

she has come to see you, my darling,' and her father bent over her tenderly and laid his hand caressingly upon her forehead as he spoke.

'Has she come?' and Alice started up wildly and sat upright in the bed, and, stretching her hands out toward her teacher, she cried out, 'O I am so glad you are come! You will help me, you know all about it, dear Miss Lorrimer,' and she clasped her thin arms about the young lady's neck and drew her down close to her. 'The doctor says I must die; die, and I cannot; I am afraid; papa can't help me—you must, dear, dear Miss Lorrimer; nobody has prayed for me—will you pray?'

'I want to be willing to die, don't you know? I want to love Jesus; I want to know how to do it; help me, dear Miss Lorrimer!'

Katherine Lorrimer had dropped upon her knees at the girl's bedside, and to her dying day she will never forget the great wave of horror and agony that swept over her at this despairing appeal.

She pray! she show this dying girl the way to Christ!

She could not; she did not know the way herself. For the first time in all her amiable, decorous life she saw her real self. She was not a Christian; she had no hope; if she were lying there in Alice's stead the way would be all darkness to her. Quick as a flash all this went through her mind—then she spoke.

'Alice, I cannot pray; I do not know how!' Will she ever cease to hear the shrill, frightened voice of the sick girl?

'Get someone to help me. Bring someone to pray for me now, before it is too late! Papa! papa! can't you pray? can't you help?'

The strong man wept aloud. He took the girl in his arms and whispered fond, caressing words over her.

'My darling, do not be alarmed; you will be better soon; do not excite yourself; you have nothing to fear, my child; you have never done anything wrong. Be brave and courageous.'

'Papa,' and her voice had grown very weak, 'I must have someone to show me what to do. I have got to have something here,' and the poor child laid her hand on her breast with a pathetic gesture.

Just at this moment a servant appeared at the door, with a whispered message, of which Miss Lorrimer caught only a word, and that a name—Betty Carew.

She sprang to her feet and went to the door.

'Is Miss Carew downstairs? Let her come up at once,' she said.

It had rushed over her in a second as she heard the young girl's name, that she was a Christian and might do or say something to help poor Alice. She remembered to have heard a whisper in the class one day about Betty being a church member, which then had made no impression on her mind; now it seemed to her the only thing in all the world to hope from.

She met the girl half way down the stairs and caught both her hands in hers. 'Betty, come to Alice,' she said; 'she is dying, and there is no one to even pray with her.'

The young girl's cheek flushed deeply and she did not reply, but went swiftly on to the sick girl's room. Alice was wandering again. 'What can I do?' she cried, wildly. 'Who was it in the Bible that

said that? I want to be saved, saved!' and she clasped her hands and looked piteously at her father, who hung over his child in speechless agony.

Betty Carew drew nearer to her and took her hand gently in hers. 'Alice, dear,' she said, softly, 'there is nothing you can do to save yourself. It has all been done by Jesus. Can't you trust in him? Just believe, and commit yourself to him and you are safe.'

'Betty Carew, can you pray for me?' was the next solemn question, and Alice turned her large eyes full upon her young friend as she spoke.

Miss Lorrimer stole away from the room when she heard the first words of prayer from the childlike voice. It was no place for her, she thought. She went home, but how she got there she never knew. Once in her room with the door locked, and the girl was alone with that most terrible of all companions—an aroused and accusing conscience.

She saw it all plainly now. She had had her opportunity with those girls, and she had thrown it away. She had been, in a certain sense, entrusted with the care of four immortal souls; she who had no real love for Christ herself, had dared to lay her unholy hands to such a work! 'And now, O God, forgive me!' she thought. 'One of those girls is passing into eternity unforgiven, and I am responsible.' For a time, at least, Katherine Lorrimer felt the full horror of having the blood of a soul laid at her door.

She never talked afterwards of that night or the next few days that followed, but when she went out into the world and took up again the burden of life she looked ten years older. Two days had passed—they seemed months to Miss Lorrimer—when a timid knock came upon her door, and a voice said, 'It is I, Betty Carew. May I come in?'

She opened the door and saw the child standing there—very pale and with traces of tears upon her cheeks, but with a faint, shadowy smile hovering about the sweet young lips.

Miss Lorrimer could not speak. Twice she opened her lips, but no words came.

'Yes,' said Betty, simply, in answer to the unspoken question, 'yes, she has gone—gone home to the Saviour, and to heaven, I believe—no; I don't believe it, I know it,' and the blood rushed to the girl's pale cheeks as she spoke. 'She prayed to him and trusted in him, and I know she is safe.'

Miss Lorrimer covered her face with her hands and burst into passionate sobs and tears. Such a load of agony had those few simple words lifted from her heart!

'Dear Miss Lorrimer,' and Betty knelt upon the floor beside her and put her young, strong arms about her teacher as she spoke. 'She left a message for you. "Tell her, Betty," she said, "that I found the way and she must come too."'

Before poor Alice Fairchild was laid in her grave, Mr. Foster had Miss Lorrimer's resignation in his hands. It was a humble and pitiful note.

'Forgive me,' it said, 'if you can, for the dreadful mistake I have made in undertaking a work I was utterly unfitted for. I can never teach again. I feel that my whole life cannot atone for what I have done—or failed to do. I would gladly give my life to call back that poor girl

again'—here the page was blotted with tears and there was only one sentence more. 'Pray for me, Mr. Foster!'

The superintendent's eyes were suspiciously dim as he folded away the pathetic note. This was severe discipline for the young teacher, but sent in mercy, as the result proved, for out of the darkness of despair and self-condemnation came at last light, blessed light; for Katherine Lorrimer became a Christian.

Her class, that had been disbanded after Alice Fairchild's death, she sought out in their homes, and with tears and deep humility asked their forgiveness for the wasted past, and begged them to come back and help her to undo the harm she had done.

They loved her so well that they needed no urging, and now again Miss Lorrimer's class is the best in the school—best in the deepest, broadest sense, for meekly and prayerfully the teacher is trying to lead her girls to Christ.

## The Wrong Door.

Recently a worker at an eastern coal mine opened one of two trap doors and stepped through, supposing that he was stepping into the cage; but he had opened the wrong door, and he fell three hundred feet and lay a mangled mass at the bottom of the mine. Such pathetic tragedies are frequent in the industrial world. Sometimes they appear to have been unforeseeable, but generally they are the result of thoughtlessness. Familiarity with dangerous processes is apt to make men careless. The danger point may be safely passed with heedless inattention a hundred times, but presently there is a slip or a miss, and then the dreadful penalty is paid. A workman cannot open the wrong door with impunity: it is his business to think and know what he is doing and open the right door. The world is full of doors. Some of them open into life and light, and others into darkness and death. The man that opens the door of a saloon instead of the door of his home is taking a fall that may land him at the bottom of the pit. Dishonesty is a door through which many a man thinks he is stepping up into wealth, but it will drop him into woe. It is a sad and terrible thing for one to miss the door of the church and find the door of the ball-room or the gambling house. Many of the doors of sin are so decorated and gilded that they look more attractive and promising than the doors of righteousness. But it is our business to know the difference between these doors and not be deceived. Ignorance will not excuse us, carelessness will not be accepted as an extenuation of guilt. He that opens the wrong door in this world may be dropped into the bottomless pit; but the right door may be the gate into the celestial city.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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