

to read the Bible. He read it every day and got great comfort from it. He called it "the Book of books," and said that it was more than a book, that it was a living creature, with a vigor and a power which conquered all that opposed it.

These are strong words. The great man did not see the power of Christ till he himself had failed. Then he saw that there was a power greater than himself; the power of the true, living Christ—the one that was dead and is alive, and behold he liveth for evermore.

### AS GOOD AS GOLD

MRS LONDON dropped her gold thimble. That was the beginning of it all. The Thursday afternoon sewing circle was meeting with Eddie's mother, and Eddie had just come in from school when the run-away thimble left Mrs. Landon's finger, and rolled across the room to the farthest corner beneath the piano. Down on his hands and knees after it went Eddie, coming up with tumbled hair and a red face, but with the precious gold cap safe in his fist. Mrs. Landon thanked him warmly, and then he heard her saying to his mother, "It was my sister Mary's gold thimble, and I value it highly."

Eddie looked around at the other ladies, who were sewing busily. Ten needles were flashing in and out of white cloth. Ten thimbles were clicking merrily as they pushed the needles, and seven of those thimbles were gold. He knew they were because they were so yellow. He looked at his mother's thimble-finger. It wore only a silver thimble, and one she had had as long as he could remember. He had tried to swallow it once when he was too young to know better.

He realized all at once that his mother—the most precious mother there was in the world—did not own a gold thimble.

He slipped out on to the back steps and began to whittle while he thought over the situation. Presently the whistle of his father's factory blew, and he knew it was just half-past four. He jumped up, snapped his knife shut, brushed away the chips, and went down to the front gate to wait for his father's coming. His mind was made up.

"Papa," he said excitedly, as soon as his father reached the gate, "I've got a plan, an' I can't do it 'thout some money, and can't I earn some, 'cause it won't be my plan if you give it to me?" He stopped for breath and to get a look at his father's face. The father looked down with some amusement at his son's excitement, and then, seeing that he was very much in earnest, said kindly:

"Can't you tell me what it is all about?"

Eddie closed his mouth firmly and shook his head.

"It's something mother has *got* to have," was all he would say.

His father asked no more questions.

"If you are willing to give up your play hour every morning," he said, "come over to the factory at half-past seven, and there will be something for you to do."

So every morning for a month Eddie trudged manfully to the shop at half-past seven for an hour's work. Every Saturday night for a month he stood proudly in line with the workmen, and received, in his turn, an envelope bearing his name, and containing his precious money.

And then one morning, as his father was starting on a business trip to New York, he slipped the hard earned money into his hand, and whispered in his ear when no one was near. His father smiled, picked him up, and kissed him, and Eddie knew that his errand was in good hands.

Two days afterwards Eddie's mother was working at her sewing table when Eddie came in and took her hand from her work.

"Mother," he said, "that's a pretty good thimble of yours, but it isn't as good as a gold one," and he fitted on to her finger a dainty gold thimble bearing her initials. The mother's eyes filled with tears as she put her arms around her boy and kissed him, for now she knew the reason of his weeks of toil and self-denial.

"The thimble may not have been as good as gold," she said, "but my son is better than gold."

MARY A. HADLEY.

### WORK IN COLD COUNTRIES.

CLERGYMAN who used to work in the northern part of Newfoundland tells us that on one occasion he had to make a journey of twenty-one miles through the snow. He had with him two men, each with a team of dogs. They started about eight o'clock in the morning on a clear frosty day in March. After they had travelled about six or eight miles a storm suddenly arose and the snow was blown about in all directions, so that the poor men and dogs were nearly blinded by it, and were in danger of losing their way, for the snow was falling as well as drifting. The men had to walk because to sit still on the sleighs would be very dangerous, for men sitting still frequently freeze to death. The only hope of escaping it is to keep in motion. But it was so slippery that sometimes they were obliged to get on the sleighs for a short time. Their faces became frozen and the dogs were getting tired, and still the cruel storm raged around them. They could not go on as they were going, but they knew of