

charge to keep,—you occupy till He comes. Let your *I serve* be rendered lovingly and cheerfully as to Him and wait patiently, till the end of this discipline being answered, He bid you come up higher to serve Him in another position. Ask God to fix the yoke to your neck, to pour in the oil of consolation where it galls. Always remember the dignity of service, the honor of being chosen to a place; and you are chosen not doomed; chosen to be where you are, and what you are, child, you are beloved for the father's sake. Think of this, it is He who loves you, who has appointed the bounds of your habitation, and after all it is with Him you have to do. Looking at things in the light of God you may discover *mein Kind* that your service even towards your Aunt has not been entirely perfect."

"I know that already, but I do try, I do want to do right," I said.

"Well, little one, bearing wrong is not so dreadful as doing wrong. Wrong doing leaves evil marks on the human soul, but angry resentment leaves marks too. Remember that."

"But I want to be a little happy like the rest," I said.

"We all want to be happy, my Elizabeth; we all search for happiness, but we do not find it unless we are brought where it is; 'At His right hand are pleasures for ever more.' You have wandered away from Him into the wilderness where anger and resentment parch up the soul. Come back to Him who is as the dew to Israel and you will revive as the corn and grow as the vine. When he has forgiven you, and comforted you, enlarged your heart and filled it with His presence, you will know happiness because you will have entered into blessedness."

Conversations like these were like beautiful music to me. I did not understand them but I enjoyed them. The calm of my childhood at the Manse came back to me with an added beauty

and sweetness because of the dark days at Enbridge that preceded them. Nevertheless I did not set myself to return to the God of my father, the better times that had come to me instead of stirring me up to seek God soothed me into self-complacency, as if I was receiving at the Lord's hand double for my sorrow, and deserved it. Whenever past vows of serving God, made under the pressure of my childish trials, came crowding up into my mind demanding fulfilment, there came also visions of innocent pleasures, of things of beauty that served to glorify the hard life of duty and reality, saying, "Can you give up all these before you have tasted of them, turn your back on all that is light and gay and enjoyable, flowers and song, poetry and romance, for a hard, stern path of duty leading to an early grave?"

Of course I did not know that the Great Schemer was showing me visions of a kingdom of this world and the glory of it to win my heart's worship. Of course I did not know that he always promised roses and paid thorns. As I had turned from God in my babyish sorrows so I turned from him in the happiness of childish enjoyments. I formed close school-girl friendships, and "proved myself with mirth." It would have surprised any of the girls to have known of my serious conversation with Miss Borg for I was counted a merry girl, when I could be lured away from my book. I could not get rid of earnest thought, but I kept it down, did not let it rise to my face for common occasions. I preferred to seem thoughtless and gay to my companions, covering from sight a constant want, a constant yearning, but

"Keeping my faith and prayers
Among the privatest of my affairs."

When I was alone I was compelled to an uneasy examination of myself, to see if I was getting any nearer to God, any surer of his favor, any more certain that I was a Christian, or even