

an engineer. But one day, while performing his duties on the engine which drew the fast mail, he strained his muscles, and as a result was paralyzed from the waist down.

He went to his father's home, and was tenderly cared for. A wheel chair was secured for him, and he was told to make himself easy for life. But he was not satisfied to be idle. He thought for many days, trying to devise a way in which he could be of use in the world. Then he called for paper and ink, and wrote to several fire insurance companies, asking for appointment as agent among the farmers of his township. Securing a horse and buggy, he began to go out for business. But I must read you the rest from the paper.

"His insurance business has grown until now he is the agent for six of the big companies, and is reputed to be one of the best insurance men in his State. He figures that he has driven fifteen miles a day on an average during the past nine years, his longest one-day drive covering sixty miles. He usually goes alone, but sometimes takes a boy along when there are gates to open or measurements of houses to be taken. Many a night he has driven over the lonely country roads by himself. Only a few weeks ago the kingbolt in a small waggon in which he was driving broke. He crawled out on the front axle and went home on two wheels.

After starting in the insurance business, he added a machine shop to his office. At first he ran the machinery with a little engine of his own construction. As his business grew he put in an eight-horse-power engine, and an assistant. He does repairing of all kinds, from a watch to a sewing machine. The benches are built low, so that he may work at them while sitting in his chair. Among other machines attached to his line shaft is one for grinding feed for his ponies.

"Some time ago he said to a friend: 'Of course I am laboring under difficulties, and I find it hard sometimes to fight off the blues. But I always try to laugh instead of cry, and by so doing manage to keep up my spirits.'"

'You said you didn't want to take another book to-day, Selden,' the librarian continued. 'But while I have been talking I have thought of a volume which came in with the last lot from the publishers. I want you to read it. The title is Life at Sing Sing, by Number 1,500. It tells of a man who made something of himself in the face of obstacles which you or I would have thought insurmountable. No, it isn't a novel this time!' She smiled as she noticed Selden's impatient look. 'It is the true story of a convict in Sing Sing prison.'

'Of a convict?' Selden asked, astonished that a lesson could be drawn from such a life.

'Yes—of a convict! I'll tell you a little about him. He was hard, and was discouraged, when he entered the prison. Unfortunately, he had time to indulge his morbid feelings, for the agitation of labor leaders had been instrumental in silencing the machinery in several of the prison factories. There was not work enough to keep the men busy. Among the equipment which stood idle was a complete printing outfit, sufficient for the employment of thirty men. Day after day hundreds passed by the printing-offices. Not one of them thought of the golden opportunity—until our convict had an inspiration. He was not a practical printer. But he thought it was a great pity to permit such a waste of good material. At night, in his cell, he thought of a plan. If they could only have a prison paper! It seemed a wild dream. But the more he thought of it the more feasible his scheme appeared. After careful deliberation he asked to see the governor of the prison, and laid his plan before him. The result was the first issue of "The Star of Hope," the first prison paper ever published. The convict who grasped the opportunity—hundreds of others had passed heedlessly by, became an editor. He had his editorial office in the corridor. His condition as a prisoner was as light as it was possible to make it. Life took on new meaning for him. He forgot that he was in a prison, at least for a part of the day. He proved the truth of the old lines:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

'But he not only helped himself—he made life brighter for others. Contributions from the prisoners were welcomed. Talent was de-

veloped. Many men, discouraged before, gained new faith in themselves. Prisoners, influenced by the little paper, have gone out to live useful lives. Several prison reforms were instituted, because of discussions begun in the columns of the convict's paper—among others the law of 1901 which introduced the system of the parole or provisional release.

"The Star of Hope" became a permanent institution of the prison. During the editorship of its founder it was one of the most frequently-quoted papers in the country. And now, trained in his own office, even if that office was in a prison, he has given to the world a book which deserves careful reading. If you care to take it home, Selden, I will send for it.'

'If you please, Mrs. Redman,' Selden answered. 'I think I'd like to know more about that man.'

A few minutes later Mrs. Redman smiled, as she saw him pass from the library with the book in his hand. There was a hopeful look on his face which had been so gloomy.

'I believe Selden will find his opportunity,' the librarian thought, as she turned to respond to other visitors. 'I am glad I was not interrupted while we were having our little talk.'

Forget-me-nots.

(Eva J. Beede, in the 'Morning Star.')

It was a rare June morning that looked in at Nettie Hilton's window; a morning of bird songs, flowers and sunshine. It was Saturday morning, too, and Nettie was planning to go on her wheel to the farm, three miles away, to spend the day with her aunt Helen. 'What lovely wild flowers I shall find in the woods behind the old house,' she thought.

Nettie Hilton was a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, and her pretty little nest of a room was all blue and gold too. Her latest treasure was a little forget-me-not book from Miss Davis, her Sunday school teacher. It had come on her fifteenth birthday, just the week before, and she was learning one of the forget-me-nots every morning. Now she turned to the twenty-third day, and read: 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eyes,' and she went down stairs humming the words.

When the family were at breakfast, there came a sudden outbreak from the kitchen, and Norah rushed in exclaiming, 'Oh, me little brither Jim, as sells the newspapers, got runned over an' a mast kilt, an' me mither's sent Patsy Dolan fr me, an' him a rummin' ivery shtep o' the way, an' could yer be after lettin' me go, Missis?'

'Certainly, Norah, hurry right home, and I hope the accident is not so serious as you fear,' said Mrs. Hilton.

A quarter of an hour later, Nettie, in a big gingham apron, appeared in the kitchen. 'Why,' said her mother, 'I thought you were going out to your aunt Helen's.'

'Of course I'm not,' was the reply. 'Did you think I'd go away and leave you with all the Saturday work to do?'

'Oh, I could get along some way, I suppose.' 'Well, I don't intend to let you try; then, besides, Aunt Helen is not expecting me, and after school closes, I can go almost any day.'

So Nettie washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, fried the doughnuts, and made herself very useful. Meanwhile, Ted, who was three years younger, took a spin on his wheel, and returned with news from the injured Jim.

'Tell you what 'tis, Net,' said he, 'Jim's a

plucky chap, he was hurt awful bad, got his leg broke, but when they set it, he never opened his head, though Norah said he was "white's shate." I'm going to take him down some picture papers.'

'I'll send him a bunch of forget-me-nots,' said Nettie. 'And I will send a tumbler of jelly,' added Mrs. Hilton.

So Ted packed his treasure in a box, and fastened it to his wheel, started for another 'spin.'

When the after-dinner work was done, Nettie put on her pretty blue muslin, and taking a bunch of forget-me-nots, started out, promising herself an afternoon visit with her beloved Sunday school teacher, Miss Davis. As she went past aunt Esther Bean's window, the old lady nodded, looking so happy and expectant that Nettie said to herself, 'I don't know when I've been in to see aunt Esther, I believe I must stop just for a few minutes.'

Aunt Esther, as everybody called her, had lost the use of her limbs, so sat all day at the window, watching the passersby.

'You dear child!' she exclaimed, as Nettie entered. 'Put your hat on the table an' fetch the little rockin' cheer right up close ter me, an' ef you hain't brought me a bunch of posies, I'll hev Hannah put 'em in water 'fore they wilt,' and she rang her little bell for the maid who got down the best china vase for Nettie's bouquet.

'I've ben a' looking fer ye all day,' continued aunt Esther. 'It's my birthday, seventy-six years old to-day, jest you think on't 'n' I knowed the good Lord 'u'd send somebody in ter celebrate it with me 'n' I kinder felt it in my bones 't 'u'd be you. There's my calendar 't yer ma gi'n me last Christmas, 'n' the verse fur to-day's "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That's been a comfortin' on me all way. I'm dretful glad you've come. Hannah's baked me a birthday cake 'n' she's got rolls a risin' 'n' we've got strab'ries that grew 'n our own garden.'

Nettie thought of her own verse for the day, as she told aunt Esther the news, sang and read to her, and then drank tea with her from the tiny pink cups, almost as old as the hostess herself. 'Bless yer heart, child!' said the old lady, when Nettie bade her good night, 'ef yer hain't jest like yer mother right over agin. I knowed her when she wan't no older'n you be.'

To be thought like her mother seemed to Nettie the highest compliment possible.

In her little blue room that night she repeated her verse, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go,' and she thought, 'what a happy day it has been, though the way was different from my plans all the time.'

Outside, 'in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels,' and one little star was watching through the parted curtains as Nettie fell asleep, thinking of her forget-me-not verse, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'

Her Grandmother's Jewels.

(Helena H. Thomas, in the 'American Messenger.')

'I am so glad that you have left to me the choosing of my birthday gift, mamma, for I want, above all things, a string of gold beads.'

'Do you, daughter, really?'

'Yes, really and truly! For nearly all our set have some that have been handed down to them, and I break the "Thou shalt not covet" commandment every time I see a string of those dear, old-fashioned beads.'

The mother, just here, was thoughtfully silent a moment, and then left the room, saying in an undertone:

'The right time has surely come.'

She was gone so long, however, that Mabel was on the point of going in search of her, when she reappeared, holding aloft a string of beads, at sight of which the delighted girl cried out:

'Oh, they are beauties! Where did you get them? And are they for me?'

'I will answer the last question first,' said the fond mother as she clasped the beads around the plump neck of the girl who would

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