

dwellings, and bare-footed children, knowing no other playground, chased each other over the heated bricks. A clam man drew up his cart under one of the dirty gas lamps, and was speedily surrounded by boisterous children fortunate enough to have a copper clasped in their grimy little fingers. Now and then a rasping voice from the wooden chairs on the pavement called out a command or threat, or a small, wailing voice from an inner room told the whereabouts of some tiny struggler for existence.

A sharp-faced little cripple was making his foilsome way down the street, his whole attitude drooping and dejected. They could hear his hoarse breathing as they passed. What a world it was, thought the girl, and clinched her hand till the nails pressed painfully into her palm.

'Do let's walk faster,' she said, almost irritably; 'I want to get home and this air chokes me.'

He glanced at her in surprise, and a few moments later they had passed into another street, a narrow and very humble one, but the fragrance of honeysuckle came to them from fences hidden by the thick greenery, and the tinkle of an old piano floated to their ears.

'There!' she said, 'this is a little better, isn't it? That girl lives somewhere on this street—only a block further up. Poor thing, I won't forget about her.' Then, in a moment, 'I came perilously near being cross a few minutes ago, didn't I? But it wears me all out to see unhappy people.'

* * * *

It was the second week after that evening at the mission, and it was Saturday.

In the hot little 'parlor' on a narrow street Arabella sat stiffly upright. 'She's had time to miss me,' she was saying to herself. 'She's got my number, and two weeks ain't long enough to forget all about a person.' There was bitterness in her thought, but under it all a wistful, hurt feeling. 'I guess she'll come to-night when she sees I ain't there,' she assured herself; 'why, she—she prayed for me.' She had not yet gotten over the wonder of it. 'She'll likely be along after the meeting—her and her beau.'

Her eyes roved again over the stiff, tawdry little room which she had put in such careful order.

The bell rang shrilly. 'That can't be her,' she whispered, as she hurried to the door, and they were two very different faces that met hers—high-colored faces under flaunting hats, not bad, but weak and silly.

'Well, Bella,' they said, in noisy greeting; and then, 'where've you kep' yourself? We ain't seen you for an age.'

Arabella murmured some answer, not very audibly.

'We're gettin' up a party for Webber's Garden,' one of them continued; 'we want you to go along. Jim an' Charley 're goin', and—there comes Will now. We was to meet him here.' They laughed gayly in Arabella's face as a young man in a plaid suit came up the low steps. 'Come right in,' they called out, 'she's to home.'

He accepted the invitation, hurrying up to Arabella's side with the exaggerated low bow that she had often found so fascinating. Why was it that he and these two girls seemed somehow different now? The young man in the plaid suit fingered his showy gilt chain and scrutinized her closely under that outward air of easy carelessness, while he told her the evening's plans. 'You'll come, won't you?' he said. 'The music was real good last Saturday, but you took such a notion against going. What ailed you, anyway?'

'It's—it's Saturday night,' faltered Arabella.

'Well—what if it is?'

'But we—we stay so late—it's morning before it's over, and to-morrow's Sunday.'

'Well, I declare,' said one of the gayly dressed girls, 'what if it is? Your wings ain't sproutin', are they?' And Arabella joined helplessly in the laugh following this sally, while the young man in the plaid suit looked at her with puzzled eyes.

He hitched his chair a little nearer. 'You'd better come along,' he said; 'it'll be real nice, and it won't be a bit pleasant without you.'

'Well, I like that,' and the women callers giggled, but with evident amusement, and with a consoling vision of 'Jim an' Charley' doubtless looming up in the background.

THIS WEEK'S LIST of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Dec. 18th, Monday, Jas. Tait, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	\$ 6.00
Dec. 19th, Tuesday, Addie Gillespie, Millbank, Ont.	5.55
Dec. 20th, Wednesday, Lloyd Stewart, Carleton Place, Ont.	6.00
Dec. 21st, Thursday, Janet Fisher, Maxville, Ont.	38.00
Dec. 22nd, Friday, Geo. Inch, Fredericton, N.B.	7.30
Dec. 23rd, Saturday, Wm. Cross, Winnipeg, Man.	12.58

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

MORE PLEASANT SURPRISES.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 15.

Dear Sirs,—I appreciate very much the splendid Bible premium for the small club I obtained for the 'Witness.' What I did was simply as a well wisher for your publications.

Very truly yours,

W. H. AUSTIN.

High School, Port Perry, Ont.,

Dec. 16 1905.

Gentlemen,—I owe you an apology for my remissness in acknowledging the re-

ceipt of the beautiful and valuable Bible you were kind enough to send me. I commenced to read the 'Weekly Witness' fifty-one years ago last September and I have been a constant reader since. It would not be easy for me to tell what I owe to the 'Witness' and I am very glad to see that it has reached its sixtieth year in undiminished vigor and prosperity.

Thanking you again for your very valuable present,

I remain, yours sincerely,

D. McBRIDE.

Arabella made one more helpless effort. 'I—I can't decide right off,' she said; 'I was expecting somebody—a lady,' with a glance at the young man in the plaid suit. 'Can't you come round just a little after nine, and if—if she ain't come—then I'll go.'

The other girls looked at him and laughed. 'Seeing it's a lady, I guess you won't mind leaving it that way, will you?'

'No,' he said, but glancing at her a little doubtfully, 'that's the way we'll leave it,' and, under cover of the giggles of the two damsels, who preceded him down the steps, he added: 'Now, don't go back on it, Bella,' and his face was bent anxiously toward her for an instant.

'All right,' she said, and then the door was shut and her friends went up the street, the girls still giggling, but a little of the jauntiness seemed to have departed from the young man in the plaid suit. Arabella, looking from the window, could see them jostling him facetiously, and once a high pitched, rallying laugh floated back to her.

She looked at the clock on the shelf. They must be about half through the meeting at the mission now. Did they miss her, she wondered, and was any one praying for her to-night? She guessed not, it all seemed so sort of far away now—all she had felt in the mission room two weeks ago. 'I guess I wasn't converted,' she said to herself, 'only sort of wanted to be, and—and—but I ain't a-goin' again. Some way I don't want to unless she asks me to.'

Several blocks away, too far from her to hear it, they were singing 'Throw out the life-line,' and a girl in white moved restlessly on the hard bench. 'When I come back in the fall I'll go,' she said, 'I know I ought not to have put it off, but—of course I won't have time now before I leave.'

Arabella sat at the open window all those minutes after nine o'clock. She was watching the people as they passed under the sickly light of the street lamp. Once she caught her breath sharply as a slender white figure turned the corner on the opposite side of the street. She was only vaguely conscious of all that pretty grace and purity meant to her; she merely knew that she held her breath while she waited. The girl was with another man to-night. 'She must have more'n

one beau,' thought Arabella. They were going very slowly down the street; once the girl's eyes turned for an instant toward the little house where Arabella sat in the window, but—she passed on.

Just a few minutes later and the garden party were at Arabella's door.

'Yes,' she said, 'I'm a-comin', just wait till I get my hat.'

And the young man in the plaid suit looked after her curiously, there was such a high, hard note in her voice.

Our New Serial Story.

'Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.' This most interesting and instructive story as our readers will have noticed was commenced in last week's issue. We hope our readers will pass the 'Messenger' on to others to read the story. New subscribers will receive the back numbers while they last.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

The Marvey Union S.S., per Mr. E. McTavish, Marney, Man., \$31.00; A. B. T., Dumbarton, \$2.00; Mrs. J. E. W., Mystic, \$1.00; Mrs. J. M. Kately, Moorefield, \$2.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, \$1.20; Roy E. Elmers, Richwood, \$2.00; The Misses M. A. and H. M. Dickinson, Bell Ewart, \$3.80; Mrs. A. A. Shaw and family, Nanton, Alta., \$2.00; Mr. Freddie and Miss Kathleen Seafoot, Maraville, 20c.; M. A., U., Ont., 20c.; Wilfred G. Denar, Denar's Mills, N. S., 25c.; total, \$45.65.

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.