

"Just get me home as quick and quiet as you can," said Ted, faintly.

Two hours later he lay upon a hastily-improvised bed in the sitting-room of his home. Blue lines were round his lips, and his restless eyes searched the kind faces that bent over him, reading the doctor's verdict. The kind, rough man had been and gone, anxious that Ted should not see the tears he could not keep out of his eyes.

"Dead in a few hours," he said. "There is not an organ in his body that isn't crushed into a jelly."

Mrs. Parker, too bewildered to cry, sat wiping her son's forehead.

"How long, mother, how long does he give me?" asked Ted, hoarsely. "There's somebody as I'd like to see. Ain't Smith near by? He'd fetch him, maybe."

Smith, who stood by the fire crying like a child, moved towards the bed. Ted was going to tell them all that it was his (Smith's) fault that this thing had happened.

"Can't you fetch Mr. Sharman, him as preached on Sunday night? I want to see him." And then Smith gathered that the secret of how the accident occurred was to die with Ted. "You'll hurry up! I haven't long to live," continued Ted.

And Smith did hurry, and as he drove Mr. Sharman back to the home of the dying lad he told him the story.

"It were my fault," he said, "but you'll find Ted doesn't mean to peach. He'll die game."

And thus Smith made his queer confession.

Ted, meanwhile, lay with a brain whose power seemed quickened into greater activity than usual by the helplessness of the rest of his powers. It was very awful to lie there and gaze into eternity; and last night he had meant it to be all different, and here was the end of his good resolutions. God had given him no chance of being a Daniel, but he would have liked to have told Mr. Sharman about it before he died, and he found himself praying that he might live long enough to see him; and then as the prayer framed itself, the cottage door was gently pushed open and the man of his prayers knelt beside him. Ted's eyes were glazing fast, but a shadowy smile of welcome passed over his drawn face.

"Alone," he whispered, "I want to speak to you alone," and at a signal from the clergyman the room was cleared.

"I was there last night; you gave me a hymn-book, don't you remember," said Ted, with painful effort.

Mr. Sharman passed his arm under the boy's head and raised it.

"Yes, I saw you; I don't think I've seen you before."

"I thought I'd like to tell you that if I'd lived I'd meant to have a try. I don't suppose God thought me good enough, or he wouldn't have took me off so sudden."

"Good enough for what, dear lad?"

"To be a Daniel, same as you said."

"But perhaps you've tried to-day. You shielded Smith, it seems."

Ted's parched lips framed a voiceless question.

"Yes," said Mr. Sharman, catching his meaning. "Smith told me all about it, and in God's eyes there is no such thing as time. If, with all your heart and soul you turned to Christ last night and tried to follow him to-day, you're going to him now, let your past life be what it will. Who knows but that in the Home to which he calls you he will let you be trained into service as glad and loving and free as ever Daniel was."

A smile broke over the white face, momentarily chasing the look of pain.

"That's all, sir. Call back mother now; she'll fret when I am gone, and in obedience

to Ted's wish Mr. Sharman fetched back Mrs. Parker into the room.

Through the hours of the night Mr. Sharman sat by Ted's side, holding his hand through the valley of the shadow of death, soothing his pain with prayer and psalm. With the first ray of dawn Ted fell asleep with a smile upon his face. Mr. Sharman bent and kissed the lad on his forehead. Then he unclasped the dead hand from his own and turned to Ted's mother.

"Don't fret over-much; the lad is gone, but it is the day of salvation. Let us pray."

Belief.

To believe—to believe alone is to live. Scepticism as a habit, as a condition, is a sign of deficient vitality. It is a vastly nobler fear which dreads lest it should lose some truth than that which trembles lest it should believe something which is not wholly true. 'Seek truth and pursue it.' Of course, seeking the truth, you will hate and avoid the lie—that goes without saying—yet not to avoid the lie, but to find the truth.—Phillips.

An Old Tale Retold.

(By the Rev. W. F. Prince, in the 'Connecticut Citizen'.)

Do you realize how large a sum of money is expended by the American people on liquor? How large as compared with that spent upon necessities? The facts have often been given in figures. Here they are in another form:



Bread, \$700,000,000.



This may help you to see that not quite twice as much is spent for liquor as for all sorts of breadstuffs.



Cotton and Woollen Goods, \$550,000,000.



Twice as much is paid for liquor as for all cotton and woollen goods.



Meat, \$410,000,000.

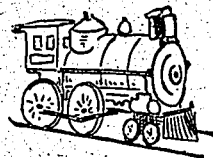


Three times as much is lost on liquor as is paid for meat.



All iron and steel made,

\$400,000,000.



It takes three times as much cash to purchase liquor as it does to buy all the iron and steel used in the country.



Boots and Shoes,

\$260,000,000



The people expend more than four times as much for liquor as for boots and shoes.



Sugar and Molasses,

\$200,000,000.



Only one-sixth the sum spent for liquor is expended for sugar and molasses.



Tea, Coffee, and Chocolate,

\$190,000,000.



Liquor costs six times as much as all the tea, coffee and chocolate used by the people of this country.



Education,

\$125,000,000.



And for schools the intelligent people of the United States actually put forth about one-ninth of the money that they pour down their throats in the form of intoxicating drinks.