

good and beautiful thing. Besides, there are other unhappy people in the world—try to help them when you meet them, and you'll have a pleasant vacation in spite of yourself.

Constance went to Pine Valley, but she took her evil spirit with her. Not even the beauty of the valley, with its great balmy pines, and the cheerful friendliness of its people could exorcise it.

Nevertheless, she liked the place, and found a wholesome pleasure in the long tramps she took along the piney roads.

'I saw such a pretty spot in my ramble this afternoon,' she told her landlady one evening. 'It is about three miles from here at the end of the valley. Such a picturesque, low-eaved little house, all covered over with honeysuckle. It was set between a big orchard and an old-fashioned flower garden with great pines at the back.'

'Heartsease Farm,' said Mrs. Hewitt, promptly. 'Bless, you, there's only one place around here of that description. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Uncle Charlie and Aunt Flora, as we all call them, live there; they are the dearest old couple alive. You ought to go and see them, they'd be delighted. Aunt Flora just loves company; they're real lonesome by times.'

'Haven't they any children?' asked Constance, indifferently. Her interest was in the place, not in the people.

'No. They had a niece once, though—they brought her up and they just worshipped her. She ran away with a worthless fellow—I forget his name, if I ever knew it. He was handsome and smooth-tongued, but he was a scamp. She died soon after, and it just broke their hearts. They don't even know where she was buried, and they never heard anything more about her husband. I've heard that Aunt Flora's hair turned snow-white in a month. I'll take you up to see her some day when I find time.'

Mrs. Hewitt did not find time, but thereafter Constance ordered her rambles that she might frequently pass Heartsease Farm. The quaint old spot had a strange attraction for her. She found herself learning to love it, and so unused was this unfortunate girl to loving anything that she laughed at herself for her foolishness.

One evening, a fortnight later, Constance, with her arms full of ferns and wood-lilies, came out of the pine woods above Heartsease Farm, just as heavy raindrops began to fall. She had prolonged her ramble unreasonably, and it was now nearly night, and very certainly a rainy night at that. She was three miles from home and without even an extra wrap.

She hurried down the lane, but by the time she reached the main road, the few drops had become a downpour. She must seek shelter somewhere, and Heartsease Farm was the nearest. She pushed open the gate and ran up the slope of the yard between the hedges of sweet-briar. She was spared the trouble of knocking, for as she came to a breathless halt on the big red sandstone doorstep the door was flung open, and the white-haired, happy-faced little woman standing on the threshold had seized her hand and drawn her in bodily before she could speak a word.

'I saw you coming from upstairs,' said Aunt Flora gleefully, 'and I just ran down as fast as I could. Dear, dear, you are a little wet. But we'll soon dry you. Come right in—I've a bit of a fire in the grate, for the evening is chilly. They laugh at me for loving a fire so, but there's nothing like its snap and sparkle. You're rained in for the night, and I'm as glad as I can be. I know who you are—you are Miss Foster. I'm Aunt Flora, and this is Uncle Charles.'

Constance let herself be put into a cushiony chair and fussed over with an unaccustomed sense of pleasure. The rain was coming down in torrents, and she certainly was domiciled at Heartsease Farm for the night. Somehow, she felt glad of it. Mrs. Hewitt was right in calling Aunt Flora sweet, and Uncle Charles was a big, jolly, ruddy-faced old man with a hearty manner. He shook Constance's hand until it ached, threw more pine knots in the fire, and told her he wished it would rain every night if it rained down a nice little girl like her.

She found herself strangely attracted to the old couple. The name of their farm was in perfect keeping with their atmosphere. Constance's frozen soul expanded in it. She chat-

ted merrily and girlishly, feeling as if she had known them all her life.

When bedtime came, Aunt Flora took her upstairs to a little gable room.

'My spare room is all in disorder just now, dearie, we have been painting its floor. So I'm going to put you in Jeannie's room. Someway you remind me of her, and you are just about the age she was when she left us. If it wasn't for that I don't think I could put you in her room, not even if every other floor in the house was being painted. It is so sacred to me. I keep it just as she left it; not a thing is changed. Good-night, dearie, and I hope you'll have pleasant dreams.'

When Constance found herself alone in the room, she looked about her with curiosity. It was a very dainty, old-fashioned little room. The floor was covered with braided mats, the two square, small-paned windows were draped with snowy muslin. In one corner was a little white bed with white curtains and daintily ruffled pillows, and in the other a dressing table with a gilt-framed mirror and the various knick-knacks of a girlish toilet. There was a little blue rocker and an ottoman with a work-basket on it. In the work-basket was a bit of unfinished, yellowed lace with a needle sticking in it. A small bookcase under the sloping ceiling was filled with books.

Constance picked up one and opened it at the yellowing title-page. She gave a little cry of surprise. The name written across the page in a fine, dainty script was 'Jean Constance Irving,' her mother's name!

For a moment Constance stood motionless. Then she turned impulsively and hurried down stairs again. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were still in the sitting room talking to each other in the firelight.

'Oh,' cried Constance, excitedly, 'I must know, I must ask you. This is my mother's name, Jean Constance Irving, can it be possible she was your little Jeannie?'

A fortnight later Miss Channing received a letter from Constance.

'I am so happy,' she wrote. 'Oh, Miss Channing, I have found "mine own people," and Heartsease Farm is to be my own, own dear home for always.'

It was such a strange coincidence, no, Aunt Flora says it was Providence, and I believe it was, too. I came here one rainy night, and Aunt put me in my mother's room, think of it! My own dear mother's room, and I found her name in a book. And now the mystery is all cleared up, and we are so happy.'

'Everything is dear and beautiful, almost the dearest and most beautiful thing is that I am getting acquainted with my mother, the mother I never knew before. She no longer seems dead to me. I feel that she lives and loves me, and I am learning to know her better every day. I have her room and her books and all her little girlish possessions. When I read her books, with their passages underlined by her hand, I feel as if she were speaking to me. She was very good and sweet, in spite of her one foolish mistake, and I want to be as much like her as I can.'

'I said that this was "almost" the dearest and most beautiful thing. The very dearest and most beautiful is this—God means something to me now. He means much! I remember that you said to me that he meant nothing to me because I had no human love in my heart to translate the divine. But I have now, and it has led me to Him.'

'I am not going back to Taunton—I have sent in my resignation. I am going to stay home with Aunt and Uncle. It is so sweet to say "home" and know what it means.'

'Aunt says you must come and spend all your next vacation with us. You see I have lots of vacation plans now—even for a year ahead. After all, there is no need of the blue pills!'

'I feel like a new creature—made over from the heart and soul out. I look back with shame and contrition on the old Constance. I want you to forget her and only remember your grateful friend, the "new" Constance.'

### 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.

## The Envious Wren.

(By Phoebe Cary.)

On the ground lived a hen;  
In the tree lived a wren,  
Who picked up her food here and there;  
While Biddy had wheat,  
And all nice things to eat;  
Said the wren, 'I declare, 'tisn't fair!'

'It is really too bad,'  
She exclaimed—she was mad—  
'To go out when it's raining this way!  
And to earn what you eat,  
Doesn't make your food sweet,  
In spite of what some folks may say..

'Now there is that hen,'  
Said this cross little wren,  
'She's fed till she's fat as a drum;  
While I strive and sweat  
For each bug that I get,  
And nobody gives me a crumb.

'I can't see for my life  
Why the old farmer's wife  
Treats her so much better than me;  
Suppose on the ground  
I hop carelessly round  
For a while, and just see what I see.'

Said this cute little wren,  
'I'll make friends with the hen,  
And perhaps she will ask me to stay;  
And then upon bread  
Every day I'll be fed,  
And life would be nothing but play.'

So down flew the wren;  
'Stop to tea,' said the hen;  
And soon Biddy's supper was sent;  
But scarce stopping to taste,  
The poor bird left in haste,  
And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame  
To the poultry yard came,  
She said—and the wren shook with fright—  
'Biddy's so fat, she'll do  
For a pie or a stew,  
And I guess I shall kill her to-night!'  
—Selected.

### Godliness in Business.

When Dr. Adam Clarke was a youth his father sent him to a relative, a linen merchant in Coleraine, who had offered to take Adam into his employ. While there an incident occurred which strikingly illustrated the youth's inflexible integrity. On one occasion a piece of cloth was deficient in length. 'Oh,' said the merchant, 'we will soon remedy that,' and seizing one end he bade Adam take hold of the other. 'Pull, Adam, pull,' he cried. But the youth stood as still as a statue. 'Why don't you pull?' inquired his employer. 'Because I do not think it right,' was the reply. It was urged that it was the custom of the trade, but Adam stood firm, and would not consent to stretch the cloth a single inch. May God give us the grace to carry our Christianity into our business!

### The Spotted Tiger Foiled.

(From 'The Cobras Den,' by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.)

My camp was pitched in a valley between mountains towering up 4,000 feet above the sea, and 1,700 above my tent. I had been visiting, instructing, and encouraging the little Christian congregation there, and preaching in all the surrounding towns and villages for several days. It was necessary to move camp that day to another cluster of Christian villages on the other side of the mountain, many miles around by a tortuous route through the valleys. . . . There are many wild beasts inhabiting these mountain jungles: wild boar, deer, Indian elk, hyenas, jackals, wolves, an occasional striped tiger, and more spotted tigers.

The spotted tigers have spots like a leopard, but are not leopards, for they have claws like a tiger, and cannot climb trees as a leopard can. In size they are between the royal tiger and the leopard. In disposition and habit they are tigers, and they have