NELL'S SELF-DENIAL

BY CHARLOTTE ARNOLD.

Nell was a little girl, only nine years old, but she was already a member of a Society of Christian Endeavor: For in the town in which she lived there was no Junior Society, and it was the custom to allow the little children, if they so desired, to become associate members of the regular society. So as it happened, there were quite a number of these small members in - Society, and their faithfulness to the pledge was remarked by the older members, who often spoke of their young associates as bright examples to them.

This particular small member, however, was in a deep study, and as she sat in a corner of the sofa, with her head propped on her hand, and her brows drawn in thoughtful lines, any one would have known that a matter of grave importance was occupying her youthful mind. Her mother, sitting opposite with her sewing, found time occasionally to wonder what mighty problem was keeping Nell quiet so long, for usually the restless feet kept their little owner trotting hither and thither, and her tongue chattered like a noisy magpie, much to the annoyance, sometimes, of her older brothers and sisters, who were trying to get their lessons.

Indeed, it was only that morning that her brother Dick, after a fruitless attempt to close his ears to the merry voice that sang nonsense rhymes to her dog, called her to him, and, affixing a Columbus stamp to

the laughing lips, said:
'There, Nell I have placed the seal of the government upon you, so see if you can

keep quiet five minutes. But the energetic little clock on the mantel had ticked out six times five minutes on this bright Saturday afternoon, and still Nell's spell of silence continued. Her absorption was so complete, that a peremptory scratch, and pathetic whine at he door was unheeded, and even when the door, not being unlatched, yielded to the pressure, and first the white nose, followed by the black-and-tan body of her favorite Scotch collie appeared, she still paid no attention. And Growler, finding that his little mistress took no notice of him, got up on the sofa; and laid the stick he had brought her on the edge of her dress, and his white nose beside it, and then went to sleep. After a while, however, Nell woke from her reverie, the quiet tongue unloosed and mother found that the problem that was vexing Nell, was one that has tried older souls—the problem of giving. On the preceding Sabbath, as Nell told her mother, the president of the Christian Endeavor Society had read to them a letter from the board of Foreign Missions, asking the young people to join in making a self-denial offering for the cause of Foreign Missions. The need for aid was set forth in unmistakable terms, and besides Miss Carol, the president, had spoken very earnestly and feelingly on the subject from the Christian Endeavor standpoint, and concluded her remarks by calling for a grand rally to the cause of missions from every true Christian Endeavorer. She desired the secretary to call the roll, and she asked each one who was willing to bring something the next Sabbath that had cost self-denial, to respond

Nell was much impressed, both with the letter and Miss Carol's talk, and had answered, 'I will,' when her name was But the week was almost gone and Nell had nothing to give. She had planned that if any one should give her money during the week to spend for herself, she would contribute that, but unfortunately she had not received a cent. Nell was one of a large family whose means were week had brought her nothing.

This then was the secret of Nell's deep and voice were very rueful as after giving

'I haven't a single thing I can sell.

bought him didn't happen to suit his fancy, he'd fly at him and bite his feet, wouldn't you, Growler?" And as the little girl patted his head, the dog growled in his sleep, as though to say, 'Just give I am glad to be able to te me half a chance.'

At this momenta twitter was heard from the bird hanging in the window. And, looking up, Nell saw the beautiful golden canary with its head between the bars, looking straight at her with a saucy twitter, twitter, which said, as plainly as possible, 'Give me, give me.

"No, no!" cried poor Nell, with both hands over her ears. 'Don't say that again, little bird. Did you hear him mamma, just as plain as any thing, 'give me, give me!' asked Nell. 'But I never could give my darling, good, little bird."

Nell's distress was very genuine, for her bird was her delight and pride. It had such pretty ways, and Nell had taught it so many funny tricks, and had even taught it to whistle the air of "Home, Sweet No, to give up Fluffie was out of Home." the question; no one could expect it. And Nell wept and sobbed at the very thought. Her mother tried to comfort her, by telling that she need not give up her bird, that no one would ever think of such a thing. She told her, too, that she would give her some money to contribute.

But Nell only said, piteously, Miss Carol said we ought to be willing to give up our very best to Christ, who had given

up so much for us.'

Mrs. Grey pitied the child very much, as she watched the signs of the struggle that was going on in her heart, while the bird kept up an incessant hopping and dancing, peeping at Nell, and twittering, 'Give me, give me, give me,' until Mrs. Grey, like Nell, thought it sounded very plain. At this juncture Mrs. Grey was called away, and Nell was left to fight her battle alone. Leannot stop now to tell you every stage of the conflict, but only that a half hour later Nell might have been seen on her way to Miss Carol's home with her precious bird carefully protected from the chill air. When Miss Carol heard that Nell wished to sell her bird, she at once offered to buy it for two dollars, and so Nell walked home with her self-denial money held tight in her sharp eyes noted the signs of the struggle in the sorrowful little face before her, and she thought 'Nell's offering is given in the true spirit of the Master.' And she pondered.

The next evening there was an unusual number in attendance at the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting. Some who were strangers in the town; others who were too often strangers in the society. These may have wondered, as also did the regular members, at the presence of a canary in the meeting. It was a wellregulated little bird, and in no wise disturbed the assembly, but sat quietly on his perch, looking about with its bright eyes, as though it wondered at this strange, new phase in its life. During the voluntary exercises, Miss Carol rose and told the story of the little bird, how he was a selfdenial offering made by one of their youngest members, so that she might aid in sending the story of Jesus, the Saviour of children, to those who had never heard of his wonderful love. Miss Carol pictured, in graphic language, the devotion of the child for her pet, and the bitter heart-ache it caused her to part with it. And then without other comment, she simply questioned:

"Are there no sacrifices that we who

are older can make for Christ's sake ?" Just before the collection was taken the leader asked for a moment's silent prayer. Every head was instantly bowed, and a solemn hush stole through the room, But limited, and as the children were used to doing without every thing but the actual necessaries of life, there was not much of a first, gradually increased in strength until but they shall not prevail against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, and the state of the land. And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, and the state of the land. And they shall not prevail against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, shall not prevail against thee, and the state of the land. field for self-denial in their overy-day life. rich, and clear, and high rang the jubilant Sometimes an aunt or cousin gave Nell song, making one think of a triumphant liver thee.'

song, making one think of a triumphant liver thee.'

The sound by which a man says, 'I do

The sound by which a man says, 'I do captivated by the swelling notes, a descending trill was executed, and like the abstraction. She was planning what she could sacrifice for Christ's sake. Her face liar strain of "Home, Sweet Home," and again all was still. Fluffie had found his her mother the foregoing explanation, she opportunity and improved it. There were went on:

never had been such a liberal collection for any missionary purpose before in that church, at this one given in the Christian

I am glad to be able to tell you that then and there it was voted that Flushe be known as an associate member of that society. At the close of the service, Miss Carol carried the cage to Nell and begged that she would take care of Fluffie for her. as she was a teacher and must be away from home all day. And happy Nell carried Fluffie home again, while Miss Carol remarked to her companion, as she walked away, that perhaps as our Heavenly Father marked the sparrows fall, he also directed the canary's song.—Presbyterian

THE TRYING OF YOUR FAITH.

It is not a hard thing to fight, so long as we may gain the victory; and the victory is already partly gained when we are anticipating the attack of a foe, and are thoroughly prepared with the armor of God against him. It is a tremendous warning that says that 'we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places. It is indeed true that the nearer we come in our lives to God, the more subtle and deadly are the emissaries of evil that are sent against us, so that the very shrewdest of all devils in hell are the wicked spirits that attack those who would live in heavenly places. But it is also true that there is a way of continual victory, as in that same passage the writer says, 'Ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil;' ' Ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand; 'Ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.' The armor which he so graphically and particularly described is all of it summed up in a word in another place, where he says 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ; for Christ is called the truth, and our rightcousness and our peace and our faith and our salvation, and just so far as we have appropriated him will he in the hour of testing make himself all these things to us, -girdle and breastplate and sandals and shield and helmet, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God

When the Romans landed on the coast of Britain, there came swarming to meet them tens of thousands of the savage natives of the country; and as the primitive people gathered along their white cliffs and looked down upon this strange, foe, they uttered howls of rage, and seemed to be about to cast themselves down and exterminate the invaders. It was then that the Romans, offering sacrifice to their gods, and looking for one moment out across the sea, toward far-distant Rome, which they might never see again, instead of preparing their ships for flight, that thus, in case of the defeat which seemed to be almost a certainty, they might flee in safety, lighted each man a torch and set fire to the vessels which would have been their only hope of escape in a case of disaster. And as the savages along the cliffs, many times in number the invaders, looked down upon that heroic act, they were struck with a fear that caused a panic to come upon them, and they fled before the heroic band who had counted the cost and squarely met the issue in time of testing, as the dry leaves are whirled along by the tempestuous wind.

God said to the shrinking Jeremiah:

Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them, for behold I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to de-

now belong to God,' is a challenge to the enemy to do his worst; and the doing of the worst by the adversary, and the consequent victory that comes to the child of God who has no confidence in the flesh, is the means by which his eyesight is cleared. his strength increased, his faith developed 'I haven't a single thing I can sell. that occurrence, and whether due to the and he is led in the confidence of triumph, Growler isn't mine, and, anyway, nobody would want him. Why, if the person who the wee bird's song I know not, but there through Surrender' by the Rev. B. Fay Mills.

DIVES' SIN.

What was the sin which doomed Dives to such awful agony? He was no monster of vice. On the contrary, he seems to have lived respectably. It was selfishness that blasted his moral being and finally damned him. He sinned the sin of inhumanity. God gave him the means and opportunity to help a poor brother; but he refused the helping hand, and thought only of his own comfort. Let his terrible fate be a warning to us. - Nashville Christian Advocute.

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