

she found her voice and answered the child, who was waiting expectantly.

'Yes, dear child, you shall see your mother again.'

There was a ring of exultation in her voice, for, in seeking to comfort the child she had comforted herself.

'When?' he asked.

'Come with me,' she said, rising, 'and we'll have a little talk.'

She took him by the hand and they walked to Mrs. Franklin's lot. When they were seated on a bench near Hugh's grave, they had a long talk which ended thus:

'I wonder if my mamma has found your little boy,' said the child.

'Perhaps so,' was the answer, 'who knows? But at any rate, Hugh's mamma has found you.'

He gazed at her with a dawning radiance, his rapt face reflecting the joy that was finding expression in her own countenance.

Mrs. Fletcher, sad and lonely, was sitting in her wheel chair near the window looking outward, wondering why her daughter lingered so long. Liza, the devoted colored servant, who had just brought in a glass of milk, was questioned thus:

'Why do you suppose Mrs. Franklin stays so long?'

Liza's kind face looked anxious.

'Deed, I dunno, missie. Shuah dar she comes now, an-an-an-an—who am dat wid her? It looks like li'l Massa Hugh.'

The outer door opened and Mrs. Franklin came in with the boy. Throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she cried out, 'Oh, mother dear, forgive me for my neglect of you in the great selfishness of my sorrow. I've got my feet out of the deep waters at last, and I'm going to walk heavenward henceforth. Here is little Joe, mother.'

'Who is little Joe, dear?' Mrs. Fletcher questioned wonderingly.

Mrs. Franklin told her all, ending with her call at the miserable place where Joe had lived since his mother's death.

'We will keep Joe in Hugh's place, won't we mother?' she said.

'Indeed we will, and gladly,' and when Mrs. Fletcher held the little form close in an embrace of welcome and touched her lips to the golden hair, she felt happier than at any time since Hugh left them.

'Mother, dear,' said Mrs. Franklin, exultantly, 'If I had but remembered that, when Christ arose, he left the gate of heaven ajar for our darling Hugh, I wouldn't have been looking into the grave all this time.'

Hot Cross Buns Made With Baking Powder.

Sift together one quart flour, two dessert-spoonfuls baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub in, with the tips of the fingers, butter the size of an egg. Beat two eggs light and add to them one cup sugar and a pint of milk and water mixed. Stir into the mixture; mix soft, roll out on a floured board, cut in cakes, mark with the cross and bake in a hot oven. Sift powdered sugar over them. Raisins, currants and shredded lemon peels may be added, if desired. The story is told of a Brooklyn woman who makes two hundred of these annually for her husband and two boys. They are cut very small, however.—'Pictorial Review.'

Religious Notes.

Up to the present time 45 old Northfield, (Mass.), Seminary students are working in foreign fields—13 in China, 11 in India, 3 in Africa, 4 in South America, one in each of the following countries: Bulgaria, Philippine Islands, South Sea Islands, Siam, Syria and Korea. All of these Northfield girls are doing a fine work, and many of them are in positions of great responsibility. Several having taken a medical course, are in charge of hospitals.

Rev. James D. Eaton, missionary of the American Board of Mexico, writing from Chihuahua of the outlook for the new year, calls attention to the rush of people from the north into that land. The number of tourists is phenomenal, but besides them there

Don't Miss It!

This Month's Number of the "Canadian Pictorial" includes many fine pictures among which are the following

A girl with Easter lilies.

A popular Lieutenant-Governor.

A famous Canadian preacher on a Camel.

The most famous of Telephone Inventors and the greatest telephone exchange.

A Canadian's Engineering Feat.

Gold Miners at work.

Niagara Falls in most fantastic winter moods. No one who loves nature should miss these pictures.

More Scenes in the Sugar Bush.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and other notables.

And many other interesting features.

The 'Canadian Pictorial'

Is Ten Cents at all Newsdealers or One Dollar a year

Anywhere in Canada (Montreal and Suburbs Excepted), or Great Britain, a Club of Three New Subscriptions at Half Rates.

The Pictorial Publishing Co'y,
142 ST. PETER STREET.

'Canadian Pictorial' with the 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.00 a Year, worth \$1.40



RE-OPENED.

The 'Witness' Offer

OF

Free Flags for Home and School.

Full particulars on application to the

Flag Dept., JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness' Block, Montreal.