

himself to try many feats on his crutches he would never otherwise have attempted, thus becoming quite an expert on his 'four legs.' He borrowed books on hen keeping, studied the properties of various foods, pounded his fingers and caused great commotion in the feathered family in his attempts to build an improved coop, growing stronger and more resigned to his trouble all the time. The old man generously divided the eggs with his young partner, and the neighbors, catching the lad's spirit of unselfishness, soon made the demand for fresh eggs greater than the supply.

'Gordon,' said Mr. Gregory, one day, 'who is your best friend?'

'My mother, sir!'

'Right you are. If you wanted to help her very much, what would you do?'

'Oh—lots! But a boy without f—'

'Never mind the feet, now. Just suppose you had feet and money. How could you help her most?'

'I'd build her a big house so she wouldn't have to pay any more rent.'

'Ah—um! Would a little house do?'

'Yes, but nothing's too good for my mother!'

'Does she have a very hard time to get along?'

'She never says she has. Mother's clear grit—a brick, you know! But it takes just so many dollars to go around, and when there aren't enough it's—bad. But some day, perhaps, I can start a hennery, like you did, and that will help her.'

'How will you take care of your hens and mine, too?'

'Never thought of that,' answered Gordon, seriously, but quickly breaking into a laugh. 'But my hennery isn't very big yet—see there!' pointing to two invalid chickens staggering across the floor of the kitchen—his own 'raisin' and a gift from his friend. 'I'll not leave you for a long while yet. You'll get somebody better to help you some day—some one with two real feet.'

'Now, lad, listen to me! I've watched you grow up from the cradle. You're a good son and a good friend. I'm going to be a fairy godfather to you—you shall have a house and a hennery. Mr. Ritemwel, my old friend, the lawyer, is coming over to-night to make out a paper, giving you the house, and—during my life-time—half the proceeds of the hennery. In return for this you and your mother will come here and live and make a home for the old man for the few years that are left to him. Will you do it?'

Poor Gordon! He forgot he had 'four legs' instead of two feet, and he sprang from his chair, tumbling in an ignominious heap on the floor.

'Oh, sir!' he said, pulling himself up by his friend's side. 'I don't deserve it—I don't. But mother does—Oh, let me run home and tell her.'

He hadn't said 'thank you,' but his friend understood.

'Mother! Oh, mother!—Mum—what do you think?'

'The words fell over each other, and between laughter and tears it was hard to get the story straight. But she understood at last.'

'Darling,' she said, 'if you had given up that night—that dreadful night we shall both remember forever—this joy would not have been ours.'

'No, and if mother hadn't shined, I never could have. Say, Mum! Isn't swapping just doing what the Golden Rule says—'As you would?' One day you said you'd be feet for me as long as we both lived. That was what made me think of being eyes for Mr. Gregory. Just think, Mum! I swapped my eyes, and God has sent us a—house!'

A Terrible Mistake.

(By Alice Hamilton Rich.)

An experience in my own life when a child has been helpful to me as a Sunday-school teacher, and therefore, may be to others.

I united with the church when twelve years of age. The following summer, visiting friends in another city, I became a constant attendant of a Sunday-school in the latter city. My teacher was an earnest Christian man, and during my three months' stay I became much attached to him, and was greatly helped by his faithful teaching. On my return home I received a long letter from him, making a strong appeal to me to become a Christian. I then remembered that, while often during class expressing my childish love for the Master, I had never distinctly stated that I was trying to live a Christian life. I also feared that I had failed to show the teacher and class my Christian faith, and had thus, soon after uniting with the Church, dishonored my profession. In those earlier years fewer children entered into Church relationship, and, although greatly desiring to do so, it was with fear and trembling lest I should fail to live up to my obligations that I had done so. This fear that I had failed to show myself a Christian I expressed in my reply to my teacher, thanking him for his letter, and expressing the hope that I should do better in the future.

After the letter was sent, I thought much of the reply which I fully expected to receive. So earnest was the desire of my teacher that I should, as he said, become a Christian, that, notwithstanding my fear that I had not been consistent in my life, I rejoiced at the thought of his gladness when he should know that I was striving to be one.

Day after day, for weeks and months, I looked for the letter which never came, and in my childish disappointment I said to myself, 'Can it be that Mr. — is sorry I am already a Christian?'

We, as teachers, ought to rejoice over those who are, and have been, it may be, even from earliest childhood, Christ-lovers or Christians, as well as those who later enter into Church relationship. Are the lambs of the flock who stay close to the good Shepherd less dear to him than the sheep who wander away, and need to be brought back? Let us not only rejoice over those who so loved the Shepherd that they never really leave the sheep-fold. — 'Sunday-School Times.'

Living.

'How to make lives worth living?'

The question haunts us every day;

It colors the first blush of sunrise,

It deepens the twilight's last ray,

There is nothing that brings us a drearier pain,

Than the thought, 'We have lived, we are living in vain.'

We need, each and all, to be needed,

To feel we have something to give

Toward soothing the moan of earth's hunger;

And we know that then only we live,

When we feed one another, as we have been fed,

From the hand that gives body and spirit their bread.

Our lives they are well worth the living,

When we lose our small selves in the whole,

And feel the strong surges of being.

Throb through us one heart and one soul.

Eternity bears up each honest endeavor,

The life lost for love, is life saved, and forever.

—Lucy Laroom.

Correspondence

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Nova Scotia. We live on Cobequid Bay. This time of year it is filled with ice. The sand bar is a mile out, and it extends three or four miles. In our bay the tide rises higher than at any other place in the world. The fish in the summer are quite plentiful. But in winter we suppose they go where there is no ice and in deeper water. I am ten years old. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' a year and three months.

CLARA.

Miami, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and we think it the best little paper that comes into the house. We have a 'Cadets of Temperance' Society. Our superintendent takes thirteen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to give to the children, and they are delighted with the paper. We used the Temperance Catechism as long as they were printed, we are glad to see them coming out again in the 'Northern Messenger.' Miami is a small village which lies at the foot of the Pembina Mountains. It is a very pretty little place, especially in summer. Mount Nebo is a high mountain about three miles from Miami, when upon it you can see miles around. I enjoy very much reading the letters in the 'Northern Messenger.' I am ten years old. Your little reader,

ISABEL.

Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very pretty place on the banks of the Saskatchewan. The banks of this river are high and steep, and its current is so swift and strong that it drives the ferry from one side of the river to the other.

When the ferry starts across the river the ferryman turns it so that the current will go down the side and push it from the bank to the other side, and when it is going back he turns it the other way. We are going to have a bridge soon. There are a good many men in town starting for the Klondike. They buy a lot of horses to go there with, and some of them were trying to make a machine to take them there in a few weeks, but they did not succeed.

I have seen a few missionaries and have read stories about them which I like very much. I got the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the stories in it very much. I am eleven years old, and am in the fourth reader in the public school. Yours truly,

MAUD.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like the stories very much. I am the youngest in a family of five; four brothers and one sister. We live near the Magog River, where the water flows over some falls and then dashes over large rocks, the spray flying up until it nearly touches the bridge which crosses the river. There are five bridges over the Magog River within the city limits. Two are railway bridges and three are for carriages. I spend most of my spare time in skating and reading. I also play on a hockey team, and we are going to play a match on Saturday. We have played three matches and have lost two. I go to the central school and like it very much; my favorite study is history. I like to read of the 'Indians' Battles,' but think the Indians should have been chastised more for their cruelty to the English and French. A very severe storm passed over Sherbrooke on Feb. 16. The street cars had