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flames. As he turned he met June coming with her own hat full.

Back and forth to the stream they ran, and fought with breathless energy for two long hours. As soon as the flames were put out in one spot they started up in another; and ceaseless, tireless vigilance was all that saved Mr. Christie's splendid timber lands from sharing the fate of the little cedar grove which belong to Mr. Thompson. Just as night was darkening, this grove caught fire from the fallow. With hissing, crackling roar the flames mounted, rioted among the resinous boughs, and streamed like crimson banners from the very top. Here and there, with a dazzling shower of sparks, a burning tree would fall and lie prone among its similarly-fated fellows.

With the set of the sun the wind suddenly dropped. This lessened the danger, but the two gallant defenders toiled on, dampening the leaves and stubble that yet remained.

"Robin," June gasped at length, "I can't do any more."

She wavered dizzily, like a reed in the wind; but at the same moment a tall figure emerged from the shadows, and two strong arms encircled the slender, swaying form.

"Dad!" cried Robin in amazement. "What does it all mean, Robin?" his father asked. "Have you two been fightin' fire?"

"Yes, ever so long. I guess June's about used up; but I couldn't have done it alone, Dad. Your cedars would have been burnin' up, jest like

them of Mr. Thompson's, only for her."

Dave Christie did not speak, but glanced down at the child lying limp in his arms, and deathly white beneath the smudge of soot and smoke. Perhaps he was stung with remorse for the ungentle, ungenerous words he had so recently spoken; perhaps that still face reminded him of another, just as fair and sweet, that once had rested there on his breast. Whatever the cause, a sudden tenderness came into his face, and bending he kissed the pallid lips. "Where's the boy?" he asked.

A look of intense anxiety darkened Robin's eyes as, briefly and hurriedly, he related all that had occurred. While he was speaking, Mr. Christie carried the unconscious child to the creek and bathed her face in the cool water. Her clothing was scorched through in several places, and there were two large burns on her shoulders.

"We had to keep throwing water on each other," Robin explained, "or we'd both have burnt up!"

Mr. Christie noticed then that his own boy had experienced a similar misfortune, but he made no comment.

Soon June's trembling eyelids lifted, and she looked wonderingly at the strange face bending above her. "Where's Brownie?" she whispered.

"He's all right, I guess," replied Mr. Christie, evasively. "I'm goin' to carry you over to Thompson's. Maybe they can make you more comfortable. Robin, you stay here and watch the fire. It won't bother any more to-night, I guess, but it'll have to be watched. I'll send someone over soon's ever I can."

(To be Continued.)

"READ THE BIBLE."

President Wilson so Advises Soldiers and Sailors.

Thousands of young men who go to France or into Federal service in the U. S. will carry in their hip pocket a New Testament, on the front fly-leaf of which will be printed a message from President Wilson commending to them the practice of reading a portion of the Bible daily.

The President wrote this at the request of Robert B. Haines, Jr., secretary of the American branch of the Scripture Gift Mission, the American headquarters of which are at 119 Fourth Street, Philadelphia. The words of Mr. Wilson are:—

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves. Read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it.

"The more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and most of all, the wish that they have the real approval of Christ, who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty."

This sentiment will appear on the fly-leaf of 75,000 copies of the New Testament to be issued at once. They will be illustrated in colour and prepared especially for the men of the American Army and Navy.—"The New York Churchman."

Orthodoxy can be learned from others; living faith must be a matter of living experience.—Buchnel.

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LITTLE THINGS.

God made the little things so choice,
 The little birds with happy voice.
 The little flowers with sweetest smell,
 The dewdrops sparkling in the dell.
 The tiny spears of velvet grass,
 The cheery sunbeams that we pass;
 The precious pearls, the brook that sings,
 The butterflies with silky wings,
 And so we ought the same to do
 And make our little words so true.
 Our little thoughts so kind and sweet
 Of ev'ry one we chance to meet;
 Our little deeds should thoughtful prove,
 Our little hearts be filled with love;
 And then the Saviour, ever near,
 Will bless His little children dear.

THE BEST FRIENDS.

There are no friends like old friends
 To help us with the load
 That all must bear who journey
 O'er life's uneven road;
 And when unconquered sorrows
 The weary hours invest,
 The kindly words of old friends
 Are always found the best.
 There are no friends like old friends
 To calm our frequent fears,
 When shadows fall and deepen
 Through life's declining years:
 And when our faltering footsteps
 Approach the great divide,
 We'll long to meet the old friends,
 Who wait on the other side.

Love is the only thing that cannot be defiled by what it touches.—Selected.

A GOOD SET OF RULES.

Here is a set of rules which every boy and girl would do well to follow:
 Be brave. Courage is the noblest of all gifts.
 Be silent while your elders are speaking, and otherwise show them deference.
 Obey. Obedience is the first duty of every boy and girl.
 Be clean. Both yourself and the place you live in.
 Understand and respect your body. It is the temple of the spirit.
 Be the friend of all harmless wild life. Conserve the woods and flowers, and especially be ready to fight wild fire in forest or in town.
 Word of honour is sacred.
 Play fair. Foul play is treachery.
 Be reverent.
 Be kind. Do at least one act of unbargaining service every day.
 Be helpful. Do your share of the work.
 Be joyful. Seek the joy of being alive.

HUMOUR OF THE COUNTRY.

A clergyman going the rounds of his country parish in the south of Ireland, met a farmer who, though residing in a neighbouring parish, was a regular attendant at his church. Said Pat: "Af ye please, yer reverence, would yer mind prayin' for wee drop o' rain next Sunday, for sorra a thing'll grow in me little garden wid the present state of the weather?" "Sorry to hear that, Pat," replied the divine, "but you ought to ask your own parson, not me." "Ah, shure," was the reply, "that's jus it; what's the good in axin' him to pray for rain wid them cocks o' hay a-standing on his lawn?"

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