

but shook his head over Little Dabbs's chances.

"I do so want to win the prize!" moaned Little Dabbs in confidence to "Miss Fanny," but you'll gain it now, for we two are the best of the junior lot, everybody says!"

"Miss Fanny," bit his lip, and screwed up his large blue eyes as if making up his mind to something. Of course he could easily win now.

Afternoon came, and with it a crowd of ladies, invited from the neighborhood to see the fun.

The competition was keen enough among the elder boys, the bar being raised again and again to try their powers. At last the various prizes were won, and there remained only the juniors' contest.

"Oh, what a dear pretty boy!" loudly murmured the ladies seated on chairs within the ring of watching boys, who all grinned widely at the flutter as "Miss Fanny," his jacket and shoes off, and blushing pinker than ever, stepped into the circle.

Behind him came Little Dabbs and a number of juniors. The bar was lowered for them, and the contest began. It was at once seen that "Miss Fanny" was the best jumper, and the ladies clapped their hands delightedly. Then the bar was raised gradually, and, one by one, the juniors failed, and fell away until there remained but "Miss Fanny" and Little Dabbs, whose shin was getting insufferably painful. Still, his pluck kept him up. Finally, the bar was again raised.

"Miss Fanny" has missed! A disappointed groan burst from the eager watchers, and it deepened when the boy, a second trial being allowed each, again failed, knocking off the bar. It was now little Dabbs' turn. Pulling himself together with an effort that whitened his face to the lips, he cleared the bar without brushing it, and fell heavily, fainting from pain.

They carried Little Dabbs off the field on a stretcher, to be tended by the doctor. But they carried "Miss Fanny" off shoulder-high, with uproarious cheers.

"Ha! ha! found you out!" said the Indian civilian, clapping the blushing boy heartily. "You let him win! Eh?"

"Well, sir, Little Dabbs was so set on winning!"

"Miss Fanny" walked innocently into the trap, and wondered why everybody cheered louder.

When Little Dabbs's shin healed there was another sports day held and the prizes were given.

Oddly enough, there were two belts with silver clasps presented—one for the junior who won the final jumping competition, and another for the junior who didn't. From that day forth everyone at St. Margaret's knew that if a boy had pretty features and dainty ways, it was not to say he could not do brave things and win the hardest victory of all—that over self.

Like as a Father Pitieth His Children.

(By Mary Morrison Chase.)

There were strong indications of a shower in Allie Payne's face, as she set the table for supper. A thundercloud hung heavy above her eyes in the shape of an ugly frown, and two or three drops trickled off the end of her nose and fell on the bottom of baby May's plate which she had just turned over on the table. She brushed them off impatiently, sniffing in a broken-hearted way.

"What is it, daughter? Shall I help you a little?" asked father, who was drying his feet by the fire while waiting for the supper which mamma was unable to get, having a severe attack of headache.

Allie only sniffed the harder, and set on the cold meat and bread and butter in a martyr-like manner. No appetizing warm buns to-night, or delicious apple-sauce, for Allie had stayed away to coast after school, and had only got home a few minutes before to find the kitchen fire out and mamma on the bed with her head tied up in vinegar. And to cap the climax, father had come home bringing a pair of awkward buckle arctics with thick soles, in place of the dainty storm alaskas she had admired so much. True they were more servicable and only half the price, which was an item to consider this winter when father's wages were only half what they had always been before; but Allie did not consider this matter, and consoled with herself in a doleful manner over her hard lot.

The despised arctics were on the sitting-room table where father had laid them, and she had not condescended to examine them after the first glance; but after supper was ready and baby May in her high chair by papa's side, she went away by herself into the sitting-room.

"Great clumsy things," she muttered, and throwing herself on the couch the long delayed deluge came at last, and she wept until her poor little nose looked like a small boiled beet, and her eyes were hardly visible inside the swollen and inflamed lids.

Finally the sobs grew fainter and farther between, and to Allie it seemed as if the room had grown strangely dark all at once. The light was burning low upon the table and it seemed to be covered with bottles and tumblers containing medicine. A strange sound of distressed breathing came from the bedroom near by, with an occasional hoarse muffled cough.

Mamma passed through the room several times, but she looked so pale and wan Allie hardly knew her. A grave-looking man sat by the fire, occasionally rising and going into the bedroom, then coming out and sitting down again, while his face grew graver with each visit.

By and by Mrs. Jones, their nearest neighbor, came out and sat down by his side.

"Do you think there is any hope, doc?" she asked in an anxious tone.

"I am afraid not," the grave-looking man replied, "His lungs are filling fast."

"It is dreadfully sudden," she said sadly, "He seemed to be well enough two days ago, when I met him coming home."

"Yes, these sudden congestions are very dangerous. I met him at the store a few evenings ago buying a pair of arctics for his little girl, and I told him then he had better get a pair for himself also, as he only had on a pair of old boots, and his feet were wet with the slush and snow; but he said Allie must have a pair first, that she must not be obliged to miss school; and I noticed that he emptied his pocket-book to pay for them."

Mrs. Jones rose sadly, and went back into the bed-room at the sound of the hoarse cough, and Allie started up with pale face and wildly beating heart to see father bending over her.

"Dreaming, daughter? Did you get too tired to eat your supper?" he asked tenderly. Allie looked down at the old worn boots on his feet, and bursting into tears threw her arms about his neck and sobbed until the poor little eyes were like to be obliterated altogether.

Father took her on his knee and hugged her up as he did baby May, until the storm had spent itself, and when quiet was restored the thunder-clouds had all vanished, and the sun struggled out through the poor swollen eyes.

Allie watched her father anxiously for

many days, carefully warming his slippers every evening, and drying the worn boots by the kitchen fire.

It was only a dream, but it brought to mind the words of a text in her Sabbath-school lesson long ago, which kept repeating themselves over and over in her mind: "Like as a father pitieth his children"; and this far away Father in heaven seemed to be very near as she repeated the words over and over to herself; so near that the love of both the dear earthly father and the Father whom she had always felt to be so far distant, seemed to blend into one, whom her loving thoughtfulness made happy.

But she could not be quite content until father had brought home a warm comfortable pair of overshoes for himself whose soft, fleecy linings she examined with delight, and which she watched him wear with more real pleasure than she had ever felt in any new additions to her own wardrobe.—
"American Messenger."

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I take the "Messenger," and I like it very much. I have a little sister three weeks old on Saturday. She is a good baby. We have a large lawn and lots of flowers and trees. We have two cats and a kitten. My grandfather takes the "Weekly Witness." I remain your loving friend.

GEORGE.

Ingh, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm. I go to school and am in the fourth book. Our new school-house is nearly finished. We have three cats. I had a mud-turtle but I didn't keep it.

Yours truly,
EVELYN.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island in the Gulf of Georgia. It is an out of the way place. No stores or nice buildings. My father keeps the post-office. I take the "Northern Messenger." I think it is the nicest paper I have ever had. When it comes into the house my younger sister always looks through the papers to find the "Messenger." We have no Mission Band or society of any kind on Denman Island, where I live. We have three cats and one dog; we have lots of other stock. Our holidays will soon be over. We are going to have a new teacher as our other one has resigned.

NETTIE, age fifteen.

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the Correspondence page very much. My father is a merchant, and has a farm about a mile from here. My grandfather takes the "Messenger" for my brother and three other little boys. We had our picnic at Pugwash on July 20. I have three brothers and no sisters. I go to school, and I will be in the fourth grade after vacation is over.

STEELE.

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy the "Northern Messenger" very much, especially the correspondence. Our Sunday-school gets the paper every Sunday.

Some time ago I saw a letter from Boissvain, written by Lillie. I would like to hear from her again as she was one of my school-mates. Several years ago I took the "Messenger" for a year, and papa has taken the "Witness" for three or four years. I am very fond of reading it, too.

We have no pets excepting a pup and a cat, but we have a dear little baby sister which we are all very fond of. She is two years old, and is lots of company. I am eleven years old, and I am in Grade five. We live down in the woods, and it is a delightful place in summer. We live near Pelican Lake, which is very beautiful. I remain yours respectfully.

ETHEL.