

that it stood at the foot of the bed, placed the bottles holding the candles upon it, and lit them. The Saint found herself admiring the soft clear candle-light, and the women who knew so surely what to do when death came; when she had watched by Puddin' she had stood terrified at the idea of his dying—but she had never thought what she would do if he had. Suddenly, like a great wave of gratitude came the thought that she was glad it wasn't Puddin' who was dead; this was bad—that would have been infinitely worse.

It was so cold! She softly rose, and on tiptoes reached for her little shawl and put it about her shoulders.

'Is your stove cold?' inquired Mrs. Daley, just as if she hadn't known it all the while.

'Yes,' answered the Saint simply. 'She was asleep so I didn't light the fire this morning.'

'Tis right ye were!' Mrs. O'Reilly, who lived on the floor below, tried hard not to see the empty box behind the stove. 'I have below a bit more wood than I can be usin' this day, and it clutters up the room, so I think I'll be bringin' it up here to burn,' with which kind but illogical statement, she hurried out, and in a few moments was back with an armful of wood.

'I'll be lightin' it when you all are gone—it makes it so hot.' The Saint thought of the bottle she had placed in the stove, and had risen, startled, as if to shield it from other eyes.

'Sure and I'll be lightin' it! Don't I be lightin' 'em all the time!' Mrs. O'Reilly had half lifted a lid, when Cecilia caught her arm.

'Oh, don't! Don't!' Half ashamed to seem ungrateful of Mrs. O'Reilly's kindness, afraid she had seen what lay below the lid, hungry and chilled, Cecilia gave way, and leaning over across the cold little stove, she sobbed until it seemed as if her sobs must waken the silent sleeper in her room.

'Child,' Mrs. O'Reilly's voice seemed far too tender to belong to the buxom, loud-toned Mrs. O'Reilly, 'don't be grievin' so! Don't you know that heaven is a better place than here, where half of us are cold or hungry? Let me be lightin' the fire, so a body can be comin' in comfortable like. Sure, I mean it for your own good.'

The Saint lifted her head with a half appealing gesture—'You're all awful good to me—but don't you be lightin' the fire, I ain't cold, and she —' pointing towards the bed. 'ain't neither.' And with a feeling of helplessness before the awful thing they called death, her sobs broke out afresh.

And so they placed the wood in the box and left the child in the cold, dark, cheerless room,—but not alone! Oh, the tenderness of those whom poverty of purse has made the richer in love and sympathy! Whose ears are keen to hear the first note of sorrow! Who find time in their days so filled with the anxious toil for bread to lend to the more needy a succouring hand! All the long day, one by one, they kept vigil with the child beside the silent but awesome presence. On the table stood the bits of food they have taken from their own little ones that this child should not bear with her burden of trouble the burden of hunger too. Now and then, warmed by the food, Cecilia's head slipped down upon the window-sill, and she would sleep for a few moments; then, as if awakened by the silence, her big eyes would fasten again on the rigid figure outlined beneath the sheet on the bed.

It was long after dark when Jim came in; Mickey Daley had watched for him that he might have the supreme pleasure of being the first to bear the tidings, and Jim had come right up. The Saint's eyes lighted, as he came in, and she half rose to meet him, but fell back again with utter weariness.

(To be continued.)

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

### Teddy's Visitor.

A light hand tapped on Teddy's door:

'Is there a boy lives here  
Whose heart is brave, whose will is strong,  
Whose wits are quick and clear?  
Whose word is always squarely kept,  
Who doesn't try to shirk,  
But who, in school and out of it,  
Is faithful at his work?'

Then lazy Teddy looked ashamed.

'Why, who are you?' he cried.

'My name is Opportunity.'

A cheery voice replied.

'I want a boy who can receive

And use the gifts I bear;

But since this isn't where he lives,

I'll hunt for him elsewhere.'

'Oh, wait!' begged Teddy. 'I've always meant

To be that boy you seek.

And by next year, or 'praps next month—

Wait! Wait! I mean next week!

I'll be quite ready; please don't go!

Alas! the sprite had fled,

And never once has come again

To call on Master Ted.

—'Sunday School Messenger.'

### The Little Blackberry Girl.

'Blackberries! Blackberries! Blackberries!'

We had been sitting in the patent swing under the big maple trees in our yard a long time, trying to get cool that hot summer day, Mary Fisher and I, when we heard the shrill cry.

'Who's that?' said Mary, looking toward the dusty highway, down which was trudging a little girl in a faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet, and with bare feet.

'That's the little blackberry girl,' I said. 'She comes round every year selling berries of all kinds. She's the queerest thing you ever saw—just like a little woman. If mother was home, I suppose she'd buy some.'

'Where does she live?' asked Mary.

'I don't know,' I made answer carelessly, for I was not a bit interested, and didn't want Mary to be. 'I never asked her. I don't even know her name. She just comes and goes, and everybody calls her the little blackberry girl. Don't look at her, or she'll want you to buy.'

'Well, why not?' asked Mary. 'I have some money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to talk to her. And she looks so tired and hot. If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?'

I didn't like it, not one little bit, but there was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my visitor, and a visitor that I prized very highly, so I did as she requested. I called to the little blackberry girl and told her to come in.

'Did you want some berries?' she asked, smiling all over her face. Even her eyes smiled. I had never noticed it before. I had thought her very plain, but she really did look very pretty, indeed.

'I want some,' said Mary. 'I dearly love them, and these are so very nice. Where do you get them?'

'On the side of the mountain, miss.

There's a sight of 'em grows there.'

'And these must have been picked this morning,' said Mary. 'They look so nice and fresh.'

'They were, miss. I was up before four to get at the berries.'

'Before four! I don't see how you can do it. Where do you live?'

'Down near the old stone mill. It's quite a little step up the mountain, but I like the walk in the early morning. Everything seems so happy and bright, and the air is full of the singing of birds. I love to go after berries.'

'I shouldn't think you would,' I said. 'Just see how the briars scratch up your hands and feet.'

Oh, that's nothing at all,' she said, cheerfully. 'I never feel the scratches, and they're gone in a day or two. I just think how many nickels and dimes I am going to get for them. That pays for all the scratches.'

'Don't you wish sometimes,' Mary said,

'that you were rich and could live in a fine house like this, and wear nice clothes and do just as you please?'

'No, I don't think so,' was the laughing reply. 'You see, I was made to work hard, and I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the greatest blessings in the world.'

'Wait a minute,' I said, as she rose to go. 'I know mamma would buy your berries if she were here, so I'll take them.' And feeling very generous, I made her empty her basket, and while I went to put them away, I had Mary bring her out some cake and iced lemonade.

'I'll tell mother I've been to a party,' she said, as she gaily trudged home. 'And it is fine that I sold all my berries so soon. Now I can go straight home and help her iron.' And away she went briskly down the road.

Mary and I looked at each other shamefacedly. We had done nothing but grumble all day about the heat and the dullness and everything, and here was this little girl actually jolly over having to work.

'Sadie,' said she at last, 'let's get to work at something. I am just ashamed of myself. What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea of her being contented with her life and our grumbling at ours!—' Baptist Boys and Girls.'

### Is Your Church Lawn Very Nice?

Some of our boys and girls have been asking, 'What can we do for the church? We attend regularly both church and Sunday school, and give our pennies. Is there anything else which we should do? An inquiry like this should not go unanswered, especially when we have such a splendid plan to propose.

There is a work which belongs distinctively to the young people and to the boys and girls. This work, or pleasure, it might rightly be called, is to make the church surroundings beautiful, and now is a good time for such work to be done.

Suggest to your pastor that he have a social to which all the boys and girls and young people of the church are invited. Let the social be called at the parsonage or at some home near the church and have enough older people present to keep everybody happy and also to provide some light refreshment.

In the midst of this social let someone who is noted in the community for his or her love of flowers and shrubs and climbing vines broach the subject and outline what can be done to improve the appearance of the church lawn.

A good bed of grass all about the church is the first essential. If the soil is poor then see what can be done in getting some good dirt and fertilizer hauled where needed and have the lawn graded carefully. If the fence is in bad condition this should be either repaired and painted or a new fence put up in order to protect the lawn when it is properly planted.

The cost of planting the lawn and fixing it up should not be large, especially when the right leader is chosen and all the work is done without charge by the young people and the boys and girls. It is wonderful what can be done with a few flower seeds and vines and shrubs, with a tree set out here and there. If the lawn is large why not allow different classes in the Sunday school to plant each a tree, or shrub, or climbing vine or have some spot to fill with flowers. The unsightly horse-sheds, and driveways, and steps, how all of these might be made beautiful with a little thought and care.

A pastor in Maine who has been observing along this line writes thus in the 'Congregationalist' of Boston:

'One who has seen as I did what can be accomplished in the culture of sweet peas along the sides of the church will not soon forget the sight. They blossomed far into September, protected nightly, through the ministers' loving care, from the frosts of an Aroostook autumn. They glorified the little wooden church. Their welcome en-