



"I SAID I WOULD TRY."

"Children," said a superintendent of a Sunday School, one day, just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir;" though I am afraid they did not all remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked home. "I said I would try; but all the children I know go to a Sunday School already, except Tom; but I couldn't ask him: he is such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This "Tom" of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any boy's kite was found torn, or any girl's pet kitten hurt, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday School or church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he would like to see any one try to get him inside such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to herself. That was mak'ng a promise; and if I don't try I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come; and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh, yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him. "Tom," she said

with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to the Sunday School with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement, he gazed at her for a minute without speaking; then he said slowly, "Go to the Sunday School! Why, what in the world shall I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to the Sunday School won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary, hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there, I heard them singing 'I want to be an angel,' and they sang it so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too. Tom, if you would only come!"

She had scarcely finished, when Tom walked abruptly past her; and, a minute after, she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! she was so disappointed that the tears would come; and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and, in an instant, Tom stood before her again. "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to the Sunday School?"

She looked at him surprised, and a little startled, and then said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You need not cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

Tom went, and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was, that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."