

of the mow after they had landed in the hay especially if visitors were on the beam, as strangers were apt to become excited and land all in a bunch.

One afternoon there was a small party in the barn. Two or three little friends had been invited, and had had a fine time together. As the hour for going home drew near, Clara, the maid, came down from the house with a pitcher of lemonade and some nice little raisin cakes. They feasted on these until every drop and crumb had disappeared; then one of the company suggested, 'Let's have one more jump before we go.'

'Why do we always jump into this hay-mow?' asked one of the visitors. 'Let's jump into the other one for a last turn.'

'Mother thinks it is not safe to jump into that mow,' explained the Schuylers. 'You see, there isn't much hay there, and there are boards and things piled up in the other end and sticking out into the hay. If we jumped too far over we might get badly hurt.'

The visitor looked as if he would like to try it. 'Did she say you mustn't?' he asked.

'No; she didn't say we mustn't. She only said it was dangerous.'

'Well, I'm going to try just one. I'll jump straight down where it looks safe.' The children waited doubtfully while he climbed to the beam, and held their breath as he walked out a few feet, leaped boldly into the air and landed safely in the green hay.

'It's all right,' he declared, encouragingly; 'and it's fine. The jump is longer, because the hay is so much lower down.'

'If it's safe we can do it,' said Will. 'Mother wouldn't object.' And soon all the boys were clambering up to have a turn. Every boy jumped successfully, then the girls could not be outdone.

'I'll take a jump myself,' said Clara, an orphan girl whom Mrs. Schuyler had engaged to help her with the housework. She was not many years older than the oldest Schuyler, but she was a good worker, and regular house-maids were hard to find so far out in the country. The children thought her quite grown up and wonderful in many ways, so now they all cried out, 'Oh, yes, Clara, let's see you jump.'

'I'll get up on the beam with you and you can go first,' added Bess. So Clara and Bess walked out on the beam. Clara delighted the audience with many airs and flourishes, Bess moving cautiously along hardly daring to smile for fear of losing her balance.

'One, two, three—go!' cried the children below. Away went Clara, jumping out much farther than she had intended, and landing, alas! near an old plank hidden by a light covering of hay. Her ankle struck sharply against the plank and she screamed with fright and pain. Bess, seeing Clara rocking herself back and forth on the hay below, lost her balance and fell screaming into the mow, landing safely but dreadfully frightened. For a moment the children stood dumb with horror and surprise, then little Lottie broke into loud weeping, and the Schuylers rushed to Clara's aid.

'Come and tell mother, Clara. she'll fix your foot,' said Will, looking very pale.

'Oh, yes; if you soak it in hot water it won't swell. Do come up to mother, quick,' urged Hattie, tearfully, for Clara was a favorite, rough though she sometimes was. Clara tried to stand, but soon found that she could not bear her weight on the injured foot. 'I can't walk,' she said, in a scared voice. 'How will I ever get to the house? I'm too big to be carried.'

'Hitch up Ned to the carriage,' cried one, excitedly.

'You couldn't boost me up in the carriage?' groaned Clara.

'We can get you into the express waggon,' said Bess; 'all but your feet anyway.' The next moment the boys had drawn it close to the mow. 'Just hop a step or two, Clara,' they urged. 'We can draw you right up in the waggon. It's lucky the big door is open.' With some hopping and much helping, Clara, half laughing and half crying, managed to get into the express waggon, with the injured foot sticking out tragically behind.

'Well, you run ahead and tell your mother. We'll come on slowly, as Clara is pretty heavy,' said the visitor, who had started the dangerous jumping. 'Tell her it was my fault.' Bess started off on a run, the rest following in a queer procession—all very sober, the girls quite pale and Lottie loudly wailing.

Mother said very little when she saw the

children's faces and heard their story. Clara's foot was bathed and bandaged, and she was put to bed. The next morning she hobbled downstairs, and for several days got about the kitchen by kneeling on a chair, which she pushed slowly before her. The four were required to help as much as possible. It was a solemn occasion.

'Well, I'll never jump in that mow again,' said Clara, as she sat with her foot propped up on a chair the next evening. 'Your mother's been an angel about it, too; and she warned me it wasn't safe.'

'We were really all of us in it—the d'sobeying, I mean,' said Bess, frankly. 'Mother didn't say we shouldn't, but we knew she meant that when she said it was dangerous. Mothers seem to know all about these things.' And four heads nodded 'yes.'—'Observer.'

'Told in the Twilight.'

In a book of sporting stories and incidents, issued under the title, 'Told in the Twilight,' occurs the following:

'To make a long story short, I bought the dog, and after considerable difficulty I got him to the house of a friend with whom I was staying. I kept him shut up in a stable for the next day or two; then I took him away by train to my place. I fed him myself, put him to bed, had him constantly by me, and petted him to further orders; but he never seemed to be happy.'

'The more I petted him the more he moped. He did not exactly pine for he took some nourishment; but as time went on the peculiar look in his eyes grew sadder and sadder, and I used to sit for hours wondering what was the matter with him.'

'One day I had gone for a long walk in the country and taken the dog with me. He was so different from other dogs. He trotted soberly along, either at my heel or a few yards in front. When I stopped the dog stopped. When I sat down the dog did the same, and looked into my eyes with a kind of expression which seemed to say as plain as words could speak: "I am your slave; I was sold to you to save these dear to me from starvation; I am obedient and well-conducted. What more can you want? Surely you cannot expect me to be happy in a strange land, exiled from the home of my puppyhood."

'On the afternoon in question I was some miles out in the country sitting on a bank which overlooked a considerable expanse of heath. I gazed into the dog's face and wondered if the theorists were right when they argued that dogs could reason like human beings.'

"Yes, Tim," I said, giving utterance to what was passing in my mind, "you are a long way from your old home. It lies right there to the westward," and I pointed with my hand over the bracken and heather in the direction. "That's where your friends are, miles and miles away, with rivers and all kinds of obstacles between, which neither you nor your instinct could ever overcome, unless I helped to guide you back again with the superior knowledge that the Almighty has given to us vain mortals. If it were otherwise, Tim, my boy, and your heart longed to return because you were not happy with me, I would give you

free leave to go, with a blessing on the journey. I would release you from the bondage of an irksome yoke, from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty, and you might start when you liked to follow the setting sun westward, westward, westward, until your poor legs ached, and your brave heart almost despaired of ever reaching the goal of your ambition."

'Whilst I thus addressed my dumb companion, raising my hand in a theatrical manner, I pointed again in a direct line, as the crow flies, the trail of his old home.'

'Judge of my astonishment when the dog got up and came to me, wagging his tail and barking, with a joyous light in those deep-set eyes which I had never seen there before. It was the first time the dog had shown any expression of his feelings since I had bought him some weeks previously, and I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning.'

'Next he licked my hand, and trotted a little way from me. Looking round once, he gave a joyous bark, and then made off at a comfortable jog trot in the direction I had indicated. In vain I shouted and whistled him back. Tim was off. Soon he disappeared over the horizon and I saw him no more.'

* * * *

'About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my friend in the Midlands, which ran somewhat as follows:

"You remember buying a dog from a collier one afternoon when we had walked over to see the steel works. Well, yesterday I was in the same neighborhood and the man saw me as I passed his house and stopped me. He said the dog had come home again, but as I doubted his word he took me into the cottage, and there, sure enough, Tim was, lying on the bed of a sick child. It seemed the dog belonged to this child, who was a cripple, having received some injury to her spine in childhood, and, in sheer desperation from want of food, the father took the dog to sell. At the loss of her pet the child moped, and they thought she would die; in fact, the doctor had told him that he had given up all hope, when Tim, her dog, returned to her. The poor dog was in a terrible emaciated condition, and could only just crawl. They lifted him on to the child's bed, and when she saw her dog once more she wept for joy; from that moment her recovery was assured. The dog has never left her bedside since, and I enclose you a postal order for the sovereign you paid for the dog, as the collier says he will sell his soul before he will part with Tim again."

Helping God.

'God is a good worker but he loves to be helped,' says one old proverb; and another, a Jewish proverb, says: 'God could not be everything, and so he made mothers.' That last may not be very acutely true theology. At any rate, he does not choose to do everything without help, and, O, how much of this help is required of you mothers!

I long to give you a certain consolation: You may not be very wise, probably are not; you remember Carlyle's estimate of his country: '30,000,000, mostly fools.' At any rate, you count very few of your acquaintances to be wiseacres, so you may rely on it that very few of them count you a wiseacre; and per-

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about three months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at TEN cents each.

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