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Kathleen's Heart, and How It Was Filled.

(Dora Winthrop, in 'British Messenger'.)

The mission was over in the busy town of R——. People of all classes had crowded to it. Many spoke of it as a 'great success.' God alone knew what the results were for Eternity. One young girl, at least, received a great blessing, that changed the whole current of her life, and which led her at the closing meeting to surrender herself entirely to the Lord.

Early on the following morning, Margaret Anderson ordered her pony-carriage, and drove to 'The Towers.' Running hastily up the broad steps, she crossed the magnificent hall, and opened the door of the room where she expected to find her friend, Kathleen Ward. Her heart was bubbling over with joy, and she just longed to tell it out; but on entering she stood still to look and listen.

There sat Kathleen. Her head was bent over a drawing, and a smile passed over her face now and again. At last she leaned back and fairly laughed aloud—a ringing, girlish laugh, and then exclaimed:

'What will Madge say? She will call me absurd. Never mind, it's done,' and she broke out into snatches of song.

'Why, Kath, what is the matter with you this morning?' and her friend came near, and, greeting her warmly, said: 'I have come thus early to tell you some very good news about the service last night. Why were you not there? I was longing for you all the time to hear the earnest—'

'Oh! wait a minute, Madge, before you tell me, and just look at my painting. I know what you'll say, but I must show it to you. Now, my dear, it's a heart, as you see, and it's a representation of my heart. It is a strange fancy, but it came into my head, and I have amused myself by painting it. I have divided it into large and small parts, and put the things I like best in the large, and those I like least in the small. That large place at the top is given to 'my own will,' which, as you know, I dearly love. Then there are places for relatives, friends, pleasure, dancing, riding, singing, painting. This one little corner is for odds and ends, and one is left vacant in case I may have forgotten anything; and that large centre place is reserved for a certain name, you can guess whose'—and the rosy color mounted to her face. 'Harry is coming this evening. I shall show it to him, and see if he will be conceded enough to put his own name there. How grave you look, Madge! Don't you like it? It's only fun, you know.'

'Kathleen, dear,' replied her friend, and her voice trembled slightly, 'I was looking for one name there, which to me now is sweeter than any other, but I do not see it. Last evening, while some gentleman was urging us to decide for Christ, then and there I did it. I took him as my Saviour. I just opened my heart to him, and he came in and filled it. He showed me how he bore my sins on the cross, and that he purchased me with a great price, even his own precious blood, and now I belong to him; and oh! I am so happy. I never knew what real joy

was before;' and her face brightened up as she spoke, and was all aglow with a new and heavenly light, so that her friend looked at her and was speechless, while Margaret continued: 'Kathleen, you need a Saviour too. You will give your heart to Jesus, won't you? Just let him come in and take possession. I was longing to come and tell you all about it.'

Kathleen's lovely face clouded over as she answered: 'Well, I was feeling quite dull after those first meetings, so I thought I would not go to any more; for, do you know,

The young and lovely bride was the only daughter of General Ward; the bridegroom was Captain the Hon. Henry Melvyn. The usual details were given of the dresses, the jewels, the breakfast, the costly presents, the ball in the evening, and the going away of the 'happy couple' to spend their honeymoon on the Continent.

Margaret Anderson did not give up her old friend, but their paths lay far apart. She was always busy wherever her master found work for her, while Kathleen's life was a constant round of gaiety and excitement,



KATHLEEN'S HEART AND HOW IT WAS FILLED.

Harry noticed something was wrong, and he likes me always to be bright. He would not like me to be religious, I know, and I want to be just what he likes, of course, Madge. I hope you won't be a dull, dismal old thing now; I could not bear it.'

The brilliant smile that answered her words was a total contradiction to such a suggestion.

'Why, Kath,' she answered, 'I tell you I have never known such joy before. I feel I have an object in life now, instead of following my own will as before. It seems sad to think of a heart where there is "no room for Jesus."'

Some months after this conversation the local papers of R—— gave a description of a very brilliant and fashionable wedding.

and so they seldom met except by special appointment.

One day she received a dainty little note, which read as follows:—

'Dearest Madge,

'I am very ill, and feel most dismal. The doctor says it's only a chill. Harry is going to the officers' ball. Do come and cheer me up; there's a dear.

'Your loving Kath.'

Margaret was soon on her way to her friend's house. No ringing laugh met her ear now, but a very serious young face greeted her as she entered the invalid's room.

'Oh, Madge, I'm so glad you've come!' she exclaimed. 'Sit down and talk, and tell me everything. You know I hate being alone; I feel so dull. I am used to being