

**Boys and Girls**

**THE HOUSE MADE FROM A FIDDLE**

I KNOW of a Sunday-school that was started in the cellar of a tobacco barn in the mountains of North Carolina.

When it rained the children would have to raise their rude benches on large rocks to keep their feet out of the water. No rain ever kept them at home. Sunday after Sunday they trudged over the steep mountain paths to listen to the beautiful stories that "Miss Jennie" was sure to tell them, and to see the bright pictures on the chart.

She had told them of how God loved all little children, and that one way to work for him and please him was to help him take care of them, and had taught them the verse:—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Not far from the tobacco barn stood a small orphanage, and Miss Jennie told the children that perhaps they could help to feed the fatherless, motherless little ones there, and a certain day was appointed for them to bring anything they could for the orphanage basket.

"Now, what verse did we have last Sunday?" the teacher had asked, and little Delia Ann had repeated slowly and shyly:—

"In—as—much as—you did it to—to one of my brothers—you did it to me."

"That was almost exactly right, Delia Ann. Now, who can tell us what it means?"

"I kin," said Joe. "It means when a feller gives somethin' to another, 'cause he belongs to God, why—er—why, God thinks as it's as good's if he had gin it to him, 'cause he loves both a lot."

"Well, then, we must remember that when we give our things to these children it is giving to God, and he will be glad to have even the least little thing you can bring."

The great Sunday afternoon came, bringing every child with a little bundle all ready for the big basket—"God's basket," they called it.

"I brung three cabbages," said Billy proudly. "What did you uns bring?"

"I've got half peck of I'sh taters," shouted Jim.

"They kin have enough corn for once," said Emma, as she displayed the contents of the basket on her arm.

One by one the children told what the curiously shaped packages and little baskets contained—all except little Delia Ann; the shabbiest one of them all.

She stood apart from the others, looking on with great grey eyes filled with tears which finally overflowed while the hand which clasped her tiny bundle was hidden behind her.

"Now, Delia Ann, show yer hand quick," said Jim.

The tears fell faster, and the child made no reply until Miss Jennie turned to her with a smile.

"I—I ain't got nothin' but—but—but—one tater I saved yistiddy, Miss Jennie. Dad wouldn't give me nothin' but I didn't eat my tater so's I could give God that," she sobbed.

Miss Jennie's eyes were wet as she put her arms around the child.

"God thinks you have brought a great deal, Delia Ann, because you've given him what you wanted yourself. Now, let's put everything in the basket, and then we'll take it over to Mrs. Bailey for the children."

They were crowding eagerly around the basket when a familiar sound caused Miss Jennie to look up with a smile of welcome.

The newcomer dragged himself slowly along. He was a man of about thirty-five in years, but the face wore the expression of a child of twelve. He was partially paralyzed, and could use only one hand, with which he whittled small toys out of soft pine, and now he carried, under one arm, a small fiddle he had made—his most cherished possession.

He fixed his childlike eyes on the basket in the middle of the eager children.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"We're having such a nice time, Mr. Rafe," answered Miss Jennie. "We are going to help God take care of his children at the orphanage. We have all brought something for them to eat, and we're going to take the basket over soon."

"It's giving it to God, too; Miss Jennie said so," said Delia Ann, shyly.

"Are you, sure 'nough?"

"Yes, Mr. Rafe, God counts it all for him."

"Wisht I had somethin'," said the cripple, wistfully.

"Never mind. You can help next time," said the teacher, with her bright smile.

Mr. Rafe looked on quietly for a few minutes while the children filed the basket; then his eyes brightened.

"Miss Jennie," he said eagerly, "did you say as how God could do anything?"

"Yes, Mr. Rafe."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything that he sees is best to do."

"Could he make a house out of a fiddle?"

"Yes, I think he could," answered Miss Jennie without hesitation.

"Well, then, I'm goin' to give him my fiddle, and I want him to make a house out of it for poor, cripple boys like me."

Limping slowly forward, he laid his fiddle on top of the pile of vegetables.

The heavy basket was proudly carried by the children in turn, and gladly received and heartily enjoyed by those at the little orphanage. But what became of the fiddle?

Miss Jennie gained possession of it the next day, and told its story to a minister in Asheville. He used it in a sermon, at the close of which three hundred dollars were collected for a home for crippled boys.

And after awhile a little house was built among the mountains—the house God made from a fiddle.

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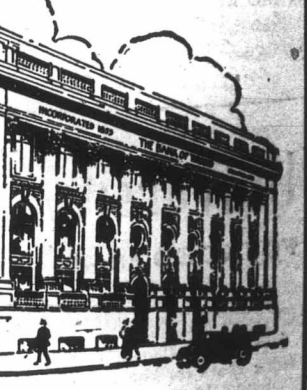
at Almighty Being, Power did all create, t and All-seeing, ise we celebrate; we lift our voices : defence from harm; each heart rejoices ists Thy potent arm.

u, O blest Redeemer, life for ours was given, e could love supremed in earth or heaven? ou and dwell within us, ake us for Thine own, and shame now win us ke our hearts Thy throne.

o, O Sanctifier, perfect gift is Peace, se our thoughts still higher use our fears to cease; on us Thy rich blessing, comfort, Lord, impart, this grace possessing, st with tranquil heart.

o, Son and Spirit, ith in Thee increase; ll void of merit, ower and Love and Peace; ie our hearts for heaven e Thy praise may sing ght for faith is given, w, Thee, Triune King.

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