

pink, orange, and brown; like the pieces of his puzzle-map.

'I should like to see what the rill is like up there,' thought he.

He could hardly believe it was really water; and getting up, he ran along the road towards the mountain, with his eyes fixed upon the little silver thread.

Up the winding path, over the grassy slopes, crawling on his hands and knees when it was too steep or too slippery, with the little rill still high above him, rolling and curling and twisting down the mountain side.

It was the first mountain he had ever seen, and though it was not a very high one, it was not easy for a little fellow like him to find his way up.

'I shall get there at last,' said he, forgetting that he was hungry.

After clambering for a long, long while, he came to a place so narrow that he could stretch his arms across the little stream as it gushed out of the hillside.

'This must be the top,' cried he, clapping his hands with glee as he looked up through the rocks and saw the blue sky above his head.

His legs were bruised with the slips he had made in climbing, and he was so tired he was glad to sit down.

He had not long been resting when he began to feel very hungry.

So he began to try to get down; but this was harder even than getting up had been. The stones were so high and slippery that he clung to them lest he should fall.

'I want my dinner—I wish I could get down,' said he. 'But God will take care of me. He'll tell mother where I am.' So he put his lips to the small, cool stream and quenched his thirst; then dangling his legs over the edge of a great block of stone, he held his fingers in the water and watched it trickle slowly through them as he sang his mother's favorite hymn,—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

The shades of evening were fast creeping up the mountain side, when he heard a loud, clear voice shout, 'Here he is!' and before many minutes Frank Wilson, the farmer's son, had him safe in his arms.

It was some time before his moth-

er had missed him, and no one had thought of searching up the mountain for him till Frank had come in with his bundle of school books.

'I knew God would take care of me,' was what little Algie said.—'Children's Treasury.'

Showing Thanks.

How can little children show
Their thanks and their grateful
love
For all the pleasures the year has
brought,
From their Father in Heaven
above?

Ah! if the angels could whisper
To the little ones apart,
They would tell them that more
than all,
God loves the gift of the heart.
—'Sunday Hour.'

Uncle Phil's Story.

'Tell us a story, Uncle Phil,' said Rob and Archie, running to him.
'What about?' said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

'Oh, about something that happened to you,' said Rob.

'Something when you were a little boy,' said Archie.

'Once when I was a little boy,' said Uncle Phil, 'I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river.'

'Was Roy your brother?' asked Rob.

'No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home.

'Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could.'

'Oh, Uncle Phil!' cried Archie.
'Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him.'

'Oh, Uncle Phil!' cried Rob.

'Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.'

'But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.'

'But it was deeper than I

thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

'But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life.'

'Good fellow! Was he your cousin?' asked Rob.

'No,' replied Uncle Phil.
'What did you say to him?' asked Archie.

'I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me.'

'What did he say?' asked Rob.
'He said, "Bow, wow, wow!"'
'Why, who was Roy, anyway?' asked Archie, in great astonishment.

'He was my dog,' said Uncle Phil—'the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be.'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

'By Their Fruits ye Shall Know Them.'

On board the flag-ship of a celebrated commander a complaint was made by the captain against a number of the crew for disturbing the ship's company by frequent noises. The admiral ordered an enquiry to be made. The accusation was, that these three men were Christians, and that when their watch was below they were in the constant habit of reading the Bible to each other aloud, and joining in social prayer, and singing psalms and hymns.

After the statement had been proved, the admiral asked, 'What is the general conduct of these men on deck—orderly or disobedient, cleanly or contrary?'

'Always orderly, obedient and cleanly,' was the reply.

'When the watch is called, do they linger, or are they ready?'

'Always ready at the first call.'

'You have seen these men in battle, sir; do they stand to their guns or shrink?'

'They are the most intrepid men in the ship, and will die at their post.'

'Let them alone, then,' was the decisive answer of the wise commander. 'If all Christians are such men, I wish that all my crew were Christians.'—'Buds of Promise.'