

the sheep. The haying would be done just as for so many years. But, most wonderful of all, the sacred graves would be touched by no thoughtless foot—and she might some day find place among them.

As she stood in the June sunshine, almost breathless with the sudden relief, a thought flashed through her mind. In an instant it had become a conviction. For years she had not prayed. The anguish of the last hour had wrung from her unwilling lips one exclamation, 'O God!' It had not been a prayer. It had hardly been even an appeal. But God had answered—had answered the prayer she had not prayed! All her agnosticism dropped away from her as if it had never been. She was certain, as a child is certain of his father's gift. It could have come from no one else. There was a God, and He heard—even the unspoken whisper of the soul.

The next Sunday Eunice drove to the meeting-house, two miles away. Her name had not been dropped from the church roll, where it was placed in her girlhood. Yet nobody expected ever to see her at church again. But from that day her seat was never empty.

Months after the auction, when she had settled down to the hard toil of the farm,—for her self-appointed task was no light one,—she appeared one Saturday night at the lecture preparatory for the communion service. Just as the minister pronounced the benediction, she rose and said, 'Friends, I have something I wish to say to you. I have been a wanderer for years. I trust I have been forgiven. I want to testify here before you all that I believe that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.'

So out of one despairing, inarticulate cry a tossed and driven soul found peace.—'Youth's Companion.'

If a thing is right do it, whether you feel like it or not; feeling is not the test of right.

### A Game of Chess.

Gunner Cordell was the biggest man in the battery, and the ringleader in most of the rowdiness which went on. The battery had just been moved to Fordham, and Miss Darrell, whose life was given up to the welfare of the soldiers, was anxious to get the men to come to the Soldiers' Home, to be influenced for good.

Many of the men would have been pleased to come if only to show their gratitude for her kindness to their wives and children on their arrival, but fear of Cordell kept them back. True, he had himself said they ought to go, but as for himself, he had no wife or child, so he had nothing to thank her for; he would never put his foot inside such a place. And without his lead, no man cared to be the first to go.

There were, however, many men who, being themselves sincere Christians, were anxious that the new confers should be led into the same path.

'I really believe that we might gain the whole battery if we could once get Cordell,' said Kirke one day. 'He is very proud of his chess-playing; could we not get him here to play a match with Sergeant Bateson, our champion? If he comes at all it will be in some such way.'

But time went on, and Cordell did not come near the Soldiers' Home. He did not even trouble himself to find out where it was, and so it came about that one day, mistaking it for an ordinary place of refreshment, he entered, bought a bun and a cup of coffee, and sat down to read.

Kirke could hardly believe his eyes when he saw him. He at once saw that his opportunity had come, and he casually remarked that a close game of chess was going on in the games room. Their champion, Sergeant Bateson, was playing.

'Chess! Do you play that here?' asked Cordell. 'I'd like to meet the man who can beat me in a hurry. I've got an hour to spare, and if your champion's inside I don't mind beating him. What's to pay? But I suppose that'll do afterwards. Lead on, chum.'

The sergeant said he would be delighted to play the gunner, and the two men sat down to the chess-board while the others

crowded round them with joyful faces, hoping and praying that the sergeant might win, that Cordell might be led into paying a second visit. And so the game went on, and the gunner's face grew blacker and blacker with anger, for he saw that he was losing.

Miss Darrell came quietly into the room. Bateson was so intent upon the game that he did not hear her, and she made a sign to the others not to disturb him; so she stood and looked on.

Suddenly the sergeant called 'Checkmate,' and looked up. Then he was on his feet in a minute, giving the usual salute, but the gunner did not move. Miss Darrell came forward and spoke to him, told him she was glad to see him, and that he must hope for better luck next time.

But the only answer he gave was an insolent stare. Then, turning to the sergeant, he said, 'I'll play you till I do beat you. It's the first time I've been defeated, and I don't like it.'

'Perhaps you will come to-morrow night,' said Miss Darrell. 'We shall always be glad to see you.'

'I certainly shall come, if I choose,' was the reply. 'I reckon if we pay for a thing we can have it without an invitation.'

The men were furious. How dared he speak so?

'Gunner Cordell,' said Sergeant Bateson, 'I don't think you know who this lady is. When you do know, if you don't apologise for your conduct, you don't come inside this Soldiers' Home any more. This is Miss Darrell.'

The effect of his words was electrical. The gunner sprang to his feet, and saluted as if to his commanding officers.

'Comrades,' he said, 'I give you my word as a man I never knew until this moment that I had entered the Soldiers' Home. I have heard of Miss Darrell, and if you think I could willingly insult her you don't know me. Ask the chaps up there in the battery what we think of her. Why, she's been a friend to every wife and kid of all of them!'

'Will you believe me, miss, that I would rather have cut off my right hand than insult the lady who has done so much for the battery? I'm downright mad with myself for my abominable behaviour in return for your kindness. I only wish I could show you I am in real earnest.'

'Gunner Cordell,' was the reply, 'I believe every word that you have said, and you can make me forget all about it by helping us with the singing at our meeting to-night. We want badly such a voice as you appear to have.'

That meeting was a turning point in the gunner's life. The earnest words that were spoken, and the memories of his childhood which the hymns called up, broke up the hard indifference to religion which he had allowed to grow upon him. He came again, and the other men of his battery came with him. In six months' time the tone of the battery was entirely changed, and men whose lives had been powerful for evil were led by the Holy Spirit's influence to use their powers in the cause of God.—From 'The Bible Punchers,' published by the Religious Tract Society.

### Things we Shall Not Want.

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

I shall not want rest. 'He maketh me lie down in green pastures.'

I shall not want drink. 'He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

I shall not want forgiveness. 'He restoreth my soul.'

I shall not want guidance. 'He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.'

I shall not want companionship. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'

I shall not want comfort. 'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

I shall not want food. 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.'

I shall not want joy. 'Thou hast anointed my head with oil.'

I shall not want anything. 'My cup runneth over.'

I shall want nothing in this life. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

I shall not want anything in eternity. 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

And that is what David said he would find in the Good Shepherd. One day it occurred to me to see how this twenty-third Psalm was fulfilled in Christ. This is what I found in Christ's own words:

'I am the Good Shepherd.'

Thou shalt not want rest. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

Thou shalt not want drink. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

Thou shalt not want forgiveness. 'The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

Thou shalt not want guidance. 'I am the way the truth, and the life.'

Thou shalt not want companionship. 'Lo, I am with you all the days!'

Thou shalt not want comfort. 'The Father shall give you another Comforter.'

Thou shalt not want food. 'I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger.'

Thou shalt not want joy. 'That my joy may be in you and that your joy may be filled full.'

Thou shalt not want anything. 'If ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name he will give it to you.'

Thou shalt want nothing in this life. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in eternity. 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.'—Mrs. John H. Mott, in the 'Standard.'

### Just Where Thou Art.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice,  
And sing the song that stirs the heart;  
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand,  
To lift, to save, just where thou art;  
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,  
'Tis dark to others as to thee;  
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,  
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad, full glare  
Of many lamps thine own might pale;  
And thy sweet song amid the road  
Of many voices slowly fail;  
While these thy kindred wandered on  
Uncheered, unlighted to the end.  
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,  
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

—Selected

I believe the heathen world can be converted to the religion of Jesus Christ in one generation if the church will rear a generation of missionaries. And I believe the Sunday-school is the recruiting-station and the drill-ground of this aggressive force of the twentieth century.—John R. Pepper.

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