

tions brought forward by the speaker fell upon unbelieving ears, so far as Tom was concerned.

'I believed that once,' he muttered, 'but I don't believe it any longer. "Work together for good," indeed! See what has come to me. What good can there be in the loss of that money? I'd like to know. No good, but positive evil! I've had to sacrifice my chance in life, and who knows when I'll have another like it? Doctor Plumer says we must not be too hasty in forming our opinions—that we must wait in faith, and in time good will be seen in every so-called misfortune. Well, he's mistaken; that's all I have to say about it.'

For several weeks Tom continued to mourn his lost opportunity of getting rich quickly. He neglected his work, and was reprimanded several times.

The day after the last reprimand the papers reported the failure of Gay and Company, through the dishonesty of one of the firm.

'That would not have made any difference to me,' Tom insisted to himself. 'I would have had my money out of their hands long before this.'

At length, however, his common sense asserted itself, and he had a plain talk with himself.

'No, I wouldn't have had it out of their hands. It was my definite plan to leave it with them for some time to come. I would have lost it anyway, and been no better off than I am now. So it's time to wake up and be a man, Tom Seward! This sullen neglect of work will not do. Lose this position, and where will you be? No legacy, no position, and no recommendation. No, sir! I'll forget the disappointment, and go ahead as if I meant business. I must make the superintendent forget those reprimands he had to give me.'

Now Tom was a determined young man. When he set out to do a thing, he usually did it, if it was in his power. So from that day there was no further disapproval of his work. On the contrary, his attention to business and his improvement in practical knowledge were carefully noted by the keen-eyed superintendent.

So a year passed. At the end of that time the assistant superintendent, who had charge of the company's lines, gave notice of his intention to resign in six months, and the Penwell Electric Light Company was under the necessity of finding his successor. As it was the company's policy to promote their own men when possible, the superintendent cast about him for someone capable of filling the place. One day he surprised Tom by calling him to the office.

'Mr. Seward,' he began, 'are you satisfied with your present position? Would you like to prepare yourself for advancement?'

Tom answered very readily. Then the superintendent almost took his breath away by adding, 'We must have a new assistant superintendent soon. Our Mr. Phillips leaves us in six months. We have watched your work, and we think you have it in you to take his place. But you would need to put in the coming six months at hard study in some good electrical school. Can you do this?'

Tom hesitated. What a chance! Assistant superintendent, at one hundred dollars a month! But—where was the money for the electrical course to come from? If

only he had the legacy at hand now! But the legacy was gone, and he had saved barely one hundred dollars in the year since its loss. He knew how little this sum would do at a technical school. Must he, then, lose his chance?

'Thank you, Mr. Lathrop,' he finally stammered. 'Can you give me until Saturday to think it over? I do not see how I can raise the money for the school bills, but I must make a try for it.'

'Very well, Mr. Seward,' was the reply. 'Come to me Saturday evening and give me your answer.' As Tom turned to go, Mr. Lathrop thought: 'Wish I could help him out. But it is his own fault if he cannot raise the money. In the three years we have employed him he ought to have saved enough to go to school six months. I thought he had. If not, we do not want him for assistant superintendent. The man who cares for the company's property must be a saving man.'

This was on Thursday. For two days Tom thought of many plans for raising the necessary funds, but after weighing them he decided that none were feasible. It seemed as if he must give up the opportunity.

On Saturday morning he made up his mind to end the matter by going at once to the superintendent and declining the tempting offer. But he was unable to carry out his intention because of a rush of business.

'I wish you would go to the Fourth Church, Tom, and read the meter there,' the foreman called to him when he came in after responding to an emergency call from the fire department. 'Through some oversight no bill has been sent to the church for a year, and the meter must be read to-day.'

When Tom reached the church, he climbed through the narrow trap-door which opened into the attic. In the dark corner where the meter stood he lit a match to read the cabalistic signs. His record was promptly made, and he was about to extinguish the light, when something on the floor near the meter attracted his attention. As he reached for it, the match went out. The package felt familiar as he grasped it. He groped his way to the trap-door, and in a moment was in the vestibule. There he examined his find.

'The lost pocketbook!' he cried.

Eagerly he tore it open. A roll of bills fell into his hands. He counted them; not one was missing. The money, lost for a year, was found.

'But how did it come to be in the garret, and how has it remained there undisturbed all this time?' Tom asked himself. 'I know; this is one of the meters I read on the day I lost the money, but I was so sure I had it just before the accident I never thought of looking here. I must have dropped it when I stooped to read the meter, and here I've been blaming that careless bicyclist all these months. Just to think it has been here all this time! As the meter has not been read since that day, no one found it. So I have my legacy again. That means schooling and promotion—and the cottage! Now I think no fault can be found with the use I make of my uncle's legacy.'

That afternoon the superintendent's offer was accepted. And three hours later Tom was in his pastor's study asking his advice about the school he should attend.

'I have the funds necessary for a course in any good school,' he explained. 'But it is no thanks to myself. The money is a legacy from my uncle, received a year ago. Until to-day this legacy has been lost, but I have found it just in the nick of time.' Then he explained the circumstances of his loss. He omitted nothing, not even his narrow escape from stock-gambling, and the failure of Gay and Company.

'Then do you do right in being thankful only for your uncle's legacy?' asked Dr. Plumer. 'How about that other legacy without which your uncle's money would have been worse than useless to you, the legacy of him who purposes that all things should work together for good to them that love God?'

'I have been thinking of that legacy, Doctor,' Tom answered. 'A year ago I questioned the truth of those words, even as I sat almost under the spot where God was keeping my money for me against my time of need, and so saving me from folly and sin. But I cannot doubt the promise to-day.'

No That Means Not.

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'Intelligencer')

'No, do not ask me boys; I cannot do it.' 'But it is just a bit of sport, and will not do any harm.'

'I am not so sure about that; the mere consciousness of having committed a wrong act is harm done.'

'Do not bother with him any longer, fellows,' said the leader of the band. 'You must have learned by this time when Teddy says "no," he means "no."'

What a brave, manly boy is this whose 'no' means 'no'! Somewhere there is a happy mother who watches him go in and out with joy in her heart; she knows she can safely trust him; and that he possesses the power of his convictions.

How many boys are there who realize the importance of saying 'no' that means 'no'?

There are so many temptations in life, so many places it is well to avoid, that the boy who yields too readily to the demands of others finds himself often on dangerous ground.

There is a time, also, to say 'yes,' a time when a clear, honest, manly 'yes' carries with it a conviction peculiarly its own. When the thing is right, support it with all the power you possess. Do not let it be any half-hearted measure; but stand by it steadfastly. Let it be clearly understood by those about you that when you say 'no' you mean 'no,' and you will be respected far beyond the boy who wavers and falters and finally yields to the wrong.

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