

always carried to school. But the times seemed harder than usual, and there was no opportunity to deny herself even in the cake.

A copy of the Missionary paper came to Maggie's home. Alice had given a subscription to each of the band. The child's heart ached as she read the pitiful story of need in the homes so much poorer than her own, and going to her room she knelt and asked the Father to show her some way in which she could sacrifice something for him. As she prayed, the pretty pet spaniel came up and licked her hand. She caught him up in her arms and burst into a flood of tears. Many a time had Dr. Gaylord offered her twenty-five dollars for him, but never for a moment had she thought of parting with him. 'I cannot, darling, I cannot,' she said as she held him closer. His name was Bright, but she always called him 'Darling.' She opened the door and sent him away. Then she lay on her face for more than an hour, and wept and struggled and prayed. Softly and sweetly came to her the words, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son.' She stood up. 'I suppose he loved his only Son better than I love my darling. I will do it,' she said. Hurriedly she called Bright, and went away. When she came back she held five new five dollar bills in her hand. She put them into her 'Do-without envelope' and sent them to the Band, with a brief note. She knew she could never trust herself to go and take the money. They might ask her where she got so much.

Three days went by. Maggie was strangely happy, though she missed her little playmate. The fourth day good old Dr. Gaylord called. He wondered if it was extreme poverty that had forced the child to part with her pet. Maggie never meant to tell him her secret, but he drew it out of her in spite of her resolution. He went home grave and thoughtful. In all his careless, generous life he had never denied himself so much as a peanut for Jesus' sake.

'Come here, Bright,' he called as he entered his gate. Gravelly the dog obeyed. He was no longer the frisky, tricky creature Dr. Gaylord admired. He missed his playmate.

The next morning when Maggie answered a knock at the door, there stood Bright, wriggling, and barking, and wagging his tale.

'My darling!' was all the child could say, as with happy tears she scanned the note Dr. Gaylord had fastened to his collar. It read:

'My dear,—Your strange generosity has done for me what all the sermons of all the years have failed to do. Last night, on my knees, I offered the remnant of an almost wasted life to God. I want to join your band, and I want to begin the service as you did by doing without Bright. He is not happy with me. God bless the little girl that led me to Jesus.'

So that 'Do without Band' came to number eight. Every month Dr. Gaylord sends his envelope, and his doing without usually amounts to more than their doing without all put together. And Maggie's Bible has a peculiar mark, at Ps. cxxvi. She thinks she knows what it means.

### A Bagster Bible Free.

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### The Big Brother.

Through the vista of years I see the best big brother I ever knew. He had on a uniform, for he was a young soldier fighting for his country in a time of war. And his little brother was a sturdy chap of seven, who looked at Martin with the deepest admiration. Whatever Martin did was grand and fine in the eyes of Ted, and whatever Martin did not do was a thing to avoid.

Do big brothers realize that one reason among many others why they should be gentlemanly and obliging, why they should wait on mothers and sisters and be respectful and considerate where their fathers are concerned, is that they are copied by the younger ones, in a careful imitation that is very flattering, but also that entails a great responsibility? The youth, almost a man in size and strength and years, should bear himself with dignity and courtesy everywhere because it is his duty; his family, the church, the Sunday-school, and society expects this of him. But his adoring juniors do more than expect. They copy. If the big brother is bold and brave, they overcome their fears. If he tells the truth at any cost, they are truthful. If he avoids profane words and shows that he has the will to overcome temptations, he strengthens, by the power of example, all the younger boys who know him.

Martin, my soldier boy, was one of those dear fellows who have time to listen to the trials of others, time to help a younger sister or brother with hard home work, sums, maps, memory tests, or the like, and time to tell stories in the firelight. When he came home on furlough he gave a good share of time to Teddy and Teddy's friends, and when the war was over and he went into business life, he was still willing in the evenings to spend an hour with Teddy.

We always dwell upon the great comfort a girl can be in her home. From the daughter we anticipate all sorts of little devices that bring joy, pleasant attentions to her elders, and numerous thoughtful acts that make the household a place of delight. But I sometimes think that the brother has as much as the sister to do with the deep, tranquil peace and content of the family. If he puts his strong shoulder under the daily burdens, the mother's load will seem less. If he does not fuss about trifles, the friction of the home will be diminished. If he may be relied upon to fulfil a promise, or a kindness, now and then, denies himself, and altogether if he behaves as a big brother should, his home will be a place of sunshine.

Our Lord has deigned to be our elder brother. Is there not in this a suggestion for each of the boys who are growing up? What better thing can they do than try to imitate him who pleased not himself?—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

### Uses for Toads and Rats

Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, assistant professor of physiology and neurology at Clark University, in Worcester, Mass., has been devoting a good deal of time of late to the introduction of nature study in the public schools, and in preparing the subjects to be placed before the children for investigation he has learned some interesting facts. He has found that the common brown bat can be domesticated; that the garden toad, with proper encouragement, will keep a house free from flies; and that, if waters of a district are kept well stocked with fish and tadpoles, the mosquito pest can be reduced to reasonable limits.

Before setting the children at work, Dr.

Hodge made personal observations of the toad in captivity. He constructed a small pen in his garden, and in it, in a pan of water, installed a male and a female toad. To attract food for them he placed within the inclosure bits of meat and bone. The results were as satisfactory as they were unexpected. The toads spent most of their time sitting within reaching distance of the bait, and killing the flies attracted by it. The female laid her eggs in the water of the pan, and in due time the little black tadpoles made their appearance. There was really no need of the imprisoning walls of wire netting; the prisoners could not have been hired to escape. The neighbors were receiving a marked benefit from the experiment. They had never had so few flies to annoy them. Then Dr. Hodge established another and larger colony. Here three or four toads were to be seen squatting about a single bone, each snapping at every fly that came near. The fact seemed to be established that if toads were encouraged to frequent the gardens there would be very much less annoyance from flies during the dog days.

Another of Dr. Hodge's experiments was with bats. His attention was turned to them just through the codlin moth, the insect to blame for most worm eaten apples. In an orchard near his home Dr. Hodge found nine of the grubs of this insect in a minute. Chancing to go in another orchard, hardly a mile from the first, he found only four of the grubs in an hour's search. There is an old barn near by in which lives a colony of between 75 and 100 bats. The owner of the farm informed the doctor that his apples were always free from worms. The naturalist caught a bat and offered to it some of the grubs, which were greedily accepted. The codlin moth flies only at night; the same is true of the bat. Putting the facts together, Dr. Hodge thought there was a strong case of circumstantial evidence that the bat was a very useful friend of the apple grower.

Dr. Hodge took half a dozen of the bats home with him and installed them in his parlor. At first they greeted any friendly advances with chattering anger. After a little while they became quite tame, and whenever their jailer entered the room they would fly to him for food. They never reached the point of allowing themselves to be handled, but they were friendly. Their home was in the folds at the top of the window draperies, and when night came, and sometimes in the daytime, they would spend their time flying about the room, regardless of the presence of members of the family. Dr. Hodge would occasionally feed them with insects in the evening, releasing netful after netful of the night-flying varieties, and never a bug remained in the morning. They took everything, from a spider to a polyphemus moth. One morning the doctor counted while one bat devoured sixty-eight house flies. He believes that the bat would be almost susceptible to taming as the monkey.

Observation of fish in the aquarium has shown Dr. Hodge that they are the natural enemies of the mosquito. They are fond of the larvae of the singing pest. He saw one sunfish no larger than a silver dollar swallow between sixty-five and seventy wrigglers in a single hour. And it was also demonstrated to him that tadpoles, both of frogs and toads, are inveterate enemies of the embryo mosquito.

There is a mighty go in the Gospel as well as come. It is come, go. Go, preach and heal; go, home to thy friends; go, into the highways; go, into all the world. Many Christians do not obey; many churches have no blessing, because they do not go.—B. F. Jacobs.