

could get nothing out of her. Of course, I only guessed it was some trouble at school.'

Elsie blushed deeply. Surely Maggie had been more generous than either Ada or she deserved!

After Mr. Vernon had gone, Elsie sobbed out her repentance in her mother's lap. With all love and tenderness, Mrs. Vawdrey pointed out to her where her fault had been.

'You want more love and more charity, my child. Remember, never judge any one until you are sure they have done wrong; and even then with all gentleness, for you never know what their temptations or circumstances may have been. But, above all, never suspect any one of evil—not in that fault-finding spirit of malice that you and Ada have shown to poor Maggie.'

'I will do all I can to make up for it, mother.'

'Yes, I am sure you will, dear; but it would have been so much better if you had not been unkind at all, wouldn't it? It would have saved Maggie a great deal of unhappiness; and you must try to undo what you have done by telling your school-fellows how wrong you were in blaming and accusing her.'

'Must I?' and Elsie looked startled.

'Yes; and never forget, love, to pray for the charity that "thinketh no evil."'

Maggie Vernon and Elsie are fast friends now. Maggie has long ago forgiven and forgotten the wrong Ada and Elsie once did her; but Elsie has not forgotten, and she tries every day to remember to ask God for the 'greater of these,' His gift of charity.—'Children's Treasury.'

A Willing Sacrifice.

(Founded on fact.)

(By Isabel Maude Hamill, in 'Alliance News,' Author of 'A Lancashire Heroine,' 'Our Jennie,' etc.)

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

In the quiet of a little vestry, on a lovely Sunday afternoon in June, Emily Masters was talking to her class of girls on the duty of self-denial for the sake of Christ. They were girls in her own position in life, whom by degrees she had interested in good things, and the meeting on Sunday afternoons to talk over different subjects relating to Christian life was found mutually helpful. Amongst those who listened eagerly was a refined, delicate-looking girl, of nineteen or twenty. She was the daughter of worldly, pleasure-loving parents, who thought 'Ellen's new fad about religion ridiculous'; but, in spite of discouragements, the girl held on her way.

'There are many ways in which we can deny ourselves for the Saviour's sake,' said Miss Masters, 'and I think one way is by giving up alcohol; drink is such a curse, and such a terrible temptation to thousands, that I am sure it must be a hindrance to many to see Christians taking wine and beer, etc.'

'But the bible does not tell us that we are not to take it,' said Ellen.

'No; there are many things which the bible does not particularly specify that we are not to do or give up, but it lays down general principles, and the law of self-sacrifice runs through all the gospels and epistles.'

'But suppose you had always taken it, and that your health required it?'

'I believe that something else can be given that will answer the purpose quite as well, or even better, than alcohol, and without the awful risk of perhaps causing some to fall by following your example; but each one must be guided by her own conscience in the matter.'

A good deal of discussion ensued, and at the close she asked any who felt it her duty to become an abstainer, to sign the pledge. Seven out of the eighteen girls did so, but Ellen Booth was not of the number.

A few months afterwards Emily Masters married a clergyman, an earnest, self-sacrificing man, who had a poor parish in a large city; her sphere of work thus became enlarged, and she found herself in an atmosphere of squalor and poverty hitherto unknown. In the midst of her new and busy life her thoughts often went back to the Sunday afternoons, the quiet talks, and the girls with their eager faces; but, there was no face that came before her oftener than Ellen Booth's, and no girl of whom she thought so much.

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'There, now, I think I have done everything, and I shall feel quite free to go and hear Canon Farrar, and not as though I had neglected a duty in doing so. Oh, it will be delightful to sit and listen.'

The speaker, a bright-looking, healthy girl, in the dress of a deaconess, looked round with pardonable pride on the neat little room which she called her study. Piles of paper correctly dated and arranged, were on one corner of the desk, and reference books at the other, and red and white roses in a bowl on a side-table, whilst the whole look of the room betokened refinement. Five years ago, Margaret Stevens had lost both father and mother in one week of diphtheria, and she and her only brother were left alone in the world; fortunately they were left with comfortable means, and for two years Margaret lived with him and kept his house. After a time he married a girl to whom he had been engaged before his parents' death, and they both wished Margaret to share their home; but she laughingly told them, that 'Young married people ought to be alone,' at the same time saying that, as she was free, she should do what she had long desired to do, but had never found the way plain till now, and go and live among the poor, sharing their sorrows and trials, and trying to lighten their burdens.

She took a little house about ten minutes' walk from a very poor neighborhood, and here she had lived for upwards of three years, looked upon by men, women and children, as a real friend. Her winsome presence and whole-hearted consecration had been the means of helping many a despairing one to start anew on life's pathway, and many sorrowing ones thanked God that they had ever seen her. Like most true reformers she was an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and she had looked forward with undisguised pleasure to hearing Canon Farrar, who was to address a large temperance meeting that evening. She had even gone and made one sick body gruel, so that she might not want during her absence; for another she had made her bed and arranged all comfortably for the night, and for three sick children she had left medicine ready in cracked cups.

When she was seated in the large hall she felt at rest, thinking, 'Now, at any rate, I shall be free for an hour or two, to listen and learn'; and when the vast audience rose to greet one of the noblest apostles of temperance her enthusiasm equalled that of anyone present.

About a quarter of an hour after the speaker had begun the address a lady came and touched Margaret, who was sitting on the platform, on the arm, and said, in an agitated voice:

'Will you come with me? It is urgent.'

So, after all, she was not to hear Canon Farrar. For a moment or two a feeling of rebellion rose in her heart, but she stifled it at once, and thinking that 'The King's busi-

ness requireth haste,' rose and left the hall.

'I ought to apologise,' said the lady, who was a stranger to Margaret, when they were outside the building, 'for so unceremoniously bringing you from this delightful meeting, but I am sure, when you know the circumstances, you will forgive me.'

'I am sure I shall,' she replied, sweetly. 'What are they, though?'

'Just these, in brief. My husband is rector of St. James the Poor, as the people call it, to distinguish it from the other St. James, which is a rich parish, and in a low lodging-house a few weeks ago, he came across a person who, he was sure, from her speech and manner had been in better circumstances. She was, however, very reticent, and discouraged any advances on his part, merely answering in monosyllables any questions he asked. Of course he could not make much headway, but, by degrees, when she found that he asked nothing about her past life, she became more communicative about her present mode of living. Needless to say she drinks, or she would not be in such surroundings; and, one day, meeting my husband when very much the worse for it, she said a great deal, as people often do in that condition, which no doubt she regretted afterwards. Amongst other things she mentioned that she knew me years ago, that she was my equal, and that we came from the same town; and then in a maudlin sort of way she said something about wishing she had taken my advice one Sunday afternoon and given up drink. Of course when I heard this, my thoughts reverted to the past, and it came to me as a flash of lightning, that it might be Ellen Booth, a girl who, years ago, I had in my Sunday-school class, the daughter of wealthy parents, and brought up in the midst of luxury and refinement. It seemed too dreadful, and I put the idea out of my mind as an impossibility. Alas! my thought was true. I need not enter into the particulars of how I verified it, but suffice to say that when she found out that I knew who she was, she left her lodgings and disappeared from us entirely. I have spent days in trying to find her with no result, until to-night, and at the present time she is drinking in a low public-house more than a mile from here, and, oh, I long to save her; and you will help me, I know.'

During this recital, the two women had been walking rapidly, regardless of the rain, which was falling in a steady, wetting drizzle, that damped their feet and skirts before they realized it, so absorbed were they in their desire to rescue the poor woman.

'Indeed, I will do all I can,' replied Margaret.

'I knew so, from what I had heard of you. You see, if this woman sees me, she will not listen to one word I may say; she would rather run from me, so I want you to try and persuade her to go somewhere with you. I will gladly pay all expenses, and if we can induce her to go into a home, or even lodgings in the country for a while, where she could not obtain drink, she would be more reasonable in a fortnight, and then we would see how best to help her.'

On they walked, the wind and rain beating in their faces, the neighborhood getting lower and lower the further they went; dirty, half-naked children, swearing, drunken men, and women whose faces were a type of all that is worst in woman, these were the sights they passed as they hurried along. At length they arrived at a public-house situated in a sort of back street or alley; here women of the lowest class were congregated, drinking, swearing, and exchanging jokes one with another, of the vilest description.

'There she is,' exclaimed Mrs. Heaton. 'Now, I will keep out of sight, if you can