

if the thing commanded militated against them.

The girls often complained now that Amy cared very little for recreation time, or the pleasure of hearing her own voice; that she was growing silent and as disagreeable as Sister Ursula herself; and there certainly was some ground for the complaint. No young person could live such a life as Amy's without its affecting her character, and, unconscious as she was of it herself, she was growing taciturn and unsocial—preferring her own grave, serious thoughts to her companions' lively chatter. She was still kind and loving to Florie whenever she had the opportunity, but this was only on Sunday, and Miss Gladding was always with them to prevent too much being said about Florie's change of faith, for it was no secret in the school now that Florie Curtis was a devout Roman Catholic, and fully intended to become a nun when she was old enough to take the vows.

(To be Continued.)

LIZZIE'S CHOICE; OR, FAITHFUL IN A SMALL THING.

"Well, Lizzie dear, I'll not say 'yes' nor 'no,' it's high time you should know what's right yourself. I've always held that when a girl, or boy either, is grown up, it's no use downright crossing them; if they haven't got the right backbone by that time no orders won't keep 'em straight, so do what you like."

The girl to whom this was said had been standing with her back to the speaker, but after a moment's thought she turned round from the window, and, clearing her face of the shadow which it had borne, she said brightly—

"I'll not go, mother. I don't rightly know how I could think of it."

"Who asked you?"

"Well, Alice Jones, leastways Harry and she were going, so they both said would I come. I didn't give any answer then, and he said he'd call round at seven—it's nearly that now."

Then she turned again to the window, and shortly after her mother left the room, nothing more being said.

As the clock struck seven there came a hasty rap at the door.

"Are you ready, Lizzie?"

"No, Harry, I'm not going to-night," was the girl's answer, coming forward. The young man's face fell.

"Won't you, though? do now, it'll be such fun, and Alice wants you;" it was quite evident that some one else wanted her, too.

"Why won't you?" he went on. She had not an answer ready to that question:—

"I don't think mother want's me to go over much," she said doubtfully. "Anyway, I don't feel like it, thank you all the same for asking me. Tell Alice I'm sorry I can't come."

"Well, I mustn't stay now, they're waiting for me, Alice and Lil Goss," he answered in a vexed tone, "good night," and off he went.

Poor Lizzie felt deserted and lonely. After all, why shouldn't she have gone? Where would have been the harm of a little dance at the "Rooms," of joining her friends and having a merry evening, instead of being left out in the cold as she was? By her own will truly, but she felt it none the less for that! Then Lily Goss was going, and though she knew well that, had she herself been by, Harry would have had eyes for no one else, yet in her absence Lily was a bright and amusing, if somewhat pert and saucy, girl. Who could tell if this little coldness, for Harry was evidently put out, might not be the beginning of a drifting apart which should end in separating them altogether! The tears rose to her eyes and for a few minutes she felt very downcast and wretched. But presently better thoughts came. After all, though she couldn't exactly put her reasons into words, she felt quite sure, nevertheless, that she had been right in refusing to go to the dancing-rooms. "I couldn't say it to him," she thought, "but I know it's no good that girls get by going to such-like places. He couldn't respect me if I did it, though he asked me to go, and if I'd done it once it would have been ever so much harder to say 'no' the next time," and with the inward glow of satisfaction in the knowledge of having acted rightly, and in the approval she read on her mother's quiet face, she need not have envied the pleasure of those whom she had, with some self denial, refused to accompany. If it was with a rather saddened

feeling, at least it was with a quiet heart and easy conscience, that she knelt down that night, and while she thanked God for having given her strength to stand against what she felt had been a temptation, she also asked Him to keep her from pride and self-glory.

"So you thought yourself too good to come with us last night," was the greeting she received as Lily Goss overtook her next morning on their way to work, for they were both employed at the same mill.

"Oh, Lily, don't say that, it wasn't that indeed, but—but—" and again she hesitated for words.

"Oh, well, that's what we all said, and Harry Jones—he's a downright good 'un, he is, for fun—he said as how you and your mother was a bit too saintly for such as we," and with a coarse laugh she departed to her end of the room, they having by this time entered the mill, only just escaping being marked late, for last night's revel had caused the one to oversleep herself in the morning, and Lizzie had been accidentally detained until there was barely time for the walk.

She felt very sore at Lily's words; what if they were true after all, and she had only made them think her stuck up and strait-laced! "Well, it's better now than later if he does," she said to herself, but it was poor comfort; still, in spite of the cloud, she felt she would have done the same again, so surely did her inner consciousness tell her that she had taken the right path.

Mrs. Jones, as she returned from her shopping that same morning, found occasion to drop in at Mrs. Wilson's, who having finished her morning's work and made her preparations for the simple dinner, was busy sewing.

"So I hear as how you didn't let Lizzie go to the workmen's dance last night," Mrs. Jones began, after the first salutations had passed and she had deposited herself on a chair, her basket on the ground, and her bonnet strings untied in readiness for a chat. Mrs. Wilson did not look up from her work as she answered quietly—

"Indeed then, Mrs. Jones, I didn't say neither 'yes' nor 'no,' she made her own choice about it."

"Now don't 'ee tell me that," exclaimed the other with emphasis, "ye'll never mean to say that it was her own work, staying home here out of the fun and all that, it's not nateral, it's not in flesh and blood—leastways young blood—not to be a-running after a bit of pleasure."

"It's true, what I tell you, though," answered Mrs. Wilson, still busily working, "you see, neighbor Jones, I always did hold that it's not the saying 'You shan't do this,' and 'You shan't do that,' which keeps a girl straight, much more when it comes to boys. 'Tis whether they've the right mind in them to choose between the good and evil, and so I've tried to bring up my Lizzie."

"But suppose she'd have gone and you not a wishing it?" put in Mrs. Jones, evidently a little puzzled at this new idea.

"Well, I won't say I shouldn't have been a bit disappointed, but I'd have hoped better things for the next time. So long ago as she could have a scrap of mind of her own, she'd say to me, 'May I do this, or may I do that, mother?' Most times I've answered, 'Well, Lizzie girl, it's the right thing to do? because that comes first, never mind whether it's pleasant or handy—first, always, is't what's right?' and you may depend on't neighbor Jones," in her earnestness she dropped her work, "you may depend on it, 'tis the only safe track to set them on. I've never seen it fail where it's tried, though I've known many a one, from godly homes too, who's gone clean wrong just for the reason that it's all too fast and firm; they take the wrong road because the other's chosen for them, instead of their having the choice themselves."

"But what if they're for taking the wrong one? I'm thinking your plan wouldn't answer with many," replied Mrs. Jones doubtfully, "it's my opinion their choice mostly is the wrong one."

"Ah! but that's often our fault, neighbor. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' 'twas a wiser than we said them words. 'Tis the bringing up is in fault. I'm thinking if our children see that what's right is the rule of our lives, they'll follow never fear, it'll not be their first nature maybe, but by God's help it will be second nature, and that's stronger than the old one, I'll be bound. Only you see, neighbor Jones, 'tis little use

our whispering with words that we contradict out loud in our practising."

"Well, maybe you're right, leastways, I know it would be a sight better world if others'd think as you; it fair beats me, it do, to see what the world's comin' to, it's nothin' but sight seein', and pleasin', and wastin' their money, and little 'tis we see of duty to God nor man, 'specially to parents, and that's the first command with promise I've heard," and with that Mrs. Jones rose to go.

"You ought not to talk like that with such a son as your Harry," said Mrs. Wilson warmly, with a sigh for her own absent sailor boy, who, bent on following his father's calling, had left his home with a mother's blessing. Had he known what it cost her to let him go he would never have departed, but she would never tell him.

"That's true, and it warn't him at all I was meanin', it was Alice, and more 'specially Joe, he's not what he should be by a long way; I don't know what'll be the end of't."

"You must hope for the best, he's but young, and he's a warm hearted lad, and has a sight of love for you." With these words of comfort she said good-bye.

That evening Harry Jones sought out Lizzie as they left work. "Will you take a stroll this evening, Lizzie?" he asked, "maybe ye won't say nay to that, as ye did to what I asked you last night."

"Yes, I'll come," and after tea and a sprucing up, Harry proceeded down the street to meet her.

It need not be denied that Lizzie also had spent some minutes before her glass. They were a comely pair as they took their way out of town; she, a fair-haired, brown-eyed maiden, dressed simply yet freshly in a dress of dark gray and a white straw hat with blue ribbons, but neither flowers nor feathers; with an earnest, yet by no means dull expression on her face, for the eyes could light up with a merry twinkle, and the corners of the mouth droop mischievously, and the lips could prattle merrily as well as wisely—he, strong-built and brawny, darker than she, but with blue, honest eyes, which looked down on his companion with no dissatisfied expression.

He will not give their conversation in full, suffice it to say that when they returned that evening in the witching twilight, Lizzie's hand was resting confidently on Harry's arm, and she had had the happiness of hearing from his lips, after some faltering but earnest explanations of her refusal to join their party the night before, not only that it had been no cause of alienation, but rather that it had drawn him closer to her; he wisely thinking that a girl who was true to her principles in one thing was to be trusted in others.

And now that for some time they have been man and wife, she has the deep joy of knowing that her stand for what she felt to be right, at the expense of a gratification which could have been only momentary, was one of the cords to draw him whom she loves to look at many things in a different light. And having been the means of awakening a deeper reflection on this and many things, she has good hopes that very soon he will not be content with giving up his doubtful pleasures alone, but will also, in other matters, take a decided stand for what is right, and wise, and pure, and will enter the lists to strive to win others over to the same side. May God help him in this endeavor, and strengthen all those who do the same high and noble work.—*British Workwoman.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

The *Intelligencer* raises the question as to why so many go to church and come away so little refreshed in spirit; so little stimulated to greater consecration:

Probably in many households the hours before church are hurried, tumultuous, and undevout. The family rises late and breakfast is tardy. The children are harassed about shoes, gloves, and lost or mislaid articles of dress. The parents have not fully recovered from the fatigue of the business or pleasure on Saturday night. The first bell peals out its summons before anybody feels ready to hear it, and the progress to the place of prayer is a scramble to arrive before the opening anthem shall have been concluded. Dr. Arnot of Scotland used to beg his people to spend the hour before coming to church in reading, meditation and prayer. If it were the habit of our congregations thus prepared in heart to go to the sanctuary, how different might be the impressions made on them by sermons and

public prayers. Had every disciple made the pastor, the week long, the subject of reverent, anxious, earnest prayer, would not the pastor enter the pulpit clothed upon with power from on high, and would not the benediction return with tenfold largeness on the worshippers themselves?

IN THE TOWN of Lisieux, France, where there were only seven Protestants, the pastor earnestly prayed that the Lord would send any one "a child even," to help him. Two English ladies were soon after traveling through the town, and announced a woman's meeting, which was crowded with eager listeners. Lord Radstock then went there, took a room in a factory, and preached to audiences which numbered 300 on week-days, and 600 on the Sabbath. The people carried away copies of the Gospels and tracts to read at home and seemed deeply interested.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

109. Which tribe of the Israelites had no tract of land allotted to them when they entered Palestine?
110. Who commanded the army of Absalom during his rebellion against David?
111. What transgression is never imputed to the Jews after the Babylonian captivity?
112. How many of the children of Israel were put to death for worshipping the golden calf?
113. By whom were they put to death?
114. Who was the father of Hophni and Phineas?
115. Name three times at which the children of Israel were numbered?
116. What was the result of David numbering the people of Israel?
117. At what place was the destroying angel stayed?
118. What did David erect on this spot?
119. What was done with this spot after the time of David?
120. By what other name was the city of Jericho called?

MOSAICS.

Love not the world.
She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hand.
Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.
Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him.
I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth.
To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
Therefore we were comforted in your comfort.
Keep yourselves in the love of God.
For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.
Quench not the Spirit.
Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.
I am that bread of life.
Unto the pure all things are pure.
Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.
Find another passage from the Bible by taking one word from each one of these, then tell where it may be found; also where each one is found.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. Syria.
86. Naaman. 2 Kings v. 1.
87. To Elisha. 2 Kings v. 9.
88. The little captive maid from Israel told his wife. 2 Kings v. 2, 3.
89. By washing seven times in the Jordan. 2 Kings v. 10, 14.
90. The book of Jonah.
91. Psalm cxix.
92. Assyria.
93. Elisha's. 2 Kings vi. 18.
94. That against the Ammonites who were besieging Jabesh-gilead. 1 Sam. xi.
95. Twelve years old. Mark v. 42.
96. "This is Jesus the king of the Jews," written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Luke xxiii. 38.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. P-rison. Acts xvi. 23-35.
2. A-thens. Acts xvii. 16, 23.
3. U-proar. Acts xix. 23-41.
4. L-uke. 2 Tim. iv. 11.

—Paul.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Annie D. Burr, 11; Alexander George Burr, 11; Clare E. Folsom, 10; Ruth Disher, 7.