

ments, his suspiciously bulging school-bag and a string of trout.

Allan began to feel guilty, and wished that he had not that young hedgehog in his bag, but he said nothing, and his mother went on, 'How often will I tell you that the Howies are not respectable?'

'But Jack's a richt, and it's him I gang wi',' cried Allan eagerly.

'Don't say "richt" and "gang,"' answered his mother, sharply catching at the only thing in his speech with which she could find fault. 'What's the use of goin' to school if you canna speak properly? That'll be Jack's way of speakin', I suppose. Fine English.'

'Jack writes the best English in the class, the minister says,' replied Allan, doggedly, and Mrs. Christie gave up this point and fell back on her real grievance.

'You'll never make a gentleman.'

Allan felt that only throwing a stone at something could express his feelings, but he contented himself with declaring that he 'didna want to be a gentleman.'

This was so evident that she was afraid to anger him further at the time, 'for,' she said to herself, 'a body never knew what an angry laddie would turn to'; but all the more firmly did she make up her mind to 'make him feel her mind about that Jack Howie.'

And feel her mind he did from that day onward!

It is surprising how well some people can make you feel their minds, without saying a single word, especially if, as in this case, the minds are not particularly nice.

Allan began to feel that when he and Jack had one of their expeditions he had done something quite as bad as if he had stolen. He grew more and more uncomfortable under the process of being made a gentleman, and even Jack, although he did not know the whole matter, began to give the farm a wide berth instead of appearing of an evening now and then to prepare his lessons with Allan.

Allan tried the experiment of going to the Howie's with his lessons, but this Mrs. Christie positively forbade.

'Jack can come to you, if you need him,' she said, feeling that at last she had a good argument. 'You're not to go to a house of that kind—drunken men about it,' and when Allan objected.

'Jack doesn't like to come here,' she retorted triumphantly.

'Then there's something far wrong with himself if he doesn't like to come amongst decent folk.'

Allan knew that his case was a good one, but he also knew that his mother would likely make some matters worse if he attempted further explanations. So he held his peace; and his mother felt that she had made some progress towards making him a gentleman. In time, she thought, he would go to college, and that Howie laddie would likely get a bursary and go too, and it would never do if the two went as friends—Allan would never be taken out by grand folk unless Howie was got rid of.

So things went on until winter came round. It began with unusual severity, and Mrs. Christie seized the opportunity which it offered to present Allan with a fashionable ulster to go to school with.

Now, although ulsters with hoods were

very fashionable at that time, the fashion had not penetrated to the village of Burn-dykes, and Allan felt he would be everlastingly disgraced in the eyes of the whole school of he appeared in that thing, so he expressed as much of his feelings as he considered safe; but Mrs. Christie only remarked that 'she wasna to kill herself nursin' him through influenza if she could help it,' and, having gained so much ground, she produced a pair of fur-lined, fur-topped gloves.

Allan choked down further expression of his feelings, tore on the offending ulster, made a grasp at the abominable gloves, and departed.

On reaching the playground he saved his reputation at the expense of the ulster by taking a header into a glorious pile of snow which some of the others had already collected. As he picked up his cap and shook the snow from his head, he noticed how pinched and blue Jack looked amongst the ruddy lads around.

He was needing an ulster, if anyone was! And his hands, they were purple and swollen with chilblains. Allan remembered his gloves, and on the impulse presented them with a muttered remark that 'he'd better see an' wear them if he didna want the chilblains to burst.'

Jack accepted them with a glow of deep shame at his own need, a deeper glow of shame that he was so unmanly as to feel glad to have gloves, and a yet deeper glow of admiring gratitude towards his hero.

The impulse over, Allan remembered his mother, but he also remembered that he had a shilling which he had been saving toward a new knife, and when school was over he spent his shilling on a pair of woollen gloves with which, on his own hands, he boldly faced his mother and explained:

'I couldna wear yon things on ilka day, so I bought this.'

Once more Mrs. Christie felt that she had gained a point, and so forbore to press the matter, even when Allan appeared with the woollen gloves on Sunday; the hooded ulster was a great step.

But more than gloves were needed for Jack Howie's comfort. Between thin clothing, poor food, and bullying from his brothers, the little strength he had was leaving him, and one morning he did not appear at school, and on going round to the Howie's cottage to make inquiries, Allan learned that his chum was down with pneumonia.

Mrs. Christie was by no means an unkind woman, and on learning this she sent the sick lad all he could possibly need; and perhaps she sent all the more because she knew in her heart how far wrong she had been, and that now her kindness might be too late.

And it was too late.

Allan came home one day with a curious, set look on his face.

'Mother,' he said, abruptly, 'dae ye ken where my fur-lined gloves are? Weel, they're lyin' inside Jack Howie's coffin. Hei's deid, an' Mrs. Howie says he was that proud o' them that she's pittin them wi' him.'

Something choked him for a minute, but he went on before his conscience-stricken mother had found her voice:

'I gaed him the gloves that day, an' I wish I'd gien him the ulster, an' a thing

I had. I wish I could be a tramp just to get Jack Howie back.'

Then he broke down utterly, and his mother tried to comfort him, and silence her own conscience at the same time, by telling him she was sure nothing could have saved Jack; 'he was aye delicate, not like you.'

'That's it,' said Allan. 'And now, I suppose you think I'll be easy made a gentleman.'

'No, Allan,' Mrs. Christie managed to say; 'I dinna want you to be more a gentleman than you were when you were good to that pair laddie.'

And she was a wiser and better woman in that moment than ever she had been in all her life. In her heart she wondered if she had not been trying to take the making of a gentleman out of God's own hands. Certainly not by her making, but by obeying his own friendly, generous heart would her boy ever be a gentleman.—Aberdeen Free Press.

### Effectual Prayer.

'A father of a perverse son prayed the Lord to save his son in any way. The son fell dangerously sick, and when nearly past the power of speech, looking up, exclaimed, in agony of spirit, "My father's prayers like a mountain surround me." He recovered and led a new life.' Melancthon was thought to be dying, when friends sent for Luther. When Luther came Melancthon said: 'O Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?' Luther replied: 'We can't spare you yet, Philip.' Turning around Luther threw himself down upon his knees, and wrestled with God for Melancthon's recovery for upwards of an hour. Luther then went from his knees to the bed and took his friend by the hand. Again Melancthon said: 'Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?' 'No, no, Philip, we can't spare you yet,' was Luther's reply, when he ordered some soup. When pressed to take the soup Melancthon declined, again saying: 'Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?' Luther replied again: 'We cannot spare you yet, Philip; and then said: "Take this soup, or I will excommunicate you." It is needless to say that Philip took the soup and recovered, and for many years labored for God.—The Rev. R. H. McGare.

### 'Della Memorial Fund.'

The following amounts have been received for the 'Della Memorial Fund.'

Mrs. Nelson Lane, Silverdale, Ont. . . . .	20
Ethel Lane, Silverdale, Ont. . . . .	20
Mrs. N. Comfort, Silverdale, Ont. . . . .	20
Mary H. Rae, Strathadam, N.B. . . . .	30
'A Well-Wisher in God's Cause,' Hall's Prairie, B.C. . . . .	60
Mrs. Wm. Anderson, North George- town, Que. . . . .	40
A Friend, Grafton, N.S. . . . .	20
V. Spratt, Johnston's Corners, Ont. . . . .	20
Mrs. S. E. Bond, Strathroy, Ont. . . . .	20
W. E. Connelly, North Clarendon, Que. . . . .	20
Mrs. R. Rutherford, Sand Hill, Ont. . . . .	25
Myrtle Lee, Hamilton, Ont. . . . .	30
L. G. Wright, Victoria, P.E.I. . . . .	25
Nellie Volly, Regina, N.W.T. . . . .	1.40
Mrs. L. M. Deming, Erwin Home, New Briton, Conn. . . . .	25
Douglas, Donald and Lila Ledger- wood, Routledge, Man. . . . .	1.00
Mrs. Jas. M. Corliss, Corliss, Que. . . . .	20
Agnes Henderson, Condie, Assa. . . . .	20

\$6.53