

looked so happy that the man was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the baron: 'What a happy man you are to have such a son!'

'How do you know that I have such a good son?'

'Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever from all that you have shown me.'

'But you have never seen him?'

'No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works.'

'True,' replied the old nobleman, 'and thus you should judge of the character of our heavenly Father. From His works you must see that He is a being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness.'

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof and did not offend the nobleman any more by his remarks.—The 'Herald and (Presbyter).'

### What Have I Done?

(Frances Levvy, in the 'Band of Mercy.')

Jack was a real good boy and a 'prime favorite' with teachers and school-fellows—such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of 'go' in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when 'w...!' came the cane over his back.

'Sir, sir,' stammered Jack, 'What's that for?'

'Nothing in particular, my boy,' said the master with another whack, and yet another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. 'Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong,' said he.

'You've done nothing wrong,' and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came, 'Keep your seats!' and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said pleasantly, 'I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!'

Jack blurted out, 'Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir.'

'Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday,' said the Master.

'Not he,' said Jack angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. 'He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district; he never shirks work.'

'So, so,' said the Master. 'Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut, but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack, eh?'

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was—then he stood up.

'I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home.'

'Well done, Jack. Shake hands! Go on with your lessons, boys,' said the teacher.

'And I'll remember my lesson, sir,' said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders, 'but it's fair play all round.'

### Sample Copies.

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### Strength and Toil.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

How much do you care, my friend—enough  
To master the little fears?  
Do you dare cry halt to the heedless fault  
That seeks to deposit the years?

Then you'll lay aside with a soldier's pride,  
The lure of the laggard's dream;  
For, both East and West, it is toil that's best  
As hard as the way may seem.

### The Sunday Sleds.

It was Sunday morning, but there was great excitement in the Carr household.

For two nights and a day the rain had fallen in a steady downpour, and the snow was saturated—Mr. Carr called it 'honey-combed,' and added, 'Nobody goes out of this house this day without rubber boots!'

At that news there was a wail from the three younger Carr children. All winter the Carrs had safely walked the mile to Sunday School—sometimes on ice, and sometimes over three or four feet of well-packed snow, wearing good home-made shoes. But now, what a morning! the rain had ceased, there was a glorious sunlight over everything and the trees were hung with glittering drops; but under all was what little Jimmy Carr disgustingly termed 'a slush two feet deep!'

John and Charles had rubber boots, to be sure; but their pleasure in their independence was spoiled by the fact that their sister and little brother were simply shod in their common shoes, and must stay at home from Sunday School. They loved each other at the Carrs' and enjoyed doing things together.

While John and Charles were watering the stock at the barn, they talked over 'the going' together; and when they went in to breakfast, John asked his father if he thought that he and Charles could draw Jimmy and the girls on the high double-runners if they were very careful.

Mr. Carr gave his consent to the experiment rather doubtfully—he had misgivings concerning the ability of the two little girls to 'hold on,' and he mistrusted the tendency of John and Charles to 'kick up' and splash through everything, once they got under way. Mrs. Carr, too, said that they might go, but added decidedly that 'they must all wear their everyday clothes.'

When the Hastings boys, up the road, saw the preparations going on down at the Carrs', a second double-runner appeared, at the red house on the hill.

'What's up?' asked Mr. Hastings; 'don't you know that this is Sunday morning?'

'Well,' said Fred Hastings, 'if John and Charlie Carr can drag the children to Sunday School on their double-runner, I guess Dick and I can "spell a-bue" to take Mary and Alice on ours!'

So the two hill-sleds with their loads started off for Sunday School both together.

At half after nine, Miss Barrows, the Sunday School Superintendent, had set out in her rubber boots and tucked-up skirts, and carefully picked her way to the school-house. She had built the fire at once, for she knew it would be next to impossible for her usual helper to get there at all. Indeed, she wondered if any of the children would come! But she distributed the thirty singing-books along the desks, and repeated the Golden Text softly to herself: 'According to your faith be it unto you.'

At a quarter past ten, she went to the door and saw, coming slowly up the road, two double-runners, each drawn by a span of boys. The boys splashed along bravely in their rubber boots through deep slush, and on the sleds were two girls apiece, with little Jimmy on the Carr sled besides, the little Carr girls and Jimmy holding on to each other and shaking with subdued Sunday laughter.

Before these had landed at the school-house door, the smiling Sunday School Superintendent counted seven more single or double sleds coming slowly in, each bearing from two to five children.

The children received a warm greeting, and each had a cheerful experience to tell. Fifteen of them came from below the Carr road and they said that when they saw John and

Charlie out with their double-runners they just flew for their own sleds!

Four children came from top of a distant hill. Their mother had encouraged them and told them that if they 'held on' just right they could slide down almost into the village. This, the children considered a great thing, for their mother was very strict and had never let them take their sleds out on Sunday. Miss Barrows laughed and pronounced her 'a mother in Israel.' But little Anita, careful of her mother's reputation, explained that this was different, because they couldn't come to Sunday School unless they did come on their sled!

When all the children were gathered together they numbered just thirty-five—every child in the district! They sang and answered questions with a will, and all declared they never had had such a good Sunday School. As Miss Barrows looked at the glowing faces of the boys who had done the hard work—for it was no easy thing to drag the loaded sleds through the slushy snow—she thought, 'These are the boys who are to be men some day, and our country will be proud of them for something or other that they will bring to pass.'

Little Jimmy Carr related gleefully how an old lady called after them and said she 'didn't know what the world was coming to when all the children in a town were allowed to be out in their every-day clothes a-Sunday with their sleds!'

Miss Barrows' Sunday School certainly did have a good time, and afterward had a good journey home. John and Charlie Carr left their sisters on the school-house steps, while they carried Miss Barrows herself to her boarding place at the foot of the village. Not an accident happened. Nobody tumbled off, and not a girl so much as wet the edge of her dress-skirt, or 'stepped in overshoe!—The 'Farming World.'

### Why Young Men Fail.

On every hand we meet those whose life has proved a failure, who have never known anything but poverty, to whom life has simply been a continued struggle for bread; comforts and luxuries they bade farewell to years ago. These men were once boys. The future was just as promising as to many of their fellows upon whom 'fortune' has always seemed to smile. Let us go back to those early days. In the vicinity where both lived there were farms on which there was work to be done. The one, ready to engage in any work of necessity on the farm, lost no time in securing the first job he could find. Not always, indeed, was it in accordance with his tastes; but he went at it with a determination to do his best. By taking an interest in his employer's business, he made it for the time his own. His employer, not slow to observe this, trusted him more and more, and at the end of the season was ready to retain him at advanced wages.

He thoroughly learned all the details of the business. Was it fitting the ground for growing crops—he even endeavored to the best of his ability to do his work so well as to give perfect satisfaction. If crops were to be put in, he followed instructions, and none were put in carelessly. At harvest time he was told to save carefully what had matured, and it was a great waste not to secure what had cost time and labor to plant and cultivate. Thus he learned valuable lessons in economy.

The same interest he had in his employer's work made him careful as to the use of tools. Farm tools were put in their place, and many little repairs given, at a time when a single bolt, a nail driven, or some little thing attended to, would prevent breakage and loss. All these little things, each seeming small of itself, secured him a steady place at the best wages, until he finally accumulated a sufficient sum to start for himself. I need not follow him further, the secret of his success is plain. But how about the other young man, who lived near, with as strong muscle as the first? He obtained a situation equal to that of his fellow. His employer went with him to the field to start the plough. After a few furrows, he left him with the injunction to see that every sod was turned over. For a little while the young man obeyed orders; but getting impatient, he began to neglect his work, thus soliloquising: 'The old man will