

ness had had rather a sobering effect. She stood a moment on the threshold, amazed at the sight of Jim with his flute—then something about it all startled her, and she quickly stepped to the bedside, and bent over Puddin'.

'Don't wake him,' said Jim. 'Sure sleep will be a blessed rest for him.'

'It will that!' assented Mrs. Sweeney. 'I'm thinkin' 'tis well for her too,' pointing to the Saint.

Jim sat up straight, and looked meditatively at his flute; but what he said was with a certain clear-cut tone, that was unusual for him. 'Tis well for her, I'm thinkin'! 'Tis herself that is bearing much the good Lord never meant such little shoulders to carry. She is smart and she's good, but I'm thinking she's much troubled!

Mrs. Sweeney turned around with a gesture, as if she meant to answer, but just then a knock came at the door, and Cecilia jumped up, dazed and startled. Jim's hearty 'Come in' sent the door open, and the young doctor stepped into the room.

'I am Dr. Belden. Is it here that I am needed?' His voice was pleasant, and in the dim light, his face looked boyish and cheery.

'You're in the right place, doctor,' said Jim, simply.

But Mrs. Sweeney could not understand. It's needed ye are, but no one sent for ye.'

'Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney,' said Jim. 'I sent for him, seein' the liniment didn't help him.'

'Tis well for you to be sendin', Jim,' Mrs. Sweeney's voice seemed a bit unsteady. 'Only —'

'Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney.' Jim's voice too seemed a little strained.

The doctor was evidently used to such situations, for without further ado, he threw off his coat, and sat down on the edge of the bed by Puddin', who having been awakened, had begun to moan again. He shrank from the doctor's touch, and called for Cecilia. With her arms around him, she told in a few minutes of Puddin's fall. His face grew grave as he listened, and his practiced fingers felt up and down his spine, despite the cries of pain from Puddin'—cries that made the Saint's face turn white.

'Don't be cryin', Puddin', don't! It's all right! He'll be makin' ye well in a few days. Won't you, doctor? Tell him now that he'll be at the pump on a Monday!'

'I wish I could, little girl!' The doctor's face was very grave, and his voice very soft and gentle. 'He's had a nasty fall—and it will take a good while to fix him up.'

'Is he hurt—hurt bad!' Cecilia's voice trembled painfully as she asked, and Mrs. Sweeney, who was trying to light the little lamp, let the match flicker, and go out, as she eagerly bent forward to hear the answer.

'He's hurt his spine,' the doctor answered slowly. 'And that is always serious. But we'll take him to the hospital, and we'll do our best!'

(To be continued.)

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#### Queen Victoria's Maxims.

Profane no divine ordinances.  
Touch not State matters.  
Urge no healths.  
Pick no quarrels.  
Maintain no ill opinions.  
Encourage no vice.  
Repeat no grievances.  
Reveal no secrets.  
Make no comparisons.  
Keep no bad company.  
Make no long meals.  
Lay no wagers.—'Visitor.'

#### Half-made People.

The phrase 'half-made girl' is not mine. I heard it a few days ago from the lips of one not given to slang phrases or careless expressions. He was trying to decide to whom to turn for aid in a bit of work that needed careful handling.

'They are all so busy,' he said, thoughtfully, speaking of his stand-bys. 'It seems hardly fair to think of adding anything to their present responsibilities.'

'Who is the girl who called yesterday just before dinner?' I asked, by way of suggestion. 'She looked to me as if she might be able to accomplish whatever she undertook; she said she had been away during the summer.'

But so had two-thirds of his congregation; he turned toward me a face that said I had not recalled the person to his memory; so I tried again.

'She is rather tall, and has masses of pretty brown hair, and talks well, only a little too much about herself, perhaps.'

'O,' he said, with sudden intelligence and an accession of indifference in his tone. 'You mean the half-made girl; she won't do.'

'I beg your pardon,' he added, smiling at my look; 'but the phrase describes her remarkably well, and we have fallen into the habit of using it. She could, as you say, accomplish whatever she undertook; but she doesn't. That is, she doesn't do it well. Half-way service is exactly her standard. If she is called upon to make a file of addresses in alphabetical order, she leaves out two or three of the most important names. If she undertakes to copy a business letter, she omits words here and there, sometimes entire phrases, so that her work is a series of interlinings. Or she addresses "Mr. J. N. Stubbs" instead of Mr. J. C. on her envelope, and makes no end of trouble, simply because she fancied that the initials were J. N., and did not take the trouble to be sure. These are only passing illustrations of her style. It is so with everything that she undertakes; I have tried her in all lines of church work, with exasperating results. I have quite given her up as a helper.'

'But,' I demurred, 'surely these are habits which could easily be corrected if her attention were called to them persistently and patiently. Is it wise or kind to toss aside a worker as of no account simply because her work has flaws?'

My young friend, who comes to me to 'mother' him, laughed good-naturedly as he said: 'As a rule I need your lectures, but I believe I am innocent this time. I assure you we have labored earnestly with Lucy. As to patience, Mrs. Osborne took her for three months as special helper in order to try to train her; then gave her up. And when Mrs. Osborne fails, what is to be said? Lucy is simply hopelessly careless, nor is that the worst. To carelessness she adds a supreme indifference to her mistakes. She has almost a contempt for carefulness; she believes that to be what she is pleased to call "over-particular" about trifles is to be "fussy." "What difference does it make?" she asks in unflinching good nature as she interlines her letter; "they can read it just as well there as if it were in its place." She carries the same thought into all her attempts, with the result that we have all learned that work given to Lucy will be half done.'

Since that talk with my friend the phrase 'half-done' has seemed to cling to me. I have been surprised and distressed to find how constantly it fits into lives. I have,

for instance, just come from a conference with my neighbor who is wearily struggling with a 'half-done' girl who is attempting to earn her board by serving a certain number of hours in a day, while she gives the rest of her time to study.

'I don't know where she will earn it,' says my neighbor with a sigh. 'Certainly she can't in my house.'

When I asked whether the girl was unfaithful, the reply was:

'Why, she doesn't think she is. She is slack; isn't that the word? If I set her to making beds, she leaves the pillows off or one bed, and the spread half-tucked in on another. 'Oh, I forgot!' she says good-naturedly when I call her attention to them. "I thought of something else just then, and went to see to it, and didn't come back." I guess that about describes her work; she is "thinking of something else." When she dusts a room, she is sure to forget the mantel, or a table, or something. And in setting the table for dinner only half the people get knives, and sometimes none of them have any spoons or salt. I am always having to follow her up and finish what she began; and I can't do it. I would rather not pretend to have help.'

Going up-stairs from this talk with my neighbor, I met a member of my own family, his forehead wrinkled, and complaint in his tone. 'I have spent a half-hour or valuable time in search of my German dictionary,' he said. 'Kate borrowed it yesterday, and doesn't know what she did with it. I do; she let it drop wherever she happened to be when she wanted it no longer; but unfortunately I don't know where that is.'

'Another "half-made" girl!' I said to myself as I joined in the search. Kate's talent for not knowing where things were, that she had used, was well known to us all; there was no use in trying to apologize for her. The good-natured indifference which she exhibited with regard to this fault was not the least trying feature of it, but I am inclined to think that this phase of the disease is always in evidence. The persons of whom we are speaking are really only half developed. Those delicate sensibilities which would enable them to understand the trial that their habits are to others have not been developed. They are 'slack' in every sense of that expressive word, and are willing to be.

What is to be done about them? It was that question, asked of the young pastor to whom I have referred, or rather it was his reply, which set me to thinking and finally to trying to tell my thoughts.

'I don't know,' he said, a look of anxiety, almost of pain, appearing on his expressive face. 'I am troubled about such people. Do you know, I think the habit enters into their religious life? They are only half-way in that also. Half-consecrated, half-resolved upon overcoming, half-interested in the soul-problems that ought to hold them to earnest work, half-hearted all the time. If they could be roused, somehow, to the thought that the Master whom they think they serve is grieved by what they call "trifles," wouldn't it help those who really love Him?'

'Would it? I leave the question with you. —'Christian Endeavor World.'

#### As Christ Loved.

All extreme sensitiveness, fastidiousness, suspicion of what we think our due, come from self-love, as does the unworthy secret gratification we sometimes feel when another is humbled or mortified; the cold indifference, the harshness of our criticism, the unfairness and hastiness of our judgments, our bitterness towards those we dislike, and many other faults which must more or less rise up before most men's conscience, when they question it sincerely as to how far they do indeed love their neighbors as Christ has loved them. He will root out all dislike and aversions, all readiness to take offence, all resentments, all bitterness, from the heart which is given up to his guidance. He will infuse his own tender love for man into his servant's mind, and teach him to 'love his brother as Christ has loved him.'—Jean Nicolas.