

heart will break if he ain't home by Christmas time.'

They watched her as she went across into Jim's shop, and Mrs. Flynn gently said, 'Sure, 'tis a mother's heart the child has, God bless her! I'm thinking she feels it more than her mother, if she is sober the morning!'

'Tis yourself as is talkin', Mrs. Flynn! Mrs. Daley, having rescued the youngest Daley from an imminent flood, prepared to go home. 'I can't see how a mother can be so! When my Mickey got his foot hurt, a year come spring, 'twas I felt the worst pain!'

'Is it of Mickey's foot you're talkin'? Think of me when my Andy got his arm broke!'

Mrs. Flynn let go the pump handle and picked up her pail.

'Your Andy!' Mrs. Daley's tones were slightly scornful. 'What's an arm to a foot! Your Andy could be walkin' round the while?'

'And if he could!' Mrs. Flynn's motherly pride was awakened. 'Sure the pain was more than if both his feet were hurt like Mickey's!'

'Will you hear her, now?' Mrs. Daley appealed to her growing audience with an angry gesture. 'Sure she don't know what she's speakin'!'

'Don't I know!' Mrs. Flynn's pail was set down with a thump that shook out half its contents, and drenched the feet of the little Daleys, who, anxious as they had been to get into the water, felt called upon now to howl loudly. 'If I didn't know more than some of the people here, I'd be goin' to school with the babies! Sure, and my children are always in school when they ought to be, and so it's no wonder when they do be learnin' and with that parting shot, Mrs. Flynn picked up her pail again, and walked off.

It being well known in the Court that the truant officer had made frequent calls on the Daleys because of Mickey's lapses from the path of learning, this remark had a telling effect upon his mother, who shook her fist in the direction of the receding figure, and remarked angrily that Mickey was worth half a dozen of such ordinary youngsters as those of Mrs. Flynn.

The little audience having enjoyed this little scene with all the gusto that others give to the drama, slowly dissolved, and straightway forgot the visit of the ambulance in the newer, although not unusual excitement at the pump.

The little Daleys, left almost alone, decided that Jim's shop was the most enticing place about, trudged across to it, and being asked as to the cause of their tears, gave Jim a highly colored and minute explanation. Then they cuddled down on the floor next the bit of fire in the stove, and watched Jim's little hammer go up and down. Cecilia, sitting on the end of his bench, curled her feet up beneath her, that little Denny Daley might get nearer the stove.

'Ain't it awful nice and warm in here?' remarked Denny pleasantly to Cecilia.

'Yes,' she answered briefly.

'Say, it ain't so warm in our house. Is it in yours?'

The Saint blazed forth in a sudden burst of heartsick impatience. 'No, it ain't! It ain't never anything nice in our house!'

Jim put his hand kindly on her bent red head. 'Tis nice to be thinkin' of Puddin' in the nice warm room, and plenty to eat and drink, and a good doctor to be curing him. If I had a saint's name, I'd be thinkin' of that!'

'And I'm thinkin' that 'twas you as put him there! If I could be going to work now I'd pay you back!' Her voice seemed near the breaking point. 'And if I was workin', Jim, and if ever I had a cent, don't I know it would be going the way of every cent we ever get? You know she'd be spending it! And what for?'

Jim knew the bitterness of the words was all that kept the proud tears back; he knew too that the child was right, and yet his kindly heart was thinking out an answer that should keep the mother thought in her heart. 'And tell me now, would a saint be talkin' so of her mother? Don't you never

be forgettin' that when a body has trouble to bear, it's often then that the drink comes in handy to ease it.'

'Jim,' the Saint looked at him anxiously, 'did you ever have any trouble?'

Jim slowly got up, and opening the little stove door, bent down and poked the few coals about. 'Go on now, Denny, and take your little brother home—it's sleepy he is!'

'I ain't sleepy, Jim,' protested the child quickly. 'I want to stay here.'

'Don't be tellin' me!' Jim's voice sounded a bit irritable. 'Can't I see your's most half asleep now!' Then seeing a tear gather, he hastily drew forth one of his few remaining pennies, and said, 'There now! Go in and get the biggest apple that will buy.'

He shut the door carefully after the children, and turned to Cecilia. 'How old are you, Celié?'

'I'm thirteen, fourteen come next August.' She wondered at the question.

'Who is it you love the most of all the world?' Jim knew what the answer would be.

'Puddin'! There wasn't a shade of hesitation in the Saint's tones now.

Jim sat down on the bench next to her, and said slowly, 'Suppose you was ten years older, and Puddin' was all ye had in the world, and you thought ten times more of him than you do!'

'Oh, Jim, I couldn't!'

'Well, supposin' you could! And then all of a sudden, he was called away.'

'Jim,' the Saint's voice was very positive, 'Puddin' wouldn't ever go away from me! 'Tis likes he's callin' me this minute!' There was a quiver in her voice now.

'Cecilia!' She heard an unusual tremor in his tones, and looked at him curiously. 'I never knew my mother and I never knew my father, and I was a grown man before I loved any one. Then there was some one I loved so much that it made up for never having loved any one before. And all of a sudden, she went away.'

She looked at Jim's head bent down on his hand, and her voice rang angrily.

'She went away! From you! And didn't she never come back?'

'Why, Celié, child!' Jim's words were very low and soft. 'She went to heaven! God knows she's like to be happier there, and I wouldn't be askin' her back. But, it's a long time waiting, child, to see her.'

The Saint was shocked to find that a sob had crept into Jim's voice—he, Jim! Jim, whose very tones were always full of cheer! It was her turn to comfort, so she laid her little hand helplessly on his shoulder, and whispered huskily, while her heart throbbed with pity, 'I'm awful sorry, Jim!' She knew no sweeter terms of compassion.

Jim sat still, with his hands clasped, and his head fallen forward on his chest. The Saint pondered deeply, and then asked, 'Say, Jim, did you used to get drunk?'

Jim lifted his head slowly, and although his eyes were a bit misty, they looked clearly and proudly into Cecilia's own. 'I never was drunk in all my life!'

'I knew you weren't,' asserted the Saint. 'You didn't get drunk because you had trouble. Neither does she!'

'Cecilia, you mustn't be talkin' that way! Ye mustn't, I tell you! 'Tis bad for you that your mother ain't strong enough to turn her back on the drink—it is that! But don't you be forgettin' that it's worse for her! And don't you be forgettin' that she's your mother, and she took care of you when no one else could take care of you. 'Tis a bad thing for one to be talkin' wrong of his mother—but it's worse for you, for you've got a Saint's name!'

(To be continued.)

### A Bagster Bible Free.

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### Look Your Best, Girls.

'Girls spend a great deal too much time and thought on dress nowadays,' said the severe-looking matron.

Do they? I'm not so sure of that. Some of them may, of course, but there are exceptions to prove every rule; and, as a matter of fact, time and thought spent on dress are in nine cases out of ten extremely well invested.

It is everybody's duty to try and look their best; and that's a thing it is impossible to do without giving time and thought to the matter, unless you happen to have a dress allowance that runs into several figures, and very few of us have that!

If you have, it is easy to go to a clever modiste and give her 'carte blanche' to provide you with everything you are likely to require. Very delightful it is, too, but in such case there will be very little credit due to you; most of it will belong to your dressmaker.

But if, with only a small allowance, when you have to depend largely on your own deft fingers to provide you with fallals, you are still able to turn yourself out creditably, that's quite a different matter, for there is an enormous amount of credit due to the girl who 'can make old clothes look almost as good as new.'

You may hold up your head with the best and take pleasure in the thought that you are making yourself a pleasant sight for others' eyes to rest upon, and helping to make your corner of the world the bright, beautiful place it was meant to be. Oh, no! I am not at all sure that girls spend too much time and thought on such things.

### Why They Prospered.

'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth' (Prov. xi, 24), is a text that infidels are inclined to sneer at; but those who carry out its precepts know how true the Divine paradox is.

In the early part of the last century a poor English girl became kitchenmaid in a farmhouse. She had to work hard, but in time she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, and saved money enough after a while to build them a home.

On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front door, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: 'Oh Lord, if Thou wilt bless us in this place, the poor shall have a share in it.'

Time rolled on, and fortune rolled in. Children grew up around the God-fearing couple, and they became prosperous and wealthy. They had factories employing over 4,000 hands, and for these they built dwelling-houses, which were let to the laborers at cheap rents as long as they could work, and when the men became invalided or old, they had the houses for nothing.

One of the sons bought land, and opened a great public park, which he presented to the people of Halifax, whilst others endowed an orphanage and almshouses.

Most of our readers have heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys of Halifax. One of the family, a member of Parliament, once declared that the prosperity of the family was entirely due to that mother's prayer on the threshold of the new home, and the faithful carrying out of the promise there made.—'Good Words.'

### Making an Impression.

You are making a carbon copy on your typewriter.

You are in a hurry.

You slap together the front paper, and the sheet of carbon paper, and the back paper.

You roll them all into the machine, and you begin to hammer away.

Tap, tap, tap, rattle, rattle, rattle, ting, ting, ting, one line, two lines, half a page, a whole page, and you whirl the completed sheets from the machine with a gratified sigh. So much done.

But, alas! it isn't.

The back page is a beautiful blank, un-