

lad with much religion in his life, at least of that type which exists only for parade; but for all that he had a deeply honest and earnest religion in his boyish heart, and a firm belief in prayer was a big part of it.

Now that that shilling had come, he felt a little the embarrassment of riches. What should he do with it? Oh, to be off duty, was his next desire; and his joy and eagerness quickened his steps and carried him on his errand, heedless of the rough effects of wind and weather. Long before the hour of release he had settled his plan.

The moment of freedom was no sooner gained than he was off to the nearest fruit store, bent on a purchase. When his requests had been complied with, and a little note had been enclosed in his box of fruit, he left it in the hands of the shopkeeper, to be conveyed to its destination.

But after all this great transaction he had still threepence in hand. As he moved along the dull deserted street, contemplating how he should best lay out the surplus to advantage, his attention was attracted by a cold and wretched looking urchin, crouching in a doorway for shelter from the still falling snow. The hoarse croak of the childish voice as it tried to sell its "ex" noos, went home to the sympathetic heart of Chick, and made him stop to speak. Chick drew from the shivering little form the too common story of ill-usage, poverty and pain, and he felt with all the sympathy of a larger experience for the friendless little urchin. Taking from his own warm wrists the thick woollen mits which protected them, he put them on the cold, damp hands of the child. The very kindness of the action seemed to carry warmth in it, for the joy of the little heart gleamed through its bleared and swollen eyes. Then off at once Chick sped to the nearest cook-shop. In a few seconds he was back, bearing a steaming hot pie and a substantial scone. Truly a royal feast for this little neglected one. With a kind and cheering word he left the youngster to enjoy his Christmas fare.

Chick had now expended all his wealth, and had nothing left to spend on himself. Ah, no! True, he had spent it all on others, but unconsciously had reaped a satisfaction he could never have had had it been spent on self. His kindly actions had purchased a pleasure money could not buy. He had given his all for the sake of others, and so had gained the highest happiness, and in his boyish way had preached that Christmas gospel of "Good will to all men."

But Chick's doings did not end there. That same night Dickey Bruce was surprised to receive a box, bearing his full name and address, and evidently all for himself. It was a puzzle to Dickey to know who in the world was so

thoughtful as to send him a Christmas box. But the puzzle was soon solved.

When the box was opened, on the top of its contents, which presented a most delicious smell and inviting look, Dickey found a small, neatly folded note. It was written in a boyish hand.

When Dickey read it, something like a mist seemed to gather in his eyes. Do we wonder it was so when this is what he read?—

MY DEAR DICKEY.—This is a small present to cheer up your Christmas. Never mind about the tack affair; that's all right now. I said I would pay you back; so this is my revenge.—Believe me your office chum, Chick.

"To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much."

Does there seem to be nothing heart-thrilling in these simple terms? Well, perhaps they fail to thrill other hearts, but God knows it was with many a heart-throb that little note was penned by Chick and read by Dickey: and Chick's revenge was not in vain.

We have no sensational ending to our story. No, Dickey did not die. Better than that, he lived; and, better still, his life was spent in doing good.

In after days when he returned to his work in the office, it was Chick he sought for as a companion; and now, instead of being ring-leader to a gang of simpletons in every mode of wrong-doing, he was content to be led into "continually doing good" by that honest boyish heart that took such strange revenge.

"Not such a bad up-shot after all, you tack business, was it, Dickey?" Chick would remark in his humorous way.

"No, and a proper sweet revenge," Dickey would add with a significant smile.

There are few boys like that, you say. Yes, there are few; but we know some such, and it is to increase their number the story of "Chick's Revenge" has been recorded here. Will you add to the number of those who love much, because "their sins which are many have all been forgiven?"

B. McCALL BARBOUR,

*In the Christian.*

There was a very rich farmer who would never own that he had any thing to be thankful for in the way of profits. The parson once said to him during a very fine harvest season. Come, Mr. Jones, you can have nothing to complain about this year, at all events!" "I can't say that," said the farmer. "Still you can't say what is amiss." He thought a bit, and then replied very grudgingly, "Well, you see, there will be no spoilt hay for the young calves."

Don't grumble. The bad habit grows.