

"She shan't have no supper, she's been and overset the milk," said Ellen's peevish voice inside, and Joe grumbled something, and shut the door again.

"Then I won't trim your hat for you to-morrow, mind that, Ellen," said Missie sharply, and she did not move from the door.

Joe laughed as he opened it again, saying: "You two have it out, I don't care. What do you want the little blind mole for, Missie, eh?" he asked curiously.

"Ellen's been beating her, I know, and it's a cruel shame. You give her to me, Ellen, or I won't trim your hat, and I was going to put a red ribbon in it I've got; come, I won't wait."

The light from the van shone on Dorothy's upturned face; it was very white and tear-stained.

"You've been crying, Missie, what's up?" asked Joe with great surprise; then he suddenly turned and ordered Ellen to "hand out the brat," he did not want her whining all the evening whether she wished her hat trimmed or no.

"There, take her, I'm sure I don't want her," said Ellen ungraciously, as she pushed a small stunted child into Dorothy's outstretched arms; a miserable looking little object Jenny was, with coal-black hair and half closed, misty eyes.

Ellen made no further claim on Dorothy's promise. Missie's word, like Nance's, held good in the little camp, and as she had given up the child, even if against her will, Ellen knew the red ribbon would be hers.

Dorothy carried her burden back with a sort of fierce triumph which helped to still the aching of her heart, and, setting Jenny down on the seat close to the stove where Nance was now busy cooking, she returned to Jem's side.

"You've got her then, Lil," he said with a very loving smile; "poor little kid, what would she do without you?"

"I don't know, and nobody cares," she returned gloomily; "I s'pose people may do what they like with their own children, kill 'em if they like."

"Folks know nothing about us, Lil, only God knows, Jesus knows," returned Jem sadly; it was hard for him to do battle with the uncertainty that lay in the future for those so dear to him, and his brave spirit was fainting within him.

"Blind children is taken care of in the books I've read, they's put into places where kind folks teach them all sorts of things, and take care of them, and they're good to them; the gentlefolk mostly puts 'em there, and pays for them, the folks that have lots of money, but there, they's the children that lives in houses, nobody knows nothing about us." Jem's voice was very weary, his last words sadly despairing.

Jenny meantime was holding out her skinny little arms to the fire with murmurings of pleasure, and the savoury fumes of Nance's cooking filled the van. Now and then the mother turned round, and glanced anxiously at the boy's face.

"Don't you talk no more, Jem, not till you've had some supper, your cough's so bad to-day; Lil, my dear, couldn't you sing to us a bit, seems to me it would do us all good; supper'll be ready in a few minutes now."

Nance's voice was brave and cheerful, she dared not sorrow yet.

"What shall I sing, Jem," asked Dorothy; he had entreated her with his eyes to comply, and her resolution steadied the trembling of her tones.

"There is a green hill far away"; sing that, Missie dear, I know all it means now," he replied with a smile which lighted up his whole face, "it'll do us all good, as mother says."

At first the words came with a quiver, very low and trembling, and then Dorothy's voice rose clear and sweet, filling the van with melody, and at each verse it grew stronger, while all anxious care died out of the dying boy's face.

Joe, listening outside, said, "That gal's voice is worth a fortin'!"

CHAPTER XII.

IT'S FOR JEM.

At last a day came when the artist expected his little model in vain.

She had not said that her brother was worse, and he felt somewhat remorseful when, on inquiry later at the encampment, he was told the invalid had died the night before; he had not done very

much for the poor boy, he told himself, yet that little had been most gratefully received; he knew Missie had sat to him to procure comforts for her dying brother. Would she come and sit again? He did not feel quite sure she would.

Ellen, who was lounging at the door of her van, said, "Jem went off sudden-like in his sleep, and Nance and Missie are just wild."

The door of the other van was tightly shut, a slight thread of smoke from the chimney alone spoke of life within; and not caring to face sorrow, he felt he could do nothing to soothe, he turned away.

The next day he was much surprised by the sudden appearance of Missie at the hour he usually expected her; her face was swollen with crying, and she looked so white and heart-broken that he would hardly have known her. She spoke, however, the few words she said quite calmly, and he had not the heart to tell her that in her present state she was not of much use to him.

He had finished his first picture, and was now working on the study of her head, and needed the expression he had just caught, one far brighter and happier than the one he had before transferred to canvas, for the knowledge that Jem had everything that the doctor had ordered had soothed much of Dorothy's anxiety, and with it the bitter rebellious thoughts had vanished.

He soon found she could not bear a word of sympathy, and when, after a short sitting, he told her he could do no more that day and held out the accustomed wage, he was startled by the bright rush of colour which came into her pale face, the passionate eagerness which shone in her eyes as she exclaimed:—

"I'll come regular, sir, quite regular, if you'll give me a sovereign to-day, a whole sov.; do, do give it me, I want it so bad; it's for Jem," she added, under her breath, and her lips quivered.

The artist handed her directly the required money, saying kindly, "You must not come for a few days, Lily, I shall not expect you."

"Yes, yes, I must come," she said hurriedly, "they'll be wanting to go soon; Joe says we must go, the rent is most up; I'll come quite regular."

"Well, I want to finish my picture," said the artist, with some hesitation; "but you see, Miss Lily, you don't look like yourself to-day, so I have not been able to do much."

"You mean I've been crying, and look ugly," she said, proudly drawing herself up to her full height; "but I won't cry again, I promise, and then my eyes won't look like that," she added, with a glance at a looking-glass which hung near her. "I'll look all right to-morrow, sir, I'll promise I will; you'll let me come, won't you?"

The artist felt inclined to beg her pardon, but he saw that she could not bear a word more, so he only told her he should expect her at the appointed time.

To be Continued.

Doves.

Audubon, the celebrated traveller and ornithologist, relates the following: "A man, who was once a pirate, assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy notes of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had slumbered, melting his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot, in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the holiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the coast of Florida. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence." After paying a hasty visit to these wells, and listening once more to the cooing of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became, what one has said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man."

"Do Unto Others."

Do you wish for kindness? be kind;
Do you ask for truth? be true.
What you give of yourself, you find;
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
And a smile is your sure return.
Bear hate in your heart, and erewhile
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love. Every deed
Shall, armed as a fate, recoil;
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
That you cast yourself in the soil.

Each act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your woe;
Cups you offer another to drink,
The taste of their dregs you shall know.

Look without. What you are, doubt it not,
You will see, you will feel in another;
Be your charity stainless of blot,
And how loving the heart of your brother!

—Luella Clark, *Chnrchman*.

Don't Turn the Exhaust into the Sewer.

Steam should never be put into a brick or cement sewer, as it has an injurious effect on the same, causing disintegration and collapse within a very short time; neither should it be led into a brick chimney, for the same reasons. In some places it is the practice of engineers to turn the exhaust from pump or small engine into the sewer, but this is bad practice, and, we believe, an illegal act in some cities, for it will not only destroy the sewers, but the heat of the steam makes malarial gases more active, while at the same time it produces a certain amount of pressure that will force the gas back into buildings through the water traps commonly in use. In these traps there is seldom more than three inches of water, and very little pressure is necessary to force the gas through them. Wherever gas is forced back through buildings in this or a similar manner, the death rate in that locality will certainly be greatly increased.—*The Stationary Engineer*.

A Little Bell in the Heart.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? what would it say?
My heart keeps knocking all the night!
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low,
Hast thou thought what it means by knocking so?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift, who loves thee well;
On the door of the soul by Him 'tis hung,
And by His hand it still is rung;
And He who stands without and waits to see
Whether within He will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking in the hopes to win
The welcome answer, "Come in, come in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door,
And stand without, and wait to see
Whether within it will welcome be,
And hear Him say, "Come, dearest guest!
I found in thy bosom a holy rest;
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

—From the German.

Hard Times.

This is still the universal cry of the day, the prevalent complaint which seems to have become chronic, and which is being more and more generally accepted with a spirit that savors strongly of lethargy.

But if the times are hard, as they undeniably are to many, should not the fact be met with only an increased energy and activity, a greater care and vigilance over the smaller details of expense and economy, and above all, a greater watchfulness over the obligations often carelessly incurred, to be heartily felt later.

It is such an easy thing to let little accounts run on, small sums slowly growing, insignificant at first, but before we are quite aware of it, assuming a size and importance decidedly inconvenient. The hard times complained of are but imaginary and far from real, unless they have taught us this