

golden fur, and polished the pear with smooth, beautiful skin—that made every climate and every land produce delights for the eye and the taste.

Then how many creatures He has made to be useful to man—to labor for him, or to furnish food or clothing. Could anyone but God have done this? Are not all His works very wonderful and strange?

It seems strange to us, that with all this world of people, the sun, moon, and stars to keep in their places, God can notice every little bird. But He says that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. Who taught the swallows to know the time for returning, the birds to sing, and where to look for their food, and sleep in their own feather beds?

How do they know, when the frost comes and the nights grow cold, that they must fly far away to a warm land, where the roses bloom through all the year? And when spring returns to us with mild air and leafy trees, does He not direct their flying wings back to their summer home?—'Friendly Greetings.'

Both Hands.

On the morning of a blessed day long gone into the past, in Westfield Normal Hall, during the heavenly hour of devotion preceding our studies, golden words were spoken by a loving disciple of the Lord, whose echo, like the music of the sea-shell, still lingers in my heart and life.

The lesson taught of perfect trust in our Lord and Master, was given in the form of a dream. A traveller was on the way to a beautiful land, where all was brightness and joy. He could see it in the distance, but when he drew near, he found that a broad stream intervened, which must be crossed if he would reach the sunny land. A light boat, gayly painted, was near. In this he seated himself and began rowing across the stream; but suddenly the waters were ruffled, the frail bark tossed upon the rising waves, the beautiful country was no longer visible, but barren, precipitous rocks arose on the opposite shore. He sought a landing-place, found it with difficulty, and essayed to scale the cliffs; but in vain; they grew steeper, more inaccessible. As he clung to a projecting rock for support, while above towered a perpendicular ascent, there appeared One from the height, saying:

'Wilt thou be saved?'

'O yes!' was the glad response, and the sufferer eagerly held out the left hand toward the friendly One.

'Both hands!' said the Helper; but the imperilled one dared not let go his hold upon the rock, which he thought kept him from falling. He therefore turned from this way of escape, went down the rocks, sought the boat, and rowed down the stream in search of a better landing. But none could he find, and now—the winds rose higher, the raging billows increasing in might, his bark was overwhelmed and broken by the tempest, and he was left in the cold, surging waters, with naught to cling to save a remnant of the shattered vessel. Almost overcome and ready to perish, he again saw, bending from above, the Helper.

'Wilt thou be saved?' he asked again.

'Yes, O yes!' is the eager response, and the right hand is extended, while the other, with the grasp of death, clings to the broken wood.

'Both hands,' said the voice from heaven, and the poor sufferer, knowing that he must perish unless he yielded, with one earnest effort let go his hold, lifted up both hands, and at the moment when the last earthly hope was relinquished, he was taken in the arms of Infinite Love, lifted above the roaring billows, and planted on the Rock of Ages, saved forever.

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

The Adoption of Donald.

The clock on the great stone church at the corner showed that it was only half-past six, but the short November afternoon had long since deepened into darkness. The lights on the avenue shone with a flickering gleam through the fast falling snow.

Suddenly around the corner came a figure, and as it paused under an electric light, the eyes fell on a slender little lad in shabby gar-

ments, with a violin clasped tightly in his arms.

The boy's face was thin and pale and the great brown eyes seemed full of unshed tears. Wearily he leaned against the post. No one had cared to listen to him to-day, and he would have no supper. Neither breakfast nor dinner had he had, for that matter.

Oh, it was so cold, and he was so hungry. Perhaps he might lie down here in the snow and an angel might see him and take him up to Paradise. What was that verse? Ah, yes! 'And they shall neither hunger nor thirst.'

What a beautiful place that must be! He wondered if little Patrick, the boot-black, was there now. Patrick, who had died in the early fall.

How many nights they had shared a bun or a bit of fruit together, and planned a dazzling future, when he was a great musician, and Patrick a banker.

Well, Patrick had found a better home than the palatial mansion he had pictured; but he was just a tired, hungry little street waif.

As he stood there in a sort of stupor, a little light flashed from a window across the way. The curtain was up and he could see into a luxurious dining room, where preparations for the evening meal were going on. The sight of that tempting table filled him with fresh strength, and, crossing the street, he drew his bow across the violin and began to play.

Now, in that great mansion lived a woman past the first bloom of youth, but with its traces still upon her. A stately, haughty woman, possessed of many talents, she dwelt in the luxurious home alone. All her kindred had crossed the dark river, and she was left the last of a noble family. Society admired, but stood in awe of her. She gave her money with lavish hand to charities, herself she never gave.

While possessing much that makes life desirable, Elinor Wentworth had missed the best in life. To-night she sat before the open fire, a bored, listless look on her handsome face. She would have to go abroad this winter, she was thinking. Home was too unbearably dull.

Suddenly she raised her head in wonder. Through the still night air came the sound of a violin. Louder and louder rose the plaintive notes, and so full of sadness were they that tears unbidden came to the listener's eyes.

Hastily ringing the bell, she ordered her servant to learn who was playing outside in the bitter night.

He came back in a moment: 'Twas nothing but a beggar lad, and he would send him away.'

She cried out imperatively to bring him in. 'Bring him right here!' she said, to the astonished man.

The boy entered, his weary face full of dread. Probably she would send him to the police station.

'What is your name?' she commanded. 'Donald Shepard, ma'am,' he replied, slowly.

'Play for me. Anything,' and Miss Elinor repeated herself, and watched him closely.

He played a simple little melody, but as she looked, something stirred her thoughts. Once, long ago, she had had a little brother with such beautiful dark eyes. She had worshipped him, and had cried out fiercely when he had been taken away.

What if Stephen had been left to the mercy of a cold, hard world. The old tender impulses, so long restrained, leaped forth.

'Stop!' she cried, and calling him to her, held his little hands in her own warm ones while she said, gently:

'Donald you have a wonderful talent. Now, I want you to tell me all about yourself.'

He told her quietly. Told her of his father's struggle with poverty; how he had been a music teacher, and in the spring had followed the mother, dead long ago, and had left his boy nothing in the world but his treasured violin, and the legacy of an honest name.

Miss Elinor had listened silently, her thoughts busy; but now she said:

'Donald, I once had a little brother, who was dearer than all the world to me. He is gone, and I am all alone. So are you, and I want you to come and take his place'; and then she drew him into her lap and kissed him.

People said that winter that Elinor Went-

worth seemed to grow younger and brighter; that she had been alone so long, a companion was what she needed.

She thought so herself, when the long-silent rooms rang with the sound of a child's merry voice; or when at night she and Donald sat before the fire, making plans for the years to come, or talking of those who were waiting for them in a far country.

One evening when they had been speaking of these loved ones, Donald told her of little Patrick, and of the neglected grave in the cemetery.

'I wish I could put a stone on it, Aunt Elinor!' he said, and she bent and kissed him for an answer.

So it came about that a week later they stood by a little mound and at the head was a marble stone with a beautiful marble angel on top, and below was written:

'PATRICK DOOLEY,

Aged ten years.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

—Marcia L. Webber, in 'Young Churchman.'

Acknowledgments.

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The Maple Leaf Forever.

In a few weeks we shall be having our one imperial anniversary and the schools, throughout the Dominion will very properly be arranging for Empire Day celebrations of various kinds. There will this year be thousands of children receiving their first impressions of the duties and privileges of their adopted country as part of our Empire. Every school from the Atlantic to the Pacific will doubtless be singing on that day 'The Maple Leaf Forever,' and whether for juniors or seniors, the song sentiment would be all the more vivid for the wearing of our national emblem in the form of a maple leaf brooch or stick pin. The same holds goods for Dominion Day. We have arranged to place such emblems within reach of all, and have recently made announcement to that effect elsewhere in our papers. That the boys and girls of Canada know a good thing when they see it, one may judge from the way this maple leaf offer is being taken up. Sample brooches are being sent out in every direction in reply to eager enquiries and already orders for supplies at our special price for quantities are rapidly coming in. Ontario heads the list so far, with Quebec a good second. Next week may see great changes. This is a fine chance for schools in new or remote districts to cultivate a patriotic spirit, for the article they will get from us will be every bit as good as they could select themselves, for a much higher price, at the largest city stores. One month's trial subscription to 'The Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' and to 'The Northern Messenger' is given with each brooch or pin as an extra over and above our liberal contributions. See to it that every scholar in your school has one of these emblems for Empire Day. For full particulars see our large advt. headed 'The Maple Leaf For Ever and Every One.'

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Yours truly,

JOHN WALL.

Riversdale, Col. Co., N.S.

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