

do so again if papa would please forgive her this once.

But, though her father kissed her and assured her of his forgiveness, Kitty saw that his face did not clear, and learned from her own little sore heart that pardon cannot overcome the pain of a wrong action.

'Do you need the paper very badly,' she asked.

'Very badly, dear.'

'Can't you get it to-night, papa, in time for to-morrow?'

'No, dear, the last train for Madison has gone. It is too late even to telegraph.'

'Couldn't Scot get it?' asked Kitty, timidly, for her faith in Scot's abilities was boundless.

'I hadn't thought of that,' said Mr. Howard. 'It's possible he might make it. He can't get the paper, but he might carry the message. It's worth trying, anyway.'

Hastily writing a few lines, he went into the hall where Scot was stretched out enjoying his slumbers.

'Now Scot, you go,' he said, and at the words with which he was always dispatched on an errand, Scot sprang up, and with intent eyes and alert ears stood ready for directions.

'Now, Scot,' said his master, 'you are to take this to Jim at the station. Be quick, old fellow.'

Scot took the envelope, and as Mr. Howard opened the door dashed out into the darkness and was out of sight in a moment.

The time seemed long to Mr. Howard as he sat waiting with Kitty asleep in his arms and his eyes on the clock calculating Scot's chances of accomplishing his mission. He hardly dared to hope; for clever as Scot was, he had never been out at night before and might get confused. He knew Jim well and had often carried unimportant messages to him, but this was very different. He must be quick, too, for Jim closed at eight, and it was now ten minutes of eight. Would he do the two miles in that time?

As Mr. Howard had told Kitty, the paper was very important. His case in court to-morrow largely depended on it, and success meant much to the young lawyer.

Scot's hurrying feet on the path and his scratch at the door were welcome sounds. He brought this note from Jim:

'Your message sent all right. Scot found me closing up. He's a good dog and worth his weight in gold.'

Kitty danced for joy when she found that Scot had done his part so well, and went to bed much comforted. Mr. Howard, too, felt greatly relieved. The next day when Scot brought his master's morning paper to him, tied up securely inside was the precious document Kitty had mislaid, for so Mr. Howard had requested his sister to send it; and it would be hard to say which was happiest at its safe arrival, Mr. Howard, penitent Kitty or the faithful dog who, without understanding their joy, shared in it.

Never was a dog so praised and caressed as Scot. All the village heard of his run to Jim in the night, and if Mr. Howard had wanted to sell him he could easily have done so for almost 'his weight in gold.'

Scot is an old dog now, and not so swift on his feet as in those days, and Kitty is a big girl, as merry as ever, but fast outgrowing her mischievous ways. Scot's occupation of guarding her from trouble is almost over, and he rests from his labors in an honored middle age.

He is a happy member of a happy household, and from the wall the mother's loving face smiles down upon them all.

On Other Windows.

An old woman was busy in the single room that formed her home—an upper room with only a north window. Her visitor commented sympathetically on the lack of sunshine.

'You don't get it any part of the day,' she said, 'and you are shut away from all view of the sunrise and sunsets.'

'Eh, ma'am, but it's a fine, wide window,' interposed the old woman, eagerly. 'An' it's a big bit of the sunrises an' sunsets I do be gettin', too—through other folks' windows. Look there, ma'am,' and she pointed to a row of houses across the street. 'When the sun comes up of a mornin' them windows over there do be that rosy and shinin' with it I can tell well what kind of day is comin'. An' at evenin' them other ones is all a glory of

red, like fires would be burnin' in 'em. Oh, but my big window is a comfort, and never fear but it gives me a share of all that is doin' in the skies.'

The spirit that can be glad in the sunshine that glorifies other people's windows, even though no ray but reflected ones reach its own, is indeed so sweet and strong that it can scarcely miss 'what is doing in the skies.' But how many of us see in the light that falls on other lives only an added bitterness to the gloom of our own!—The 'Christian.'

The Sticker.

Many years ago there was a small boy who was going to and fro about a house and who was rather troubled because he had nothing to do. Most boys with nothing to do soon occupy themselves by getting into mischief; and they have plenty to do when the time for punishment comes. But this was not that sort of boy; for after wandering about for quite a time he went into the kitchen and asked his mother and cook if there was not something he could do to help them. They smiled and looked quickly at one another. Then his mother said that if he was really anxious to help he could 'top and tail' some freshly gathered gooseberries which were on the table. Do you know what it means to 'top and tail' gooseberries? It means taking off the little things that grow at either end of a gooseberry so that those who eat the fruit after it has been cooked may be saved pains inside. The little boy quite understood what they wished him to do; and when they had drawn a chair near the table for him he set to work valiantly.

For some time he worked splendidly. It was clear that as he pulled first one end of each berry and then the other he was really enjoying himself. But before long his little hands did not move so quickly, and soon he stopped a moment and breathed deep. His mother knew he was feeling the temptation to stop, so she encouraged him by saying that when children begin a task they ought to carry it right through. The small boy found life rather a trouble for the next few minutes, and more than once he nearly gave up topping and tailing. But suddenly he remembered what hard things Jesus Christ had done, and how He never gave up as long as it was right to go on, and the next minute, to their delight, the grown-up people in the kitchen heard him softly murmur to himself two lines of a hymn, which ran:

That which my gracious Master bore,
Shall not His humble servant bear?

And humming this over and over again he stuck to his work until the very last gooseberry was topped and tailed.

Surely they gave him some of the gooseberries as a reward. Had I been there he would have had my share as well, unless the berries were not ripe. He really deserved anything anyone had to give him, for the little man was a sticker; and it is no wonder he grew up into a great minister of Jesus Christ, known as Dr. James Martineau. Do

you stick to things as he stuck to topping and tailing? Many of my little readers are now, at school, and after holidays lessons always seem harder than ever. So it is a great temptation to give up trying to learn a vocabulary or to do a sum just because it seems so tiresome. But, children, it is worth while persevering; for it is the stickers who grow up into the best men and women. So if you find yourself giving up, remember, like James Martineau, how Jesus Christ never gave up as long as it was right for Him to go on, and try and imitate your Lord.—'Christian World.'

The Wishing Ring.

(Marie Earle, in 'Forward'.)

I wonder whether you ever sigh,
Lingering over the magic page
That holds the legend of years gone by—
The quaint old story of prince and sage—
How one was offered his heart's desire,
And choosing, chose but a gift of dress,
The gold that vanished beneath the fire,
The crown that crumbled to dust and loss.

I wonder whether you smile and say
Closing the volume on your knee,
'If only the chance were mine to-day,
If only the choice were given to me!'
And you shut your eyes for awhile to muse
On the beautiful things that might come true,
The power and the pleasure you would choose,
If the Wishing Ring could be lent to you.

You know the riches of lasting worth,
The joy that lingers beyond a day,
The peace and honor most dear on earth,
And these are the gifts you would choose,
You say.
But what if the vision really stands
Close beside you, a daily guest,
Reaching out in his unseen hand
Your chance of choosing life's first and best?

Oh, never a truth has proved more true,
In all that the wise men write and say,
Than this of the choice that waits for you,
Moment by moment, day by day.
The mornings come, and the evenings go,
To come no more while the world endures,
Each with its gift of weal or woe—
And what you honestly choose is yours.

Gold? You may have it if you will
Paving the price of hand and brain.
Honor? The gates are open still
To the loftiest heights man's feet can gain.
Ease? You need but to sink and drift
Down to the quicksand depth of sloth.
Love and joy? If you only lift
Your heart to God, you will know them both.

Close beside you the passing hour
Offers the chance of bliss or bane,
Proven treasures of peace and power;
Baubles pitiful, tinselled, vain.
Yours to cherish, or yours to lose,
For an endless joy, or a lifetime's lack;
God be with you to help you choose
The gifts of the hour that comes not back!



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