

are conditions no charity can militate against,' thought Mrs. Nolan.

But she did not know what was passing in the motherly heart of good Mrs. Lyman, a most unselfish soul, always trying to bear another's burden. Ever since she was convinced of the seriousness of Alice's condition, she had been thinking hard and had written to different hospitals and sanatoriums to see if there might not be help for the dear girl.

At first she was much discouraged, as letter after letter came—all offering hope with their many appliances—but all so high-priced as to be way beyond their reach. But finally she received word from a sanatorium in their own state, where the young people's Christian societies maintained a 'free bed.'

'Oh, if I could only get Alice in there,' she exclaimed; 'and it's vacant just now. I am sure the young people will be glad to raise the money to send her.'

It was one bright day in May, following the November in which Alice was hurt, that a party of young folks called at the humble Nolan home, with a happy surprise for its inmates. Kate Manning never knew just how she broached the delicate matter, but she realized that she had not made half her 'little speech' until Alice, the whole family, and all the young folks, were crying and laughing.

'Oh, you are too good—too good,' said Alice. 'I can never repay you. How did you ever think of such a beautiful thing?'

'Oh, it was dear Mrs. Lyman who planned it all.'

'Just like her,' quietly sobbed Mrs. Nolan.

In a corner sat Alice's father, with averted face, the tears fast streaming from his eyes. He was strangely moved by what he heard. Since the accident he had done better, but the enemy still claimed him.

'Can't I be a man, and a father to my family once more?' he cried in agony of soul.

'I can, I will,' he suddenly exclaimed aloud, wholly unconscious, for the moment, of his surroundings.

'What is it, father?' asked Alice, tenderly, for she had always felt a fondness for him.

The color rushed quickly to the haggard face, and rising to his feet, Mr. Nolan, in a few brief sentences, told of the terrible struggle in his breast.

'But the victory has come at last, by God's grace I'm free.'

That was a most impressive moment, one never forgotten by those present. Good Mrs. Lyman had quietly slipped in, for 'she did want to see how Alice and her mother took it.' And she it was who relieved the pressure by starting, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' in which all who could control their emotions, joined.

Alice Nolan was soon in a large, airy sanatorium, taking baths, electrical treatment, etc., and mending rapidly.

The friends never felt quite sure which helped Alice most—this medical attention that their love had made possible, or her father's restoration to manhood. We dare say both.

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'The skeleton in many a closet is a long-necked bottle.'

The Story of an Hour.

(A W. C. T. U. Worker, in 'Michigan Advocate'.)

One day late last summer, at one of the Friday meetings of our W. C. T. U., each one present pledged herself to do one hour at least of specific temperance work of some kind, during the week following, and bring report of it at the next meeting. One sister, distinguished for activity and zeal, thought one hour entirely too small an offering; she would give more, perhaps half a day. She went to her home. Saturday was a very busy day, and Sunday there seemed no opportunity. Monday was full of home cares. Tuesday company came from a distance, and she could not leave them to go out. Wednesday her little girl was taken sick, and she began to think she should not get in so very much temperance work after all. However, she still kept it in mind, and decided that she would distribute some temperance literature bearing on special needs, and selected with a view to them, and to that end laid a little roll of tracts with her bonnet, so as to be ready the moment she was free. Thursday passed, and Friday found her at two o'clock with just one hour between her and the meeting. Hastily donning her outside wraps, she took the roll of tracts and started, thinking that even yet she would get in the hour. Scarcely had she left the gate when she was met by a messenger, saying that she was needed in East Saginaw on business of importance, and that her husband was waiting for her at the street-car terminus, and she must go at once.

With a sigh that came near being a burst of tears, she entered a street-car. It was filled with young men, all strangers to her; some on their way to lumber camps, some evidently pleasuring. As they rattled along, it occurred to her that her tracts though selected for another place, might do good here; so she untied the packet, and found to her dismay that she had nothing but a few loose leaves of an old Gospel Hymn book. She knew in a moment that they had been substituted for her tracts by a mischievous boy of hers, who had heard her say what she was going to do. A sudden lurch of the car threw the parcel from her lap, and the leaves went flying in all directions. A young man near her helped to gather them up, and handed all back to her but one, which he retained. Watching him, she saw that he read it very attentively. Presently one of his comrades called out: 'I say, Hal, what have you found so interesting?' The drooped eyelids did not lift, but the answer was quiet and clear: 'A hymn my sister sang the day before she died. I have not seen it since till now.'

Something seemed to hinder any rejoinder, and the lady then passed the remainder of the leaves around. The boys examined them, said they knew some of the hymns, and they guessed they would get a copy to take up to camp, asked the price, where obtained, etc., and then the car stopped. The first young man, still holding his leaf, asked the lady if he might keep it, and also asked if it was her name that happened to be pencilled on the margin. She said 'Yes' to both questions. They separated, and she saw him no more.

Business over, it was too late for the meeting, and thinking that perhaps the lesson the Lord meant to teach her was one of humility for presuming to think she could do more than others, she went sadly home. Two months later she received a letter in an unknown hand, dated from a town in

Pennsylvania, and signed with an unknown name. It proved to be from her fellow-traveller on the street-car. He said that the memories of his sister and her prayers and efforts for him, called up by reading that hymn, made his present careless life seem black with sin, and he resolved he would break away from his gay companions, and go home to his mother; but he postponed it from time to time, though haunted continually by the words of the hymn.

One night the bridge, while people were crossing, went down. He was one of the many precipitated into the water. As he felt himself going, he cried out in agony, 'O Lord, have mercy on my soul!' and knew no more till he found himself dripping, deserted, and nearly frozen, on the dock, where he had probably been thrown in the haste to save others. His first thought was, 'The Lord has given me one more chance; I'll take it.' Going to his boarding-house, he hastily packed his belongings, and not having time to change his clothes, boarded the midnight train just as he was, and went home. He said he had given himself wholly to Christ, and that he and his mother had the Sunday before united with the church. He thanked the lady for her instrumentality and kindness, and said he should keep that leaf as long as he lived.

I have been particular to tell it all, because there was so much in it to strengthen our faith, so many different lessons for us all. First, there was the teaching to be humble in the hindrances she met; then the doing with what we have to do with; the sister's influence, not lost, but reaching down through the years, to waken him at last; the angelic rejoicing over the prodigal's return; the mother had her boy again; the overruling of the mischief the boy meant; and what I think the most touching and beautiful lesson of all, how the dear Lord watched over the endeavor of our sister to do his work, and sweeping away all her plans, and substituting his own, crowned her poor effort with a success of which she had not dared to dream. Surely, her one hour's work had a rich harvest, and who knows the fate of the other leaves, that went, perhaps, to some lumber camp with their messages and memories? I said when I heard that story, that I would never be disheartened again; never, no matter if my plans all blew to the ends of the earth. Only to keep on with the effort. God is watching. We are 'workers together with him.' That has a new significance for me now.

Christ.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up a flower of prayer,
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.
—Lucy Larcom.

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