

stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp-machine looked like a mad little 'water-dog,' and would be good to have in an animal show; and, as she could not find it in the closet, she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look, and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down, after all, with the surprise of the sight that burst on her—all those dogs, all gazing at her and wagging their tails.

'You just go out and see for yourself, you, ma'am, and you, ma'am!' She burst out again, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby, and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining-room, where he must have been standing.

A great rush of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. 'They're mine—I'm curing them! O mamma, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them—good homes! Just give me time, mamma! I never meant to keep them, mamma, truly—only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them; and they haven't got a friend in the whole world but me! I had to take out meat and things to them, mamma; but I did without myself! I never meant to take out more'n my share of things. And they're growing jolly fellows—they're getting 'long fine! Mamma, say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet—say it, mamma!'

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not going to die. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed and she kissed him. 'You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured,' she said, bending down and looking straight into his scared eyes. 'They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, Sam, how lovely it would be.'

And Sam cried, joyfully: 'Oh, I will, mamma, I will!'

A Rainy Day.

This is the way
That a rainy day

Was spent by some children wise:
They did not complain
At the dreary rain,

As it fell from the cloudy skies;
But they ran, all three, to the barn, you see,
With merriest shouts and cries.

That rainy day—
Why, it passed away
So quickly I cannot tell
And I know not on
When that day was done,
Had found fault with the rain that fell;
And the happy three came running to me
For the 'story' they loved so well.

What is your way
For a rainy day?
Do you stand by the window pane
And there look out,
And pout, and pout,
At the quickly pattering rain?
Or do you say, 'Tis God's rainy day,
And I must not complain?'
—Little Pilgrim.

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Aunt Sarah's Solution.

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Wellspring'.)

Virginia Conant lovingly threw a shawl over her aunt who lay sleeping on the sofa, and quietly opened the door.

'Just a whiff of mellow October out-of-doors,' she said to herself, drinking in, the while, a draught of the rich, fruit-laden air. 'My! it's worth while just to live these days—even as I do, for self,' she added reluctantly, with a tinge of discouragement in her voice.

Her aunt slightly stirred.

'I'm afraid I came near waking her,' Virginia whispered. 'Poor dear! she' had a hard day of it—even worse than yesterday. I'd like to know, just out of curiosity, how many callers she's had since she sprained her ankle. When one is sick one finds out who one's friends are. I'm afraid if I should be in her place no one would even think of me, much less write love notes and send dainty little delicacies to tempt my appetite. I wonder what's the reason—what's the difference between Aunt Sarah and me!'

Virginia sat in deep meditation, and for some minutes after her aunt had awakened did not notice the loving eyes resting on her, full of tender curiosity.

'A penny for your thoughts, dear!'

Virginia started.

'Cheap at half the price, auntie! The fact is, I'm engaged in solving a problem, and—and I can't find the unknown quantity.'

'I'm afraid you haven't eliminated and combined correctly,' smiled Aunt Sarah, cheerily. 'State your problem, and let's see what's the difficulty.'

'Well, auntie, a certain girl has an aunt. The aunt has a great many friends and is beloved by everybody. Her griefs are their griefs, and her sorrows theirs. The girl is just as much a niece of her aunt's as blood relationship can make her, and yet she hasn't one-tenth the friends and doesn't do an iota of the good her aunt accomplishes. Solve so as to find the reason.'

Aunt Sarah reached out her hand.

'Let us see, dear, how many really true friends you have. There's Mildred Holmes, the daughter of the rich manufacturer, and—'

'Edith Walton, who lives over on Chestnut Hill,' interrupted Virginia.

'But that's not all?' as Virginia hesitated.

'Every one, auntie; hardly enough to bear witness.'

'I've noticed all along,' resumed Aunt Sarah, gently, 'that my little companion has somehow cared to make friends only with the wealthy; and that is the secret of her few friends and the reason she has been unable to do no more for the Master. Had I on my list of friends only women whose wealth equals my own, see how much of sweetness and comfort I should have lost while lying here. The only ones to call would have been Judge Bennett's wife and Mrs. Merrick. Our truest friends, in most cases, are those we have ourselves befriended and helped, and we can find such everywhere.'

Aunt Sarah tenderly drew Virginia toward her.

'Can't we now write after the problem, "Which was to be demonstrated"?'

'I—I think we can, auntie,' replied Virginia, slowly. 'And I'm going to begin to-day—now, to do differently, so when I sprain my ankle I shall not have to lie here and receive but two fashionable calls. I

heard Norah say this morning as I came through the kitchen that she wished some one would show her how to make over her three-years-old dress. I'm a pretty good dressmaker,' and Virginia left the room with a new purpose in living.

'A problem has been solved to-day,' said Aunt Sarah, gladly, to herself, 'which I feared might be the work of years.'

Dolly and the Parachute.

'The dolls are sick,' said Doctor John, 'They need the greatest care; The best thing they could have would be A ride right through the air.'

We looked at him in great alarm—
'Dear Sir,' we quickly said,
'We always thought when dolls were sick
They ought to be in bed!'

But Doctor John would have his way,
And all the dolls, poor things,
Had each in turn to float in air
Like birds on bright, strong wings.

So in a parachute they rode,
And really I must say,
That on the whole their startling ride
Did good in every way!

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Sir R. Giffen on National Finance—'Daily News,' London.
Reply by Mr. E. K. Munnell, in Manchester 'Guardian.'
The National Physical Laboratory—'The Times,' London.
The Brain Centre of British Commerce—'Daily Mail,' London.
Russia and Finland—'Morning Post,' London.
Close Quarters in Cuba—New York 'Tribune.'
For Moral Reform—'American Medicine' and Springfield 'Republican.'
Knaves are Fools—'Daily News,' London.
Learning and Religion.
Confession and Absolution in the Anglican Church—From the Press Association.
Where Telediction is Cheap—'Pall Mall Gazette.'
River Pollution in the United States.
A Rough Night on a Gloucester Fishing Smack—From 'Scribner's Magazine.'
A River of Lunacy—John Swain, in 'Ainslee's.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Vision of the Present Day—Sonntagblatt der New Yorker 'Staats-Zeitung'—Translated for 'World Wide.'
The Master Painter of the 'Fetes Galantes'—'The Pilot,' London.
Van Dyck in Italy—New York 'Tribune.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Old-Fashioned Song—By Marie Von Vorst, in 'Lippincott's To a Friend Age 1 Seven—Verso by S. B., in 'Westminster Budget.'
My Dog Cluny—'New York 'Tribune.'
Life on the Stage—By W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Old and the New in Woman—'Literary Digest.'
Christ and Robert Criticism—'The Church Times,' London.
Books in Demand—New York 'Times.'
Books on Gardening—New York 'Evening Post.'
Salient Sparks from Current Literature—New York 'Tribune.'
Mr. Gilbert Parker on Fiction—'Morning Post,' London.
In the Footsteps of Pickwick—'Standard.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Beequerel Rays—'The Pilot,' London.
Crime Among Animals—'Leisure Hour.'
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