

not help thinking that little John and Rachel Burton have been brought before us purposely, that we may be allowed to help Burton and his wife in doing something for them.

Amy Hannington had been listening attentively to her brother, and when he had finished speaking she said, gently, "It will be a pleasure to try and do something for those children. I was so touched with the earnest grave expression of their faces when you admitted them into the visible Church of Christ, and said all that part about their fighting manfully under Christ's banner, and being His faithful soldiers and servants all the days of their life." "Yes, Amy, and I will tell you somebody else who was touched too, and that was old Mr. Webster, the owner of the warehouse, where John Burton works I don't believe he ever came to a christening before in his life but both he and Mrs. Webster were there. I had told them last night how Burton and his wife had adopted the poor little things, and all about them, and he asked what time they were to be named; and I saw him durning the whole of the service leaning quite forward to catch every word, and when it was over he just whispered something to his wife, and they both left church without one word to Burton or the children, but with something very much like tears in their eyes; and they are both, as you know, exceedingly hard worldly people, with a large fortune and no family of their own to spend it on."

"I wish, then, they would do something for those dear good people the Burtons; but wishing is not much good, I had far better go and see about tea; it will soon be church time again. I hope you will preach as nice a sermon as you this morning. Do bring in something about rich people, and not setting your heart on treasures down here, and a little about Christmas being such a nice time for doing good, and so on, just in case Mr. Webster might be there;" and Amy laughed a merry little laugh as she turned to leave the room.

Mr. Hannington smiled, but merely remarked, "As Mr. Webster never comes twice to church, there is not much chance of his hearing anything I have to say."

"Wrong for once, Herbert," said his sister, as they walked quickly home through the frosty air from their happy evening service. Mr. Webster was there to-night, and Mrs. Webster too, and very attentive they were."

"Were they? I am glad of it;

but I really saw nobody except little Rachel and Johnnie Burton. I think they have about the pleasantest, most engaging faces I ever saw; there is such a downright earnest look in their eyes."

"They have, and I think Mr. and Mrs. Webster noticed it also. I saw them looking at the children, and then whispering to each other. I should not be a bit surprised if a large hamper comes to us very soon from those old people, with clothes and money and all sorts of good things for us to give Rachel and Johnnie."

"I should be very"—and Mr. Hannington shook his head as he

what imagination will do; I really fancied I saw such a happy, softened expression on their faces to-night—a sort of 'love and charity towards all men' look; and I had pictured to myself all the way home a huge hamper standing just in front of your study table, or—"

"Please, sir"—and old Marjory, the nurse of their childhood, and faithful servant, friend and counsellor of their older days, came into the room, and putting a large letter in a thick blue business-looking envelope, with an enormous red seal upon it, into Mr. Hannington's hands, said "I was

she not? We are eagerly waiting."

(To be Continued.)

FEEDING ANIMALS IN THE POUND.

Who knows what a pound is? not a pound in money; not four dollars Canadian currency, you know, but a pound where they keep strayed horses, sheep, cows and other animals. There, I have told you without waiting to hear who could answer. Well, now that you all know what a pound is, I will tell you a story about one. This pound was in England, and the little boys and girls as they went to and came from school, and during the play hour used to feed the horses and donkeys that were locked up in it. It used to give them great pleasure to feed the quiet animals with grass which they pulled themselves and which was eaten while they held it in their hands. The man who kept this pound was generally very kind and paid great attention to the poor creatures under his care. But sometimes he would drink too much of what the Bible says "Biteth like a serpent;" and for days and weeks he would be incapable of attending to his duties. Well, one day the children visited the pound. They had not done so for some time as it had been rainy weather. On looking in they saw but one poor donkey. They all knew it and they cried out "Lame Ned's donkey." It belonged to a poor lame boy named Ned, a great favorite with them all, who often used to give them a ride on this very same donkey. They then went to work to pull a large armful of grass for their friend and brought some of it to hold in their hands, but he hardly seemed to mind them and just lifted up his head and whinnied. They coaxed and coaxed him but he would just whinnie and lay down his head again. At last one of the bigger boys jumped into the pound and attempted to coax him along, and lifted him up. But the poor donkey was unable to stand. They then guessed what the matter was for they remembered that the pound keeper had not been sober for some time. One of the boys ran and got a pail of water and the others carried handfuls of grass to him and soon Ned's donkey was on his feet again. They then told their teacher who had him let out and Ned, I can tell you, was pleased to get his old servant back for he had feared that he would never see his donkey again.

PLEASANT WORDS are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.



FEEDING ANIMALS IN THE POUND.

turned the latch-key in the lock of the door. "Run in quickly out of the bitter air. I could just as soon imagine the moon shining by day and giving us heat—in short, the sun and moon shaking hands and changing places—as old Mr. or Mrs. Webster parting with any of their money. I have known them now for ten years most intimately, and if I did not really believe what I am saying should not venture on such a remark."

"Oh dear! I am disappointed," and Amy threw herself into a large chair by the fire in her brother's study. "It just shows

desired to put this into your own hands, sir, and nobody else's, as soon as you came back from evening service to-night; and I was to ask no questions, and you was to ask none, and even if you ever found out where it came from you was to say nothing to nobody!"

"Marjory, Marjory, stay!" as the old nurse was slowly, and unwillingly, if the truth be told, leaving the study. "Do stay and see what it is. Tell her to stay, Herbert; we don't often get a little piece of excitement, and dear old Marjory shall have her share of it as well as you and I—shall