

THE MESSENGER.

reactions from her, Myra sallied out into the snow.

Goody Brown's cottage was not difficult to find, and flushed with walking, Myra knocked at the door.

Goody Brown was in, and very flattered to receive a call from the young lady who had been the village talk since Sunday.

Myra had meant to begin in a roundabout way, and lead the conversation to her dead mother, but one word from the old woman was enough.

'Eh, Miss!' she exclaimed, 'I could think it was Miss Connie coming here again.'

'Oh, Goody, did you know my mother?'

'Know her!' echoed the old woman lovingly; 'I should think I did—loved her too, Missie. It was her sweet voice that led me to come to the Saviour. Does Miss Connie's child know the Lord Jesus Christ?'

No, Myra did not. Goody Brown saw that, but she said no more of that. Only she talked of Miss Connie and the days of long ago, and when Myra at last rose to go home, the girl said wistfully,—

'I may come again, Goody, may I not?'

Myra's walks often led her to the cottage after, and Goody Brown, in talking of Miss Connie, never forgot to speak, too, of Miss Connie's Saviour, and the gladdest day of the old woman's life was the day that Myra told her with shining eyes that now she knew Jesus Christ, her mother's Lord.—'Our Darlings.'

At the Gate of the Church.

'I wonder what they're doin' in there!' said Janie, leaning against a post and listening.

A sound of sweet voices came out of the big doors, down the walk, through the trees; but Janie could not quite make out the words, though the doors stayed open quite a long time, because a good many late people were going through them.

'Need—somethin'!' said Janie in a puzzled voice, catching just a syllable or two. 'They keep a-sayin' of it over! Lots of 'em needs it, whatever 'tis they're talkin' 'bout. Now it's a man says it—way down deep! Wonder what he's needin'? There's a girl begun again. I can hear her better. "I need thee every hour." That's plain enough, that time. Wish't I knew who

'twas an' what they wanted of him!'

Janie wasn't bashful, and by and by she began to want to know so much that she just quietly opened the gate, and walked up the path and opened the door and went in. Such a strange little figure to be in such a place! Her dress was so ragged, and her shoes were somebody's big old ones, and she had a queer little hood on her head in-



stead of the pretty caps and hats the other children wore. But they thought more of that than she did. She had come there with a purpose.

'I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No other voice like thine
Can peace afford.'

How it rang out, clear and plain! Now she heard it! 'Twas the Lord they all were needing!

'Well, I declare!' said Janie. 'An' every hour, at that! I thought the Lord was for Sundays and Eas-ters and when you went to funerals.'

'I need thee; oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee!'

sang the sweet, praying chorus.

'Do you like the singing, little one?'

A tall, sweet-faced, white-headed man spoke to her suddenly, and put an arm around her.

Janie frowned a little and tried to jerk away, but he held her lovingly. All at once, somehow, she thought of the torn dress and the clumping shoes.

'I come in 'cause I couldn't un-

derstand the words,' she told him sullenly.

'And do you now?' he asked, still holding her in that kind arm. 'Do you begin to understand how you need Jesus, just as they do?' he said, pointing up to the men and women in the choir.

'What would he do for yer?' asked Janie suddenly. 'Make ye have new dresses that wa'n't ragged? Make yer father stop goin' to the rum shop? Give ye a dinner every day? Make folks be good to yer? That's what I'm needin'!'

'Yes!' said the gray-haired, kind-faced man. 'That and ever so much more! That isn't the beginning of what he will do for you! Kneel right down here now, in his church and ask him.'

That was a long time ago, but it all came true—every word. Janie says the beautiful part of her life began when she knelt down in God's church and told him how much she needed him.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Rhyming Maxims.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,—
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,—Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
—Light it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,—
Meet it.

If you're given light to see,
What a child of God should be,—
See it.

Whether a life is bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear,—
Hear it.

—The Independent.

No room for Him in the inn!
How is it with you and me, this
year of our Lord? Is there a place
for Him in these hearts of ours?
Are we letting Him be crowded out,
either by the deceitfulness of riches,
the solicitudes of poverty, or the
cumbering cares of business?—
Margaret E. Sangster.