

opened the box that held the few garments that were not needed for everyday wear, and took out a little pair of blue cotton trousers, a pink calico waist, a straw hat, and a pair of shoes. Lish screamed with delight, and hugged his father's legs.

When the Jennings procession came in sight he was out in the road, dressed in his new clothes, and ready to join them. It was a very happy little boy who, for the first time in his life, heard other children singing and reciting together 'Our Father.'

All summer the Sunday-school was held in the shady grove of cedars, the good man who had come a long distance to teach the children sitting on the ground, with his scholars about him, and Lish learned with wonder of the Father whom he had never known before.

One day, in autumn, he and Spot were alone, for 'papy' had gone to town with a load of corn, early in the morning, before Lish was awake, leaving a bowl of milk and a big piece of corn bread on the table for his breakfast and dinner.

Toward evening he went down to the spring to get a drink, and became interested in watching the queer little tadpoles wriggling around in the hollows made by the cow's feet in the soft mud when they, too, came to get a drink of the cool water, when he was startled by a dog's loud bark. Looking up he saw poor little Spot flying as fast as her soft feet could carry her, followed by Mr. Dolton's big black dog. Lish ran down the hollow to rescue kitty, and then scrambled up the steep bank when she turned in that direction. When he reached the top, kitty was still ahead, with old Tige following fast. On they flew, and Lish did not notice that Tige gave up the chase and bounded down the bank; he only saw his frightened little kitten ahead of him.

Suddenly he stopped for he saw water far down beneath his feet, and he knew that he was not only on the forbidden railway track, but that he stood on the bridge. Kitty had stopped, too, and was mewing pitifully. He could not let her stay there till she fell into the river or the dreadful cars came and

not reach it in time. At last a happy thought came to him, and unfastening his waist, he thrust kitty into his bosom, buttoning her up tight and fast. Then he succeeded in turning around, but he saw that it was too late; the great black engine was coming, and was already almost at the bridge.

'Papy!' he screamed, in a shrill, trembling voice; but, at the same moment, he knew that his father was not yet come home.

Suddenly, he remembered the Father of whom the teacher had taught him, the Father who was able to give his children any help they needed. So he began the prayer—the only one he knew—'Our Father, which art in heaven.'

The terrible noise came nearer; he was sick and faint, but he prayed on, not doubting that help would come; 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!—deliver us from—'

Far below on the road a man in a waggon looked up to see the train pass. He sprang to his feet and cried, 'O God! my baby!' The little figure on the bridge disappeared; the great, heavy wheels passed more and more slowly, and then stopped. Clambering up the bank on hands and knees, he saw the train men lifting his little boy from the timbers below the bridge, where he had fallen when he fainted; and in a moment more he had him in his arms—unhurt!

'Papy, do you know who put me down there under the bridge, till the cars was gone?' Lish whispered sleepily, as he nestled safe in his father's arms that evening when they sat outside the door in the twilight.

'It was our Father,' he said; for papy did not answer, but only hugged him close.

The next Sunday Lish's father went with him to Sunday-school under the cedar trees.

'I'm goin' to larn about that thar Father, too,' he said to himself as he walked along the road, holding fast the little hand that he thought he had so nearly lost.—'Well-spring.'

The Story of 'One-Tenth.'

A young lady had formed the purpose of giving one-tenth of a small income earned during the year by herself, to the cause of Christian benevolence. Faithfully, month after month, she had put down her occasional charities with her other expenditures, and when it came for the time of closing up the account, and arranging the balance, she discovered that the sum of five dollars was due the benevolent column.

Now this person was young in years, and especially in Christian experience and benevolence, and she had never in all her life given so large a sum at one time as five dollars for anything except for purposes of self-gratification. It happened to be a severe lesson for her to learn in the school of benevolence and she at once entered upon a fierce struggle with her love of self, her sense of duty, and a natural desire to keep her word and promise good. 'Perhaps you have made a mistake,' whispered self-love. 'You had better go all over that account once more, and be sure you do it very carefully this time.'

At this suggestion the young girl brightens up again, and bends once more to her task, knitting her brows very severely and comparing the two columns carefully with the cash in her own pocket-book. But it is all to no purpose. Figures do not lie, and the stern fact of figures still declares that the five dollars is wanted at the end of the same column. Self-love then gives a long sigh of disappointment, but still whispers, 'Five dollars is a large sum for a girl like you. Other girls do not give as much as that, and why should you? Then think of

what that money would buy. What a lot of things you want, and really ought to have, like the other girls! There are some things you ought to have this very moment for the sake of respectability, etc. But the next moment the girl's better nature and the tender uprising of real Christian love in her heart bids her be true and faithful to the vow she has made, and whispers that she will be happier in denying the enticements of self-love than in the indulgence of self-gratification. A long while our brave young heroine endures this hard conflict with self-love, but, finally, a five-dollar bill is enclosed in an envelope and directed to the treasurer of the benevolent societies of her church, and she arises from her little writing-desk a happier girl than when she sat down, and one much better fitted to enter on the many other battles in life which may be before her.

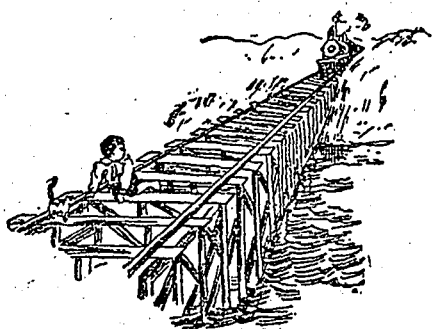
In a distant city the treasurer of a benevolent society sits poring wearily over his missionary accounts. For several years he has been bending every energy to the task of paying a long-standing debt on the permanent fund, which had accumulated by too frequent borrowing to pay the annual deficiencies in the benevolent income. The year was drawing near its close, and a few hundred dollars yet remained of the old debt unprovided for. It was an anxious and prayerful hour for the good secretary. He had for many months been sending out appeals to the friends of the mission cause, and many had responded with generous gifts; but still there was a deficiency, and the secretary's heart was set on the payment of that entire indebtedness.

The secretary's deep 'brown study,' was interrupted at last by the postman's ring and the arrival of the noon mail. Eagerly he turned from his desk to open the letters, and scarcely pausing to read their contents, extracted with hopeful expectancy from a few of them those little bank slips which are so welcome to men in his profession. There was one cheque for two hundred dollars, and right then and there, with the cheque in his hand, the happy man sang the doxology with a full and thankful heart. After examining the last bank slip he found that there was just five dollars lacking to make up the full amount of that troublesome old debt. With all his gratitude, how could he keep back just that one little sigh of disappointment as he exclaimed, 'Oh, why could not that dear, good brother have added just that one five-dollar bill to his contribution?'

The evening mail, however, brought the secretary one more missionary offering; and never, perhaps, was a letter more welcome. The letter was signed with a young lady's name, and read as follows:

Dear Secretary,—Please find enclosed five dollars. Use it where it will do the most good. M. S.

When, a few weeks later, our young friend took up her religious paper and read the inspiring account of how the 'back of that old mission debt had been broken at last, and that the honor of laying on the very last straw must be attributed to her own five dollars, which came at the last moment,' her astonishment and joy and gratitude can be imagined. Did she not feel paid and honored a thousand times over for the slight self-sacrifice the giving of that money had occasioned? Who can trace the subtle connecting link in the spiritual cord between the secretary's prayers and the young lady's self-denial? He who notes the sparrow's fall regards as well the slightest transaction of his children, and no true and unselfish desire or act of theirs can escape his attention and divine guidance.—Ida H. Fullerton, in the 'Morning Star'



HE SAW THAT IT WAS TOO LATE.

crushed her, he thought. She only clung to one of the cross-ties where she had stopped, and would not come when he called, so he must reach her.

He crept on hands and knees along the track. It was very beautiful, with the red light of the sunset quivering and changing toward the farther bank, and underneath him, the dark, still depths, but it made his head swim. Slowly he neared the place, and at last clasped the kitten. He tried to turn, but with one hand grasping Spot, he was afraid to let go his hold with the other, and clung tremblingly to the rail, not knowing what to do.

At last he heard the rumbling sound that he had learned to know, and felt the rail quivering beneath his hand. He knew a train was coming, and made a desperate effort to turn around, but felt that he was going to fall. Then he thought of creeping to the opposite end of the bridge, but it stretched so far ahead that he knew he could