

When in the middle of the afternoon a girl in a blue dress appeared down the street, Miss Amelia's hands began to tremble. When the girl pushed open the gate and walked confidently up the path, Miss Amelia was fairly white.

The girl nodded blithely and went directly to the window. She had a plate covered with a white napkin in her hands, and she set it down on the sill. 'It's some of mother's birthday cake,' she said. 'She sent it with her love, and so many thanks for the roses. She said she never saw such lovely ones. And I was to be sure and tell you that she was so much shocked at the way her daughter obtained them. She was, really, too, only that I coaxed her out of it.' The girl's face dimpled at the remembrance. 'I wish you could have seen the family horror when I confessed what I had done,' she laughed. 'The general opinion seemed to be that I had disgraced them forever.'

'It was real nice of your mother to send me the cake,' Miss Amelia answered. She was red now instead of white. Nobody ever had sent her any birthday cake before.

'It's real nice cake, "if I do say it as should not,"' the girl retorted, saucily. 'I made it, but everybody helped except mother, of course. Father sifted the flour. You should have seen the way he powdered himself in the process; isn't it funny how clumsy men are about things—little, simple things like sifting flour and sewing on buttons?' she laughed.

Miss Amelia leaned over the window. She was too unused to guests to think just then of inviting the girl in.

'Will you take some more roses?' she asked eagerly.

But Jessie shook her head. 'Oh, not to-day—I couldn't!' she protested; then, seeing the disappointment in Miss Amelia's face, a sudden impulse came to her. 'But I'd like to do something else if you'd let me,' she added. 'I'd like to bring mother up here some evening before the roses go—may I?'

'I'd be real pleased to have her,' Miss Amelia replied, with a formality belied by her brightening eyes. 'You'd better come to-morrow—this spell of dry weather ain't going to last much longer.' She was conscious as she spoke of a thrill of amazement at her own ready speech.

'Not to-morrow,' Jessie answered; 'we could not then, but I think we could the day after. I do so want her to see this lovely place before it begins to change. So day after to-morrow, if you'll let us come, Miss Rivers.'

'Day after to-morrow,' Miss Amelia repeated, happily. That night Miss Amelia had a wonderful supper. She broke the birthday cake delicately, prolonging her feast; she was scarcely conscious of the taste, so potent was its ministrations to her starved soul. Perhaps it was the cake that gave her her inspiration. She would make cake for day after to-morrow. Strawberries were ripe, too, and she could buy some cream; and she would get out some of her mother's linen and the best china. Never in her life before had Miss Amelia been so excited. She was glad that she had a day between to get ready in—it was none too much.

The next two days were wonderful ones to Miss Amelia. When finally, at three o'clock on the second afternoon, everything was ready, she was too excited to sit down; she kept running upstairs and down cellar on needless errands, and if Jessie and her mother had not soon appeared, she would have worn herself out.

Jessie's mother was a tiny creature who had to look up to her tall daughter; she even had to look up to Miss Amelia, a little way. There had been times in the two days when Miss

Amelia had been frightened at the thought of meeting a stranger, but at the first glance of the warm brown eyes all her fear melted away forever, and great joy filled her heart. For the brown eyes told her that one of life's great gifts had come to her. The little feast, prepared with so much joy, revealed itself a sacrament of friendship. That night, with trembling fingers, Miss Amelia wrote the date, 'June seventeenth, 1889,' in her Bible under record of her own birth. She knew with a sure and beautiful knowledge that life had come to her at last.

The days that followed wonderfully fulfilled the promise of the June afternoon. Tea at the Marshes came first; then Miss Amelia was called to help in a picnic for some of the mill girls, and then in the preparations for Betty's birthday; she was coaxed into calling upon Jean Maylow with her crippled body and brave spirit, and even, before she realized it, promised to help in a church sociable. Under all the new interest, Miss Amelia's face began to show a soft color, and the blue lights deepened in her eyes, and for days at a time she actually forgot that she didn't know how to talk to people. 'You're a witch,' Jessie told her mother; 'you're witching her young and she never suspects it.'

All the time Miss Amelia was thinking. It seemed such an audacious thing—what she was thinking—that it was weeks before she dared to speak of it, but at last, one day when Jessie was away, she nerved herself to tell the little mother. Miss Amelia loved Jessie dearly, but she was only a girl; there were so many things she couldn't understand; Jessie's mother always understood.

'I've been thinking about something for a long time,' she said. 'I'm afraid it's real presumptuous of me, but I want to ask you, anyway. It's about birthdays. You see, I never had any all my life—we never took account of any such things when I was a girl. I remember I used to get sort of blue sometimes when I was young, and wonder why I couldn't have things like other girls, but it's been a good many years since I thought anything about it till I knew you folks. When I saw how much you made of these things, I realized what I'd been missing all my life.'

'Then one night, after I'd seen Jean Maylow and those mill girls, it all came over me sudden that there was lots of other folks left out, too, and maybe the Lord had fixed my life the way it is just so's I could help some of these others. And I wondered why I couldn't celebrate six birthdays a year, too, even if I didn't have anybody belonging to me. There's Jean Maylow—I don't believe she ever had one, and old Mary Brown and Little Ruth Danvers—I've got all the names written down. And I know their birthdays, too; it's queer, but they come real regular, just about two months apart, so's I'd have plenty of time to think up things for each, the way you folks always do. That's the plan that's been going through my head. I wish you'd tell me what you think of it.'

The little mother leaned over with shining eyes and kissed Miss Amelia's flushed face. 'Dear Miss Amelia,' she said, 'I think it is all beautiful!'

So that is the way Miss Amelia found her inheritance in God's great kingdom of love—an inheritance whose richness was to increase for her through all the coming years. Yet, oddly enough, the first birthday that came found her all unprepared. She was just getting supper one September evening when a knock called her to the door. She opened it, only to stare out speechlessly. For on the doorstep stood Jessie and the three children, each of the four loaded with bundles, and each

shouting excitedly, 'Many happy returns, Miss Amelia!'

Miss Amelia dropped helplessly into the nearest chair. 'How—how did you know?' she stammered.

'I wheedled it out of you when you didn't know it,' Jessie answered triumphantly. 'Didn't I tell you I did dreadful things? And mother and father are coming in a few minutes with the cake—just wait till you see that cake, Miss Amelia! And we are going to set the table and have things all ready by the time they come, and if Betty has to wait another minute before she gives you the pincushion she has made for you she will simply fly to pieces! You dear Miss Amelia! Did you think you are the only one that could have fun with birthdays?'

And Miss Amelia answered not one word—but nobody misunderstood.

'He Died For Me.'

Dr. Pentecost has been telling a touching little story which, he says, has always been a great favorite of his. It is as follows:—

'A good many years ago I was preaching in a great music hall in Aberdeen. After the meeting was over and nearly all the lights had been put out, I was on the platform talking to two or three gentlemen, when, in the half darkness, I noticed behind me a little Scotch lassie of the common people. She had on a ragged cotton frock, she was bare-footed, and her hair was unkempt.

'I was rather annoyed that the child should be there at that time of night. I said "Why are you following me about? Go home." Her poor little forlorn face looked up into mine, and she said, "Eh, mon, I want to get saved." I said, "Do you think I can save you?" The little thing drew back and replied, "Na, na, you canna, but Jesus can." I said, "What has Jesus done to save you?" "He died for me." "Oh, then, he's dead, is he?" "Na, na," she cried, "He's no deid. Dinna fash me. Mon, he's no deid. He died for me, but he's alive up yonder. He can save me. Oh mon, I want to get saved!"

'The little one,' adds Dr. Pentecost, 'grasped the whole situation. Jesus died for her, but he is not dead, because God raised him from the dead, and he is able to save to the uttermost everyone who comes to God by him.'—'Christian Age.'

Among the Moravian missions of the Yukon valley, few of the natives can read or write. At bedtime a bell rings, and the entire population goes to the churches. A chapter in the Bible is read, a prayer offered, a hymn sung; and the men, women and children return to their homes and go to bed.

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