

now, for he let his hands fall idly in his lap, and observed to Mickey, 'The Yankee that's in me would be makin' me start to work, but the Italian wants me to be playin' a tune.'

Nothing could suit Mickey better. 'Sure, I'd help the Eyetalian knock the Yankee out!'

And forthwith, the Italian won the day, or rather the evening, for Jim played tune after tune, soft, plaintive little airs, and then rollicking dance tunes, until the bell of the church just without the Court began to strike.

Jim stopped long enough to say, 'Count 'em, Mickey.'

And Mickey counted until he reached ten, to Jim's dismay, who had forgotten the time, and to Mickey's also, who felt that, though he was very tired and sleepy, Jim's shop was preferable to the apartment, three flights up, in the rear of No. 8, where likely his father was drunk and quarrelsome.

II.

HOW CECILIA BECAME A SAINT.

The settling of a new home is hardly an arduous or lengthy task, when the household goods are few in number; so Mrs. Sweeney, rising the next morning, scarcely remembered that it was a new home, until she bumped her head against the projecting edge of the little mantel-shelf. Puddin', knowing well the probable effects of such an accident, promptly slipped out into the hallway, Cecilia, busy trying to make a fire blaze up in the miserably cracked little stove, only turned her head sharply at her mother's ejaculation and went on.

She felt her ear tingle with the unexpected blow, and, as if it were beneath noticing, she didn't answer the torrent of angry words.

'And if it's lighting the lamp you were right, it wouldn't be so pitch dark in here that I couldn't be seein' at all.'

Stumbling her way over to the little lamp, which, from the table, was trying to make its feeble rays pierce the gloom of the dawn, Mrs. Sweeney turned it up until it smoked and blackened the chimney. 'It's working and working and working I am every day of my life, to keep your mouths filled, and little's the thanks I'm likely to get from the likes of you.'

Cecilia threw her head back with an angry jerk. 'Tain't the filling of our mouths that's like to trouble you—it's the filling of that there.'

Mrs. Sweeney had little need to follow the girl's contemptuous glance, to where it rested on a bottle, half-filled, that stood on the shelf; it wasn't the first time that the ugly topic was broached and she quivered with a guilty start whenever Cecilia spoke of it. When her brain was clouded by the drink, she was as brutal and ugly as its slaves always are; but its mention, when its effect was over, fell upon her with a dread chill.

She murmured apologetically now, 'Twas only a wee sup I took last night, for my tooth that was achin' so bad.'

Cecilia dully shrugged her shoulders, as she placed on the table the scanty breakfast, and called Puddin' in from the hall. The table, being minus one of its legs, was propped up against the wall, and, possibly after the fashion of the model French kitchen, was so near the stove that she could, from her seat, lift the pot of boiling tea back and forth. It seems an effort of Nature to preserve the eternal balance, that where there is a lack of food there is an overabundance of appetite, and vice-versa. Puddin', washing down the last mouthful of his bread with the rest of his tea, cast a longing glance at the piece that lay on Cecilia's saucer, and when she had silently given it to him, he still felt conscious of an unsatisfied spot. But, being entirely used to the sensation, he leaned back, and thoughtfully remarked, 'Say, Cecilia, when they treated us fellers in school that day, they give us plates to lay our bread on.'

(To be continued.)

The Holy Spirit.

Heb. iii., 7, 8.

The spirit saith, 'To-day
Hear God, lest growing hard
Your heart can nevermore obey,
Your ear no more regard.'

II. Cor. vi., 2

The Spirit saith, 'To-day
Is God's accepted time,
While His sweet joy-bells ring away
With mercy in their chime.'

Rom. viii., 16.

The Spirit whispers, 'Yea,
In every Christian heart
When God's dear children questioning say,
'Is mine the better part?'

Rev. xiv., 13.

Te Spirit whispers, 'Yea,
In life or death how blest
Are such as give themselves away
To do God's will with zest!'

John xvi., 13, 14.

This is the Spirit's day!
With noiseless force He replies
Within our midst, and draws away
To Christ all willing eyes.
—Winnifred A. Iverson.

Willie's Trust.

'Have you heard the news, sir? Willie Oldham has got the fever,' and the speaker pulled himself up before the manly figure of a clergyman, who was hastening with rapid strides down the street.

'The fever!' exclaimed Mr. Eardley, stopping short also. 'Willie got the fever!' and an anxious look crossed his face.

'Yes, sir; and he's been taken to the hospital, though he ain't bad yet.'

'Then I must see him, and at once,' and Mr. Eardley set off towards the hospital where his young friend lay. 'He may soon be unconscious, and I must speak to him at once,' was the thought uppermost in the mind of the clergyman as he hastened on. 'If I only knew that Willie was safe, I should not fear.'

At last the hospital was reached, and Mr. Eardley followed the nurse to the ward where Willie lay.

A bright smile came into the flushed face as the well-known voice said.

'So you are laid up, Willie, and so suddenly, too; I have only just heard of it, and came at once to see you.'

'Thank you, sir,' was the lad's answer. 'Yes, it was very sudden; directly Mr. Ward found it was the fever, he said I must go to the hospital, so here I am,' and he tried to laugh.

'Willie,' said Mr. Eardley, kindly, 'you know quite well that in all probability you will soon be unconscious; are you afraid?'

A smile was the lad's answer.

'No, sir; I'm not afraid, and I'll tell you why—I'm trusting the Lord, sir. Before they brought me here, sir, Miss Alice came into my

room, and she said to me: "Willie, before you leave us I want to give you a psalm to think of; it is the seventy-first, and will you take the first verse specially for yourself," and then she said, "Can you say, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust?" Well, sir, I just gave myself then and there into the Lord's keeping, and now I can say, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," and I'm not a bit afraid now, sir, for the Lord will do all that's right for me.'

'Indeed He will, Willie,' replied Mr. Eardley, fervently. 'I am thankful, more thankful than I can say, to know you are trusting yourself, soul and body, to the Lord Jesus!' and after a few more words the clergyman left, fearing to excite the lad if he stayed longer.

Willie was soon unconscious, but Miss Alice's verse was always on his lips, and 'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust,' was heard ringing through the ward. Day after day passed by, and the fever raged, till it was feared the lad's frame could not stand it much longer, and still the words were seldom off his lips—'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.'

At last the crisis came, and Willie lived—lived to utter his well-known cry, and then to fall into a gentle sleep.

Among his many friends there was none more glad to hear he was out of danger than Mr. Eardley, who, as soon as the lad was strong enough to receive visitors, went to see him. How changed he was, so white and weak, but the old, bright smile was there

And He did Help Her.

An old lady, who remembers when the late Queen Victoria came to the throne, gives the following account of the reception of the news in a country town: 'When Princess Victoria was nineteen, and I some five years younger, I was sitting in a front window-seat in a provincial town preparing my dolls for bed, when by attention was arrested by the very earnest tone of two men talking in the street. One said: "He is gone, neighbor." "Is it sure?" "Yes, he's gone, and that poor child is coming in for all this tremendous responsibility. We must pray for her, neighbor." "Ay, we must pray." I ran down to tell mother what I had heard, she said, "It must be the King who is dead, and the dear young princess is now Queen. God help her! Yes, we must pray for her." And that evening when we met the servants for family worship, my mother told them what she thought, and all prayed for the young Queen. And this was the spirit in which our beloved Queen was received to her throne and her people's hearts. Even now after sixty-two years' reign her people associate prayer with her very name—"the Queen, God bless her."—English Magazine.'

Hon. John Wanamaker is reported as saying, in reference to Sunday-school work and workers:—"We have the best end of it. When you save a man or woman, you save a unit; but when you save a boy or girl you save a whole multiplication table."

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about three months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at TEN cents each.

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