

father and I saw them goin' by a little spell ago.' Miss mother hesitated a little, and then added: 'Maybe you ought to take it to them.'

'I did holler, and they didn't pay any attention,' he answered. 'I guess they was tryin' to make the 10.40 train.'

'I presume so. Anyway, I'm glad you tried to give it back,' said his mother, as she began to set the table.

Jack split wood all that afternoon; but sometimes he gave a stick an extra twist as he tossed it into the wood-house, as if he would rid himself of something that was troubling him.

The next day was Sunday; and, in the morning, Jack remembered that he had forgotten to study his Sunday-school lesson.

'Joseph sold into Egypt. (Gen. xxxvii., 2-26),' read Jack. 'Miss Hawkins says we must read all the connecting links, so I might as well begin at the beginnin' of the chapter.'

'Now wasn't that a mean trick?' commented Jack, as he finished the chapter. And the meanest thing about it was to make that poor old man think Joseph had been killed. 'Twas bad enough to steal their brother and sell him. I'd never be as mean as that. Wonder what Miss Hawkins will say about it.'

For some reason, as he walked to Sunday-school, Jack thought a great deal about the kodak. Here was the place where the men had passed him, and farther down was where it had rolled out.

'I don't suppose it really is mine; but, then, I hollered at 'em,' he said, defiantly, as if someone had accused him of something.

As he came into the class, Miss Hawkins greeted him with a cheery 'Good-morning, Jack. I always expect to find you in your place.'

'O dear,' thought Jack, 'I ain't half as good as she thinks I am. I just know she would think I ought to give that kodak up.'

The boys were soon interested in the lesson. Miss Hawkins had a way of making Bible history very vivid.

'I don't believe this was the only time Joseph's brothers did wrong, do you?' she said. 'I imagine they were not good to live with long before this. Did little wrong acts. Were not "square and above board," as you boys say.'

'That horrible kodak, I almost hate it. Can't I think of anything else?' thought Jack.

'I don't believe they could have carried out this plot so well if they had not deceived their father before in little things,' Miss Hawkins continued. 'It is the little mean acts that lead to great crimes.'

Jack was the first boy out of the church. He walked home at a very rapid rate. When he reached there, he said little; and neither father nor mother guessed of the battle that was being fought.

That night, long after the rest of the family were asleep, he settled it. 'I'll take that kodak down to the hotel the first thing in the morning; and if they ain't there, I'll git their address, and express it to 'em,' he said. Then he rolled over and slept soundly.

Next morning, as Jack entered the kitchen, he said, in a matter-of-fact tone: 'If you ain't got anything special for me to do, father, I guess I'll take that kodak

down to the hotel. Mebbe some of them men 'll be huntin' fer it all over.'

'Yes, maybe you'd better. I guess they'll give you a reward for it, anyway.'

'I don't want no reward,' responded Jack, stoutly.

'Hello, Jack,' exclaimed the hotel-keeper, as the boy appeared with the kodak under his arm. 'Wall, I vum, ef you ain't found that feller's kodak. He's hed a terrible time over it. Finally left word with me, ef it was found, to send it on with the finder's name. Guess you're in luck, Jack. You see, this kodak belonged to a little lame boy of his'n; and he took it out on this trip to git him some new pictures. He said he wouldn't care so much only his little boy sot great store by it. He got it for him in New York, and says he, "No other kodak would ever seem quite so nice to him."'

In a few days, Jack received a letter containing a substantial cheque. The letter read thus:

'Mr. Jack Brown, Havens, Mich.:

'Dear Jack,—I have just received my kodak. I thank you very much. Papa says he thinks perhaps you haven't any, so I asked him to send you a cheque to get you one with. I think my make is the best. Your friend, Harold Holcomb.'

'Most ashamed to take this. I came so near bein' mean,' Jack said to himself. 'The kodak will be awful nice; but I guess the kind of good feelin' that comes to a feller when he's been "square and above board," is nicer even than the kodak.'

### Foundations Well Laid.

(E. E. Lewis, in the Chicago 'Standard'.)

Some days ago I had occasion to go out upon the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. While waiting for the train to start, I observed the conductor, Mr. Jackson, as indeed I had oftentimes, going up and down the platform and around the engine seemingly with keen eye taking in every spring and bolt and wheel. As he passed me I could not help speaking of his carefulness. Looking up, he said, 'That is what I am paid for, Mr. Lewis.' There was no gainsaying this, and yet it came into my mind that there are ways and other ways of performing the duty one is paid for. Stepping on the train, moving out over a fine road-bed, under such watchful management, one feels that all that human skill and foresight can do has been done for his safety, and a feeling of restfulness comes over him.

We are all ready enough to lay blame somewhere in case of accident, but think lightly of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of men who day and night, often at peril of their lives, guard us from danger upon these great railways. The fact is that one is safer upon such a railway than in his own home and in truth fewer accidents occur on passenger trains than in the ordinary walks of life.

If the great body of Christian people were half as exact and careful in the performance of known Christian duty as railway men in the execution of their trusts, the cause of Christ would not so often suffer from wounds received in the house of its friends.

The conscientious performance of duty usually brings its reward even in the present life.

Several years ago there died at Lockport, Ill., a gentleman named Henry Barnett, a Scotch stone-mason, reminding one of that other rugged Scotch hewer of stones, Hugh Miller, the man who struck his tuning fork upon the rocks of Cromarty and found nothing out of harmony, nothing to cast a doubt or a shadow upon the revealed word of God, but geology and theology moving hand in hand, in beautiful and divine accord.

Mr. Barnett came in his young days from the Clyde to Quebec. The East India Company was just then wrestling with the problem of putting up a large warehouse, the foundations of which were to be laid in the water where the tide sometimes rose forty feet. Two parties had already failed by using light stones, and when the tide went out with a rush they shifted. Young Barnett thought he could accomplish it and obtained a contract. But after his men had worked some weeks and still no wall showed above water the company feared it was like the previous cases and refused to pay any more money until the foundation appeared above water.

Ruin stared Barnett in the face, Saturday night coming and no money for his men. As he sat dejectedly with his face in his hands, an old gentleman, who had been watching the work came up to him. 'My young friend, you seem to have something on your mind; what is it?' Barnett looked up, and seeing a kindly face, told him the whole story, at the end of which the gentleman, who was Mr. Simpson, president of the Quebec Bank, wrote on a card and told Mr. Barnett to take it and draw on the bank until the work was completed, adding, 'I have noted the conscientious carefulness with which you have been executing this work, and I have confidence in you.' Barnett drew the bank's money, one, two, three weeks, and then the foundations stood up massive and strong enough to support the plains of Abraham. The company sent word that it was ready to make payments again, but Mr. Barnett thanked them and said he needed none until the work should be finished. That warehouse laid the foundation for Mr. Barnett's large fortune, and it stands to-day, a witness for conscientious, honest work.

### Dogs and Crocodiles.

When an Egyptian dog of the Nile region wishes to drink at the water's edge he knows exactly how to do it and at the same time escape being eaten by a crocodile. In working out this little piece of strategy he runs a short way up the river and howls for some time. The crocodiles, attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to that place, whereupon the intelligent dog hastily runs to that part of the river which the reptiles have left and drinks in safety.—'Everybody's Paper.'

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