

swiftly down the path, and plunged into the muddy river. A chill like an icy hand seemed to clutch her as she struck the cold water, so different from the exhilarating touch of the salt sea, where she had learned to swim. The narrow stream was swollen by spring rains and melted snow, and rushed rapidly along; but Margie put forth all her strength and skill, and reached her drowning foe just as she became unconscious. She kept Ella's head above the water with difficulty as they were swept along away from the house which held the cousin she was so anxious to see. The engine house that furnished the steam for the various buildings stood on a slight bend in the river, a little below the school buildings; Margie knew the bank sloped more gently at that point, and the water was shallower. If she could keep her strength and guide her senseless charge to that spot! A hoarse shout attracted her attention, and she saw ahead of her the tall form of Ben, the engineer, who had waded out as far as he could keep his footing, and stretched out a broom (the first thing at hand) for her to grasp. Ben's face was very black with coal dust, and his hands rough and coarse, but he was altogether lovely in Margie's eyes as he dragged the two girls up the muddy bank, where Margie fell exhausted and knew no more.

The pretty bride came to see her in the evening, and found the two girls side by side in their beds in the school hospital. They became close friends, and during the few days of their interesting convalescence, flowers, fruit, and books were showered upon them till Margie's head was in danger of being turned by the adulation she received; but she remembered the plain truths the girls had not been backward in telling her before they decided that she was "perfectly lovely" and "an adorable heroine," so she bore her triumphs meekly.

She passed her examinations with credit at the end of the year, and took back to her mother home many good qualities she had not learned from books. She found a great change in that quiet home. A great tide of immigration had set in. Little villages sprang up in the valley; church steeples rose out of the sage brush and cactus, and great hotels had been built, which were filled with tourist guests; so Margie never went back to the monotonous life she had left. The school still flourishes, and every new girl at St. Ursula's is told the story of Margie Grey's bravery.

WHAT KEITH FOUND OUT.

"Kieth, don't forget to fill the wood-box," Mrs. Lawson reminded her son the morning after his return from a visit to his aunts and Uncle Jack.

"What'll you pay me?" Kieth was searching for his gloves, and he asked the question without looking up. In a moment he turned and met his mother's astonished gaze. "Aunt Kate, Aunt Harriett, and Uncle Jack always paid me in some way when I worked for them," he explained hastily, "and I think you folks could, too."

"Well!" Kieth knew by the tone that his mother was displeased. "All right," she added in a moment, but with a hurt look. "I'll give you five cents if you will fill it heaping full."

When the wood-box was filled, Kieth's grandmother called: "Where is the boy who hunts my glasses? I'm glad he is home again."

"I'll find them if you will pay me, grandmother," was the reply.

"Let me see, I haven't any change. How would a bag of candy do?"

Kieth decided it would do, and he hunted the glasses. That night he was paid for getting his father's slippers. He wouldn't take his little sister to bed until he was promised a new knife. So things went on day after day. His parents had thought, at first, that it was only a notion that would soon be forgotten, but it was not. One day Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and Grandmother Lawson had a talk, but Kieth didn't hear the talk.

That very same day he hurried home from school, and rushed into the house.

"Mother, where are you?" he called. "Won't you sew my football? It's ripped."

"What will you pay me?" his mother asked.

"Why! why!" Kieth was so surprised that this was all he could say for a minute. "I could give you the big red apple that Carl Horton brought me," he finished.

"I will fix it for that," was the reply. When Kieth went out again the ball was mended, but the red apple was on the table by his mother's side.

"Won't you help me with my example, father?" he asked after supper that same evening.

"I will for ten cents," Mr. Lawson replied.

Kieth shut his lips tight to keep him from saying anything. Father had always been so willing to help. The help was given this time, but the elephant bank was ten cents lighter when the work was finished. For five days Kieth paid each member of the family who did anything for him; he was paid, too, for anything he did for others. The fifth evening he said to Baby Lillian: "Won't you hand me my pencil off the table, Lillian?"

"What 'oo pay?" she lisped.

"That was too much for Kieth, and when his father looked at him a big tear was rolling down his cheek. "What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I haven't hardly a thing left," he sobbed. "I've given away my knife, my big marble, my top, my paints, and lots of my money to have things done for me. I don't like this way. Let's just do things because we like each other."

"All right," father, mother, and grandmother agreed, "we don't like this way either."

"I have found out how mean I've been, though," and Kieth smiled through his tears. "I'll fill that wood-box up high in the morning, mother. I'll do what I'm asked to do, after this, and I won't ask to be paid for doing it, either."—The Advance.

THE WISE MICE.

Harold and Edith and May were trying to play a game, but they all wanted to play in different ways. Two or three times they had it beautifully started, but each time they fell to quarrelling about it, and it looked as if supper time would come without their having had any game at all. At last fat, jolly Nurse Belle, who had been watching them, called them to see a picture she had found in a book. It was a picture of three mice carrying a stick across a bridge.

"Right across the bridge from where those mice lived," said Nurse Belle, "was a beautiful bunch of sticks. At least the mice thought they were beautiful, for their nest was made of little straws, and they wanted one big stick to put in to give it style. So they put their heads together. If one carried the big stick, he might step too near the edge of the bridge, and fall over. If two carried it, one might pull too hard on one end, and take them both over. But if three carried it, the big one in the middle would hold the little ones on the stick, and all could lift together."

"Scamper, scamper, scamper, went the three mice over the bridge, and creep, creep, creep, they came back again with the stick. Then they had the nicest nest in all Moustown, and all because they worked together."—Sunbeam.

TRUST YOUR BOY.

It takes a good deal of wisdom and insight to know when to let those whom we love alone, and in the case of an immature boy it calls for a large amount of faith. Phillips Brooks' mother understood this and wrote these words of counsel out of her own experience:

"There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend; he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told;

you must hear about his friends, his school; all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease; the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out, he is averse to telling where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room.

"All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving and praying for and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during his early years the son can never forget; that is impossible. Therefore trust not only your heavenly Father, but your son. The period of which I speak appears to me to be the one in which the boy dies and the man is born; his individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of himself. I have always believed that it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with Him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy I should have my sons again, and there would be deeper sympathy than ever between us."—Cumberland Presbyterian.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

In thousands of homes throughout Canada there are bright thriving children who have been made well and are kept well by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, makes teething easy, and destroys worms. It is guaranteed absolutely safe and free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. John Laplante, Bon-Counsel, Que., says:—"I consider Baby's Own Tablets worth their weight in gold and advise all mothers of young children to keep them always on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR THEOLOGICAL GRADUATES.

Our Theological colleges have closed another session and are sending forth a body of well-equipped young men for the ministry, and the need of young ministers being life long students has again been emphasized. They must give days and nights to study if they are to be successful in their great work. There should be no drivell in Presbyterian pulpits. The age demands that ministers have something to say and that they say it with tremendous earnestness, and in the power of the spirit of God. Students, and hard students these young ministers must be, to the end, if they are to be truly efficient in what is to be their main business—the faithful preaching of the everlasting Gospel. We once heard a learned and venerable principal of one of our colleges say: "Intelligent and God-fearing congregations will not grow weary of the services of aged or young ministers, unless, indeed, they cease to be students and thus lose their freshness and richness gained by constant communing with the word in the language used by 'Holy men who spake from God as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' But are there any congregations that are neither intelligent nor God-fearing? Some congregations, we know, grow weary of the services of aged ministers, who neither cease to be students nor lose their freshness, but simply get gray hairs upon them. Wouldn't it be fair to conclude that such congregations are neither intelligent nor God-fearing?"

The happiest workmen are those who can absolutely lose themselves in their work.—Carl Hilty.

It is a good thing to sacrifice; but it is a greater to consent not to sacrifice in one's own way.—Charlotte M. Yonge.