

'You don't understand, Tom, but I'll tell you. God's Holy Spirit dwells in me. I have dragged Him into that place. You saw how surprised they were to see me there. They expected something different of me, and so does Christ. Oh, Tom, if you——' She could say no more for sobs.

When they reached home their mother met them at the door, saying:

'I wish you had come home sooner, your father has taken a bad turn. Tom, run for the doctor, and you, Mabel, go and sit by your father till I prepare something to relieve him.'

There followed days and nights of watching by her father's sick bed. She did not find the dance a good preparation for such a time as trial. And it was the week of the consecration meeting before she was free to attend the C. E.

As she passed out on her way to the meeting her brother followed her, saying:

'I am coming with you Mab.'

He tried to joke about it only being fair, that he should go with her when she went with him; but in reality he wanted to find out what there was in a C. E. meeting that was preferable to a social. He is a Christian, himself now, but even on that night he understood, when, in response to her name, Mabel, in very humble tones, repeated these words:

'Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.'

He knew that consecrated feet could never mingle in the worldly dance, but must be 'swift and beautiful' to run the Master's messages.—New Zealand 'Baptist.'

The Two-Faced Appie.

It was a dull, rainy day. Out in the garden, Linda could see the pretty flowers hanging their heads, all dewy with the heavy mist. Only the brave little pansies looked up at her, as she stood at the window watching them; the other flowers were trying to hide away among the green leaves.

'Oh, Harry,' she cried, 'just come and see the pansies! Don't they look just as if they liked to have their faces washed?'

Harry left the back bridge he was carefully building, and ran to the window.

'There is a birdie washing his face, too,' he cried.

In a little pool near by, a sparrow was splashing merrily about, as if he quite approved of rainy days.

'Wouldn't it be jolly if I could jump into the water as he does?' said Harry. 'I don't like to stay in the house when it rains.'

Grandfather had not ventured out of doors this rainy afternoon, but sat in his great easy chair, looking over a pile of old books and seed catalogues. Suddenly he exclaimed:

'I don't know whether to believe that or not!' Evidently he was talking to himself.

'I wonder what it can be that grandfather doesn't believe?' thought Linda.

'What is it that you don't believe, grandfather?' she asked, peeping over his shoulder at the illustrated catalogue.

'Well, dearie, this book tells about a new kind of apple that has two faces. One is very sweet, like our nice Tallman sweets, and the other side is as sour as the winter greening. I don't know what to think about it.'

'I shouldn't like that kind of an apple. It would be a real cheat,' said Linda, promptly. 'If I bit the sweet side, I should think it was a nice apple, and should be disappointed to find the rest was sour; and if I were to taste

the sour side first, I should throw away the whole apple.'

Quite logical,' said grandfather, smiling, 'and yet I don't know why there shouldn't be two-faced apples as well as two-faced people.'

Linda looked puzzled. 'What do you mean, grandfather?' she asked.

'Well, I know a little girl who can be very sweet and agreeable. She brings my slippers and newspapers, and is all smiles and sunshine at times. Then, again, she is cross and fretful, and pouts if she cannot do just what she wants to do. Isn't that a great deal like your description of the two-faced apple? If a stranger saw her when she was sweet and sunshiny, he would say, "Well, that is a nice little girl," and would know nothing about the cross side. But suppose he should hear her scolding and crying, because something went wrong? Then he would think, "That is a very naughty girl," and would not know about her pleasant disposition and ways.'

'Now, grandfather, I'm afraid you mean me,' said Linda. Then she went and sat down by the window to think it over. If there was anything that Linda despised, it was cheating. In the games at the school recess, she was careful that everything should be honest, she would not cheat anybody for the world. And now, as she thought about grandfather's words, she was afraid that she had been cheating people, after all. By and by, she went over and stood beside grandfather's chair, with a very determined look upon her face.

'I'm just going to have one face after this, grandfather,' she said, 'and I think a smiling face is the prettiest, so I shall try always to be good-natured. If I am cross, will you please say, "Sour apples?" and then I shall remember. You see, I don't mean to be a cheat, and have people think I am good when I am naughty so often.'

For a little while, grandfather had to say, 'Sour apples,' quite often, but Linda was in earnest, and at last she was able to keep her face bright and happy nearly all the time.

'I'm glad you told me about that two-faced apple,' she said to grandfather one day, 'for if you hadn't, I might never have known how I was cheating people. It's ever so much more comfortable to have just one face; people know what to expect of you then,' she added, sagely.

'We are all very apt to have company manners and faces that are better than those we use every day. I shouldn't wonder if there were many little girls who ought to know about that two-faced apple. Perhaps they might learn to say, "Sour apples," too,' said her grandfather.

Life's best things are reserved for the boy and girl who greets the world with a happy, smiling face and pleasant manner.—'Sunday School Visitor.'

Wise Old Goat.

Farmer Wainwright of Cascade has a pet goat and a pet puppy that are great friends. Together they ramble through the neighborhood during the goat's spare moments, when there are no oyster cans, door scrapers and other edibles for it to nibble.

The singular behaviour of the goat one Sunday afternoon attracted the attention of the farmers. It ran to and fro, bleating piteously, and seemed half distracted. Some one suggested that the animal should be followed. The goat seemed to appreciate the fact that it was understood, and led the way to the rear of the yard, where the puppy was found in a

pit ten feet deep, almost in its last struggles.

The puppy was rescued and restored to the goat, which greeted it with fond caresses and bleated its thanks to the rescuers.—Susquehanna (Pa.) Correspondence of the New York 'Sun.'

Dressing Up.

There's a birthday party for me to-night;
I'm eleven years old to-day.

Such fun as we're going to have, to be sure,
Such a frolic and game of play!

But the best of it all is the dressing up
To surprise papa and mamma.

Kate Brown will be our loved Empress-Queen,
And Cyril a jolly Jack Tar.

And Robbie a Tommy Atkins fine,
Though he doesn't look very brave;
And Lizzie and Jim are banditti men
That live in a robbers' cave.

And what am I? I'd almost forgot
My part in that of the others;
But in cap and kerchief I mean to be
The oddest of old grandmothers.

I shall borrow great-uncle's spectacles,
And fix them on to my nose;
And beg or steal the housekeeper's gamp—
Will she lend it, do you suppose?

And I'll tuck these tiresome curls away
Inside the neck of my gown,
And draw a long face, as though, you know,
I hadn't a friend in the town.

It's splendid fun to pretend to be old,
When you're full of life and of go;
But why should old folks pretend to be young?
That's what I'd like to know!

Papa was saying the other day,
As he sat with mamma and me,
That one of the loveliest things in life
Is to grow old gracefully.

Never ashamed of the whitening locks,
And the lines of years in the face,
But taking God's gift of time as it comes,
Sweetened with love and grace.

So I mean to remember this all my life
As the birthdays come and go;
Praying that God will teach me still
All He wants me to know.

—'Child's Companion.'

You take something from the burden of sorrow
when you give it something to do.

If God gives you a rose, thank him for it.
If he gives you a thorn, do the same.

Don't argue with infidelity; show it the love
of Christ.

It took the death of Christ to make our lives
worth living.

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