

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 30207

VOLUME XLII. No. 6

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 8, 1907.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

A Delayed Train.

The train had slowed up, stopped, and had gone on again. Once or twice this had been repeated. But now apparently things had come to a permanent standstill.

'What's the matter?' asked Antonia Blackburn of her travelling companion, Lucy Manning, who had made her way to the platform with the crowd, in search of information.

'A cave-in or a snowslide, or something obstructive. At any rate we have to wait here six hours.'

'Here?' questioned Antonia, looking rather blankly at the broad, stretching, snow-covered countryside.

'Yes,' said Lucy. 'There's plenty of it, but it is all a good deal alike.'

The passengers talked and grumbled, then gradually dropped back into the cars, settling down doggedly to the long wait. 'There must be some alternative,' said Antonia, turning distastefully from the contemplation of two apathetic rows of figures with newspapers and magazines held before their faces.

'There is,' announced Lucy, who, as she said, was 'a born reporter.' 'A mile and a quarter away is the town of Cobochook. The road is pretty fairly broken and it is not so very cold. Suppose we try it?'

'By all means,' agreed Antonia. 'Anything with such a name ought to be interesting.' With much talk and laughter and many tumbles, the two friends struggled through the drifts to Cobochook.

'It is not metropolitan,' said Lucy, when they stood at last in the main street.

'No, but isn't it pretty?'

Cobochook was not always called pretty. On this white winter's day, however, its defects and pettiness were covered and transfigured, while the river's sweep of dark waters between spotless banks added a touch of beauty.

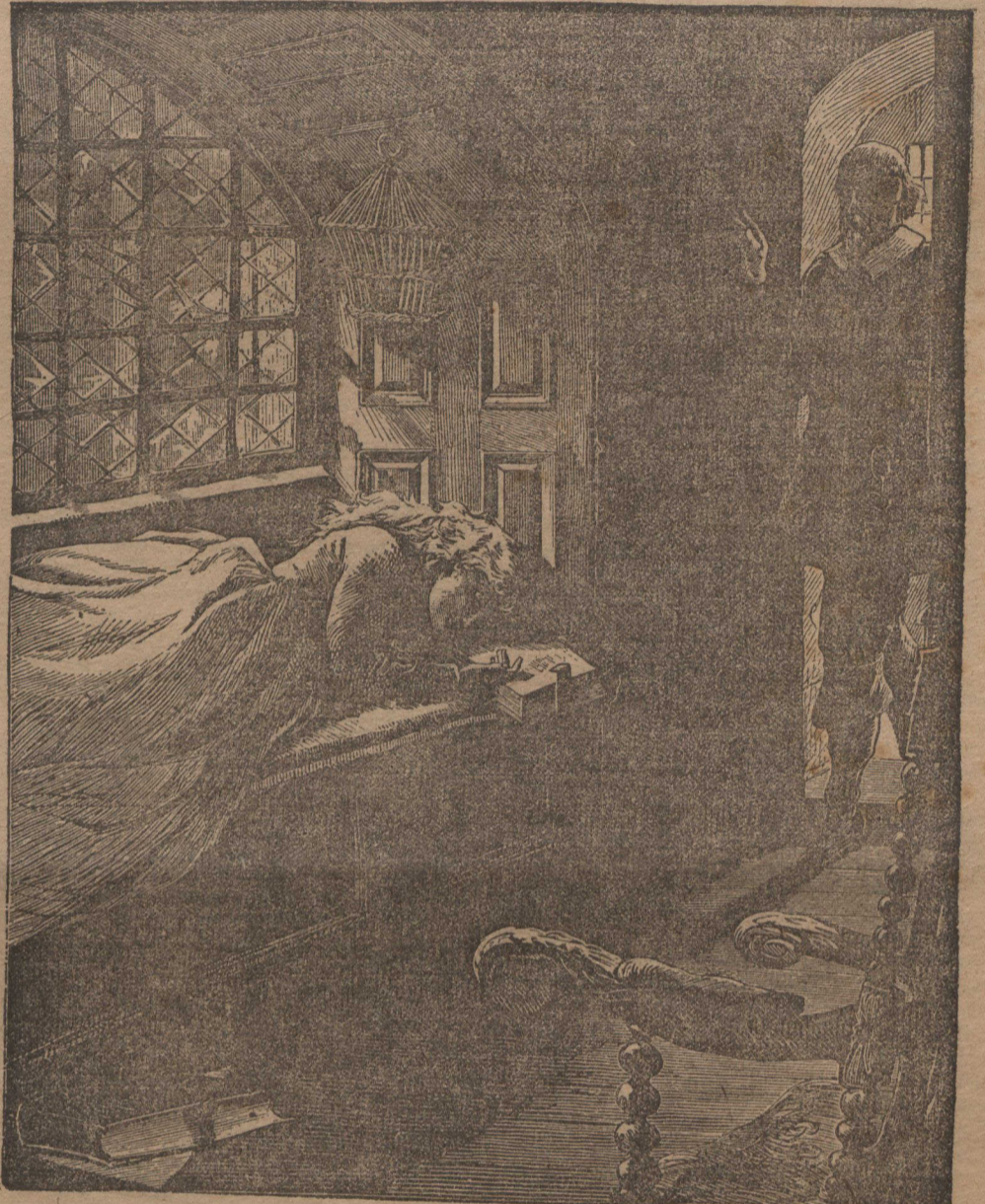
'It is evidently a cathedral town,' said Lucy, pointing to a small wooden church at the end of the straggling street. Some men were busy shovelling the path up to the door.

'Are they going to have service to-day, on a Friday?' asked Antonia, a question which Lucy naturally let pass without reply. 'I wonder,' Antonia went on, with a sudden little laugh, 'whether they have a choir master in Cobochook, and whether he is a nice, amiable person like Professor Oliver; as sure of his own consummate ability; and of the absolute lack of any in everybody else.'

There was a sound in Antonia's voice and a sparkle in her eyes which showed plainly that she had touched upon a sore subject. Still Lucy was silent, which, had you known her better, you would have recognized as peculiar.

'Not that I have anything to say,' she was thinking; 'only I don't care. I wish I knew how to tell her the truth in love. Why is it that musical people can't keep the peace ten minutes at a time, even in church work?' and Lucy sighed a short, involuntary sigh. Antonia heard it.

'What are you thinking about?' she asked.



Princess Elizabeth in Carisbrooke Castle.

The Princess Elizabeth was the second daughter of King Charles the First; but in spite of the luxury of the court she grew up meek, gentle and unspoiled by indulgence. Before she was six years old her father was at open war with his subjects, and his family was scattered, never to meet again. Princess Elizabeth and her little brother fell into the hands of the Parliament, and seem to have been kept in captivity together. The day before her father's execution she was permitted to pay him a farewell visit, and shortly afterwards was removed to Carisbrooke Castle, which she never left again. She never recovered from the fearful blow of her father's death, and began visibly to droop. The Bible was her best-loved companion, and sure we are that the Father of the fatherless was ever near to the lonely and desolate child. One day she got wet while walking on the bowling-green of the castle, fever set in, and the slender form had no power to stand against it. Her attendants left her, as they thought, to sleep, but when they returned it was the sleep of death. Her face was found pillowed on an open Bible—the Bible which had been her father's last and most cherished present.—'Religious Tract Society.'

'Several things. What did you say? Choir master? Perhaps they have a choir master of all work here, and so a happy family of one in the organ loft.'

'Lucy Manning,' cried Antonia, irritably, 'you never did take my part properly about the music! I don't believe you care a bit for the way that horrid man hurt my feelings.'

'Poor thing!' said Lucy, laughing heartedly, 'she's nothing but a little faded

flower. Well, you see, I can't understand why you have a part. If I were you, I wouldn't be content with anything less than the whole.'

'What in the world do you mean by that? You have such an aggravating way of being fanciful when one wants you to be downright.'

'Oh, don't scold me!' said Lucy, piteously. 'I'm far away from home. Look over there.'