



Little Chrissie's Letter to Jesus.

A postman stood with puzzled brow,
 And in his hand turned o'er and o'er
 A letter, with address so strange
 As he had never seen before.
 The writing cramped, the letters small,
 And by a boy's rough hand engraven.
 The words ran thus: "To Jesus Christ,"
 And underneath inscribed: "In Heaven."

The postman paused. Full well he knew
 No mail on earth that note could take;
 And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
 And posted for the dear Lord's sake.
 With careful hands he broke the seal,
 And reverently the letter read;
 'Twas short and very simple, too,
 For this was all the writer said:

"My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,
 I've lately lost my father dear,
 And mother is very, very poor,
 And life to her is sad and drear.
 I want so much to go to school;
 While father lived I always went.
 But he had little, Lord, to leave,
 And what is left is almost spent.

I do not know how long 'twill be
 Ere this can reach the golden gate,
 But I will try and patient be,
 And for the answer gladly wait.
 The tidings reached the far-off land,
 Although the letter never went,
 And straight the King an agent sent
 To help the little boy below.

Oft to his mother he would cry:
 "I knew the Lord would answer make
 When he had read my letter through,
 That I had writ for Jesus' sake."
 Ah! happy boy, could you but teach
 My heart to trust my Father's love,
 And to believe where aught's denied,
 'Tis only done thy faith to prove.

The Bravest Deed.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the civil war. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each other had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of these pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy.

He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer, who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment, and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:—

"I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen."

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and pointed it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:—

"Water! Water! Just one drop, for God's sake, someone! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Ince, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessful to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happiness, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said, simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me from out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all."

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier with a quivering voice.