

by five minutes to five, and I wouldn't miss bein' here then fur a washbiler full of tay.'

To this the Irish girl adhered inflexibly, although Ellen used every argument to enlighten her as to the imperative duty of attending the meeting.

'You are very wicked, Katty,' she concluded, rather irritably, 'to stay just for nothing. Your mother would make you go if she knew I was here.'

'And hev her washin' wid all her hands, and me not here maybe, at five minutes to five. It's mighty fine to go fur them es has nothin' to do at home,' retorted Katty, who had a tongue of her own that could hold its right of way against very vigorous opposition.

Ellen felt that her entrance to Mrs. Brent's rather crowded parlors was less noticeable than if she had brought Katty, but Mrs. Brent smiled in evident admiration when she told of her effort.

'So sweet of you, dear girl! to go there this evening. Don't give her up. The girl is wild, and frightfully ignorant, but she has a good face. Watch her—don't mind a few disappointments,' she said with such confident approval that Ellen took heart again. Then the hostess introduced her to the Vassar girls, and told them what a bright example of earnest work and energy she set all of us, old and young. We call her, 'our little missionary,' supplemented Mrs. Brent.

The young ladies from Vassar admired earnest work in whatever form it might be found, consequently they were interested at once and made much of Ellen. They told her all about college, their ways, studies, and pleasures, and made her promise to entreat her mother to send her to Vassar 'some day.' It was well they put it in such general terms, for Ellen knew that when the day for sending her to college arrived, if ever it did, the very narrow purse at home must have miraculously expanded. After the meeting the Vassar girls invited her to join them in a ramble through the meadows beyond the village to gather wild flowers. Altogether, in spite of the heat, it was a delightful afternoon. Ellen felt thoroughly happy as she walked homeward. Her pleasure had but one flaw—Katty. The responsibility of Katty seemed in a measure shifted upon her, perhaps because the Brien cabin was only a short distance, by the lane, from Mrs. Hill's. The cabin humbly crouched on the side of the railway, while the Hill cottage nestled in a pretty garden on the highway. She remembered Katty's indignant retort flung after her as she left the Brien door, or rather, back fence, and feared the Irish girl might become lukewarm and drop out of the Sunday-school. Ellen determined to walk around on her way home and see Katty. She took out her tiny silver watch, a Christmas gift from her uncle, and looked at the time. It was five minutes to five.

'It don't matter. I can get home by five minutes after five. Ten minutes is nothing. It is punctual enough to get there only ten minutes late,' she reflected, then walked a trifle more briskly toward the Brians.

It would restore Katty's good humor to have so much notice taken of her by the ladies, thought Ellen. She would tell her how Mrs. Brent had asked for her, and what a nice time she might have had, with a cup of tea and cakes and sandwiches.

So Ellen left the pleasant road, with its shading poplars, and took the path by the railway just as Katty's piercing tones called in the flock of Brians, a baker's dozen of them, running from far and near as their names were shrieked, with a hastening threat added thereto, as, 'You Tim and Biddy, I'll kill your white chicken if you don't run faster. You Pat, I've got your

pup by the neck; he'll be choked if you're not here in two minutes.'

Ellen could see the gleaming rails of the track as far as the great bend. She wondered what the white speck in the middle of the track could be. The Brien children were diverting themselves in a mud puddle which overflowed its banks on wash day. Their shouts of laughter reached Ellen, and yet one of them must have been deaf to the call of its name, for now plainly the white speck shaped itself into the form of a child—one of the smallest of the brood—sitting in the middle of the track, some distance below the cabin. The little mite of humanity seemed to be playing with the cinders.

'Neglectful wretches! Why don't they go after that baby? They know the express will pass at five!' Ellen cried in involuntary alarm at the peril of the child, and remembered in a swift flash of satisfaction that at five minutes to five her mother always hunted up little Jim to assure herself that, with the perversity of infant ambition, he had not slipped through the gate and raced as fast as his tiny, restless feet could carry him to the railway.

What were the Brians doing that they did not see after their young one?

Just then a thin, prolonged curl of smoke far down the line floated above the trees. Ellen gave a cry of terror. It was the express sweeping around the bend, a mile away, and still no one noticed the baby playing on the railway. Ellen was speeding breathlessly, but withal she knew she could never reach the child in time. The boisterous voices of the Brien children abruptly broke off in a frightened hush, for Katty ran out, looked down the track, and darted off in a wild rush toward the child. The whistle was screaming its shrill warning. The engineer had seen the little one tossing cinders and laughing gleefully while the express thundered along the sunlit rails. Ellen's face whitened at the sight. She closed her eyes and leaned against the Brien fence, too faint and weak to go on. She could not bear to see them killed—the brave Irish girl flying to the rescue and the innocent child.

A simultaneous shriek and cessation of the noise of the train told her the catastrophe had come. The passengers crowded out of the train and about what seemed to be a heap of mingled red cotton and white lying beside the track. The ladies bathed Katty's unconscious face and chafed the limp hands; then she was carried back to the cabin far more dead than alive. Some one was bringing the baby. It was not killed they said. The girl—the agile, daring girl—had snatched it almost from under the engine, so close, so perilously close, that the engine, even at slackened speed, struck her before she could escape. The train steamed away with its excited passengers. Ellen never knew how it all came about, for it seemed like a nightmare dream. She heard the agitated tones mingling with the moans of the injured girl. She heard her mother's voice nervously weeping and talking, while the wail of the child as they brought him in smote her ear with a tone so frightfully familiar that it stunned Ellen. She seemed to feel the engine rumbling overhead, for she knew then it was not the Brien child, but Jim—their own little Jim—whom Katty had snatched from under the driving-wheels. Dear little Jim it was, with his baby hands and baby face still besmirched with cinders, while tears of fright made grooves through the grime and blood of the scratches on his soft cheek.

In the long weeks when Ellen sat by Katty's bedside, tenderly nursing the girl through her suffering, she seemed to hear over and over, in the still hours of the night watch, a certain fragment of the talk while they had waited for the doctor to say whether Katty would live or die.

'My Katty stayed home this noon because I was 'most crazy wid work and couldn't call in the childer at five minutes to five, before the express went by,' said Katty's mother.

'I was giving a music lesson, and Mr. Hazle was waiting for his bill. I—I expected some one, but she didn't come in time to save little Jim,' evasively and plaintively explained Ellen's mother.

'But phywat, mem,' demanded the Irish-woman, 'was Miss Ellen a-doin' at five minutes to five?'—Louisa O. Swan, in 'The Class-mate.'

## Correspondence

Franktown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five pet goslings and a pet sheep. We call her Molly, and she comes running when she sees us anywhere. There was a Sunday-school meeting on the fifteenth of May. I was at it, and it was very nice. We are very busy now with the crop. My little baby sister is very old-fashioned now. She will pull our hair if we let her. I have a little brother. He is three years old. He has a dog. He calls him Rover. When my brother gets a rope the dog runs after him. It is very pleasant to see them. I was born on the tenth line of Beckwith, on June 29, in the year 1883. The rabbits come very often into the garden and we have a good chase after them with Rover. Papa was not well or strong all summer, and he made us a nice hammock in the grove of trees near the house. The raspberries will soon be ripe, and we will have a very pleasant time picking them. I have only missed one Sunday this year. I am in the bible class. I like it very well. Yours truly,

ELEANOR,  
Aged fifteen.

St. Thomas, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence. Not long ago, I visited Niagara Falls. I will try to describe my journey. I started from St. Thomas, took the Great Northern Railway to Fargo, there I stayed over night and in the morning I took the N. P. for Duluth, then I had to go by a steamer called the 'Empire,' on the Beety Line, to Sarnia, from there to London, then on the N. P. to Hamilton. I then took the Grand Trunk to Niagara. It was about noon. After dinner I went down to the falls with a friend. Niagara falls is one of the most striking natural wonders of the world. Above the falls the river is divided by Goat Island, forming the Horseshoe falls. On each side there is a high wall about one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The height of the American falls is about one hundred and sixty-seven feet. Below the cataract the river is very deep and narrow, being from one hundred to three hundred yards in width, and flows between perpendicular rocks, about two hundred and fifty feet high, into a gorge, which is crossed by several suspension bridges. Then there is a great high wall to protect one from falling. If we turn our eye to the right we see the high, rocky banks, between which is the dark green river. It has a very broken surface with white foam on the top. Below lies a rainbow, bright as ever was seen in the sky. With one end resting on the snowy vapor it circles round to the mossy old rocks as though uniting in a bridal tie, the wayward, impetuous falls with staid Earth. At the head of the falls are several islands. Goat Island is the most beautiful. There is a boat called 'The Maid of the Mist,' that goes down the river, people can get on it and go underneath the falls. Your loving fourteen year old friend,

C. P.

Kensington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Let every one of us hope and pray that the temperance banner will soon float over Canada,

JOHN.

Ingersoll.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty town of Ingersoll which is situated on the Thames River in North Oxford. We have taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and I like the correspondence page the best. I have two brothers living in New York, and a sister in Kansas City, besides others at home. I have tried the entrance examination some weeks ago, but I do not know the result. I attend the Junior Christian Endeavor and I sometimes lead the meeting. Wishing you great success with your paper, I remain your faithful reader,

EVA,  
Fifteen years.