

On reaching the city we walked the streets day after day searching for work. Sometimes we got a kind word, but oftener a cold rebuff, and the time came when my companion would take me together with the dollars, half dollars and dimes, from his purse and sitting down upon the bed in his dingy little room, would count us over, and each day his face grew more sad. This was repeated day after day, and each time I noticed that one or more were missing from the little company.

One night I heard him say as he opened his purse, 'All I have left is one little penny.' He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while great tears chased each other down his cheeks and dropped upon the floor.

But brighter days were at hand. Next day as we were passing the Iron Foundry we saw a sign—Help Wanted—My companion entered the office of the chief manager and was accepted.

At the end of the week I was given to a shoe dealer to help to pay for a pair of shoes, and by him was given to his little daughter as a reward for hunting up his evening paper. At present I am in the little girl's missionary box and have plenty of company.

I must bid you 'Good Bye' for I am soon to start for India, to help in bearing 'Good tidings of great joy' to the little children there.
—E. G. M.

The Marshal of the City of Refuge.

(Concluded.)

'Don't you know it's wicked to steal nests?' he asked. 'That's the birds' house, that they live in, just the way we live in our houses. How'd you like it if you went home some night and found a big giant had carried off your house?'

The man seemed very much surprised, but he laid down the nest, and then sat down on the grass.

'Whose little boy are you?' he asked.

The voice was kind, and Toggles answered the man's question, although he was very angry still.

'My name is Toggles,' he said, 'and I am living with mama, here on grandpa's farm, and my grandpa does not like people to steal nests

on his land. Didn't you read the sign?'

'Yes,' answered the man; 'and I thought it was a very good sign. Do you help your grandpa take care of the birds?'

'I'm marshal,' said Toggles; 'that's what I've got my star for, because I'm the Marshal of the City of Refuge for the birds. If you saw the sign, why didn't you mind?'

'Is it always wrong to take birds' nests?' asked the man.

He spoke so gently, and looked like such a nice, good man, that Toggles could hardly believe he had really done the wicked thing that he had seen, only—there lay the branch, cut off, with the nest hanging from it.

'Yes, sir,' he answered promptly; 'it always is,—that is, unless, of course, they're last year's nests.'

The man took the branch from the ground.

'This is a last year's nest,' he said.

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye.

'I don't know what your name is,' he said, 'but it's a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday.'

Something very like a smile crossed the man's face, but when he answered, it was grave enough.

'And so did I,' he said; 'and Monday. Have you seen him since then?'

Toggles thought a moment.

'No,' he said.

'And neither have I. He started south Tuesday night, and he won't be back until next May. He'll never use this nest again. And I wouldn't mind a big giant's taking away my house, if I were all through with it, and had gone to live in another country—would you?'

Toggles thought again.

'No,' he answered. 'Where's he gone to?'

'To Central America,' replied the man. 'He goes there every winter. But he'll come back in May, and make a new nest. Now, the kingfisher down by the swamp,—'

'I know him!' broke in Toggles.

'He comes in March, and so do the mourning-doves, but the robins,—'

'They come first,' said Toggles.

'Not this year. The blackbirds were ahead of them this time. But, by the way, have you seen,'—

And that was the beginning of a talk that lasted until they heard the dinner-bell ringing from the other side of the orchard.

'Grandpa,' exclaimed Toggles, as he ran panting up the front steps, 'I've been talking with a man that knows more about birds,—oh! more than anybody; and to-morrow he is going to take me over to Mr. Smith's farm to show me where some owls live, and I want to know who he is.'

'Did he carry a green tin box?' asked grandpa, 'and wear a cap?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Toggles; 'that's the man.'

'I think,' said grandpa, 'that it must have been the rector of the Episcopal Church in the village. He is a great friend of the birds, and I am very glad that you have got acquainted with him.'

My Precious Gifts.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can wing
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whate'er He made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through Thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and Thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.
—'Waif.'

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