

the hours of his lonely leisure. Women flattered him; men did homage to his millions and to his business sagacity; but no one loved him. He was a lonely man.

As Karl made his way up to the door which to him seemed most easy of access, stories of the fair young mistress who had died of a broken heart came to him.

'I ruther think they must be fairy tales,' he thought.

How could anyone die of a broken heart in a home like this, where no one need go hungry to bed because there was only bread enough to meet the wants of the younger children?

'I bet mum wouldn't die of a broken heart if she got into a place like this one,' Karl said to himself, as he gave the door bell an urgent pull. Somehow, as he stood waiting at the entrance of the beautiful dwelling, he seemed amazingly small and insignificant. His mother called him her little 'hero,' her 'comfort,' and 'pride,' but where was his courage now?

An almost overwhelming desire seized him to run away before anyone came to answer his summons. In order to regain his composure, he drew from his pocket a slip of paper on which was written the name of one of the world's most famous surgeons. He was regarding it intently when the door opened silently, and a tall, grim-looking woman stood waiting to hear his errand.

Karl summoned all his courage, and, speaking in a tone which he thought must be very gruff and business-like, but which was in reality a mere squeak, he said:

'Is Mr. Joshua Keene at home?'

The woman eyed him critically as if to discover the nature of his errand with her master, then said crisply,

'No; he is not in.'

'When will he be here? It's just awful important that I should see him.'

'I don't know,' came the sharp reply.

Karl's lips trembled. 'Ain't you some idea?' he persisted.

'None,' and the disappointed boy found himself staring blankly at the closed door. In spite of his eleven years and his courageous heart, great tears filled his eyes as he walked slowly down the broad stone steps. He had not dreamed of this ending to his plans.

Once more, he turned his wistful gaze toward the house, and wonder of wonders! there, at the large window which opened on to the balcony, he beheld the face of the man whom he sought.

Karl gave a low whistle of astonishment. 'She lied to me; she did!' he exclaimed, indignantly. Then came a more charitable thought. 'Maybe she didn't know.'

Something, however, told his unsophisticated soul that it would be quite useless to attempt to obtain an entrance by the door.

Karl was a lad of resources.

His quick eye had noticed that not far from the window where he had seen the master of the house, grew a tall tree which a supple, clear-headed boy like Karl could easily climb, and thence swing himself to the small balcony outside of the window of the room where he so desired to be. In the boy's mind, the end fully justified the means, so glancing around to be sure that no disapproving eye was upon him, he began the ascent of the tall tree.

It was more difficult than he had anticipated, but he was used to obstacles, and kept steadily on, slowly ascending the tree. At last, when he had reached the height of the window, he crept cautiously out on the most convenient limb, and swung himself over to a place of safety just outside the window of Joshua Keene's study. Curiously, Karl peered in. There, in a chair by his desk, in a weary attitude of despondency, sat Bayleal's millionaire.

Impatiently, he raised his head to discover the cause of Karl's gentle tap, tap upon the window glass. Then, at the sight of a boy just outside the window of his private chamber, he sprang to his feet in angry astonishment. Crossing the room he threw up the window and cried:

'What are you doing here?'

'She, she, she lied to me; she did,' Karl stammered, quite forgetting his own carefully prepared speech in the excitement of the moment.

'Who lied to you, and what do I care if she did? Take your grievances where they belong,' thundered Joshua Keene.

'Your servant said you wasn't at home.

I saw you at the window and I wanted to talk with you, so I just shinned up that tall tree; and here I am,' Karl explained boldly.

The great financier stared at the boy for a moment. Perhaps memories of the daring days of his own boyhood swept over him, for his face softened while just the faintest shadow of a smile passed over it, as he said:

'You come by it naturally; your father was the crack athlete of the class. Come in, boy, and tell me what you wish.'

Karl needed no second invitation, but hopped nimbly into the room and stood at the great man's side.

Joshua Keene had resumed his seat, and was looking fixedly at his young visitor; the steel gray eyes seemed to pierce Karl through and through. How could he plead his cause with that stern gaze upon him? There was a moment of deep silence, then Karl began bravely.

'I am Karl Godfrey. Dad used to work on the "Good Tidings." They said he was the best reporter that they had; and everybody thought that when John Daws died dad would get his place on the paper.'

'Pretty slow work, waiting to step into dead men's shoes,' Joshua Keene said grimly. Karl's face flushed, but he went steadily on with his story.

'Last fall dad got hurt; there was a little girl on the railroad track right in front of the train; dad pulled her off. His back has been bad ever since, and they cut one of his arms off. Mum and me can get enough for us to eat, and something for all of us to wear, but that's about all. There is a new doctor in Standish that folks say could make dad better; but it would cost an awful lot to get him to come over and see dad. I thought as long as you used to go to school with dad, that—that—'

Here Karl paused, confused by the sneering look which had come into the face of the great financier.

'I see,' he said, with a laugh which was not good to hear.

'You thought as long as I had the great happiness of being in the same class that your father was, I should be glad to pay his doctor's bills.'

'No; I did not think that at all.' Karl was almost choking with anger and disappointment.

'I ain't begging. We would pay back every cent of it, mum and me would, even if dad couldn't help. Dad wouldn't have let me come to you, if he had known it; but his back hurts just awful. He ain't no coward; he lies still day after day and never says one word about the pain only once in a while when he just can't stand it any longer; then he says "Oh!" real quiet like, so he thinks we won't hear. Dad is awful brave. When a man's whole like you are, sir, he don't know how it feels to have just one arm, and your back all crooked so you can't walk at all.'

While the boy was speaking a change passed over Joshua Keene's face; in place of the hard expression came a look of sorrow and remorse.

'How much do you want?' he asked in a tone so unlike any that he had used before that Karl stared at him in wonderment.

'They said it would take an awful lot; maybe—seventy dollars.'

As Karl named what seemed to him such an exorbitant sum, the man of the world smiled, and drawing a check book toward him wrote rapidly for a moment, then passed to the astonished boy a cheque for three hundred dollars.

'Give that to your father, for me,' he said, 'with the best wishes of the old academy pitcher, and tell him that when a man has lived a straight life, when he has wronged no man, when there are no accusing ghosts of a bitter past to mock him, when he has kept his account right with his Maker, when a man's soul is whole, boy, he can afford to have a crooked back.'

So intense was the bitterness in the man's voice that it touched Karl's sympathetic heart. Boy though he was, he realized something of the remorse and agony that were stirring the soul of the man before him. Moving a little closer to the wonderful whirling chair, Karl laid his hand gently on Joshua Keene's arm, and said:

'But there's no call for you to feel so bad, sir; there's Him, you know, and he pointed timidly to a large picture which

hung above the fireplace. It was 'Christ and the Rich Young Ruler.'

Many, many months had it kept its place there, ever since one glad day in that blissful honeymoon when Joshua Keene's fair young bride had placed it there; to be, she said, a 'Guardian Angel' for the man she loved. Because with all that was best in his nature, the great financier had loved his beautiful wife, he had allowed the picture to hang there, as a silent reproach to him through all the long, long weary years which had passed since she went away to that land where sorrow is not known.

Now, he turned to look at it, while memories sweet and bitter flooded his soul. Presently he spoke to Karl again:

'It's no good, boy. Humphreys may be able to patch up your father's back, but there is no patching up a man's soul.'

'Dad could tell you all about Him. Couldn't you come home with me? He would be awful glad to see you; mother would be glad, too. You know you went to school with dad.'

At length the boy's pleadings prevailed, and before long the multi-millionaire and Karl Godfrey were walking down the broad stone steps side by side. As they passed out through the gate, Karl turned to see at a window the astonished face of the woman who had refused him entrance. He gave her a patronizing nod, accompanied with a smile. He could afford to forgive her, even if she had lied to him, since the success of his efforts had so far exceeded his expectations.

A few months later, Joshua Keene joined the Congregational Church on Shifton Street, which, considering his wealth and position, was exactly the church which he should have joined.

There were many who wondered why, from that time there flocked to the membership of the church, by tens and by twenties, those who had been worsted in the battle of life, whose souls had been scorched in the fiery furnace of temptation, whose eyes had been blinded by the false light of sin, whose ears had become deaf to the call of salvation. There were those, however, who realized that to Joshua Keene had come an almost divine conception of the pitifulness of sin; and that as the leaven of old leavened the whole lump, so the consecration of one heart had touched the hearts of the multitude.

The church on Shifton street soon lost its prestige; it was no longer pointed out to the new resident and to the chance visitor as the home of wealth and culture. It was spoken lightly of by many as the 'Hospital Church,' but little cared its members, for with their hearts filled with the love of God, and on their lips the story of Him who forgiveth all our iniquities; who healeth all our diseases, they went forth to seek those whose souls were sick with sin, and through the wards of the 'hospital church' there walked the Great Physician.—'Morning Star.'

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