

broken off then, for they were only gossamer tissue—only spider's webs, that's all. But they bound another around his waist, another around his arm, another around that wrist and that arm, and one around his body, so that little by little they climbed over his knees, over his breast, on his face, and then upon his nose. He was looking at them, and said:

"My dear boys, I am bigger than you are; go ahead."

By and by they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but didn't rise. He didn't laugh any more; they laughed that time. He did not look at them with a twinkle out of his eye, saying: "My muscle is big," but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done to me?" There he was tied fast and absolutely helpless.

Now, so it is, dear young people, with indulgence in any wrong habit. For instance, it is not one drink that kills a man; it is not two drinks that destroy him. These are only little threads, each one a thread, and you laugh to yourselves and say, "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myself; I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by and by when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It cannot be done without the help of Heaven, and it requires a large measure of that.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

66  "TELL us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob. "Something when you were a little boy," added Archie.

"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river. My mother said yes, so we went, and had a good deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did as I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him and he ran toward home. Then I was very angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"O, Uncle Phil!" said Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it hit him over his eyes."

"O, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry, and lay on the ground. I did not go to

him, but waded into the water for my boat. But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it, I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream, but no man was near to help me. But, as I went down under the deep water, something took hold of me and dragged me towards the shore. And, when I was safe on the bank, I saw it was Roy who had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck, and begged him to forgive me."

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil, "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or any other animal since, and I hope you never will be."

A PENNY AND A PRAYER TOO.

66  "AS that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday School. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma, mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, grandma," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, grandma."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians."

"I never thought of that grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I'm going to remember and not let my penny go alone again."