

bors, their thoughtfulness and their dainties. The day was near at hand. The morrow would witness its dawn. The lads had held a final meeting for consultation, and for perfecting plans, and had separated at an early hour only to dream through the long night of the pleasures seemingly not far off.

The morrow dawned, bringing with it a model June day. The pleasures of the day had begun. The Smith family were breakfasting with hearts lighter than usual. There was a Christian home. The day was not entered upon thoughtlessly. God was not forgotten in the midst of life's businesses and pleasures. With them it was: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' And when the father led the family devotions that morning it was to commend very especially to the care of his Heavenly Father, his boy, and to pray that 'the Giver of every good and perfect gift,' who smiled so favoringly on them, would help them never to turn a deaf ear nor close the eye to the needs of others. Little did they dream that God would soon take them at their word and give them opportunity to prove their faith and discipline.

Hardly had the prayer ended, ere the quick tread of heavy feet was heard approaching down the lane leading to the comfortable home. A knock at the door by the person without told of anxiety and haste. The visitor proved to be the village cobbler, all begrimed from the labors of the day already begun. An honest son of toil, he, and yet not largely favored of fortune. Only a few years ago his faithful wife had crossed over the river, leaving him to care for a crippled son. He had borne the grief and the burden with manly fortitude, and with trust in God. These had won for him the sympathies of the neighborhood, and his faithfulness to duty their respect. And many a kindly deed was done for 'Jack' Buckman to lighten his burden and to brighten his life. Jack saw God in it all.

Added sorrow had now made its way into his lowly home, and was well-nigh breaking his heart. The Smiths had always been friends to him, and their kindness was never presumed upon nor betrayed. Harold had done many a turn for the cobbler, and had spent hours with the young invalid, brightening his life with schoolday tales and with little tokens of respect. And now Jack Buckman needed help once more, and for the first time in many years he was compelled to ask for it, not because the neighbors had lost interest in him and his child, but because they were not yet acquainted with his new calamity. All out of breath, he made known his errand.

'Please, neighbor Smith, little Jackie is well nigh dead. O my son, my poor son! Would you please come over and look at him, and tell me what's to be done? O my poor little Jackie, my little Jackie.' And in less time that it takes to tell it, Mr. Smith and Harold had donned their hats and were hastening with the cobbler to his home.

Poor little 'Jackie' was found to be quite badly off, lying helplessly on the old cot where his father had placed him. At a glance Mr. Smith saw the pressing need of medical assistance, and while Harold hurried off for the physician, the good man skilfully attended to the needs of the little child. Dr. White was not long in coming, bringing with him his medicine chest and surgical instruments, and, better than all, a kindly heart and the Master's spirit. Little Jackie seemed forgetful of his pain in the light of the physician's smile and cheering words. With the touch of a gentle mother

the doctor examined his patient, and while he found that some bones were broken, and that there were other complications that needed especial treatment, and advised that the little lad be sent to the hospital, he also gladdened the hearts of that group of onlookers with the information that Jackie's case was not a hopeless one. He believed he could be made well of the evil results of this present accident, and, what was more, he had a conviction that the little sufferer could be cured of the affliction that so long had made an invalid of him.

'O my good Dr. White,' cried the cobbler, 'do you really mean it?'

'Indeed I do. I see no reason why under special care and treatment at the hospital he should not be made a well lad. The treatment will be expensive—'

'Expensive!' exclaimed the parent, whose soul was thrilled with new-born hope; 'expensive, doctor, I would give my very life in exchange for the restoration of my little Jackie.'

'There will be no need of that,' smilingly replied the physician; 'I have a few dollars that I would like to contribute to such a worthy cause, and they are at the lad's disposal.'

'And,' added Mr. Smith, 'what I have belongs to God; and if this sad case is a cheque drawn by the Almighty on my account, I will cash it to the amount required.'

Harold looked into the face of his friend all aglow with gladness though moistened with tears. The thought that this sufferer might become as other boys, and romp the fields and climb the hills, and a thousand other things, burned into his soul also, and he was ready to make any sacrifice if only such could be.

'And, father,' he suggested, 'although I value highly your gift, yet if Jackie can be made well, and the sacrifice is needed, I am willing to dispose of "Dick" and the buggy for his sake.'

'No need of that, my son,' added the father, pleased at the spirit manifested by his boy. 'I will drop a little into the general fund on your account. But some sacrifice is required of you. Jackie must be taken to the hospital at once. Do you think you are willing to lay aside your plans and forego the anticipated pleasures of the day for his sake?'

'Father, you have but to make the suggestion, and I will obey.'

'Then,' replied Mr. Smith, 'hasten home and make ready the team, and we shall soon see that Mr. Buckman and his boy are on their way to the hospital, and we can hope for restoration.'

'Please, sir,' suggested the sufferer, 'could Harold go all the way with us?'

'I think Harold will not object to that,' said Mr. Smith, looking toward his son for his approval.

On the contrary, Harold was well pleased that Jackie placed so much confidence in him, and readily responded affirmatively. Harold had been questioning to himself as the conversation proceeded as to how Jesus would have acted were he present, and he remembered that his Master had said of himself: 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' So with a glad heart and light feet he hastened home to make the necessary arrangements.

In as few words as possible he told his mother and sister the story, and they proved quick to lend a helping hand. While Harold was busy with the team they got together some pillows and blankets to make the carriage comfortable for Jackie to ride in. Harold had well-nigh forgotten the plan

of the day, so whole heartedly had he entered into his new labors, and was surprised when, having returned to the house from the barn, he found that the boys had gathered with their teams.

'Hello, Harold, what are you doing with that outfit? Where's Dick and the buggy?' questioned one of them.

'Dick? the buggy?' responded Harold, and just then his mother and sister came out with the pillows and blankets.

'Why, what's up?' asked Malcolm Donald.

'Boys,' said Harold, with a degree of surprise, 'haven't you heard the news? Don't you know of the accident that befell Cobbler Buckman's boy?'

'Accident!' cried they all. 'No.'

'Well, let me tell you of it. Just before breakfast this morning, poor little Jackie, finding that his father did not respond promptly to his call as usual, he having stepped out of his shop to hail a passer-by, tried to help himself down the stairs, lost his footing and fell, breaking some of his bones. Dr. White advises that he be sent at once to the hospital, and believes that the little fellow will receive permanent relief from present disabilities, with the possibility of being cured of that which has made him an invalid so long. Jackie wants me to go with him and his father all the way; and, boys, I feel it my duty to do so.'

'And how about our plans for the day?' suggested one, not selfishly, but without thought.

'Boys,' explained Harold, 'I appreciate your efforts to make things pleasant for me. I should enjoy the day's pleasure with you immensely. I am sorry for your sakes that this disappointment must be. We can postpone our enjoyments to some other day; but the needs of little Jackie are pressing.'

'Harold is right,' responded one and then another, and another, until the half dozen lads of the party were agreed; and, catching the better spirit from their friend, they questioned:

'But what shall we do with our provisions?'

'Oh,' advised Mrs. Smith, quite pleased with the attitude and influence of her son, 'that is easily answered. Harold will take his along on the train. They will serve as a luncheon.'

'And,' added Malcolm Donald, beginning to appreciate developments, 'Harold shall take mine, too. There are some dainties with it which will perhaps please Jackie, and help brighten his moments in the hospital ward.'

'Good,' encouragingly spoke Mrs. Smith, 'and, if you will allow a suggestion, perhaps the rest of you boys would like to leave yours with Mr. Buckman. Your thoughtfulness would perhaps go far toward comforting him in his grief, and speak much for your sympathies for him in his sorrows.'

'Agreed,' cried all the boys, as of one breath.

'And now, lads,' spoke Harold, 'I must hasten on. The train is soon due, and Jackie must be handled carefully and have plenty of time.'

'Lead on,' commanded Malcolm Donald. 'Lead on and we all will follow after.'

The mother kissed her son good-by and inwardly thanked God for giving her such a noble boy. Harold jumped into the carriage, and as he rounded the corner of the road, he looked behind at the procession of buggies following, and at his mother and sister, standing on the porch of the home waving him a fond farewell and Godspeed.

Dr. White and Mr. Smith had little Jackie all in readiness for the journey, but not