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When Nellie Came Home.

(Silver Link.)

Mrs. Baker was tired. It had been ironing-day, and when one is tired worries come easy. This may have been one reason why she laid down the letter she had been reading, with a little sigh, as she said to her husband, 'Nellie writes that she will be home next week.'

'Why, mother!'—with a look of surprise

be satisfied with our plain homelife on the farm when she comes back to it. It was kind as could be in Cousin Abbie to invite her for this visit, but if I had known just how they lived I don't know as I should have been willing for her to go.'

'But what has made you think of this?'

'Well, for one thing, Susie Hurd. You remember she went to London for a visit two years ago, and she came back with her head so filled that she is just as discon-

'I saw Mr. Hurd to-day,' said Mr. Baker, his face growing sober. 'He said he hoped Nellie wouldn't come back as Susie did. He said there had been no peace nor comfort with her since, and that she is crazy to go to the city to do something, though her mother needs her so much at home.'

'I believe it would break my heart if Nellie should feel so!' and Mrs. Baker wiped her eyes at the thought.

'Yes, it would be pretty hard for us that's a fact,' her husband assented, with a quiver in his voice.

At last the expected day came, and Mr. Baker drove away to the station, while his wife went about her welcoming preparations with a heart that by turns was glad and anxious, joyful and afraid.

Then there came the waited-for sound of wheels, and the next moment a young girl with shining eyes and smiling lips came flying into the room. At the first glance Mrs. Baker noted the different arrangement of the hair, the new hat, the pretty suit, the indefinable 'something' that told of contact with the outside world. This was not the country-dressed Nellie who had gone away; and while she had planned for the new things, none the less the mother-heart sank as the quick thought came: 'Would she indeed be changed by them?'

The next moment Nellie was holding her close, and her voice was asking, 'Tell me, mother, are you half as glad to see me as I am you?'

As she glanced rapidly round the room her bright eyes noticed every detail. 'Why, mother, if you haven't made new pillows for the lounge! Dear me! how homey it all is! My tea-rose in blossom, too! I shan't be able to rest till I have been all over the house, and the whole place, for that matter. And oh, how good that supper smells! Chicken and ham—you know what I like. Let me get my things off. I haven't had anything so good since I've been gone.'

'Then, Nellie, you really are glad to be at home?' There was a tremor in Mrs. Baker's voice, and her eyes filled to overflowing as she put the question.

'Glad to be home! Of course I am. But what are you crying for?'

'Oh, I couldn't help but be afraid, Nellie. You have been seeing things so different, and you know Susie Hurd has never been satisfied since she came back from the city.'

Nellie laughed. 'Oh, you foolish, loving little mother!'—with another squeeze—'I hope your girl has more sense than that. I'm sorry for poor Susie Hurd or any other girl who, because she has seen things, finer, is discontented with her own home, and those in it who love her the best on earth. I've had a lovely time and enjoyed every hour of it; but the happiest minute of all was when I came in sight of home again.'

'But here comes father, so dry your eyes. I've had such a long rest now you must let me do all the more.'—A. E. Thompson.

The only religious instruction that a great many children have is in the Sunday-school. They come from homes where Christ is not known. This makes the work of the teacher very responsible.



A YOUNG GIRL CAME HURRYING INTO THE ROOM.

—'one would think you were sorry instead of glad.'

'You know better than that. Nellie is all we have. She has been the centre of every hope and plan, and I had almost said of every thought, for the last seventeen years. But these six weeks now she has been having things so different. You know what she has written of the lectures and concerts she is going to, and all the city sights she is enjoying, and the handsome things she has around her. I can't help feeling afraid that she will hardly

tented at home, and with home, as she can be. It makes Mrs. Hurd feel dreadfully—she told me it did.'

'Let us hope for the best, though,' said Mr. Baker, as cheerfully as possible. 'It is all we can do.'

'What are you cleaning for?' he asked a few days later, coming in where his wife was busy putting up fresh curtains. 'I thought everything was all right before.'

'Oh, I wanted things to look as well as they could to Nellie. It's going to be a great change for her at the best.'