

work very much. War is always such a cruel thing ! We ought to pray earnestly that God would enable all people to settle their differences without it.

At all events, John Eliot did his best. He saw that the Indians had souls and those souls ought to be saved, and his work amongst them is one of the noblest examples of missionary work that we have. Others have worked for the Indians since his time, and many of them, in every generation since, have been made believers in our Lord Jesus Christ.

OLD SNUGGINS' WOOD.

NE pleasant afternoon in the late autumn a large pair of oxen were measuring their way along the road in a stately manner, drawing a pair of what is known by the woodsmen as "farrard wheels." A very small boy was perched on the axle, evidently in deep thought.

"I say, there, youngster," called a voice from the yard, "what yer thinking about?"

The boy looked up and answered briefly, "Minister's wood."

The next day he gathered his playmates around him at recess, and laid his plan before them.

"You know, boys, our minister has a large family, and he earns only six hundred dollars a year. That won't go far when he has to buy every single thing that they wear, and all they have to eat, except what grows in the little garden. The other day little Bettie was crying because her father couldn't have a new overcoat, for he must buy a lot of wood for winter. She said Jennie Pride told her that his old coat looked like her father's horse blanket, and that her mother's bonnet was one Mrs. Moses had when she went to find Moses in the wilderness. They call her 'Number Three,' because her dresses are always made out of her mother's or sister's old ones. Now, boys, we ought to get him some wood, so he can have a coat."

"Whe-ew! Where's it coming from?" cried the boys in a chorus.

"There's one place it might come from," said Peter decidedly. "Old Mr. Snuggins has a whole hill of wood, and a valley too, for that matter."

"Old Snuggins! Why, he's the stingiest man on earth," replied one of the number. "If you get some of his wood we'll tease everybody to cut it for the minister."

"Will you tease and work, too, boys?" said Peter, eagerly.

"Indeed we will, and ask all our big brothers to help, if you will bring wood out of old Snuggins' lot alive."

Now Peter was a little fellow, although twelve years old; but after school he marched bravely toward the great red farm-house by the river. Old Snuggins was in the yard, on the point of turning the cows into the road.

"Good evening, Mr. Snuggins," said Peter, politely.

"Aw!—what do you want with me?"

"Want some wood, sir."

"Wood!"

"Yes, sir."

And Peter proceeded to state the case, ending with, "Won't you give him some if the boy's will cut it? The minister has got a large family."

"Yes, and what will they ever amount to? A man that lives on others had better have less on 'em."

"Well, sir, he can't kill them off, or freeze them."

"Keeps a fire in his study, as he calls it, when he might write his sermons in the room 'long the rest on 'em. All my larnin' was got by taller dips in our stun floor kitchen."

"Can't we have the wood, sir? The boys would be so disappointed."

"Hey! What's that? They bin talkin' agin' me?"

"They said I'd get kicked out of the doorway," said Peter, boldly.

"Wall, seeing you thought better than them, you may have what you can draw on one load, and not a stick more. Now remember! But them boys better keep out of my sight—the rascals!"

"Thank you, sir," said Peter, skipping off home.

Great was the surprise of his friends that permission should be given for even one load. There was much planning and many shouts of laughter during the intervening days. Early every morning a respectable number of boys, large and small, were seen creeping slyly around the back road into the Snuggins' lot. Then all was quiet until the first heavy fall of snow. Meanwhile the minister had been prevented, in one way and another, from getting his until "good sledding."

Early one crisp morning a dozen yoke of heavy oxen were quietly driven up the back road into the woods. About ten o'clock a queer procession was seen coming over the hill toward the main street, and there was a sound of much urging and laughing. Old Snuggins had been cajoled into the grocery store, in order to see the load as it went by to the minister's house.

"What on airth's that thing a-coming? It looks like a wood lot a-moving on a brush heap," shouted the old man, as he caught sight of it.

"That's my load of wood," answered Peter, who had purposely stayed near, "You told me—I could have as much as I could draw at one load, and there it is."

The astonished man sat down on a bench and said nothing, but continued to stare at the approaching team. He was not a man to go back on his word. There were six good cords of hardwood loaded on a sled of young trees, the trunks serving for runners, the branches and saplings binding the sled together, and the oxen were slowly, but surely, taking it along to the parsonage.

Seeing that Mr. Snuggins was watching them,