband. I see no good they get by coming here week after week, to whisper through the hour, or sit in smiling indifference under the painful efforts made by the teacher to interest them. That class has caused me more anxiety and given me more trouble finding a teacher willing to teach them than the whole of the Sunday-school,' and the shadows gathered in Mr. Baird's eyes and discouragement was written so plainly in the lines of his countenance that Mrs. Tremont's heart was filled with pity.

Seeing signs of relenting, the superintendent continued his plea: 'They are such bright, capable girls, Mrs. Tremont, and would be so helpful if they were once awake to the blessedness and the need of work for the Master. They are simply drifting with the current now, but let

them give their hearts to Jesus and enlist in his service, and words cannot measure their power for uplift and blessing in this community. They all come from homes of wealth and culture, from homes, too, where God is not acknowledged, and you cannot calculate how far their influence might reach in their own homes and among their own associates.'

Mrs. Tremont promptly presented herself before Class A, was formally introduced to the young ladies and took up the duties of the hour.

Now, I don't know what there was in Mrs. Tremont's face that arrested the earnest attention of those young ladies, but soon the whole twelve were clustered closely about the plainly-dressed, unpretending little woman, their wandering thoughts riveted upon the words that fell softly from her lips. Perhaps it was the music of her voice that made the truths of the lesson so attractive; or perhaps it was the magic influence of her blue eyes that seemed to search down into the very depths of each young heart after hidden longings for the supreme good; or it might have been the compelling power of Christ shining in her countenance, for her week's close walk with Jesus had indeed left a light in her face that words do not adequately describe.

The Sabbaths passed on. The settled indifference of years was broken up, and Class A found it well worth while to give undivided attention to the truths which fell from their teacher's lips. Perhaps one secret of her power to hold the interest of these gay young girls was that she shunned most carefully the dusty, beaten paths of conventional teaching, dealing almost exclusively with the practical side of each lesson, bringing its truths to bear upon the personal responsibility of each of her scholars: clothing those truths in a language so plain and simple and so winning withal that they were led captive by the beauties of Christian living. Through all their lives they had had but little close personal teaching, these girls, and as they began to realize something of their great responsibilities, and became more and more awake to their capabilities for efficient service in Christ's vineyard, there sprang up in their hearts a strong desire to 'make the most of their lives.'

Can you imagine with what joy and gratitude Mrs. Tremont noted every sign, however feeble, of a desire for Christ in the heart.

She had not been a Christian of strong and vigorous faith in the years before she took charge of Class A, but her experience since then had been so marked by signal answers to prayers for her girls that her feeble trust, which scarcely deserved the name of faith, had grown stronger and stronger until now she 'came boldly to a throne of grace,' and asked great things for her class. Not an hour of her waking time, no matter how busy her hands, but carried up a petition for some one of her girls.

That their leader carried them on her heart to God almost hourly they had long since learned, and they expected to be saved. Their faith grew and thrived on the faith of their teacher. The confidence of their teacher inspired their confidence, and so they helped their helper and each other to higher planes of Christian living.

With every lesson taught and every prayer sent up in their behalf, Mrs. Tremont's class grew nearer and dearer to her. She came so close to her girls in their heart-to-heart conferences that she discovered good impulses and good desires in the heart before they themselves were conscious of their existence; and God gave her grace and wisdom to foster and en-

courage these holy desires and impulses until they grew into the controlling power of the life.

And how those girls loved and revered their teacher! She was their ideal of all that was good and noble and true, and their idea of her helped her to become what they believed her to be. She had been of hasty temper, impatient and often fretful in the past, being burdened with overmuch work for her dear ones and care for their comfort. But now they saw a new expression on her weary face; heard the angry and impatient word checked on the very threshold of her lips and gentle words taking the place of fretful reprimands. And the new atmosphere of that home had a most blessed influence upon its inmates.

Time passed. The members of Class A came into the kingdom and promptly united with the church, where they found new, large and precious opportunities, and a wide field for usefulness opened before them. To Mrs. Tremont fell the delightful duty and privilege of directing these young enthusiasts into new lines of Christian work, and to press upon their fresh, young hearts the wonderful blessings of consecrated living. You may be sure that these young girls were not the only ones who were receiving an education in work for Jesus.

To be most helpful to her charge, Mrs. Tremont found it necessary to herself to be thoroughly well informed and among the leaders in all Christian effort. She had dropped out of active work in the church some years before because of illness in her family; had lost her grasp on the questions of interest before her own church; had grown discouraged because of her inability to keep abreast with the march of progress, and was fast growing cold-hearted and indifferent. But now she let nothing escape her notice, and her active mind worked and planned and prayed for light and guidance that she might be able to give intelligent direction to the consecrated energy she must be able to mould aright.

And the superintendent looked on with glad and thankful heart at the sure transformation of Class A. He was not in the least surprised when two of the young ladies secured positions under the care of the Board of Home Missions and left for their fields of labor in the far South-west. When the remainder of the class started a mission school in an old mill in the outskirts of the city, and spent their Sunday afternoons with the poor and ignorant little ones of that neighborhood, teaching them the way of eternal life, Mrs. Tremont's happiness was complete.

That the influence of these young girls was telling for Christ in their own homes and in the community no one could doubt, and that they were and still are a mighty factor in the building up of God's cause wherever their different lots are cast, is only what is just and good and what we had a right to expect.

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