

many times when she might have gone to her soul's advantage.

She dressed herself carefully and becomingly, and as the bells ceased ringing the first call to worship, she started on her long walk.

Another young girl also meditated the subject of going; one who lived miles from the dingy boarding house which sheltered Mary Averill.

'I'm sure you can do as you like, Helen,' Mrs. Amory was saying, in her languid, Sunday morning voice. 'For my own part I don't feel equal to church to-day. I had a wretched night. Peter can get out the carriage, though. Be sure to tell him to put in the old lap robe. It is plenty good enough for a rainy day.'

'I think I will not trouble Peter, he may wish to attend church himself, and I can take a car,' Helen said, with a smile. Her mother's Sunday morning grievances were amusing to her in the main, and she did not intend to allow herself to drop into the routine. The headache or the nervous fear of a drop of rain or a flake of snow would not deter her one moment from a reception or an entertainment at the opera house.

'Just as you please, of course, Helen, but—one brushes up against all sorts of people in those cars.'

Helen laughed. 'All sorts of people' were as interesting to her as they were obnoxious to her mother. In fact her own daughter was very much of a puzzle to that worthy lady. With all her strenuous efforts to bring her up an aristocrat, she had an annoying sense of failure.

'I believe Helen would have been perfectly happy as a maid or a shop girl, if circumstances had thrown her into such a menial position,' she complained to her husband one day, when some social freak of Helen's had fretted her aristocratic soul almost beyond endurance.

'And why not?' Mr. Amory had asked, impatiently. 'You claim to be a Christian woman; if God had placed her in such a position, why shouldn't she be honestly and conscientiously happy in it, doing her work as unto the Lord?' But Mrs. Amory answered the query with a sigh and a shake of the head. Helen and her father were so peculiar.

As Mary Averill had foreseen, there was a small attentance at Grace church this misty, threatening morning, and the usher, a pleasant-faced young man with a fragrant carnation in his buttonhole, looked at her approvingly as she stood before him, a mute applicant for churchly courtesy. She was neatly and unobtrusively dressed; evidently not of the silk-lined class, but then the Amorys were sure not to be there, so he led her down the long aisle to one of the most expensive seats in the house, and gave her the day's programme, mentally noting the clear, intelligent eyes with the troubled look in them, the smile with which she thanked him for the courtesy.

'As much a lady as any of them,' he said to himself, as he went back to his duties. He started as the next arrival came in, Miss Helen Amory, with that indescribable air of the perfectly dressed, assured young woman of fashion and means, which enveloped her like a garment.

'Really, Miss Amory, I—I thought you would not be here to-day,' the young man stammered, and I—I have seated a stranger in your pew.' He was comparatively new to the place, and judged the family by Mrs. Amory's well-known exclusiveness.

'And why not?' Helen flashed a smile at him which warmed his perturbed heart like a sun-beam. 'Surely there should be room in God's house for all of us.'

Mary Averill looked up in dismay as Helen came in attended by the now obsequious usher—he had been simply kind before. She knew Miss Amory at once, as she was a frequent customer at the store, where she spent her working hours, and a painful flush crept into her face as she felt herself an intruder in the private pew of the wealthy Amorys. Mary fully expected a haughty, supercilious stare, that effective weapon of the woman who desires to freeze an inferior, and she braced herself to meet it, but Helen looked over at her with a bow and a smile so sweet that her heart was set at rest at once. She was exceedingly fond of music, and as the rich tones of the organ leaped out from under the skilled fingers of the organist in a sweet, melodious voluntary, her heart revelled in the

sounds, and her dark eyes spoke of rapture as the theme unfolded.

Helen was quick to read faces, and she watched the girl as the service went on, not with a curious gaze, but with that true perception which draws near to the joy or the need of another. She had opened the richly bound hymn book, and invited Mary with a kindly glance to look on with her, and together they had sung the hymns and read the psalm for the day, Mary's voice trembling as she sang the comforting verse, 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes.' Her mother had loved the noble old hymn and was always singing it, and a vision arose before her of that mother with her loving eyes and tender heart, as she used to worship in the little village church so far away. No, she herself had not leaned upon Jesus for her repose, or she would not now be in the straits of a wily temptation to do evil, she reflected.

The strained, hard lines of Mary's face went out as the simple, loving words of the sermon fell upon her listening ears. She felt as if the message had been prepared just for her sore need to-day, and as she sat with absorbed attention, two great tears gathered in her eyes and splashed unheeded into her lap, and Helen saw them.

'I am so glad you came to-day,' she said gently, taking Mary's hand in hers after the service.

'I cannot tell you what it has meant to me,' replied Mary Averill, in a faltering voice. 'I needed every word of it.'

'I think we all did. It has helped me, too,' Helen said, with a kindly pressure of the hand which trembled in hers. 'I hope you will come again and often.' The two passed out, and took their several ways, but Mary Averill went back to her lonely room a changed girl in purpose and feelings.

'Oh, if I had such a friend as that,' she said to herself as she smoothed out her gloves and put her hat away, 'and I might have. I know she would never turn from me, just because I am poor and she is rich, if she knew how I need her.' Then the thought flashed into her heart with sweet suggestion, that she had just such a friend, richer, far richer, and more powerful than Helen Amory could ever be; she had just been hearing about Him, how glad He was to help those who needed help, how willing to hear every cry of the humble.

The Debtor.

(Annie R. Stillman, in the 'Outlook'.)

The dearest of my friends to-day
Spoke wistfully: 'I have a friend,
Who, in more ways than I may tell,
Hath served me well;
But he doth owe a debt he cannot pay;
And there is none to lend.'

Eager, I cried: 'Thy friends are mine!
Speak but his name, ere time is lost.
What is his score? Whom doth he owe?
My gold shall flow

To cease his care, whose care, O Lord, is
thine;
Nor will I grudge the cost.'

'And is thy love so great?' he sighed,
And turned from me, and, stooping, wrote—
As once of old—with kingly hand
Upon the sand;
The while I waited, wond'ring, full of pride,
Impatient to devote.

At last he rose, and looked at me.
His eyes were flames that burned through
tears,
'Who cancels this, serves me,' he said.
I knelt and read—
For the last time—thy name, mine enemy,
And that old wrong of years.

The Way of Peace.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke gives in what he calls the Foot-Path of Peace: 'To be glad of life, because it gives much chance to love and to work and to play, and to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to

fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations, rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's outdoors—these are little guide-posts in the path of peace.'

If the Lord Should Come.

(Margaret E. Sangster.)

If the Lord should come in the morning
As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant can not shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light of the sun,
Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white, and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers in wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest,
Would his touch of my hand, his low command,
Bring me unhopd for zest?

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me,
Morning and noon and evening,
If I have but eyes to see;
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here,
I have only to sit at his feet.

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