

"We will have a little season of conversation and prayer together." Such a stillness as always attends the Holy Spirit pervaded that household, as we separated and went to our different rooms. A little later one of the teachers went to the back parlor for a book, and found one of her own pupils lying on the sofa weeping. "Addie," said she, "I am sorry to see you in trouble, shall I stay with you, or do you wish to be alone." "Oh, no! I want you to stay if you will," said Addie coming forward. "Please, Miss Harding, say something comforting to me, for I am very unhappy." "But," replied her teacher, "what makes you unhappy. You have given your heart to the Saviour, have you not?" "Yes, Miss Harding, as you know, I have been trying to live for Christ for some time, but I have not the courage to tell my room-mate. I feel that I can not go to the meeting, and I wish it had not been appointed, for now I must either go forward or back entirely.

"Well, my dear Addie," said her teacher, "you are deceived if you suppose you could stand where you now do. This test is good for you to prove whether you are really consecrated to Christ or not. Give your whole self to Him absolutely, or else give nothing, for, my dear, this insincere, half-way service does not please your Saviour, nor will it ever satisfy yourself. I beg of you go forward now, Jesus will welcome and strengthen you." "Oh, yes!" answered Addie, "I know that I must go over completely, with my whole soul now, if I go at all, but I cannot bear to break the sympathy that exists between Hattie and me. She will not speak to me about it, probably, but we shall both feel that there is a separation."

"Then why do you not go to Hattie now, and invite her to choose Christ, and begin the new life with you?" asked Miss Harding. "Oh, that she might do so!" exclaimed Addie, "but though Hattie is a dear girl, I don't think she likes religious things. I judge so from her own words. Only yesterday she said, 'It must be awful hard to give up everything pleasant and always be pious; I could never endure it.' So you see there is no encouragement to ask her." "Hattie may not feel so indifferent as she appears to, and it seems only right and friendly that you should tell her of your own decision. Go to her now, and perhaps you will lead her to Jesus. You will at least prepare the way for freedom on this subject hereafter." They sat in silence a few moments, then Addie said, "Well, dear Miss Harding, my own decision is firm. I will go right forward and do my duty, and I know Jesus will be with me. I am going to Hattie, too, with my heart open, but I may not be able to answer all her questions, will you please to go with me?"

They knelt down and prayed for wisdom, and then went up to Hattie's room. Her look as she welcomed them seemed to say "I know what your errand is," and Addie observing it exclaimed, "Yes, Hattie dear, we have come to invite you to come to Jesus. Please Hattie, decide to-night, and let us begin to serve Jesus together." The tears stood in Hattie's eyes, but she did not speak. Soon her teacher said, "Hattie, you think that the Saviour has a right to your affections, do you not?"

"Yes," she replied; "I do."

"And you think that your influence, wherever you are, will be purer and nobler if you are a child of Jesus, don't you?"

"Yes, I think so too."

"Then Hattie do you not owe it to your own soul, too, to choose Christ and His righteousness?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Hattie. "I sometimes think I ought to be a Christian, but I do not understand it all, it seems very hard to me; then