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For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.



—'Toilers of the Deep.'

We Two Shall Win

It was a pleasant picture I saw as I entered the open door of Big Donald's cottage, and the boyish voice of young Donald rang out clear and strong. He finished a verse of the poem he was reading as if he almost knew it by heart, and after greeting them

both I asked what it was that interested them so much.

'Father's not great in reading to himself,' said the boy, 'but he likes it fine to have me read, and this is one of his favorite bits, and he has made me read it over until I've

almost worn out the paper he found it in.'

'I don't know if it's good poetry, sir,' Big Donald said, 'but it's one of the things that seems to go to your heart. My father was lost at sea when I wasn't much older than this lad, and I had a hard struggle to get