

had never run gladly before ran eagerly enough to serve him now.

The doctor's little girl sent flowers and fruit, and sometimes she came to see him. So afraid was Jimmy that she would feel sad about him that he made funny faces, and tried to joke in a queer, far-away voice. Miss Rose came to read to him, and the children of the alley brought strange and weird offerings to him. And so the weeks passed into months, and at last the verdict came:

'Jimmy will never walk again!' So they took him home to the dreary back tenement; and he—brave little soul!—began with all his might and main to make the best of things. They did not forget him, and Dr. Smith grimly set his lips and told Miss Rose he had not given up hope yet. But Miss Rose never saw those still little legs without her heart arching anew.

'Jimmy,' she said, 'think dear, what is all the world do you want most?'

Jimmy thought a moment. He was beginning to think a good deal.

'Why, Miss Rose, you see,' he smiled, and the freckles did not twinkle now, 'I wish all the poor children who can't ever walk or nothing could get to your school and learn things that help—things that make them feel better when they can't go out. I just lie here and think of how the schoolroom looks, and I can read—and remember, and—they ain't got nothing!'

'Why—why Jimmy!' gasped Miss Rose. 'And do you want nothing for yourself?'

'Yes'm. I want a big waggon that I can drive myself. And I want to go around and pick up the lame kids, and bring them to you, so you can remember when they get back to their rooms. And—and sometimes I'd take them to the—park!' Jimmy paused. The park had been his heaven. His glad legs had often carried him there. A sob almost choked him.

'Miss Rose, lots of them aint ever seen the park, and they can't think it out like what I can. I can shut my eyes and—and see—you—and the park any time I want to; but they aint got nothing!'

Dear little Jimmy! And that very evening Miss Rose, with her sweet voice breaking, told the story to some ladies.

'Why, I've heard of Jimmy from Dr. Smith,' said one. 'He is the hero who clung to the horse, and saved Marjorie, the little granddaughter of the doctor.'

From that moment Jimmy's beautiful desire took root. Some rich ladies began to think that the poor crippled children of the tenements had indeed very little chance to gather sweet thoughts wherewith to make glad the long, dreary time. And then one fair spring day—never mind what happened in between—a big carriage, with seats for ten little bodies, drove up to Jimmy's house. It was Dr. Smith who went up and carried Jimmy down.

'I'll lend you my glad legs, Jimmy man,' whispered the doctor. And Jimmy laughed softly. The driver of the carriage took Jimmy beside him, and drove on. One by one they gathered up nine more little cripples—children whom the hospitals could not aid, children left to their fate! Pale little shadows they were, with eyes that bore no happy memories in their sadness. Out from their forgotten crannies they were taken to the carriage, then through the soft spring sunshine they were driven to—Miss Rose. She gathered her crushed blossoms into the sunlit room. Her eyes were shining, and she could only look at Jimmy, but her eyes told him much!

Little by little hope dawned in the sad eyes of the newcomers; and out of her great love and yearning Miss Rose gave them something to remember, something to carry back to the gloomy homes. There were the luncheons! What wonders they were! And there were the drives to the park, and the country when little backs, twisted hips, and lame legs got stronger. Such memory-filling times as they were! And Jimmy was the unconscious hero of it all—he and Miss Rose.

Dr. Smith says—and hardly does Miss Rose dare to believe it—but Dr. Smith says that Jimmy's legs are going to be glad again some day.

'O!' almost cried Miss Rose, who had learned a good deal from Jimmy, 'I hope so! Oh,



—Sunday Reading for the Young.

I hope so! But, anyway, doctor, nothing while life lasts can take his glad heart from him; that is his earthly heritage.'

Don't Let the Boys Fail for Want of a Cheer.

Tom belonged to a settlement school, and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.

He was a sturdy little athlete, and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course, Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then, to the surprise of every one, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

'Why, Tom, what was the matter?' asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob.

'Tell me what happened, Tom.'

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

'I started all right, you know—'

'But when I got half-way there the boys began to call, "Go it, Jimmy, you're second." "Hustle, Jim, you're gaining." "Run, Johnny, run; you're most up to him." But nobody said, "Go it, Tom," and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go; and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.—"The American Boy."

Everyone Can Help.

A good woman was getting ready a missionary box to be sent to some heathen land, and as her little boy played in the room, she thought of heathen children and told him about them.

'Harry,' she said, 'would you like to help, too?'

Harry had a cent he was going to buy a top with, and he said, 'I'll do without the top and send the cent.' His mother had a cent tract bought and told the missionary thousands of miles off about Harry's top that he would not get. Long had the missionary tried to lead that tribe to believe in Christ, instead of idols. The chief was hard to influence. But the missionary told him about Harry's gift, and as he had boys of his own, he knew how they loved play. He took the tract and it was read to him. It led him to Christ, and he led the tribe to the Saviour. They gave up idols and worshipped God. Don't you wish you had some money invested that bore such fruit? Deny yourself and send some to those in need.—Jane B. Bristow, in the 'Advocate and Guardian.'