

ance did not fill Daph's heart with joy. A sort of dread of the new people whom she was to meet stole over her, but she resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and in this mood she gave a heavy knock at the blue door. Her imperative summons was promptly answered.

The door was opened by a little girl of about ten years of age, who was covered, from her slender neck to her bare feet, with a long checked pinafore, above which appeared a closely cropped brown head and a small demure-looking face. The child stood perfectly still, gazing in quiet wonder at the strangers, and waiting to hear their business.

'Take a negro for a lodger! I shall do no such thing! Who does Captain Jones think I am!'

'Mother,' said a calm young voice, 'you know we shall be behind with the rent, and then, the children are white; one of them is the whitest child I ever saw.'

'The rent, yes, that is a bad business. Well, I suppose I must come to it! What one does have to put up with in this world! Show the woman in.'

Daph, who had heard the whole conversation quite plainly, rose at the last words, and was ready to accept the invitation to walk into the back room, which she immediately received.



THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Daph had set the children down on the steps, and fumbled in her bosom for the captain's precious note. She drew it at last from its hiding-place, and handed it triumphantly to the young portress, saying: 'Dis is what'll tell you who we are, and what we wants.' The little girl looked at the note with a puzzled expression, and then calmly walked away, down the narrow hall, without saying a word. Daph sat down on the door-step and took the children on her lap, with a kind of faith that all would go well, which made her feel quite easy. She was making the children laugh at a playful pig, that was running up and down the street, when angry tones from within, met her ear, and she caught the following words:

Daph made a polite courtesy to the sour-looking little woman, who seemed hardly strong enough to have spoken in the loud, harsh tones which had just been heard.

'So Captain Jones sent you here!' said the woman, somewhat tartly, as she eyed the odd-looking party.

Daph had taken off the shawl from Louise, and set Charlie on his feet, that the children might appear to the best advantage; she stood proudly between them, as she said, 'I wants to hire a room for my missus's children. We's been 'bliged to come north this summer, and will have to look out a bit for ourselves, as massa could not come with us.'

(To be continued.)

To-Morrow.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

A certain man, who answered to the name of John Smith, and who lived in the suburbs of an ancient town, said to his wife Joan one fine morning in early spring: 'To-morrow I intend to plough the meadow land, the season is advancing, and most of the neighbors are already through, but it is not my way to rush matters and the weather seems settled now.'

To-morrow dawned bright and beautiful, with an air as balmy as summer, and John Smith arose in good time, but when he saw how favorable the elements all were, he said to Joan: 'It's a pity to start that ploughing on such a day as this gives the promise of being, suppose we drive over into the next town, and visit your cousin Martha and her family?' So Joan donned her Sunday apparel, and together they drove away, reaching their destination so late in the day that they were obliged to remain over night before taking the home journey. 'It will not matter very much,' said John, 'I had intended to commence my spring ploughing to-morrow, but the next day will do just as well.'

After their return a heavy fall of rain set in, and the soil was too wet to work, and by the time it had dried out to be in proper condition for ploughing, Joan's second cousin, Harman Miller, who lived in Exton, died after a lingering illness, and Joan said she could not miss going to the funeral. That took them three days, as Exton was in a distant part of the State, but John said he had often noticed more profit was reaped from late crops than from those planted early in the season.

They returned from the funeral late on Saturday night, and John was so used up by the excitement and the journey to and from Exton, that the doctor, who was called in, advised a week's complete rest; said he was suffering from nervous prostration, and that typhoid fever was likely to set in. As this disease was what had really carried off Joan's second cousin, Harman Miller, John took to his bed at once, and it was two weeks before he considered himself able to take his meals with his family.

By the time he could look after the meadow land the season was so late that frost would have nipped the corn before it could blossom out.

'What an unfortunate man I am,' said John, as he gazed repiningly at his neighbors' flourishing fields. 'I feel certain I was never born for a farmer; no luck is ever mine, and misfortune follows in my footsteps.'

Now, the whole solution of the matter was that he neglected the present duty, and never became master of the future. We can call no time our own but the present, it only is available, and if we slight the opportunities of to-day, to-morrow is bound to come to us fraught with disappointment and sorrow. If you are not master of the present, you are not so of the future, and be sure if you sow nothing to-day you will have nothing to reap to-morrow.

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