

and learned, in a short time, to love the hands that caressed and fed him.

The boys meanwhile were eager for Lee to get well enough to see the 'sprise, and finally, one day, when their papa said that the sick cousin was well enough to have them spend the morning, their delight knew no bounds.

With three on a seat, and a soft little bundle crouched at the bottom of the buggy, they drove out the well-loved way to Lee's house.

Through woods, where leaves were turning red and brown and nuts were gathering on walnut and pecan trees; past fields where quail were hiding in long grass, from hunters' guns; and into the long lane which led to the farm house where Lee's mamma lived, they drove.

They crept so carefully into the room that the dozing invalid was not disturbed, until a quivering wet nose was thrust against his cheek, and soft brown eyes peered into his slowly opening ones.

Lee jumped so that the fawn was frightened, and his little hard hoofs made a sharp sound on the carpet as he sprang away.

Then Lee heard a giggle, and saw two round faces peering in the doorway and he sat up to shout:

'Oh goody,! Come in, fellows, and tell where you got it!

'It's yours!' shouted the boys, stumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach Lee's side, and while they told him how they came to get the pet, the fawn, used to boys already, sniffed the bed-clothes and marched about the room quite at home.

'I'll name him "Holly Ben," announced Lee, when he found that this pleasure had been reserved for him; and his cousins blushed with pride at the compliment.

To tell how Holly Ben made the acquaintance of all the inhabitants of Lee's country home, of the manner in which he got on (or didn't get on) with Mike, who resented the coming of so formidable a rival in his master's affection, of the lesson which Holly Ben taught to Master Mike, at last; and of an occurrence which sealed the fate of the brown beauty whose big soft eyes were admired by all who knew him, would take a long time, so we will leave Lee sitting up in bed very sprightly for an invalid, making plans for

future larks with his cousins while he strokes the soft coat of his new pet and hurries mamma with his lunch—a sure sign he is getting well.

His Mother's Training.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign,

'BOY WANTED,'

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment next to a store where there had been a big fire. He made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command, went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

'What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well,' pointing to some steps, 'you go down there and the man at the foot will tell you what to do.'

Roland went down and found half-a-dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

'Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boys' work somehow, but it's got to be done. You see,' he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, 'the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen.'

'Tisn't fair,' said one of the boys; 'some have more rust on than others.'

'If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us,' said the foreman; and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy, and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece, he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him

downstairs appeared and looking round at the boys, said:

'Well?'

'There is the boy we want,' said the foreman, pointing to Roland. 'He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained.'

Again the tall man spoke quickly.

'That's what we want. "Boy wanted" doesn't mean any kind of a boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms round her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life.'

'I guess, mother,' said Roland, when he told her about it, 'it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a "boy wanted."'—'Sunday-School Advocate.'

The Reason.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in 'S. S. Visitor.')

Happy little Smiling Face,
When walking on the streets,
Gets a pleasant nod and word
From every one he meets.
'Precious dear!' says Mrs. Love,
'Halloo, boy!' calls Joe—
Joe's a ragged newsboy;
But others do just so.
Tim, the big policeman,
Doctor, Lawyer, Clerk,
Stop to smile 'Good morning,'
However hard their work.

Sulky little Sour Face,
Though he walks a mile,
Passing hundreds on the way
Never gets a smile,
Every one has on a frown,
As he hurries by—
No one stops to say, 'Halloo!'
None to say, 'Good-bye!'
'Folks are always cross and glum,'
I heard Sour Face sigh.
If you meet him, tell him, children,
Just the reason why.

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