

don't you think you'd better find a safer place?"

Tom considered. "Well," he said, regretfully, "perhaps we had. Anyhow it'll take Beamish half an hour to get up to the top; and we can't hang around that long. Guess we'll go down, Jim. Good by, you two. Next time we come I'll bring you some apples."

A few steps further he stopped and looked around.

"Say?" he called out, "when the sun strikes your hair like that it's awfully pretty. Good-by."

And Katie's sweet voice with Nellie's also floated down the mountain in a soft "good-by."

It may be added as a measure of Tom's repentance and his purpose to keep his resolutions that on the way down he stopped at Miss Peppercorn's. The cat lay on the door-step. Tom did no more than cry "shoo!" of course the cat departed. When Miss Peppercorn came to the door Tom looked her bravely in the face.

"Miss Peppercorn," he said, "I broke a pane of glass in your window this morning, and I'd like to pay for it. Here's a shilling, if you please."

But to this day Miss Peppercorn can find no satisfactory explanation for so extraordinary a circumstance. She only knows that "General Butler" is no longer molested, and that Tommie Dyer and "that Buchanan girl" are on the best of terms.—*Portland Transcript.*

NAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY F. STURGIS MACFARLAND.

Nan stood on the steps of the Cathedral, irresolute. It was such a grand edifice—the most imposing in all the large mill town—with its innumerable spires and crosses, its pointed windows, and the sun shining directly upon some pictured saint in the large oriel window just over the entrance. But the rich tones of the organ decided her.

"Guess I'll go in for once," she said to herself. "If the rich folks stare, I shan't mind 'em; and the music'll be 'nough sight better than it is at the Mission Chapel. They have only common tunes there."

You see Nan was just a bit esthetic in her tastes.

So she pulled the faded shawl a little closer about her as she went in, her coarse attire making a strange contrast to the rich silks of the congregation.

The sexton scowled, but little Nan cared not for that, so long as he found her a seat. The music seemed to rest her, and she wished to herself that "it was all music and no preachin'."

Soon the reading commenced, and the rector, in well-modulated and musical tones, read the beautiful words of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

Then the rector sat down and the music began again. But somehow all its melody was gone for Nan. The words of the blessed psalm had struck a chord in her heart never before reached, and she wished the rector would tell her more of the King of glory. But the service ended without Nan's hearing any more about "the gates, and the everlasting doors, and the King of glory."

All the next day, while Nan stood at her work in the mill, the beautiful words ran in her head above the noise of the spindles, and the din of the machinery.

"I guess I'll ask the rector 'bout the gates and the Lord's coming in," soliloquized Nan on her way home at night.

It was a beautiful day in the Indian summer. The foliage was crimson and yellow and brown, with now and then a green leaf. Light, fleecy clouds, and purple tipped with crimson and gold made glorious the track of the setting sun. Nan looked at them with feelings akin to awe and reverence.

"I wonder if them clouds hain't the gates. But then what does it mean 'bout the King of glory coming in?"

Instead of going straight home, Nan walked on in an opposite direction to the rector's—a handsome brown stone front, with large pillars. She walked boldly up the steps to the front door, unmindful of the stares of the servant maid as she was delivering her errand.

"I don't think the master will see you to-day, he's engaged with company, but I'll

see;" and leaving Nan standing outside, she went in to announce to the rector that a "person wished very much to speak with him."

Now the rector of St. Mary's was not an unkind man, or an inconsiderate one, in the general acceptance of the terms; indeed, had Nan called upon him at a more favorable opportunity, he might have fed her hungry heart; but, as it was, he was engaged in discussing the Tyndall theories with an old college class-mate. When he saw who the "person" was, who so inopportunistly interrupted, he really—yes, really frowned on poor Nan, as he said in a voice from which all the music of yesterday was gone—"Well, what do you want, child? If you are hungry, go around to the basement door, and Bridget will give you something to eat." Then he shut the door, leaving Nan standing there, and went in to finish his discussion.

Nan went down the steps slowly. The sun had set, and all the brightness was gone from the sky, the glint had left—the foliage of the trees.

Was she comprehending that in seeking for bread she had been offered a stone?

"I'll ask Susan McNamara to ask her priest," she thought on her way home. Susan lived in the same comfortable tenement house, on the same flight. After supper Nan went in to tell her her troubles, and to request her to ask "her priest."

"I've no doubt the good praste could tell ye everything ye wants to know;" answered Susan, admiringly. "Sure the blessed praste knows iverthing, but what 'ud the likes of him be botherin' himself with children for?" she questioned triumphantly.

And Nan began to grow discouraged, and did not seek further, but drifted on in the same channel as before she visited the church of St. Mary's—no worse—and apparently no better. Only the same restless longing was in her heart—to know more of the King of glory. Some nights she would lie awake pondering the words in her mind—her own ignorance offering no solution to her inward questionings. The days went on until Christmas came. The shop windows were gay with attractive goods, and the streets were full of bright faces, Nan had meant to do "a lot of shop gazing" herself. But poor old Susan McNamara was taken sick that day, and there was no one to sit with her, or wait upon her. Nan, after a good deal of hesitation and some inward struggles to give up her anticipated pleasures—she had counted so much on this holiday—volunteered her services, which were accepted after some grumbling on the part of Susan. Before night Nan found it was no easy task, for Susan was by no means amiable in disposition, and fretted and scolded at Nan in such a way that she was almost tempted to desert. But Nan had a brave heart and persevered, and was afterward glad she did. When evening came, Susan said to her, "Sure ye are a blessed child to wait upon a cross old woman all the day. An' I shouldn't wonder if the praste would tell ye now what ye were askin' me. Anyway ye go to our church to-night an' hear the music, an' they allus trim it up fine an' handsome Christmas."

So Nan started for the "Church of the Holy Cross," but to reach it she had to pass the hitherto despised Mission Chapel. The outer door stood open, and Nan paused before it.

"It's been some time since I've been in here to the chapel; guess I'll go in, and when I get tired, I can come out and go over to Susan's church."

The chapel was already full, and seats were being carried up the aisles, and Nan found herself in one of the seats almost up to the pulpit. Just as she was taking her seat, the minister was reading these words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Nan's heart gave a great bound, but as suddenly went down like a barometer.

"I s'pose he'll stop where just the other one did," she thought, discontentedly.

And did he? you ask.

"Little children," began he, after the reading, "let me tell you more of this King of glory."

And then in simple language he told the story of that Christmas, so long, long ago, when a Christ was given to the world; of his youth, and finally the story of the cross; and he spoke of the dying thief who prayed for Christ to remember him. Then he told of the poor publican who prayed for God to be 'merciful to him a poor sinner,' and then in words which went straight to the hearts of his listeners, he told them how the Saviour died for each and every one. And if they would

believe on the Christ, they might be saved—even on this Christmas.

Nan was sobbing, and praying from her penitent heart the prayer of the publican.

The minister sat down, and they burst into singing,

"I do believe, I now believe."

"Such glorious music," thought Nan; and I really believe she liked it better than she did the rich music at the church of St. Mary's.

And the gates were indeed lifted up, and the King of glory entered Nan's heart.—*Morning Star.*

LITTLE BESSIE'S REQUEST.

"To-morrow will be New Year's morning," said little Bessie Arnold, coming to her papa's side. "I wish I could have what I want."

"Perhaps you can, my dear. What is it?"

"Promise me that I can have it, papa?"

"Oh, I can not do that," said papa, laughing. "It may be something entirely out of my power to give."

"No, it isn't, papa. It is something very easily done; and it would make me so happy," said the child, looking earnestly into her father's face.

"I can not promise," said her father; "That would not be right; but tell me, and I will try to do it."

"Well, then, papa, I have been reading here in my little paper how many boys and young men are led into wine-drinking by having it handed to them on New Year's morning. Please, papa, promise me that you will treat no one to wine to-morrow. It seems to me such a bad thing to do, papa."

Joseph Arnold looked at his little girl with a strange mixture of surprise and contempt. But in spite of all he could do, the truth of the child's words went home to his heart.

"And who sent you to say this to me?" he said, sternly. "Somebody must have done it."

"Nobody sent me," said Bessie, firmly.

"I told mamma what I was going to do, and she said it was very foolish; that everybody in our circle handed wine. But papa, I felt that I must ask you; and, oh! if you would only promise me."

Something in the child's face and earnest manner made Joseph Arnold weigh the subject as he had never weighed it before. He took the paper from the child's hands and read the little piece that had so awakened her conscience. He would not promise, but long after the little golden head had fallen asleep upon its pillow, he sat revolving the subject in his mind; and before he retired he had formed a resolution that no wine should be offered at his board again. So much for a child's influence.—*Selected.*

SPEAKING OR NOT SPEAKING.

BY W. I. CHASE.

"I have not seen her for some weeks," said Mrs. Simpson, hurriedly; "we're not as good friends as we used to be, Harry. In fact we had some words together not long since that estranged us. I am sorry for it. She was provoking, but I should not have answered her. If I only could hold my tongue."

"Or if, having neglected to hold your tongue, you could only speak," answered her brother.

"Why, how's that?"

"It's my theory," said the man, "that more actual trouble arises from silence than speech. Misunderstandings often arise from half-said things and sometimes from mere conjecture, where no word is spoken. In this case there were words and bitter ones, I am afraid, but it does not follow that explanation is unnecessary. Mrs. Blakeley is an old friend, whom you should be sorry to lose, and yet, rather than speak, you will let matters drift along and each strive to have unkind thoughts of the other, in order to feel justified in your own action. Perhaps you will never explain, but just tacitly make up and hold a secret grudge. Of course, it's a pity you ever quarrelled. Things can never be just the same between you—at least, they couldn't between men—but that's spilled milk. Take up the mangled matter at the best, and be friends as soon as possible."

"Yes, brother. I was only waiting till it seemed easier to speak."

"Waiting does not help the matter, if you want a full reconciliation. It may be well to wait a little while, till your anger cools, but

never wait to see if you can forgive. Ask her forgiveness immediately. It prevents hard feelings. There is a good deal of worldly wisdom, as well as a divine command in the injunction, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him.'—*Church and Home.*

Question Corner.—No. 1.

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.

1. What captive was appointed ruler over all that his master had?
2. Who came to prove Solomon with hard questions?
3. What gift did Solomon choose when God said, "Ask what I shall give thee"?
4. Who was the first Christian martyr?
5. For whom was his last prayer offered?
6. Whose example had he for such a prayer?
7. Who erected a pillar because he had no son to keep him in remembrance?
8. Which of the judges of Israel sacrificed his own daughter?
9. Who sang a song of lamentation over Saul and Jonathan?
10. Where do we find the last words of David?
11. There was a man who grew up in the desert until he came and preached repentance unto the people. Who was this man?
12. Who was called The Sweet Psalmist of Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of the city in which the first Christian church was gathered in Europe.
  2. The city in which the disciples were first called Christians.
  3. One of the seven churches of Asia which was most severely reproved by Christ, and her threatened doom accomplished in her utter ruin.
  4. A country to which the infant Jesus was taken by His parents to escape the cruel death threatened by Herod.
  5. A city where the conversation of Jesus with a woman at Jacob's well convinced her of His claim to be the true Messiah, and through whose testimony many of the Samaritans believed.
  6. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
  7. A country in Europe in whose capital Paul was twice imprisoned, and probably suffered martyrdom.
  8. A city of Galilee where Jesus raised the dead to life.
  9. A city where Paul, on account of his improving the citizens for their superstition, was summoned before the Areopagus.
- These initials form the name of a country which, on account of its sacred, scriptural associations, is called by way of eminence the Holy Land.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

265. By marching around the walls and blowing trumpets, when the walls fell down, Josh. vi. 12, 20.
266. In the house of Rahab, Josh. ii. 1.
267. When the city was taken and destroyed she and all her house were saved, Josh. vi. 22, 25.
268. Before Aaron, in Kadesh, Num. xx. 1.
269. On Mount Hor, about half-way between the Dead sea and the gulf of Akabah.
270. Solomon, 1 Kings xi. 4.
271. Chemosh, 1 Kings xi. 7.
272. Milcom or Molech, 1 Kings xi. 7.
273. Dagon, 1 Sam. v. 2.
274. Dagon the god of the Philistines, 1 Sam. v. 3, 4.
275. Mesha king of Moab, 2 Kings iii. 4.
276. Mesha king of Moab, 2 Kings iii. 27.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

- 1, Gabriel. 2, Obadiah. 3, Deborah. 4, Isaac. 5, Silas. 6, Lamb. 7, Omega. 8, Vine. 9, Eden.—*God is Love.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 23.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Anna Syreen, 12; Arthur Hicks, 11; Cora M. McIntire, 10; W. H. Simmons, 9.  
To No. 22.—Ada L. Potts, 12 ac; Helen Cranston, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Cora M. McIntire, 12; Mary E. Coates, 11 ac; Herbert Davidson, 11; Linda Halewood, 11; William C. Wickham, 9.