

tion, and strangers to the Bible their mother had loved, Daph would not allow herself to believe. 'It will come, I'm sure!' Daph would say to herself, 'de great Lord can make it right!' and thus she stifled her anxious forebodings, and strove to do the duty of the present hour.

Mrs. Ray's temper was not quite as trying as when they first made her acquaintance. The kindness of the honest negress, and her cheerful acceptance of the trials of her lot, had their influence under that humble roof, and won respect and affection, even from Mrs. Ray. The sunshine of Daph's happy roguish face had cheered

'There's a gentleman at the door, asking if mother still lives here and if you are at home.'

'Is it a tall, tall, gentleman, that looks grand-like and magnificent?' said Daph, earnestly, as the thought of her old master at once rose to her mind.

'Not exactly,' said Mary, and, as she spoke, Mrs. Ray opened the door, and ushered in Captain Jones.

Although her first feeling was disappointment, Daph shed tears of joy as she clasped the hand of the honest captain; her tears, however, brightened into smiles, as she saw the approving look the cap-

turned to her and enquired kindly after her welfare. As usual, she had a series of grievances to relate, but she forbore speaking slightly of Mary, who had retired modestly into the background. The little girl was somewhat astonished when the captain came towards her, and gave her a hearty greeting as the child of his old messmate, and seemed to think her well worth speaking to, though 'only a girl.'

The whole party sat down together and time passed rapidly on, while the captain sat with the children in his arms, and heard Daph's account of her various trials and adventures since they parted. Mrs. Ray listened with eager curiosity, but she could gather little from Daph's words, that she did not already know.

At length, Captain Jones said, with a great effort, 'Daph, I have something to say to you, which is not fit for the children's ears,' and he gave at the same time an expressive glance toward Mrs. Ray.

The widow seized Mary by the hand and flounced indignantly out of the room, saying, 'I am sure we have too much to do to stay here where we are not wanted. No good comes of secrets, that I ever hear of!'

'Come, children, come with Mary,' said the girl, apparently unconscious of her mother's indignant manner.

The children followed somewhat reluctantly, and Daph and the captain were left alone together. Since the moment of her landing, Daph had had no one to whom she might speak of the dark fears for her master and mistress, that at times preyed upon her; to her own strange departure, she had never alluded. She had met questionings with dignified silence, and had patiently endured insinuations, which, but for her clear conscience, would have driven her to frenzy. Now, she felt that she was to hear some important news, and her trembling knees refused to support her. Anxious and agitated she sank on her low bench, and fixed her eyes eagerly on the captain.

'Daph,' he began, 'there was horrible horrible truth in your words that night when you pleaded so earnestly on board the 'Mary Jane!' I thank God that I did not turn a deaf ear to you then! Daph, you have saved your master's children from a bloody death, and you will be rewarded as there is a Father in heaven.'

The Captain paused, and Daph bent anxiously forward, exclaiming, 'My dear missus, master!'

Captain Jones could not speak. He drew his hand significantly across his throat, and then pointed solemnly upward.

(To be continued.)

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WHO IS IT, DAPH? IT CANNOT BE MY FATHER.

the lone widow, and Louise had exerted on her a softening, refining influence. Mrs. Ray was improved if not thoroughly changed.

Little Mary had many harsh words yet to hear; but time had abated the poignancy of the mother's grief for her lost darling, and had made her somewhat more alive to the virtues of her hard-working quiet little girl.

During the three years that had passed since they had dwelt under the same roof, sickness, at various times, had made the little household seem like one family, and the habit of helping each other had daily drawn them nearer.

Mary's demure face was lighted up with wonder as she said to Daph one day,

tain bestowed on her pets, as he caught them in his arms.

Charlie struggled and fought to be free, shouting, 'I like you, sir, but you need not squeeze me so, and rub me with your rough whiskers.'

Charlie got another hug for an answer, while Louise said, 'Who is it, Daph? It cannot be my father?'

'No! no! darling!' said the captain, quickly, and he dashed the tears from his eyes, and was sobered in an instant.

Mrs. Ray looked on with astonishment and curiosity, at the cordial meeting between her old acquaintance and her lodgers.

Captain Jones had known Mrs. Ray slightly in her better days, and he now