



LET us not make heroic resolutions so far beyond our strength that the resolution becomes a dead memory within a week. Let us promise ourselves that each day will be the new beginning of a newer, better and truer life for ourselves, for those around us, and for the world.

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung

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(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS.—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson, a man of few words, who works on the "section," and nine children. Pearl Watson is an imaginative, clever little girl, 12 years old, and is the mainstay of the family. Mrs. Watson is often employed to wash and work for the is the idol of Pearl's eye, and is a favorite of Mrs. Francis, who tries some of her pet theories on Danny. Camilla Rose is a capable young woman who looks after Dr. Barber, the old doctor of the village, clever in his profession, but intemperate. Mrs. McGuire, the next door neighbor of the Watsons, has a special antipathy for Mr. Motherwell. Mr. Sam Motherwell and his son live on a farm near the Watsons. It is of generosity, he donated the caboose of his threshing outfit to the Watsons. After much discussion it is decided that Pearl Watson shall go and work with Mrs. Motherwell, and thus "wipe out the stain." Young Tom Motherwell has been invited to a party at one of the neighbors, and as his chief aim in life. He is, such "foolishness," he steals away unobserved.

PEARL set the porridge on the back of the stove and ran out to where the poppies nodded gaily. Never before had they seemed so beautiful. Mrs. Motherwell watched her through the window bending over them. Something about the poppies appealed to her now. She had once wanted Tom to cut them down, and she thought of it now.

She tapped on the window, Pearl looked up, startled.

"Bring in some," she called. When the work was done for the morning, Mrs. Motherwell went up the narrow stairway to the little room over the kitchen to gather together Pearl's things.

She sat on Polly's little straw bed and looked at the dismal little room. Pearl had done what she could to brighten it. The old bags and baskets had been neatly piled in one corner, and quilts had been spread over them to hide their ugliness from view. The wind blew gently in the window that the hail had broken. The floor had been scrubbed clean and white—the window, what was left of it, was shining.

She was reminded of Polly everywhere she looked. The mat under her feet was one that Polly had brought. A corduroy blouse hung at the foot of the bed. She remembered now that Polly had worn it the day she came. In a little yellow tin box she found Polly's letters, letters that had given her such extravagant joy. She could see her yet, how eagerly she would seize them and rush up to the little room with them, transfigured.

Mrs. Motherwell would have to look at them to find out Polly's mother slowly, then hurriedly put it back again in the envelope and looked guiltily around the room. But it had to be done. She took it out again reluctantly, and read it with some difficulty.

It was written in a straggling hand

that wandered uncertainly over the lines. It was a pitiful letter, telling of poverty bitter and grinding, and redeemed from utter misery by a love and faith that shone from every line:

My dearest Polly I am glad you

for her hi ad a cup of tee that di. hi am appy thinkin of yu der polly.

"And Polly is dead!" burst from Mrs. Motherwell as something gathered in her throat. She laid the letter down and looked straight ahead of her.

The sloping walls of the little kitchen loft, with its cobwebbed beams faded away, and she was looking into a squalid little room where an old woman, bent and feeble, sat working buttonholes with trembling fingers. Her eyes were restless and expectant; she listened eagerly to every sound. A step at the door, a hand is on the latch. The old woman rises uncertainly, a great hope in her eyes—it is the letter—the letter at last. The door opens, and the old woman falls cowering and moaning, and wringing her hands before the man who enters. It is the officer.

Mrs. Motherwell buried her face in her hands.

"Oh God be merciful, be merciful," she sobbed.

Sam Motherwell, knowing nothing of the storm that was passing through his wife's mind, was out in the machine house tightening up the screws and bolts in the binder, getting ready for the harvest. The barley was whitening already.

The nurse's letter had disturbed him. He tried to laugh at himself—the idea of his boxing up those weeds to send to anybody. Still the nurse had said how pleased Polly was. By George, it is strange what will please people. He remembered when he went down to Indiana buying horses, how tired he got of the look of the cornfields, and how the sight of the first decent sized wheat field just went to his heart, when he was coming back. Somehow he could not laugh at anything that morning, for Polly was dead. And Polly was a willing thing for sure; he seemed to see her. How she ran after the colt the day it broke out of the pasture, and hitch a horse for him as quick as anybody.

"I kind o' wish now that I had given her something—it would have

cried when she had finished the last one. "Polly's dead and the poor old mother will be looking, looking for that money and it will never come. Sam, can't we save that poor old woman from the poor house. Do you remember what the girl said in the letter, 'Inasmuch as ye have done unto me, the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto Me?' We didn't deserve the praise the girl gave us. We didn't send the flowers, we body and we have anything for anybody what is the good of it, Sam? We'll die some day and leave it all behind us."

Mrs. Motherwell hid her face in her apron, trembling with excitement. Sam's face was immovable, but a mysterious Something, not of earth, was struggling with him. Was it the faith of that desecrated old woman in that little room across the sea, mumbling herself that God had not forgotten? God knows. His ear is not dulled; His arm is not shortened; His holy spirit moves mightily.

Sam Motherwell stood up and struck the table with his fist.

"Ettie," he said, "I am a hard man, a danged hard man, and as you say I've never given away much but I am not so low down, yet that I have to reach up to touch bottom, and the old woman will not go to the poor house if I have money enough to keep her out!"

Sam Motherwell was as good as his word.

He went to Winnipeg the next day, but before he left he drew a check for one hundred dollars, payable to Polly's mother, which he gave to the Church of England clergyman to send for him. About two months afterwards he received a letter from the clergyman of the parish in which Polly's mother lived, telling him that the money had reached the old lady in time to save her from the workhouse; a heart-broken letter of thanks from Polly's mother herself accompanied it, calling on God to reward them for their kindness to her and her dear dead girl.

CHAPTER XXII.

Shadows.

One morning when Tom came into the kitchen Pearl looked up with a worried look on her usually bright little face.

"What's up, kid?" he asked kindly. He did not like to see Pearl looking troubled.

"Arthur's sick," she said gravely.

"Go on!" he answered, "he's not sick. I know he's been feeling kind of used up for about a week, but he worked as well as ever yesterday."

"I went out last night to see him?"

I had shut the henhouse door, and I heard him groanin', and I said knockin' on the door. 'What's wrong

pardon, Pearl, did I frighten you?" and I said, 'No, but what's wrong?'

and he said, 'Nothing at all, Pearl, thank you,' but I know there is.

You know how polite he is—wouldn't trouble anybody. Wouldn't

ask ye to slap 'im on the back if he was chokin'."

I went out two or three times and once I brought him out some liniment, and he said every time he would be 'well directly' but I don't believe him. If Arthur groans there's something to groan for, you bet."

"Maybe he's in love," Tom said sheepishly.

"But you don't groan, Tom, do you?" she asked seriously.

"Maybe I ain't in love, though, Pearl. Ask Jim Russell, he can tell you."

"Jim ain't in love, is he?" Pearl asked anxiously.

Her responsibilities were growing too fast. One love affair and a sick man she felt was all she could attend to.

"Well, why do you suppose Jim



Animal Training on the Farm of Mr. T. S. Mastin, Prince Edward County, Ont.

The children are some of the editors of Farm and Dairy having a good time with Mr. Mastin's Jersey cow. The boy and girl in the centre are twins, Mr. Mastin, who may be seen in the illustration, enjoyed superintending their operations.

like your place and your misses is so kind as wot you si, yur letters are my knuff di an nit. bill is a ard man and says hif the money don't cum i will ave to go to the workus.

but i no you will send it der polly so hi can old my little plice hi got a start tod i hoffer past hi that it was the workus hoffer. bill as he told im to cum hif hi cant pi by septmbr but hi am trustin God der polly e an't forgot us. hi'm glad the poppies grow. ere's a day hi am sendin yu hi can mlike the hoffer set. yu hi do sum hevery di. Mrs. purdy gave me fourpence one di for cum i mide

pleased her—some little thing," he added hastily.

Mrs. Motherwell came across the yard bareheaded.

"Come into the house, Sam," she said gently. "I want to show you something."

He looked up quickly, but saw something in his wife's face that prebtr him from speaking.

He followed her into the house. The letters were on one table, Mrs. Motherwell read them to him, read them with tears that almost choked

"And Polly's dead, Sam!" she