

stinct is much the same after all, whether she be a princess or only a rough miner's lass. Benson came toward her, but she seemed hardly to notice him. She was waiting for some one else.

The cage was let down again. Some anxious minutes followed that seemed like hours. Once more it appeared with its load of men. Jessie pressed eagerly forward. Great heavens! he whom she sought was not there! Several voices asked after him—Jessie dared not trust herself to do so—and then came the appalling answer:

'Choke-damp ha' taken him, and bit wall fallen in ower him!'

Suddenly a woman's voice rang out—Jessie MacDavitt's:

'Then he be i' danger—dying—dead mayhap! He gave his life for one o' ye. Aren't ye men? Are none o' ye goin' to save un? Then I wull!'

She pressed forward toward the pit, but a dozen strong arms restrained her, and one old fellow said:

'Kceep back, lass! It'll be death to go down there for nigh an hour yet. This be no place for women fowk.'

She heeded not, and, breaking away from them, entered the cage. Two or three men followed her, ashamed to think that a girl should be braver than they; and down they gal 2 True love—Mesenger went, from the light into the darkness; down among the noxious, deadly gases—down to the unknown!

A long, long time now elapsed, or so it seemed to the anxious watchers. Two or three cages full of miners came up, but they were not among them. Great heavens! was it possible that all had perished in the heroic attempt.

The news that Jessie had gone below reached her mother; and Mrs. MacDavitt—with her sleeves tucked up, fresh from the wash tub, her cheeks pale as death, her eyes streaming—rushed madly to the spot.

Even at that moment the cage was coming up again. A deafening cheer rang out, loud and long, upon the murky air. It was they—they at last, thank God! But, were they alive? Two inanimate forms were lying down upon the black, dusty bank—the forms of Jessie MacDavitt and Steven Armstrong.

IV.

Jessie MacDavitt sat alone, at work, in the little front parlor of her mother's cottage. She was quite well again now, but her recovery from the effects of her adventure in the mine had been slow and painful.

There was a knock at the door. She called out: 'Coom in!' in sweet, cheery tones. It was Steven Armstrong who entered the apartment. She looked up, surprised; and colored up to her very brow as she rose to greet him. She had not seen him since that fearful day; perhaps this was the reason of her confusion. He did not wear his working, nor yet his 'shiftin' clothes, but was habited in a tweed suit and wide awake. How brave and noble he looked, albeit a trifle pale just now!

'Mr. Armstrong!' she said, 'I am so glad to see you fettle again. I haven't seen you since—'

'Not since then—no; it wur churlish o' me not to coom an' thank thee—only—only there be nae thanks possible for sic things as that. Oh, Jessie, why didst do it; why didst risk tha' life?'

'Because you gave your chance o' life to him,' she answered simply, but with an unsteady tremor in her voice.

'Now I ha' coom to bid thee good-bye,' Armstrong said, like a man who has an unpleasant duty to perform and wants to get it over quickly. 'A' be goin' away.'

'Goin' away!' she echoed. 'Wheer to?'

'Reet away—forivver. To America or Australy—A' hardly know where yet. A' be tired o' t' life here. But remember, if there be ivver anything I can do for thee a' wull. Tha shalt know where I go to, and if

tha should ivver want a friend or a helpin' hand, a'll come to thee if 'twere half across t' world. If a' han't said mooch remember a' know that a' can nivver hope to pay ma' debt to thee.'

'Oh, dunnot talk like that; please dunnot talk about it—I—I—hadn't an idea you were thinkin' o' goin' away—it's—ye've took me so sudden like—I—dunnot know what to say.'

'Say, Jess, ma lass. Just say "Good-bye, and God bless thee, Steve Armstrong," or scoom sic words as a'll be able to tak' wi' me an' cherish i' memory o' thee when a' be far away.'

'I'll say "God bless thee, Steve Armstrong," wi' all ma heart, but not "good-bye,"' Jessie said, in a voice that was even more unsteady with emotion than before.

'Ah, dunnot, it mun be, I say—tha would not torture me?'

'Wouldn't tha stay, Steve, if a' were to ask ye?'

'There's naething I wouldna do—that you bid me—excep' that—excep' that, why, a' be goin' away fro' thee.'

'Fro' me?'

'Surely, a' needna tell thee all ower again. A' wish thee an' tha husband well wi' all ma heart—but I canna stay.'

'Ye said just now ye'd do anything for me,' Jessie answered, clasping her hands, and the bright color mantled in her cheek hotter and redder than ever—such a coy, pretty blush! They were hard words for a girl to speak; but she had made up her mind all at once, and felt impelled to go on. 'Ye said ye nivver could hope to repay yer debt to me. Suppose I show ye t' way? Stay here for ma' sake, an'—dunnot ye understand? Dunnot mak' me have to say ony moor—'

'What madness is this? And t' mon thart plighted to—?'

'We are na plighted now. He begone reet away. Heven't ye heard?'

'No; I hav' na been mooch among t' chaps o' late.'

'It was a small thing that parted us; somethin' I asked un to give up for ma sake—only t' drink. But he said no; no wench should ivver mak' a milk sop o' him. Then a' cam' to compare ye both together; he, who wouldn't even do that mooch; you, who would ha' given yer very life for ma' sake. A' think t' were at t' pit mouth t' thought first, cam' to me. A' weighed both i' scales, and then a' knew which way my heart had gone!'

And that was where she nestled now her pretty head; to that brave heart which was to be her home always.—'St. Paul's.'

A Vegetarian Devotee.

A Chinese woman had been for seventeen years a devout vegetarian, and had accumulated, as everybody considered, a large amount of merit through her unwearyed devotions by day and night. Left a young widow years before, she had determined, as an act of special virtue, never to marry again, but to abandon herself to the life of a Buddhist devotee, with the resolute purpose to leave nothing undone that might secure happiness in, or at any rate alleviate the sufferings, of the future state. She had a private chapel full of idols, to which many women of her acquaintance came. With them often, or alone, she would spend long nights in the wearisome and dreary round of her devotions. She was one of those whom the missionary loves to meet—souls led by the Spirit of God, and sincerely seeking the heavenward way. Upon such the Light of Life cannot fail to shine. In her case the change was decided and complete when she grasped the precious truths of the Gospel. Her idols, beads and other idolatrous possessions she brought to the missionaries, and, by eating an egg, broke her religious abstinence of seventeen years, cutting all connection with her old manner of

life. Severe persecution and bitter reproach came upon her, but the dear old lady kept firm in spite of all, and ultimately was baptized and received into the rapidly growing church.—'China's Millions.'

Plebiscite Campaign.

The 'War Notes,' of which a copy was closed in a recent issue of the 'Messenger' and whose purpose was fully explained in its columns, has not yet begun to be published as we are waiting for a sufficient number of applications to indicate that at least ten thousand will be needed, for otherwise its publication would be at a serious loss to us.

It is designed for broadcast distribution, as this was found to be the most effective way of working at the time of the Scott Act campaigns. Its leading features will be a cartoon on the front page, notes from correspondents on the progress of the campaign in their district, and a collection of the very strongest kind of temperance literature. If you are individually, or in connection with any society or church, going to take an active part in the campaign, would you kindly let us know as soon as possible how many copies you will be likely to want weekly.

'Messenger' Armenian Fund.

The following sums have been received for the Armenian fund:—Donors Primary School class, \$1; Toll Gate Sunday-school, Cornwall, \$2.25; Widow's mite from Woodside, Que., \$1; Priceville, Ont., Y. P. S. C. E., \$2.50; E. W., Fredericton, P.E.I., \$1; N. H. and J. H., \$1; South Luther Presbyterian Sunday-school, \$1.10; One Who Longs to Help, \$20; A Sister in Christ, \$1.00; Mr. John Durrant, Dundas Baptist Church, \$1.00; From a patch of potatoes planted for the purpose by Constance, \$3.35.

Northern Messenger.

The following letter from one of our subscribers contains a good Christmas suggestion:—

'Dear Sir,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and think it a valuable paper, especially for the young. I am very much pleased with the change you have made, so much so that I have decided to take it for my two grandsons as well as renew my own subscription.'

It would be hard to find anything to give a friend or relation which would be more valuable or give more pleasure than a year's subscription for the 'Northern Messenger.' If you send it to two friends you get the two subscriptions with your own renewal for twenty-five cents each.

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