

came, thought the poor woman, who, very nervous, and unused to illness in any shape, was afraid to do anything without advice. "Run, Percy," she said at last, unable to bear her anxiety alone, "run off to Mrs. Robertson and ask her to step this way for a minute."

The doctor was leaving Jenkin's house, and Mrs. Jenkins was showing him out, with a troubled and bewildered expression on her face, when her neighbour arrived.

"I'm so glad you're come," she exclaimed, "for I don't understand a word of what he's said to me."

"Who? the doctor?" asked Mrs. Robertson.

"Yes; he says he can't yet say rightly what's the matter with Jem, but that I'm to keep him warm and cheer him up, and put a mustard plaister on the back of his neck, and he'll look in again in the evening, and I'm to get him to bed, and he seems so dazed I don't know if I can get him upstairs; and I don't a bit know how to make a mustard plaister, and I do feel so stupid and helpless," and here poor light-hearted Mrs. Jenkins burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, don't cry, there's a good soul; it mayn't be so bad as you think."

Mrs. Robertson went up to the sick man, and taking his hand, said gently, "I'm sorry to see you like this, Mr. Jenkins. We must nurse you up a bit, and see if we can't get you to feel more comfortable."

Jenkins made no answer, except that he shook his head and made a sort of a groan, at which Mrs. Jenkins sobbed afresh.

"Now, ma'am," said Mrs. Robertson, feeling that something must be done, for the poor man could not be left all day propped up in an arm-chair. "If the bedroom is ready for your husband, I think we'd best get him there. There's no place like bed when you feel ill, that I will say. Now, sir, if you will lean on us, we'll have you upstairs before you know where you are." And with a strong hand Mrs. Robertson raised the half-unconscious man from the chair, and between them they partly led, partly carried him to the bedroom.

Once there, it was comparatively easy to get him into bed, and when his heavy boots were off his feet, and his aching head felt the support of the cool pillow, Jenkins roused himself sufficiently to catch hold of Mrs. Robertson's hand and to faintly murmur, "It's very good of you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Robertson briskly. "I'm fond of a bit of nursing. Now for the mustard plaister," she said to herself as she went downstairs. "I wonder if there's enough mustard in the house." Mrs. Jenkins had remained beside her husband so having no one to ask, and not seeing anything like mustard except a dried mass at the bottom of a broken cup, Mrs. Robertson decided to go to the shop for some. Her purse was in her pocket, and having bought the mustard, she paid for it. "That's done with now. To my mind, Jenkins seems in for a long illness, though I'm sure I hope I'm wrong; but I don't like the looks of him at all, poor fellow! with those sunken eyes. However, here I am, and whatever I may think, I must be cheerful before him." So saying she entered the cottage, and having thoughtfully placed the kettle on the fire before she went out, she soon made the plaister and put it on the sick man. "I've a good mind to make some tea for them, now that the water is all boiling ready—it would comfort them, I'm sure," and in a few minutes a steaming cup of hot tea was carried into the bedroom by the willing neighbour.

"You must have guessed what I wanted," said Mrs. Jenkins gratefully, "and Jem too. I believe it would be the best thing for him," his teeth chatter so I can't bear to hear him."

Jem took the tea, and certainly after that his

teeth chattered less, until he finally sunk into a heavy sleep.

"That's right," said Mrs. Robertson; "he's easier now, or he would not sleep like that. I'll stay by him a bit, while you fetch Percy home. Poor little lad! he'll be wondering how his father is, and the walk will do you good."

"Thank you," repeated Mrs. Jenkins mechanically, it seemed. "I'll be back directly."

And so she was; very few minutes elapsed before both she and Percy were in the house again, the child's eyes round with wonder as he gazed at his father sleeping so uneasily with the mid-day sun pouring in the room.

"Mother," he exclaimed in a tone of frightened wonder, "how pale father is! His he going to die?"

"Oh, Percy, no! How can you say such things? He'll be better soon; he is a bit better already, or wouldn't sleep like that."

"Is he, mother? I'm so glad. I was afraid he was going to die, and then I should have cried, mother, for father's good to me, and brings me candy; and besides, mother, what would you do for money if father died?"

"Mother doesn't want to think of father dying, Percy, for you and she would be so sad without him; so let us pray God to make him well again, and whilst he's ill you do all you can to help mother, for when people are ill there is always so much to do."

"I would like to help mother," said Percy, "but she always says I'm too young to work."

"Oh, yes! so you are to do regular work as father does; but there are many little things a child can do. Look here—see these empty cups. You might carry them carefully downstairs ready to be washed, and you might make it your business always to take the empty cups and glasses as long as father is ill."

"But would that be work?" interrupted Percy.

"Of course it would, and useful work too; it would save mother's legs."

"Oh, then I'll do it," said Percy. "I want to save something, because I heard you say one day that even children might begin to save; and as I've got no money to save, I'll save mother's legs."

Percy said this in complete sincerity, and his grave look quite upset Mrs. Robertson's gravity.

"That's a good boy, Percy," she said, hurrying out that he might not see the smile she could not restrain at what she called his old-fashionedness.

But his mother, in her saddened mood, was touched by the child's innocent desire to help.

"Fancy the little lad wishing to save for his mother, and she never so much as put by a penny for him. But it shan't be always so," she thought. "Please God, Jem gets over this illness, I won't be the silly, thoughtless woman I have been—thinking just of pleasure for the moment, and never either putting by or giving a penny. How thankful I should be to have a little money laid by now, for I can see it must be some time before Jem is at work again, and"—

Here Jem stirred, and asked hoarsely for a drink of water, so that Mrs. Jenkins could no longer continue her train of thought.

Summer had slipped into autumn and autumn faded to winter before Jem Jenkins was able to do a single day's work. His was indeed a wearisome illness, and a still more wearisome recovery.

"I hope I shall be able to pay you back all your kindness when I'm in work again," said Jem one day to his kind neighbour, who had been reading the "Bedminster Herald" to him, so as to enable Mrs. Jenkins to get to her washing, for it was part of Jem's disease that,

strong man as he had been, his nerves were now so shaken by suffering, that he could not bear to be alone for an instant; and if it had not been for her neighbour's kindness, Mrs. Jenkins would have found it difficult even to get through the necessary work of the house.

"Tut! man," replied Mrs. Robertson pleasantly, "never talk of paying between neighbours. I've done no more for you than your wife would have done for me, if things had been different."

Jem said no more; he was not given to much speaking at any time, and just now he felt to grateful to be able to speak. "I'll pay her back when I'm at work again," he thought, and longed for the time to come.

It was, however, long in coming, and seemed the longer because it was so longed for.

"Wife," he said one day in a tone of the greatest despondency, "I'm no stronger than I was a week ago; I don't believe I ever shall be, and I feel to hate myself eating everything like the great ox that I am, and never doing anything to earn it all?"

"You can't help it, Jem," said his wife gently,

"I know that, my lass; and if I were fit, I'd like to die, that I would. I haven't managed well for this world, let alone the next. I can see now well enough that I ought to have put by every week when I was well and earning good wages, and then if illness came I shouldn't have been obliged to live on charity, as I do now."

"Oh, Jem, don't call it charity! The Robertsons have told me over and over again how pleased they were to be able to do anything for us; and I know they mean it, for they do give so hearty-like—now don't they, Jem?"

"Aye, that they do!" replied he, earnestly enough. "Oh, if I could but work to be able to them back; but I get weaker, I know I do, I feel it."

*To be continued.*

ARTISTIC BAY WINDOW—PATENTED IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—In explaining this great building improvement to our readers, we may mention that it is quite simple and worthy of more than a passing notice. It looks like a Bay Window, is beautiful and artistic, adding greatly to the appearance of the house, both inside and outside.

There are three blinds. The centre one revolves, and they can be so arranged that you can get all the sunlight and air you want in the apartments, or they can be moved so as to exclude the sun on one side and be open so as to admit air on the other side, and direct it for ventilation, without having the blinds thrown wide open. The space between the blinds and the glass affords a fine place for plants and flowers. The inventor has studied economy as well as perfection, for the blinds that are on the house (if any) are used as part of the improvement. One beautiful feature is, that when the blinds are closed, you can look up or down street, or in front, without being seen by passers on the street; and by a simple movement of the blinds the room can be flooded with sunlight or made as dark as night, the currents of air passing through. The blinds keep the room cool, and by a change a current of air can be directed into the room from the outside. We don't know of any improvement being made before on outside blinds. The old style of green blinds have been used without any change for a hundred years or more, and with this inexpensive invention houses can be made to have the outside appearance of a modern dwelling and the comfort and luxury of cool rooms inside. There are in this country thousands of houses built many years ago that now look old and out of style, and are too valuable to tear down, which, with the addition of this window, would be so improved in appearance that they would look like modern built houses.

The people are ready to adopt any improvement that will add to the comfort and convenience of their houses, and we know of no simple and cheap expenditure which will permanently improve dwellings so much as this Bay Window. A model of the window may now be seen at the DOMINION CHURCHMAN Office, 11 Imperial Chambers, Adelaide street west, next the Post-office, Toronto.