

season lasts. I shall make thirty dollars or so—not more, for I can only go when father can spare me. If I make no more than enough to get my winter clothes it will lighten his responsibilities somewhat. I begin on Monday. Don't look so compassionate. I'm strong as a horse and I'm fond of the bay. If the weather is fine I shall have lots of fun. And I think myself lucky to get the place. Big Tom had a dozen other applicants.'

On Monday morning Kenneth did go to work. The weather had changed and the ensuing week was cold and wet, with a misty north-easter whipping over the bay. Under such circumstances oyster fishing was even less enjoyable than usual, but Kenneth stuck to it manfully.

One evening, shortly before Leonard's visit came to an end, he and Kenneth were in the farmhouse kitchen at dusk. It was an old room, low-kathered and whitewashed, with a cheerful fire in an old-fashioned Waterloo threading the gloom with rose red ribbons. Len liked the old kitchen; he was stretched out on a braided rug before the fire with his head pillowed on the book he had been reading before dark, and stroking an enormous gray cat which was curled up beside him.

'I've something to show you,' said Kenneth. 'It came up in the drag this morning. I think it is a pearl. Do you suppose it is worth anything? There was a man years ago at the Lower Glen who found a pearl in an oyster and got ten dollars for it.'

While he was speaking Ken was rummaging in his pocket, and he now produced a huge, encrusted oyster shell and handed it to Len. As the latter held it to the firelight a whistle escaped him. A pearl it undoubtedly was, looking, as the rays of light played over it, like a bit of crystallized seafoam. It was about the size of a pea.

'What do you think of it? It's pretty anyhow, isn't it?' said Ken.

Len nodded abstractedly. He shifted the pearl about and watched the iridescent play of colors on its glistening sphere.

'Ken,' he said suddenly, 'it seems to me that this pearl ought to be worth a good deal. But of course I'm no judge. Such pearls are very rare, aren't they?'

'Yes. The Lower Glen man was the only person who ever found one here.'

'Well, I'll tell you. Let me take this pearl home with me, and I'll take it to a jeweller and get his opinion. If it is of no value I'll return it to you. If it should be worth anything, I'll do the best I can for you.'

Kenneth nodded.

'All right. I don't suppose it is worth anything. Still, if it does bring in a few dollars I'd be glad. Christmas comes in about three months, you know, and the mother has to have a present.'

With a laugh Kenneth put on his sou'wester and went out to milk.

'Looks as if this Scotch mist isn't ever going to let up,' he remarked as he opened the door to the wet, chilly night.

Len put the pearl away, and it was not referred to again. Kenneth had almost forgotten about it when a letter came from his cousin. It ran as follows:

'Dear Ken: When I returned home the cares and perplexities of getting ready for school prevented me from attending to the matter of which you wot for a time.

Yesterday I took it to the firm of Hoffman Brothers, who are the foremost jewellers in Bennett, and left it with them until to-day. Called this afternoon. Was informed that the pearl was a perfect one of its kind, and that if I cared to dispose of it they would give me two hundred dollars for it!

'I imagine my eyes stuck out. I had a secret hope that your treasure trove would be worth a good deal more than you expected, but I had not thought of anything so good as this. I closed with the offer instantly, and herewith enclose cheque for the sum named. It means Bennett Academy for you, old fellow, and right glad am I. Hurry your prettiest and you then won't be more than two weeks late in entering. That day's oyster fishing was a pretty profitable one for you, Ken. If you discover any more pearls please explain how you do it to

'Your very much delighted coz,

'LEN.'

Kenneth never did discover any more pearls, nor did anyone else at Glen St. Mary, although Ken's good fortune gave a great impetus to oyster fishing for several seasons.

But the one he did find gave him a good start in his education, and to-day a noted lawyer in a thriving Western city traces his success back to the pearl that came up in the drag one day when he was fishing oysters in St. Mary's Bay. But perhaps the sturdy energy which led him to do even uncongenial work rather than none at all, if by so doing he could help his father in a small way, has had more to do with it than the pearl, after all.

Be Careful How You Build.

One of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once bade a contractor, who had been most unfortunate, build him a dwelling, and he gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material, and the faultiest of work, and when the house was finished the philanthropist said, 'This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever.' And then the man realized that he had built a poor house in which he must live. Is it not like this with those of us who build weakness into our character and allow sin to rule in our lives? We are building a house in which we must live forever.—The Religious Intelligencer.

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Philip's Failure.

'You're grown finely, my beauties. It is a little late for transplanting you, but you'll do well yet.'

Philip dug vigorously at the petunias which he had been caring for under glass, and which now, in their brightest colors, gave rich reward for his pains.

He took them from the pots which had been imbedded in the sand and wheeled them to the garden in which they were to be placed.

'Phew, but I'm tired of that stooping!'

Seating himself on the edge of his old wheelbarrow, he drew a book from his pocket and was soon absorbed in its contents.

'What are you reading, Philip?'

He closed his book and looked up quickly to see his uncle coming toward him.

'Oh,' he began, a little flush arising to his face. 'It's—it's nothing in which you would be interested, sir. Just one of those tales of frontier life. I like them for the snap that is in them.'

His uncle took the book from his rather unwilling hands, and turned over the leaves.

'Poor paper, poor print, coarse illustrations. Poor help in forming the taste of a young fellow. But perhaps,' with a little smile, 'the good you are getting out of it pays you to overlook those minor matters.'

'Well, I'm willing to say I think not,' said Philip. 'This is what you would be likely to call trash of the first water. I read it only for recreation, you know.'

'When you are as old as I am, my boy, you will look back with regret on every hour of your young life which you have spent on trash. They are your golden hours. Whatever you acquire in them will stay by you through life. A young mind is clear and vigorous, and retains what is impressed on it. Such time as you spend in really profitable reading will be of high value to you.'

'I study hard in school,' said Philip.

'I am sure of that—your reports all testify to it. But does that take away from you the relish for good, solid, instructive reading? Don't you read history or biographies?'

'History is so dry. I've tried it sometimes, but it is such hard work to get my mind down to it. Hugh Humphrey bones down to solid reading. Talks about it as if he really enjoyed it.'

'Hugh has found that the best men of all times have spent all the powers of their gifted minds in the preparation of treasure for all who have the good sense to avail themselves of it. Why, Phil, have you ever reflected that in the writings of great men we can make our own the knowledge which it took their whole lives to acquire?'

'I wish, sometimes, that I did take to solid reading,' said Philip, a little regretfully. 'But it bores me so. I've tried it, but I can't get interested in it.'

'That is because you have fed your mind so long on this,' said his uncle tapping the book. 'You are like a child fed only on sweets. It loses all relish for wholesome food. And that is not the worst of it; its body is relaxed and enfeebled by it, and just so the mind suffers as the result of unwholesome literature.'

'I have always felt strongly on this point,' went on his uncle, 'by reason of the