

problem to be solved in that way, thankful though they were for the amelioration of her lot. Distress and privation had grievously impaired her health and in that climate it is easier to go down hill than to climb up again.

Mr. Cary's prediction that she would not live to go home unless help came speedily, was confirmed by Jessie's increasing weakness and emaciation.

Then cold weather was not far away. Of what avail were the little print dresses when the November winds screamed and pounded through the rigging on their homeward voyage?

Yet the sum in hand was only half enough, although every Briton in town had contributed.

A cargo-steamer was due in a few days, and the interested friends were eager to send the Ellertons to England in it. The two or three English women in the city had given flannel and warm garments for the projected voyage. Some one had sent Jessie a warm dark suit and hat to match, and Stephen had not been neglected. If they lost this opportunity nothing could be done till spring.

Mr. Cary made a second appeal to Mr. Richards, but—but beyond his moderate subscription—he reiterated his inability to act in the matter.

'The "Quintilian" is in,' observed Mr. Cary the following Sabbath morning, a brilliant day in early October.

'To-morrow I shall go to the Captain and see if a compromise can be effected. If Ellerton will work his passage, perhaps he will take the others for the sum we have in hand. It will be a busy day, for our steamer is due then, you know, and we ought to go on board before two o'clock.'

'Yes, but you know we agreed that the children and I will stay at home until we can arrange for the Ellertons. You are obliged to go to the Mission meeting, but it was intended to be something of a pleasure trip for me, and how could I enjoy myself with poor Mrs. Ellerton pining away here alone?'

'Well, he rejoined, 'we will see about all that to-morrow. Perhaps the tangles will be straightened out by that time.'

But they were straightened before the morrow. Just after service Jessie knocked at the door of the study. Her eyes were beaming, her cheeks flushed with happiness, and she told her errand rapidly.

'We're to sail in 'two days,' she announced. 'Some good friend told the Captain about us, and he says he will take us for naught—will give us our passage, ye understand. Stephen, he's to wark his way, and the money ye collect, it may gang awa' back to the givers. We'd fain thank ye, but our hearts are o'erfull. I've brought up a couple of little joogs,' she continued, producing two of the quaint pitchers Mrs. Cary had often admired. 'Polly and Steenie send them as keepsakes to your twa bairnies. And for yoursel's, madam, there is but ae thing that can utter the thanksgiving of a poor woman's heart. When he opens his mouth to gie ye a song, ye're to think ye are hearkening till the love and gratitude of Jessie Ellerton.'

And this was how Jack Horner came to be a prized member of the Cary household. Yet even his entrancing carols could not tell the sequel of the story—the joyful home-coming, the fresh start in life, effected through the contributions declined by the good captain—best of all, the lasting reformation of Stephen Ellerton. That is a song for the angels.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

If! If!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries,
Attentive ears should lend.

If every man and woman, too,
Should join those workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

—Sarah E. Eastman, in 'Golden Days.'

Mother's Vacation.

How many families will be sufficiently considerate to allow the wife and mother a vacation this summer?

We seem to hear the exclamation that, as a rule, the summer hotels and boarding-houses simply overflow with women whose fond spouses have sent them off to enjoy themselves, while they remain in the city making money.

Yes, but these women represent the rich, the comfortably well off, those who do not really need a vacation, because their whole lives are easy and pleasurable. We are thinking of the rank and file, the hundreds and thousands of faithful and loving wives and mothers who never know a vacation; who still talk of the wedding trip taken twenty years ago, as the one sunny spot in their history. The women who have grown weary of humdrum household tasks, and who patiently try to still the longing of their hearts for some change, for a wider outlook, for a short glimpse of gaiety. One's heart aches for them.

The work of an ordinary house, year in and year out, without help of any kind, will age and eventually wear out any woman. Every other toiler gets one or two weeks' rest out of the fifty-two, but it is not considered necessary for the wife and mother. She is not supposed to need change or to feel monotony.

Poor, tired mother! Suppose that some of the grown-up daughters of this land were to rise up this summer and say, 'We're going to give mother a vacation!'

Supposing they just turned her out of the kitchen and gave her the money carefully saved for that purpose, and told her to pack up for the seashore or the mountains? Failing that, supposing they just handed her a new book, and made her comfortable on the porch to enjoy it? Supposing they took her on trolley rides, as if she was 'company,' or encouraged her to make calls, or coaxed her to take refreshing afternoon naps?

How she would enjoy the wonderful leisure! How she would relish the food which someone else cooked! What a relief it would be not to think of a meal until she sat down

to it! What happy tears she would shed over the thought of her daughter's loving care of her!

For those daughters it would mean perhaps early rising, much planning, economy of minutes, hard work; but how sweet their reward, not only now, but in the remembrance of after years! They will talk with moist eyes of 'mother's vacation' when mother herself has long passed on.—'Public Ledger.'

A Cat's Intelligence.

Some three years ago, while on my way to Boston, I spent a few days with some good friends named Payne, who own a pleasant place called 'Hill Farm,' near Pascoag, R.I. Mr. Payne is a retired Methodist preacher, and he proved a very interesting and genial host, full of stories and anecdotes, which he tells with pleasing effect.

One evening our conversation related especially to peculiar instances of intelligence on the part of domestic animals, and the following story was told by my host. I give it as nearly as I can remember, in his own language:

'Several years ago we had no less than a half-dozen cats about the house and barns.

'One morning as we were eating breakfast a favorite house cat walked in and deposited two young kittens upon the floor, and then looked up to the group around the table with an expression which seemed to say: "Allow me to introduce my youngest pair of twins."

'I turned from the table and exclaimed:

'"What! more cats? Well; I'll kill those kittens after breakfast."

'The mother-cat looked up, eyed me sharply, as if to convince herself that I was in earnest, and then, turning around, picked up her children one after the other and carried them out of the house before we had hardly time to realize that they were gone.

'For some weeks we saw nothing more of the trio, and the children mourned the loss of their pets.

'At last a member of the family called one morning at the house of a neighbor living a mile away on another road, and there, making themselves at home in the kitchen, were puss and her two kittens.

'After mutual recognition it was learned, by questioning the farmer's children, that the cat had brought her little ones there the very day she had fled from her old home—evidently to save their lives.

'They were carried back to our house, but nothing could induce the mother to risk them there, and they again disappeared and took refuge with their adopted friends, where they all remained till the kittens were sufficiently grown to take care of themselves, when the old cat returned and resumed housekeeping at the former home as though nothing had happened.'

Here was a case where the mother-cat evidently understood the meaning conveyed in Mr. Payne's words, 'I'll kill those kittens.'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

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