

eat one single one of them,' he added, impressively.

Miss Barbara stared in astonishment.

'We are pretty busy, but I guess we can find time to pick them ourselves,' she said, hesitatingly.

'But I want to make it right, and I can't think of any other way, and I wish you'd let me do it,' Robbie pleaded.

And Miss Barbara surprised herself and her sister by saying, 'Well, if you want to so badly, you may.'

Then she brought a bright tin dish from her pantry for Robbie to pick the berries in. After Robbie left the house the sisters looked wonderingly at each other. Then Miss Julia broke the silence.

'He's a perfect little gentleman! But I should not think he would have dared to come over here again. Don't you suppose he hated to?'

'I don't believe he enjoyed it very much,' Miss Barbara said, meditatively.

When Robbie came in the dish was heaping full of berries.

'I picked every one that was ripe,' he said, smilingly.

'I think you must have,' Miss Barbara replied. 'I want you to take some of them home, for you have more than paid for the few you ate.'

'Oh, I don't want to, indeed I don't!' Robbie protested earnestly.

Miss Barbara could see that he meant what he said so she forbore to urge the matter; but as Robbie was about to go home she said, apologetically, and it was a very unusual thing for Miss Barbara to apologize: 'I guess you're a real good boy after all, and I'm afraid I was too hard on you, but I know we shall be friends hereafter.'

'Here comes a conqueror, I am sure,' mamma said, with one of her brightest smiles, as she opened the door for Robbie when he returned.

'Yes, I conquered. It was awful hard to do, almost as hard as some of Godfrey de Bouillon's battles, I guess; but I'm so glad I did it, for she says we're going to be friends now.'

### An All-Right Boy.

(*'Zion's Herald.'*)

One day just after the public school closed for the summer vacation, the maid at my house came up to my study and said that there was a boy down at the door who wanted to see me.

'Did he tell you his name?' I asked.

'No, sir.'

'And he did not say what he wanted?'

'He did not, sir.'

I was very busy, but I thought I would go down and see what the boy wanted. I found him sitting down in my hall waiting for me, and if I had given voice to my thought when I saw him I would have said, 'What a fresh, rosy, clean-looking boy!'

He rose to meet me, and said, with charming politeness and frankness: 'Excuse me for troubling you, sir, but I am looking for something to do. I noticed that your grass needed cutting, and I thought that I would just call and ask if you would let me cut it.'

I noted that the boy looked me right in the face as he made this request, and I noted also his manly bearing. He stood up straight, and he did not mumble his words or act as if he were frightened or

in any way ashamed of asking for work. He did not look to be more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, and I said:

'You do not look strong enough to use my lawn-mower. It is very large, and so is the lawn. I think it would take you all day to cut the grass and trim up the borders.'

'Then I would earn that much more money, and I need to earn all that I can. Perhaps I am stronger than I look. You see I have a good deal of muscle.'

He crooked his arm as he spoke to show me how the muscle swelled up in his sleeve. Then he added:

'I am very anxious to get work while there is no school. It is pretty hard for my father to keep me in school nine months of the year because he has but a small salary, and there are four children younger than I at home. I want to get work to help father out. I have a chance to go to the country and stay all summer on a farm where I could earn my board, but I'd like to earn more than that, and then mother needs me at home mornings and evenings.'

The perfect sincerity of the boy and the honest look in his brown eyes pleased me and I said: 'You may try your hand cutting my grass, but if you find the work too hard you'd better give it up.'

'Thank you,' said the boy. 'It will have to be pretty hard work if I give it up. If you will get me your lawn-mower and a rake and grass shears, I will go right to work, and if I do not do the work as you want it done, I wish that you would tell me so.'

He hung his light coat on the branch of a tree, pushed back his sleeves, and went right to work. I watched him as I sat at work by my study window. The day grew warm, and I could see that the boy's face was flushed with heat. It was hard work pushing the mower over the lawn, but the boy kept at it. It took nearly all the forenoon to cut the grass with the mower, and when twelve o'clock came I went out and said to him:

'Do you live far from here?'

'Yes, sir; I live away over on the south side of the city.'

'Then you need not go home to dinner. Stay and eat dinner with me.'

'Thank you, but I do not want to give you any trouble.'

'It will not be any trouble.'

'Then I will stay.'

I liked the boy more and more. I liked his direct manner of saying things. He did not 'hem and haw,' as the boys say, nor did he 'beat around the bush' in any way. He came to the dinner table clean as a pin and he ate like a gentleman, thereby showing that he was well bred even if he was poor.

It was about four in the afternoon when the maid again appeared at my study and said that the boy was through and that he would like to have me come down and see if his work suited me. When I went down there was a look of real pride in the boy's face as he said:

'It looks nice, don't you think so?'

'Indeed, it does,' I said, heartily, for the boy deserved this praise. The borders were all so neatly trimmed; not a corner had been neglected. Every small weed had been pulled out of some flower-beds, and the gravel walks had been raked. I liked the boy's honest pride in his work. He

had a right to feel proud of it, and I think that the satisfaction he felt in the thoroughness of his work pleased him more than the money he received. The money was of secondary importance. To do the work well was of the first consequence.

It happened that a friend of mine had asked me only the day before if I could tell him where he could find a bright, tidy, ambitious boy who would like a good place in an office during the summer months. Here was a boy who was tidy, honest, manly, and who took genuine pride in doing his work just as well as it could be done. I told the boy to come to me the next day and I would take him with me to see my friend in his office. The boy was on hand at the appointed time, and my friend engaged him on the spot. Three weeks later I met my friend, and I asked him, 'How is that boy doing?'

'Fine!' was the hearty reply. 'I have raised his wages fifty cents a week, and if he wants a steady place when he is out of school, he can have it with me. That boy has the right spirit. He does his work just as well as it can be done, and he is proud of it when it is done. He is all right.'

That is what I think.

### An Opium-Smoker's Deliverance.

In 'China's Millions,' Mr. D. Lawson gives the stories of some Lu-ch'eng converts. He says: 'The first to be baptized was our cook, Hsu Fah-ts'uen. He is naturally of a humble disposition, though prior to his conversion he was bitterly opposed to the Gospel. When he heard the truth preached some few years ago, and was told that he could only hope to be delivered from sin and from the opium habit through Jesus Christ, he laughed, and said, "The idea, that I can't leave off smoking opium, a habit that I learned myself!" and so ignored the thought of salvation by Another. Shortly afterward he gave up smoking opium for a year, and seemed quite self-satisfied; but, alas! he became a victim again, and to a greater extent than ever. More than a year and a-half ago his friends advised him to come here and break off the habit. They told him that his nephew, who is a bright Christian, was here, and that he had become changed, having given up opium, and even tobacco; and so they expected him to reform also. He came, but only to break off opium, he said; and he was determined not to become a Christian. However, he had not been long here before the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and of his inability to save himself; and he was subsequently led to Jesus. Since his conversion, his growth in grace has been very steady, and his walk such as to adorn the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

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