

Trusted.

I was only twelve years old, and I think, the youngest and most successful pick-pocket and thief-in-general in Brighton. I had been driving a brisk trade for four years, and had never been 'nabbed,' nor even, I believe, suspected. I had a round, rosy, innocent-looking face, and very good manners, when I chose to assume them.

One wet, dreary day in October I was lounging against the railings in Albert Street, feeling rather down in the mouth, when a door on the other side was opened, and a ringing whistle attracted my notice. A young man stood on the steps, holding some letters in his hand. I dashed across and touched my cap.

'Can you post these for me?' he inquired. 'I am sorry to send you in the rain, but there is no one here to take them, and I dare not go out myself, as I am not at all well.' I noticed then that he looked very ill. He had a thick plaid wrapped around him, but he shivered in the damp air.

'I'll post them, sir,' I said quickly.

'Thank you. Here's a shilling for you. And will you also run around to Mr. Gordon's—the pastor of St. John's Church, you know, with this little package?'

'Certainly, sir.' But all my professional cunning could not keep the delighted grin from my face. That packet contained money; Mr. Gordon might bless his stars if he ever saw it.

I think the beautiful eyes read my thoughts. The invalid's thin white hands rested lightly on my shoulder, and he looked me straight in the face.

'I trust you, my boy,' he said gently.

'You may, sir,' I answered promptly, as I touched my cap again.

He put his hand to his side with a look of pain as he turned away.

I hurried off on my errands.

'I can't grab the tin now!' I said to myself as I dropped the letters in the post-box, with that gentle 'I trust you' ringing in my ears. 'No one ever said that to me before, and they hadn't reason to; but here goes to old Gordon's.'

I got a job that kept me all the next day. When it was finished I ran around to Albert Street. I wanted to tell the man who trusted me that for the first time in my life I had been worthy of trust.

With far greater pain than I felt when my father was taken to prison for breaking a policeman's head, I saw that all the blinds were drawn. With the boldness of a street-arab I ran up the steps and rang the bell. A woman opened the door.

'What do you want?' she demanded.

'Please can I see the gentleman that lives here?'

'No, you can't; he's dead.'

'Dead!' I cried, bursting into tears, regardless of the passers-by.

'Come inside, boy, and tell me what is the matter,' said the woman.

I sobbed out my story, and begged her to let me just look at my friend.

'What is the matter?' inquired a gentle voice, and I turned to see a young lady with fair hair and gray eyes dimmed with weeping.

'This boy wants to see your brother, Miss Graham,' said the landlady briefly; 'he says he spoke kindly to him yesterday.'

'At what time?' she asked eagerly.

'Late in the afternoon, please, miss,' I sobbed.

'Perhaps you were the last one he spoke to,' she said, trying to steady her voice.

'Come here and tell me what he said.'

I repeated it all.

'So like him,' she murmured, with tears in her eyes. 'And you would like to see him? Come with me.'

She led the way upstairs to a quiet room, where lay the lifeless form of the only man who had ever spoken kindly to me.

'He lay as if asleep, his fair head turned a little to one side, his white hands folded on his breast. On his face rested the peace which 'God gives to his beloved.'

My tears fell fast. 'I wanted to tell him that I kept my word,' I said, 'but now he will never know.'

The bereaved sister laid her hand on my arm. 'Ask God to prepare you to go where he has gone,' she said, 'and then you can tell him.'

'I will,' I answered, checking my tears. 'Please, may I just kiss him?'

She nodded, and I kissed the cold, rigid lips which only a few hours before had uttered that gentle 'I trust you, my boy.'

'I'll starve before I'll steal again,' I vowed, as I followed Miss Graham from the room.

And I kept my word. I am now, by God's goodness, a prosperous and happy man, but I still anticipate the day when I shall tell him how much his trust in me has accomplished.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Why the Country Boy Succeeds

It is no secret that a good many of our greatest men begin life as country boys. I think the farm sends more graduates to the Senate, and to the Stock Exchange, than any other school in the land. Statesmen, millionaires, bankers, brokers, lawyers, judges, ministers and merchants start out from good, plain, country homes. Find an exceptionally clever, all-round man in a place of eminence, and five times out of six you will discover, that, as a lad, he was trained in a rural community, and lived his first formative years somewhere away from a town. The ordinary city boy may be sharper and shrewder, may get on faster in school than his country cousin, but the latter has definite advantages all his own.

For one thing, he usually has work to do with his hands. About a farm there is a good deal that a boy can do. Chores morning and evening, wood to split for kindling and wood boxes to fill, cows to go after up the road and along to the hillside or the valley pasture, gardens to weed, ploughing, hoeing, reaping, sowing; whatever the season may be, it surely brings its task. I suppose the farmer's son fancies his lot is hard, as he works in the barn or the stable, takes care of the animals, and learns early that priceless lesson for life—responsibility. It is a hardness that makes for future success; it brings out capability that but for its wholesome discipline would never develop.

Another thing that I find a blessing to the country boy, is that he learns the real use of books. Very likely he has not too many of them, and for that reason he prizes more those he has. One good book is far more educational to the youth who masters it by the evening lamp, than a

dozen skimmed through and forgotten, because read merely for amusement. Even the multiplicity of daily newspapers, hastily scanned by city boys, may tend away from intelligence and mental growth; whereas the weekly or semi-weekly paper taken in the country, brought home from the post-office as a precious thing, and devoured from first to last page, is a source of information and instruction to the whole family.

Let nobody despise the small school, the district school, that standing by the lonely road, is a real outpost of learning and civilization. There may be no possibility of teaching—as teaching is understood in the large graded school—to which hundreds of pupils go in the big cities; but here is individual teaching, and the bright boy who chooses to apply himself will not fail to secure something worth much in the race of life.

If I were asked to give as a finality, my thought of the crowning advantage which the country boy possesses over his brother of the town, I would say it was this: He has very little money to spend, and few places to tempt him to expenditure. The lavish way in which heedless young people dispose of pennies and dimes, easily procured from foolish parents, easily wasted on trifling indulgences, forecasts the life-long penury, the hand-to-mouth existence, which eats like rust into the happiness of too many lives. A boy is better for having little pocket money, and, better still, if he may early acquire habits of earning and saving.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

Her Mistake

The seventeen-year-old daughter of a respectable physician fell (or imagined she did) wildly in love with a mellow-voiced baritone in a well-known opera company. Under an assumed name she wrote him confiding and romantic little notes, and finally sent him her photograph.

The face was so lovely that it piqued the singer's curiosity, but it was in vain that he plead for an opportunity to see her. The girl could only enjoy her escapade so long as she maintained her incognito.

Finally the baritone, noting the name of the photographer, visited his parlors, and ascertained his correspondent's name. Then he wrote to her under her real address, saying that he had identified her, and she could take the choice of having her picture and notes back, and giving him \$200 in cash, or he would tell a reporter of the 'Police Gazette' the story, and have the picture published.

There is little likelihood that such a threat would have been carried out, but the girl was so terribly frightened that she sent him all the money she could well scrape together, and the rest of the sum in jewellery.

If this cures her of making love to strange men—or to any other men—perhaps her experience was worth its price.—'Philadelphia Mercury.'

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