

'But I want to go,' she cried, in a high, sharp voice. 'I'm all ready. I want to go-o-o—'

Where would that sound have risen if she had not that moment caught sight of George. He was gazing at her as if uncertain whether to run away or to stay for the sad sight of a little girl in a passion. Cutting the ugly note short Jessie ran to her room and threw herself on the bed.

Cousin Alice came to her half an hour afterwards.

'Come out with me to the quince bushes, dear,' she said. 'I am going to pare some for preserving and want you and Kitty to help me.'

It was hard to put away the white muslin and ribbons, but Jessie did it and followed her, still with tear marks on her face. But she was soon smiling again as they picked the great yellowy-green balls from the tree. They looked so good and smelled so good that little Kitty took a bite and they laughed at the funny face she made.

'Tell us a story, please, cousin,' said Jessie.

'More than six months ago,' began her cousin, 'there was a number of knobs wrapped in soft bright green. These were caressed by several dear little fairies with loving and gentle touch. After a while they burst open and showed funny little round, roly-poly nubs. And, still caressed by the fairies, they grew and they grew, getting bigger and rolypolier every day. They still wore their green jackets, but when they were quite large—'

'How large, cousin?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, about as large as a ball of yarn, then one of the fairies put in her very best work on them. She put some gold into her paint pot and colored them, turning their coats to a beautiful greenish yellow.'

'What were the fairies called?'

'They were named Sunray and Raindrop and Zephyr and Dewdrop. All sent by the great and loving hand which deals out such bounties. And when the fairies had done their task there hung the beautiful handiwork—quinces ready to be taken down and made into rich sweetmeats for the enjoyment, among others, of a dear gentle little maiden who knows how to bear a great disappointment bravely and sweetly.'

'You don't mean me. Cousin

Alice,' Jessie was beginning, when she heard a shout from George.

'Hello, hello, there! Run and get on your nice togs again, Jessie. The Dentons are waiting down at the gate and they have room for you and we're going.'

All that happy day Jessie kept a little song of rejoicing in her heart.

'O, I'm glad, glad I really did try to bear it well when it was so hard.'

'Say, Jessie,' said George, the next day when they were alone. 'I don't more than half believe what Jack said to me about you. I believe he was making up a lot of it.'

'No, he wasn't,' said Jessie, with a doleful shake of her head. 'But really I'm not going to be so any more.'

'I believe that,' said George. 'Come on down to the creek and let's wade.'

'I wonder,' said Jessie to herself, 'if I ought to let cousin Alice think I'm a nice, good, sweet-tempered little girl when I've been cross and ugly. Well, perhaps it'll be all right if I really, truly am that kind. And I'm going to be.'

Can Dogs Talk.

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about two years ago.

It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where turkeys and chickens roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and a terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the

shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night when my tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes, were certainly amusing.

With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But, with their irreproachable behaviour and many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more.

Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?—Mrs. B. T. Harper, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

He Careth For You.

(Our Little Dots.)

O tiny birds in your little nest,
Out in the evening dew,
Sinking to sleep 'neath mother
bird's breast
One there is watching your nightly
rest:

He careth for you— for you.



The faintest twitter, or cry, or call,
Or song when the day is new,
He hears, and he understands it all;
He sees if but one of you should
fall:

He careth for you—for you.

O little child in your soft white bed,
Safe sheltered by love so true,
Blessings and comforts are round
you spread
By one who watches high over
your head:

He careth for you—for you.

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