

rising to his brow, as he saw the condition of the paper, with which he had taken such unusual pains. "Messed up" indeed it was now, and in no fit condition to present. "I declare, that's just a little too bad of Colonel Rush. Why didn't he be more careful? And I have not time to copy it again! Isn't it a burning shame, papa, for him to serve a fellow so?"

And Harold looked indignantly at the unsightly paper, which Fanny also was regarding ruefully.

"Gently, gently, Harold," said Mr. Leroy. "You do not suppose Colonel Rush dropped the paper purposely, my boy. It is legible still; and under the circumstances Mr. Peters may excuse its appearance. It was in good condition when you gave it in?"

"I should think it was," answered Harold. "I never took so much trouble to have any thing neat in my life; and look at it!"

"Perhaps you had better stop, and see the colonel on your way to school," suggested his mother. "Explain to him, and to Mr. Peters, and see what they say."

But there was no need for this; for presently a messenger came from Colonel Rush, bearing a note, to ask if the missing paper had been found. He could not account for its loss, the colonel wrote, as he was confident that Mr. Peters had given him all five compositions, which he had placed in one of the pockets of his overcoat, and had not taken them out until he reached his own house, when to his surprise he had found but four, these being still bound around with the slight rubber band which had confined them.

The paper, with a word of such explanation as could be given, was sent to the colonel by Mr. Leroy; and Felix congratulated himself that he need no longer fear he had done any material injury to Harold. And (will it be believed?) he even said to himself that all was now "fair," and that he need not feel himself called upon to make the contemplated sacrifice, should he take the medal.

And he was still farther relieved when he heard that Harold's explanation, to which was added that of Colonel Rush, who took all blame upon himself for his supposed carelessness, had satisfied Mr. Peters, who readily excused the present defaced condition of the paper.

(To be Continued.)

HOW SUSIE WENT TO THE PARTY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Let me see—Annie James, that's one; Jenny Tyler, that's two; Ellen Brown—"

"Surely you will not pass by Susie Hoyt," said Mrs. Gray, interrupting her little daughter's calculations.

"Oh, mamma! How can I invite Susie? None of the girls ask her to their parties, and she hasn't a thing fit to wear, I am sure."

"And yet"—here Mrs. Gray hesitated.

"Yet what, mamma?"

"Do you remember our talk last Sunday afternoon?"

Clara Gray blushed and was silent.

"Think a moment, and you will remember the exact words you said. I wish you would repeat them to me."

"I believe I said, mamma, that I meant to make the Sunday-school lesson my rule all the week."

"And that lesson was—"

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

"Now, suppose you lived all alone with your sick mother; suppose you were too poor to dress like the other girls, and one of your few friends should give a party—what would you want done to you?"

"Of course I should want to be invited, mother; but I don't see what Susie can wear."

"Perhaps that can be managed. I shouldn't think so much of this invitation if you and Susie were not on such friendly terms; but it seems to me cruel for you to pass her by, under the circumstances; besides she is a dear little girl, and I want you to become more instead of less her friend."

"Indeed, mamma, I love Susie; but what can one do when nobody else invites her? Only the other day I was walking with her on the street, Annie and James met us and scarcely took any notice of her at all, though she knows her well enough."

"In that case, if anybody was to be left off your list, it should be Annie. You can never be one of Christ's children while you think more of pleasing your companions than of pleasing him."

"I do want to please him," replied Clara, earnestly; "but I didn't think of that when I decided to leave Susie out. I will go over and ask her this afternoon; but I expect half the girls will stick up their noses at her."

"And that will be hard for you to bear?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Then you will have a chance to suffer for Christ."

"Oh, mamma! do you really mean that?"

"It will be suffering in a small degree, and

it will be for the sake of helping others. Christ plainly teaches that if we do any service to the weak, the lowly, and neglected, we do it for him. We have a right to say, then, that you help Christ and suffer for him, in helping and suffering for Susie."

"But can't we help about her dress?" said Clara, looking up with her eyes full of tears.

"I think so. I have a French nansook, but little worn, that I will make over for her if you will help me."

"Oh, that will be splendid. We'll begin right off."

"Then she must have a sash, and ribbons for her hair, and some pretty new boots."

"That will cost a good deal," said Clara, looking grave.

"Yes; but can't you think of a way to meet the expense?"

"No; can you?"

"Suppose you take the money that Uncle James gave you for ice cream."

"O mother!"

"You will have quite enough refreshments without it; and every girl you invite, except Susie, eats ice cream so often that it's no luxury."

"But everybody has it at a party."

"Yes; and that is one reason why you will suffer in making this sacrifice. If you attempt to do unto others as you want them to do to you, you cannot avoid that which is annoying to pride and troublesome in many ways. It is much easier for the present to flatter the rich and happy and neglect the poor and weak."

Clara thought about giving up her ice cream for a few minutes; but she was not long in deciding in Susie's favor, for she liked to be generous. She liked Susie, and her mother's wish influenced her strongly. More than all, she earnestly desired to obey Christ and become one of his useful disciples. She had been taught that all growth comes from small beginnings, and goes on very slowly; and she saw plainly that here was a good chance to begin serving Christ by being truly kind to her little neighbor.

"I will give up the ice cream," she said, presently.

"Very well," replied Mrs. Gray; "then we will go out this afternoon and buy the ribbons and the boots, and cut the frock this evening. You are so near Susie's size that you will answer for a model."

Clara ran to her room to get ready for shopping, and I think she was never quite so happy as she was that lovely September afternoon selecting the prettiest ribbons and trying on the daintiest boots for Susie Hoyt.

"Won't she be surprised, mamma? I am so glad you made me think of inviting Susie! How good you are to help me get her ready!"

These were some of the exclamations that fell from Clara's smiling lips as Mrs. Gray and her daughter went from one brilliant store to another to make their purchases. Before they next evening she had a new frock done. It was made very simply, but looked so delicate and fresh that Clara was sure it would exactly suit Susie, who, she declared, would look like a flower in it.

"Now write her a note," said Mrs. Gray, "and we will make a parcel of the dress and boots and send it, with the note, by little Tom McNally."

So Clara wrote:

"MY DEAR SUSIE: I want you very much to come to my party next Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. Mamma thinks it will not be convenient for your mamma to buy you any new things, so she begs you to accept the parcel that I send with this note.

Your loving friend,
CLARA."

When the freckled little Irish Tommy tapped at Mrs. Hoyt's door, Susie was washing the tea-dishes, almost covered up in a dark of lico apron.

"Run to the door, dear," said the feeble tones of the sick mother.

"Something for you," said Tommy, smiling and showing all his white teeth.

"What can it be, mother?" exclaimed Susie, in a wondering voice, as she looked for the scissors to cut the hard knot that wouldn't yield to her little fingers.

"I am sure I have no idea," replied Mrs. Hoyt.

At that moment the package fell from the loosened cord, and the white frock, the delicate kid boots, and the fresh blue ribbons were scattered upon the floor. Susie was dumb with amazement.

"Here is a note," said Mrs. Hoyt, detaching a bit of white paper from the folds of the dress.

"Can't you collect your senses enough to read it?"

Susie was not long in making out the contents. She picked up the lovely things, and looked at them, and caressed them, and chatted over them full of joy and gratitude. At last her mother said she had better finish the work and then she might try them on. So, when the last dish was put in the pantry and the kitchen was quite in order, she put on the frock and the shining blue sash, and buttoned

the boots on her feet, that were as pretty as any girl's in the town. The blue ribbons suited exactly her blonde hair and her delicate complexion, and very sweet she looked, I assure you.

"What do you suppose made Mrs. Gray so kind to me?" she said, throwing her arms around her mother's neck in her great joy.

"What do you suppose?" replied her mother.

"I think God must have told her how very happy she would make me. I had heard about Clara's party, and I wanted to go ever so much!"

That night a very sweet, loving prayer went up to the kind Father who "careth for" us, and who delights to reward all who are truly patient and gentle and faithful. Susie went to the party, and Clara said afterwards that she was the prettiest and dearest girl in the room, and the happiest—except herself.—*Methodist*

BESIEGED BY A LION.

BY VIOLET.

We were spending the summer at Rajah Pitan, in a bungalow, standing apart from others, and nearest to the jungle, but we had no thought of danger from wild animals. The family consisted of my mother, two sisters, and my two infant children. My husband was in Delhi on some business of his regiment. We had with us three native servants, a boy, and two women, in whose fidelity we placed confidence. This was before the breaking out of the great mutiny and rebellion.

I was standing one moonlight night, about eleven o'clock, at the open window of the parlor, enjoying the cool night air. I had been standing there some minutes, without a thought of danger, when suddenly casting my eyes to the ground, I saw a large lion crouching close under the window. At the same moment he saw me, and moved backward for a spring.

A prayer, a hasty prayer, passed my lips, and presence of mind was given me. I put up my hands and let the sash drop, though the savage beast was so near me. I then rushed out at the door of that room, locking it after me. I heard the lion crashing through the glass, and into the room which I had left.

The bungalow was a very large one, and I knew that all the family were at supper in the dining-room. I knew that the lion would follow me; and we were all women and children. I therefore rushed through a suite of rooms, opposite the one which he had entered, and in which there was likely to be no one at that hour, locking every door after me. By a circuitous passage I gained the dining-room, where all the family were. Doors and windows were shut and locked, before I could explain. We could hear the lion breaking through the doors which I had passed, and which were made as green blinds are in England.

I had explained the situation, and we took counsel together. The room next to the dining-room communicated with a brick kitchen by a staircase, at the head of which was a strong door. After a hurried consultation, we took up the children and retreated into the kitchen, locking the strong door at the head of the staircase. Having secured the kitchen doors and windows, we felt safe for the present.

We were now in a state of siege. Supposing that the lion would return to the jungle when day appeared, we were about to compose ourselves as best we could for the night, when a horrible recollection struck me. We had intended to give a breakfast early next morning. What if guests arriving should be attacked by the lion? Unless notice could be given of our situation this might be the case. We endeavored to induce the Hindoo boy to go and give notice in the village in vain. My sister and I were speaking of going ourselves, as the lion was inside the house, when an idea struck me. The boy could go up the chimney, and call from the roof, and make signals. This he undertook to do. One of the servants had a red shawl in the kitchen, and the firewood supplied a staff. The boy made his way to the roof, and hallooed to us his success. We heard a deep, awful growl, returned as if for answer, just above us, only the other side of the door. Under providence that plank alone interposed between us and a horrible death. Our enemy had thus tracked us through every room, and broken through every door but this last one. The others were jealousies, made like green blinds, where he could tear the slats out easily. This door had been made strong; and only a week before, we had been declaring that that door should be replaced by a jealousy, for the summer. And it had been through apparent neglect that it had not been done. All this rushed in an instant through my mind. Surely Providence had there interposed for us. That Providence which alone sees the end from the beginning.

"Let us pray," said my mother, and all falling on our knees, she repeated prayer after prayer. "When we give up all for lost, Thou

canst mercifully look upon us, and wonderfully command a deliverance. To Thee do we give praise and glory."

Thus through that long night we continued to pray. Sometimes we heard our enemy passing to and fro over our heads. Sometimes his growls would shake every heart with terror; and through all, my mother continued at intervals, her prayer.

And now a new danger threatened us. The air of the kitchen, in which we eight souls were shut up, had become stifling. My children had said their prayer, and were now sleeping through all our danger and alarm. But I knew that they would not live through the night, in the air which we were now compelled to breathe.

My resolution was taken in a moment. I opened wide a window on the side from the house, and took my seat in it. My mother and sisters tried to prevent me, but I explained my reasons. "If we hear the lion move and go," I said, "we can then shut the window. He cannot come around here, without going out." Thus we remained through the watches of that fearful night, while the voice of prayer continually ascended for our preservation.

Daylight came, and soon after we heard the sound of a carriage. I shouted to the boy on the roof to sign to them, and amid the renewed roars of the lion, I distinguished his voice in reply. After a few seconds of suspense, we heard an answer given by those in the carriage, and heard it drive rapidly away.

We knew now that we were safe, unless the lion should find the window where I had kept watch all night. We knew by his growls that he was now searching through the house, to find his way out, and there were so many rooms, that he might not be able to do so.

Soon we heard shouts. We recognized the voices of soldiers and officers of the regiment. They surrounded the house, while some cautiously entered. We heard the lion roar, we heard crashing and falling. Six shots were fired. We opened the door. Our liberty was proclaimed by many voices, we were surrounded with friends, and overwhelmed with congratulations and enquiries. The officers declared that I deserved to be a major for my coolness in presence of the enemy.

And indeed, presence of mind had been given me. Shutting down the window had delayed the lion, until I could fasten the door, and then passing through so many other rooms had led him the same round, while we had time to consult and to make our escape to the kitchen, the only place where we could have been secure.

The soldiers had dragged the lion out upon the lawn before the house. We all went to see him. Truly in death he appeared terrible to us. I never can forget the sight of him as he lay there, his fierce eyes staring still, the horrible looking teeth protruding from the open mouth. He was a lion of the largest size, and a man-eater, we thought, from his watching and then entering the house.

"Let us pray," said my mother, again. Every one fell on his knees, and in the form of thanksgiving appointed by the Prayer-Book, we thanked God for our safety.

Then what a breakfast we had. The officers and soldiers were invited to remain. Tables were set on the lawn. Preparations had been made the day before. How little we know what a day may bring forth! We added everything that could be commanded or procured. We had indeed a thanksgiving that morning. When the breakfast was over, with both my babes in my arms, I attempted to thank those who had rescued us, and it was only then, when danger was over, that I gave way to tears. I could not speak. But all declared those tears most eloquent thanks. And thus my story comes to an end.

Yet I still tell my children of that night's watch, and of our deliverance then.—*Christian Weekly*.

HOME AND ITS BLESSINGS.

It may not be amiss on this home day to tell in a few words how to keep home sweet, safe and sacred. While among invisible things the foot of the Cross is the most sacred place, home is the most precious among visible; society roots in it; in it careers are made or marred, and seeds sown to bear fruit for eternity. How then shall we make home happy and holy? To business men who make their daily bread in a very hot oven, this is a very important question, and their homes will be what they make them. If prosperous, spend some of your surplus in adorning home; if things are awry learn from wife and child that every man is not a cheat; watch your little shaver as he builds his block houses and see how very easily things tumble down that are out of the perpendicular. To have a good home, stay in it. All wives hate the names of clubs, and if there should be a righteous uprising to make conflagration of all club rooms, billiard tables, gambling tables and liquor saloons, it would be such a good demonstration of woman's rights as ought not to provoke the interference of the fire department. God designed to pack men into families, and