

high chair at the noon meal and in the bustle and hurry of the Saturday's work no one had remembered to look after him. The officiating ministers would, as usual, stop with the Archer family during the next week's services at the church, and the 'prophet's chamber' must be put in sweet readiness for their occupancy; the unleavened communion bread must be baked for tomorrow's 'sacrament,' and all hands, being busy, it is not especially strange that two-year-old Eben should find a fitting opportunity to strike out for himself—closely followed, of course, by his faithful dog, 'Coalie.'

Convinced at last that the child was no place on the farm, the father mounted his horse and galloped off to arouse the neighbors and crave their aid in the search. Men, women and children promptly joined the band and spread out over the country in all directions to look for the lost boy.

Each division of the band carried a long, old-fashioned, tin dinner horn—for all this happened almost fifty years ago—and the division which found the child was to blow a long blast on their horn to apprise the others of his rescue.

The mother and oldest daughter stopped at home to prepare lunch and hot coffee for the men when they should come back worn out with their search. The mother seemed almost helpless from consuming anxiety, and listened painfully and prayed earnestly for the sweet notes of the signal horn. And so the long hours of the afternoon wore slowly along to these two sore-hearted, waiting women. How long the hours seemed, only those who have passed a like experience can know.

The clock struck six. 'Oh, Sarah!' wailed the poor mother. 'It's six o'clock and my baby must be so hungry! Oh my darling! my darling!'

Then she cried out excitedly, 'Sarah, Coalie's gone! I've not seen him since we missed Eben! Wherever Coalie is, there my precious boy is!'

She rushed out into the yard, lifted up her voice, and called, in full, clear tones, 'Coalie! Here Coalie! Here! Here!'

Coalie answered with a long-drawn howl, quavering with excitement and eagerness. The mother

flew to the joyful sound rushing through the ripened oats in the field east of the house; on on and on; Coalie barking in sharp, glad cries, until she had reached the very heart of the ten-acre field!

And there the mother found her baby, just awake from a sound, sweet sleep, nestled up against his faithful Coalie, and very much surprised to find himself snatched up and frantically kissed amid a rain of tears and incoherent prayers of thanksgiving.

Sarah, following in her mother's wake, turned and flew back to the house, not waiting even to kiss the angel of the household; and, climbing the horseblock by the front gate, pealed forth one joyous strain after another on the evening air. Oh! what music there was in the glad notes!

Far and near the anxious searchers heard the glad refrain and came to hear the joyful story of the rescue.

Eben clung to his happy father's neck and hid his face there to escape the kisses and petting his timid nature so dreaded; but Coalie,

dear, faithful dog, answered every caress and every admiring word of praise with a short, happy bark and shining eyes. He had done a noble deed, and he knew it. He had been faithful and true to his dear little master, and he had as much right to rejoice as any one in the crowd—so he felt—and so felt they all.

When the thankful mother and happy sisters pressed pie, cake and hot coffee on the returned searchers, you may rest assured that the very first to be served was the family's benefactor.

Coalie was too happy and too excited to eat much, and kept as close as possible to Eben all the while.

When the people had finally all gone away, the Archer family gathered in the big sitting-room for family worship, and, unrebuked among the worshippers, was Coalie, nestling close up against the mother's knee as she held little Eben.,



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