



"WHENEVER we send out loving thoughts in generous profusion, every part of our environment echoes back a sweet benediction." —Henry Wood.

## Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nettie L. McChung

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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 neighbors. Mrs. Watson is a capable woman, who tries some of her pet theories on Danny. Camilla Rose is a favorite of Mrs. Watson's. "Wee Danny," Mrs. Francis' domestic affairs, and occasionally helps her to apply her theories. Mrs. McGuire, the next door neighbor of the Watsons, has a special antipathy for Mr. Watson. Mr. Sam Motherwell and his son live on a farm near the Watsons. Mr. Motherwell is a well-to-do but very stingy farmer. A year or two previously in an 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 parents object to such "foolishness," he steals away unobserved.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### The Harvest.

TOM went straight to his mother that morning and told her everything—the party he had gone to, his discontent, his desire for company and fun and excitement, taking the money and the events of the previous night.

Mrs. Motherwell saw her boy in a new light as she listened, and Tom had a glorified vision of his mother as she clasped him in her arms crying: "It is our fault, Tom, mine and your father's, we have tried to make you into a machine like we are ourselves, and forgot that you had a soul, but it's not too late yet, Tom. I hate the money, too, if it's only to be hoarded up; the money we sent to your mother has given me more pleasure than all the rest we have."

"Mother," Tom said, "how do you suppose that money happened to be in that overcoat pocket?"

"I don't know," she answered; "your father must have put it there when he wore it last. It looks as if the devil himself put it there to tempt you, Tom."

When his father came back from Winnipeg, Tom made to him a full confession as he had to his mother; and was surprised to find that his father had for him not one word of reproach. Since sending the money to Polly's mother, Sam had found a little of the blessedness of giving, and it had changed his way of looking at things, in some measure at least. He had made up his mind to give the money back to the church, and now when he found that it had gone, and gone in such a way, he felt vaguely that it was a punishment for his own meanness, and in a small measure, at least, he was grateful that no worse evil had resulted from it.

"Father, did you put that money there?" Tom asked.

"Yes," I did, Tom," he answered. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so careless, too."

"It just seemed as if it was the devil himself," Tom said. "I had no

intention of drinking when I took out that money."

"Well, Tom," his father said, with a short laugh, "I guess the devil had a hand in it, he was in me quite a bit when I put it there, I kin tell ye."

The next Sunday morning Samuel Motherwell, his wife and son, went to church. Sam placed on the plate an envelope containing fifty dollars.

On the following morning Sam had just cut two rounds with the binder when the Reverend Hugh Grantley drove into the field. Sam stopped his binder and got down.

"Well, Mr. Motherwell," the minister said, holding out his hand cor-

ter left him and drove home through the sun-flooded grain fields, with a glorified look on his face as one who had seen the heavens opened.

Just before he turned into the valley of the Souris, he stopped his horse and looked back over the miles and miles of rippling gold. The clinkety-click-clink of many binders came to his ears. Oh what a day it was! All sunshine and blue sky! Beams of the river glinted through the trees, and the railway track shimmered like a silver ribbon, and as he drove into the winding valley, the Reverend Hugh Grantley sang, despite his Cameronian blood, sang like a Methodist:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### Cupid's Emissary.

Mrs. McGuire did not look like Cupid's earthly representative as she sat in her chair covered with rocking-chair and bitterly complained of the weather. The weather was damp and cloudy, and Mrs. McGuire said her "joints were jumpin'."

The little Watsons were behaving so well that even with her rheumatism to help her vision she couldn't find so reckoned the mischief "was hatchin'."

A change was taking place in Mrs. McGuire, although she was unconscious of it; Mary Barner, who was a frequent and welcome visitor, was having an influence even on the late McGuire. Mary "red up" her house for her when her rheumatism was bad. She cooked for her, she sang and read for her. Above all things, Mary was being kind, and no one who has a friend can be altogether at war with the world.

One evening when Mary was reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" to her, the Reverend Hugh Grantley came in and begged to be let stay and enjoy the reading, too. He said Miss Barner's voice seemed to take the taste out of his drink, whereupon Mrs. McGuire winked at herself.

That night she obligingly fell asleep just where Christian resolved to press on to the Heavenly City at all costs, and Mister and Timorous ran down the hill.

After that the minister came regularly, and Mrs. McGuire though she

were serious enough by the set of his jaw.

His friend Clay had just left him. Barner's friendly attitude toward him had apparently changed the aspect of affairs, and now the old doctor had suggested taking him into partnership.

"Think of it, Grantley," the young man had exclaimed, "what this will mean to me. He is a great man in his profession, so clever, so witty, so scholarly, everything. He was a double gold medalist in his year at McGill, and now he has been keeping absolutely sober lately—thanks to your good offices"—at which the minister made a gesture of dissent—"and then I would be in a better position to look after things. As it has been, any help I gave Mary in keeping the old man from killing people had to be done on the sly."

The minister winced and went a shade paler at the mention of her name, but the doctor did not notice. "Mary is anxious to have it brought about, too," he went on, "for it has always been a worry to her when he was away; but he will do the office work, and I will do the advising. It will be a distinct advantage to me, though of course, I would do it anyway for her sake."

Then it was that the minister that he came of a rare that could hold its features in control. This was propriety of her name, the apparent in Clay's face could mean but one thing. He had been blind, blind, blind!

He heard himself saying mechanically. "Yes, of course, I think it is the only thing to do," and Clay had gone out whistling.

He sat for a few minutes perfectly motionless. Then a shudder ran through him and the black Highland blood surged into his face, and anger flamed in his eyes. He had been with his feet with his huge hands clenched. "He shall not have her," he whispered to himself, "she is mine. How dare he name her!"

Only for a moment did he give himself to the ecstasy of rage. Then his arms fell, and he stood straight and calm and strong, master of himself once more.

"What right have I," he groaned, "warily pressing his hands to his head. Who am I that any woman should desire me? Clay, with his easy grace, his wit, his manliness, his handsome face no wonder that she prefers him, any woman would, and Clay is worthy, more worthy, he thought in agony of renunciation. He thought of Clay's life as he had known it now for years. So fair, and open and clean. "Yes, Clay is to himself as I was up and down."

Every incident of the three months came back to him now, the cruel distinctness—the sweetness of her voice, the glorious beauty of her face, so full sometimes of life's pain, so strong too in the overbearing of it, and her little hands—oh what part of little hands they were—he had held them once only for a moment, but she must have felt the love that throbbed in his touch, and he had thought that perhaps—perhaps—Oh, unutterable blind fool that he was!

He pressed his hands again to his head and groaned aloud; and he hears the cry of the child or of the strong man in agony dread near and laid. His pierced hands upon him in healing and benediction.

The next Sunday the Reverend Hugh Grantley was at his best, and his sermons had a new quality that appealed to and comforted many a weary one who, travelling by the thorn-road, was in Mrs. McGuire's little house there was nothing to disturb the read-

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dially as he walked over to where Sam stood, "how did it happen?"

"Ask Tom," he said, nodding his head toward his son who was stooping the grain a little distance away. "It is Tom's story."

Mr. Grantley did ask Tom, and Tom told him; and there in the sunshine, with the smell of the ripe grain in their nostrils as the minister helped heaven and earth were opened to Tom, and a new life was born within him, a life of godliness and brotherly kindness, whose blessed influence it of that neighborhood.

It was nearly noon when the min-

complained to herself that it was hard to lose so much of the reading. She said she had been young herself once, and guessed she knew how it was with young folks. Just that was all; men were such deceivers—they were all smooth as silk, until it came to livin' with 'em, and then she shook her head grimly, thinking no doubt of the vagaries of the late McGuire.

The Reverend Hugh Grantley walked up and down the door of his study in deep meditation. But his thoughts were not on his Sunday sermon nor yet on the topic for the young people's meeting, though they