

extend any farther, and darken the happiness of my little friend's birthday. She set my conduct before me in its true light, showing me in a very few words that, sacred as was truth and honor, they might sometimes be better observed in the breaking than in the keeping of a promise rashly and foolishly given. Herod paid no worthy tribute to truth and honor when, though he was 'exceedingly sorry,' yet for his oath's sake he gave the order for a cruel murder. I ought never to have attempted, Rose told me, to fulfil my threat; even now it would be better to yield at once and own my mistake, rather than to carry it out to the end, and give further pain to a patient, loving and innocent child.

But I paid little or no heed to Rose's words. I am afraid I answered her rather rudely, encouraged as I had been by some silly companions to 'keep my word.'

So Effie's request was refused. I couldn't help it, I said, that her birthday happened to come on the 31st. I was sorry, but it wasn't my fault. I did not choose to remember that it was all my fault. I little imagined I was denying the child's last request.

Effie and I were really as good friends as ever. The forgiving little soul harbored no resentful feelings towards me for all the injustice she had suffered, and all the pain I had given her, and I kept to my resolution from no reason but a dogged determination not to be beaten, or to have it said that I ever went back from my word. Often, indeed, the situation was more a comic than a serious one, and in return for Effie's communications I sometimes condescended to make signs by way of reply. Secretly, too, I was devoutly thankful that I should not have to keep up this ridiculous silence much longer.

Effie was to have a few friends to tea on her birthday afternoon—a little festivity from which I had, of course, shut myself out, as the presence of a guest who was not on speaking terms with the hostess would scarcely add to the pleasure of the little gathering.

Effie, of course, had a whole holiday. It was a lovely sunny morning, and while I was at school she set off alone for Briermead Wood in search of the early flowers, and especially of the first primroses, on purpose for me. I had been very vexed with myself when I woke that morning to think that we could not go to the wood together, and that I must forego all share in the day's pleasure. Rose's words came back to my mind, and once I was on the very point of relenting and running round to Effie with birthday greetings and the announcement that I would hold out no longer. I knew I might have a holiday if I liked, and join Effie in her walk; but pride held me back, self-will triumphed, and taking up my books, I set off to school as usual.

When I went home at midday, I met Mrs. Conington at our gate. She was evidently agitated about something. 'Oh, Ruth,' she said, as I came up, 'have you seen anything of Effie? She went off to the wood early this morning, and I have been so busy I have not thought much about her till now; but it is dinner-time, and she has not come back. I thought, perhaps, she had gone down to meet you from school.'

A terrible, guilty dread went at that moment to my heart, and my voice must have trembled as I replied, 'No, Mrs. Conington.' I said, 'I have seen nothing of Effie. Did

she go alone? How long has she been away?'

The poor mother was now more alarmed and distressed than ever. She came into the house and we told mother. Certainly there was cause for serious alarm, for Effie would have been most unwilling to stay out more than an hour or two, particularly as she had some preparations to make to receive her little guests, and had promised to run down to the village on an errand for her mother before dinner. We waited a little while in anxious expectancy, but Effie did not return, and then we determined that search must be made at once for the little wanderer. Neither mother nor Mrs. Conington were able to walk any distance, but they secured the aid of two or three laborers living near. At my earnest request I was allowed to go with them, as I knew the probable road Effie would have taken, and the parts of the wood she was likely to visit in search of flowers.

(To be continued.)

They Are Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—

These are not lost.

The happy dream that gladdens all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childhood's faith so tranquil and so sweet.

Which sat, like Mary, at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know.
These are not lost.

—'Watchman.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

My Experience.

LETTER FROM ONE READER TO ANOTHER.

Dear Genevieve,—I read a short note in the 'Northern Messenger' of March 7, requesting an interest in the prayers of Christians and also their aid in helping you to come to Christ. I will most gladly, dear friend, try to give you a short sketch of my experience, and may the dear Saviour bless it to you for good.

When I first came to Christ I felt the gentle drawing of his holy spirit for some time (which was a longing desire to become a Christian). I knew I could not be eternally saved in my sins, so I prayed day and night that Jesus might take away my sins and give me the full assurance that I had

passed from death unto life, and that all my sins were really blotted out and forgiven.

For months I agonized in prayer, but did not seem to get an answer. I almost despaired of ever finding salvation. I did not at that time understand what it meant, or how to believe, on the Lord Jesus, and be saved. But I fell upon my knees, and said, Lord, take me as I am, I can do no more. Let me be, or do anything for thee, as long as I live, only save me just now and I believed he was able and willing and could save me now. Then, just in the very act of surrendering myself to Jesus he set my soul free; then I could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He there and then gave me the full assurance in my soul, that all my sins were blotted out, or forgiven, for his name's sake, and so filled me with his perfect love that I could pray for and do good to my worst enemies.

But dear friend, do not think that all our warfare is past when we are thus blessed. I tell you, no. In due time God will permit the world, the flesh and the devil to try, test, prove us, to see if we will be faithful in our vows, and love to him. But you need not fear any of these things, for Jesus has promised to help you through. Only look to him every day for his strength to help you resist every temptation. Trust his promises, confess, and obey him. Make God's word your constant companion. It will be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

I find in my everyday life, the best thing I can do is to take everything that troubles me to Jesus by prayer, and he helps me out of my difficulties. It is at the mercy seat, and with Christ's promises we get strength to meet our every foe. I write this in weakness. May God bless it with his power, to you, and to all who will seek to know Jesus, is the prayer of one who loves our dear Saviour, and precious souls, for whom he died. D. S.

I send you the following lines:

FORGET ME NOT.

'Forget me not,' in accents mild,
Your mother says, 'beloved child.
Forget me not when far away,
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray.
Forget me not when fools would win
Your footsteps to the paths of sin.
Forget me not when urged to wrong
By passions, and temptations strong.
Forget me not when pleasure's snare
Would lead you from the house of prayer,
Forget me not in feeble age,
But let me then your thoughts engage,
And think, my child, how fondly I
Watched o'er your helpless infancy.
Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose,
And evening breezes softly wave
The grass upon your mother's grave.
Oh, then, whate'er thy age and lot
May be, my child, forget me not.'

Tryon, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take advantage of your offer to send the 'Northern Messenger' for a few weeks to some friends. Enclosed find the names. I go to Tryon school; it is a graded school. I am in the advanced room. My teacher is Mr. Wilfrid Boulter. I study fifth reader, Gage's geography, English and Canadian history, arithmetic, in which I work simple interest. On Easter Sunday it rained all day. I go to Sunday school. I would like Willie J., of Gibson, N.B., to correspond with me. My address is:

WILLIE MORRELL,

Tryon, P.E.I.

Carman, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Northern Messenger' for the last two years, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence, and children's page. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on March 22. There is a flood here at the time I am writing. The river overflowed its banks and the streets were all water. We have not been able to go to church for the last three Sundays. The first Sunday there was a terrible storm. There were banks of snow twelve to thirteen feet high, such a storm has not been seen for many years. The next Sunday it was raining very hard, and the last it was the flood which kept some of the people in their houses, so that they could not get out without going in a boat.