

or suspected districts, English families living outside the cantonments received orders to leave their pretty, cool bungalows, and big, flower-filled gardens, and to take their children, servants, and belongings into the fortified barracks, or some hastily constructed fortress, so that if any sudden attack of the Sepoys occurred, at least there would be more chance of safety.

Amongst the English residents at C— was a lady, her husband, and three little girls; the youngest, Juliet, being the spoiled darling and pet of the household, accustomed to always getting her own way, even when it was anything but good for her little ladyship.

When Juliet heard her father give her mother directions one morning to pack up all that was necessary, leave their bungalow that very evening and take shelter in the barracks, she was very cross and angry.

'Juliet will not go into a hot, nasty, stuffy place,' cried the wilful little maiden, stamping her pretty foot. 'And she won't let her dolly go, either.'

But nobody heeded her protestations. News had come in that the rebels were gathering in the neighborhood, and might be expected to make an attack upon the garrison at any moment. All knew what that meant — death, terrible, and violent, robbery and insult to every white man, woman and child found without the English fortress.

Trembling with fear the lady and servants packed a few necessaries, and, as the evening came on, stole away by two's or three's to avoid arousing attention, each carrying a small parcel or bag. Juliet refused to accompany her mother, and chose instead the escort of her ayah, and Mrs. Forrester, knowing the woman's faithfulness, committed her precious child to her keeping, asking her to start at once.

But Juliet knew she could manage her devoted black nurse; and the wilful child, heedless of danger or commands, had determined to stay in her own pretty home, and amongst her pets. So she delayed the ayah, until the last in the bungalow, and then racing into the garden, defied her to catch her, and declared she would not go.

In vain the ayah coaxed, stormed and threatened. Juliet laughed and fitted about amongst the flowers and through the empty

rooms like a will-o'-the-wisp. Half mad with terror, as the sounds of shouts and drums reached her ears, the nurse wept and prayed in turns. But Juliet cared nothing about her tears; she had pleased herself for eight years of life, and she was going to please herself now.

What would have happened to that naughty, foolish child, but for a mother's quick eye and loving heart, one dare not stop to picture. But Mrs. Forrester, missing her child when within the fortress, wept so bitterly, and appealed so frantically for help that a brave English trooper's heart was touched.

'Don't go, Bailey!' shouted a dozen voices, for his comrades knew he was risking his life. But Trooper Bailey had a blue-eyed girl of his own in the dear old England, and he could not bear to see that mother's agony.

He sprang on his horse, galloped to the bungalow, lying a mile away, right in the pathway of the oncoming rebels, snatched the screaming, angry child from her seat in the garden, and swinging her into the saddle before him heedless of her struggles and tears, he dashed back, putting spurs to his horse.

The foremost of the enemy's ranks caught sight of him, and a rain of bullets followed him; but, as by a miracle he escaped, and reached the fortress to deliver the child to her delighted and grateful mother.

'Oh! Juliet, darling — oh! my child!' it was all the poor lady could say, straining the child again and again to her heart. And, then, noticing her angry face and tear-stained cheeks she said:

'Is my pet frightened? Never mind now. Trooper Bailey has saved you like a brave English hero as he is. Come, my child, kiss him and thank him with all your heart for saving your life.'

But Juliet — with pouting lips and angry frown — stood before him.

'I won't kiss you,' she said. 'You are a naughty, bad man to take me away from my toys and my ayah. I did not want you to come and save me!' And then she began to sob and cry, and beg to be taken back again!

Of course you are just as much shocked and astonished at this as Juliet's father, mother and friends were. You think it very, very strange that any child could behave

so ungratefully and selfishly to her deliverer. You wonder how she could be so indifferent to her danger, and careless about her safety. You say it was foolish to cling to her toys and games when death threatened her on every side.

But I have met so many boys and girls just like Juliet in spiritual things that my wonder has long since ceased. For there are many souls quite unconscious of spiritual danger; although warned by God's Word and faithful Christian friends of the 'wrath to come,' they are heedless and careless, happy with their games and amusements, caring nothing about sin and its fearful consequences.

You may tell them the wonderful story of Jesus Christ; how he laid down his life to save sinful men and women, boys and girls; how he dashed amongst the hosts of sin and dared the wrath of devils to save even one poor little careless child—but they turn a deaf ear. They do not want to be saved. Like Juliet, they do not appreciate the love and goodness of their Saviour.

Is this true of you—and you?

Have you ever thanked the Lord Jesus from your heart for his great, glorious salvation? Or have you never once thought of doing so? Will you thank him now, for the first time, and let lip and life join ever afterwards in one sweet note of praise?

The Dearest, Goodest Mite.

I isn't very big you see;

I isn't very old,

But do you know that people say

I'm worth my weight in gold:

Because I always try to do

Whatever I am told!

I'm only just a tiny tot,

And very fond of play;

But when there's any work to do

I put my doll away,

And do all sorts of busy things

That mamma says I may.

We've got a lovely garden,

Where pretty flowers grow,

And I help dear sissy pick them

Most carefully, you know;

Then I take them in to mamma

In my wee apron, so!

And she pays me lots of kisses,

And hugs me very tight,

It's just the same as daddy does,

When he comes home at night:

'Cause both of them declare I am

'The dearest, goodest mite!'

—'Our Little Dots.'