

Somehow that prayer calmed his soul—it seemed as though a dawn of hope came upon him. He rose, went back to his hotel, and, having dined, went up to his room.

By this time the night had set in, but he could not sleep. Restless and weary, he got up and dressed himself. He would tire himself out with another walk, he said. He had scarcely got up to the park gates when he was startled by the great bell at the Old Manor. It was ringing an alarm. It was a call for help.

In a moment he started full speed for the house. Presently a glare through the trees suggested fire, and if possible quickened his pace. A terrible spectacle presented itself to him. The old home was on fire, clouds of smoke were rising up, and the red glare from within told how firmly the fire had taken hold. The servants were shouting outside, and some had seized valuable ornaments and were bringing them out.

'Where's the master?' he cried.

'The master!' They had forgotten the master. The old man was ill in bed. Somebody had seen after him—must have done. But they had not, so Henry, buttoning his coat around him, rushed into the flaming house, up the staircase—happily he knew the place well—and into his father's bedroom.

The old man had fainted in his agony and fear, so Henry, seizing a blanket, wrapped it around him, and taking him in his arms—what was the weight to him in such a moment?—rushed back again. By this time the staircase had ignited, and through the flames he had to rush. He felt the scorching agony as he leaped down the stairs, and at last emerged, his coat charred to ashes, and the blanket scorched and shrivelled, but his father happily saved. He had been just in time—barely that.

They were both carried into an out-house hard by, he more burnt and injured than his father. But though the agony of the burn was great, he felt a peace of mind and heart that was greater still. God had heard his prayer; he felt now he could trust Christ's promise, and things would come right.

And they did. His father, as he lay in that burning house, neglected and forgotten, remembered with compunction his refusal to forgive his boy. Was this a judgment on the hardness of his heart?

And when he found himself saved, and that by the very boy he had sent away, his heart softened, and the old love came back again, and father and son were once more united. The old man rallied wonderfully, and lived for some years, tenderly cared for by his son.

Henry Brightwell lived to be a good and useful man. But he never forgot those wasted, sinful years. 'Ah!' he once said to a friend, 'those twenty years at times trouble me still. I broke my mother's heart, I filled my father's life with grief; I think God has forgiven me, but I can scarcely forgive myself.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

Joan's Test.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Joan stood watching the light spring waggon as it went rattling down the long lane, waving her hand in answer to the white kerchiefs that kept fluttering back from the tiny hands that held them. But despite her assumed gaiety, her eyes were dim with tears, and as soon as the waggon disappeared around the curve, she broke down and cried like a baby.

Just at that moment Jack came back from shutting the lane gate, and spying her tears, exclaimed lightly: 'Hello, Jo! not tears, I hope! You'd make a dandy soldier, with the cry always in sight.'

'I'm not crying,' retorted Joan, angrily. 'And even if I were, it would be no one's business but my own.'

Jack gave a low whistle, and turned away, and the next moment Joan went back into the house to begin her battle with the toils and trials of the day. Though it had been a year since the Brents had exchanged their pretty cottage in town, for the cabin in the wilderness of the West, this was the first time that the mother had left home to be away over night to make a necessary trip to the settlement store, twenty miles away.

'Joan can manage well enough for a couple of days,' said her father. 'She is past fourteen, and needs a few lessons in self-reliance.'

So Joan was left in charge of the house and baby, but the mother lightened her burdens by packing the roguish Dick and the mischievous Edith into the waggon by her side, where she had them under her own eye and management.

'It's too bad, mother,' laughed Joan's father, who, like Jack, was fond of twitting Joan about her cowardice. 'Poor Jo will have nothing to do all day but hunt imaginary burglars.'

But despite her father's joke, Joan ate no idle bread that day. The confusion of the morning, which left the house in a topsyturvy condition, added considerably to the routine work of the day. To make things worse, little Dannie, cheated out of his morning nap, demanded more than his rightful share of her attention. With everything combining against her, the young housekeeper made no headway with her work, so that, when at eleven o'clock Jack came in he found the stove fire out and no dinner.

'Dinner not ready yet' he asked, pleasantly enough.

'If you'd use your eyes you might have saved yourself that question,' Joan snapped, crossly.

'It's eleven o'clock,' remarked Jack, glancing at the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

'Suppose you tell me something I don't know,' retorted Joan, impatiently.

'I'm hungry,' said Jack, a merry twinkle in his eye.

'Well, I can't help it,' returned Joan. 'I've been working for the last hour to get Danny asleep, and just as I was about to lay him in his crib, you came in like a whirlwind and waked him up.'

'Let me have the rogue, Josie,' said Jack, gently, taking the peevish child out of her arms. 'It was awful clumsy in me to disturb him; awful,' and then as Joan started to the kitchen, he added: 'I say, Jo, don't trouble about dinner. Just give me a piece of bread and butter. It's dread-

fully warm outside, and I don't care for a cooked dinner.'

'I'm not in the habit of setting working men down to cold dinners,' returned Joan, with a peculiar stress on 'working.' 'But I do think you might have started the fire for me.'

'Of course I might have kindled the fire, and will do it yet,' he said, but when he reached the kitchen the fire was roaring in the stove, and he beat a hasty retreat.

Joan was still pouting when dinner was ready, and did not sit down to the table at all. Jack made two or three attempts to be sociable, but failing, relapsed into silence, and a few minutes later went back to the barn to his work. At last, when the dishes were out of the way, and Danny sleeping soundly in his crib, Joan cut the leaves in her new story book and sat down for a full afternoon's enjoyment with book friends.

She had not been reading more than half an hour, when Jack, axe on his shoulder, came rushing in, to say that he was going to the wood to fell trees. Coming from the sunlight into the darkened room blinded him for the moment, causing him to stumble over a chair, making a racket as to rouse Danny out of his sleep, and start him to screaming again.

'You idiot!' cried Joan angrily, rushing to the crib, and beginning to jolt it in a vain effort to quiet the child.

'Oh, I forgot the baby!' exclaimed Jack. 'Poor little chap; I'm so sorry I wakened him.'

'It's a pity you couldn't be sorry in time to avoid the mischief,' said Joan, as she pushed him back from the crib. 'I wish you'd keep out of the house altogether.'

'I just came in to tell you that I am going to the woods and it was so dark I tripped over the rocker,' explained Jack.

'I wish you'd go to the woods and stay there,' returned Joan. 'You are always tumbling in when you are not wanted. This is the second time you have waked Dannie to-day.'

Jack's eye flashed indignantly, but he controlled himself.

'I am off for the clearing,' he said. 'Leave the milking until I come back. Good-bye.'

Joan made no reply; she did not even lift her eyes from the crib, where, despite his fright, Danny was already beginning to doze again. She heard Jack's step on the gravel outside and felt an impulse to call him back and beg his forgiveness. She sprang to the window, but he was already out of hearing of her voice, and striding down the long lane, and he did not turn his head nor once look back until he disappeared in the dark woods beyond.

With a sigh she went back to the crib, but Danny was sleeping sweetly, and when she tried to lose herself in her book it had lost its interest. During the next hour she busied herself putting the house in order, giving extra pains to Jack's neglected room. She had never before noticed how bare and homely his den was, but in that hour of contrition her eyes were opened, causing many of the dainty belongings of her own room—curtains, cushions, flowers, and nameless bits of brightness to change owners—thus transforming the ugly den to a place of beauty.

That was a long, long afternoon to Joan, and it was with a breath of relief that she watched the evening shadows gather. To give Jack a pleasant surprise, she had milked the cows, and to make up for the