

ft when he returned
ht of hope began to
eyes—who could be
ing!

ad been puzzling his
is wife was there to
or the wayfarer.

'd mind my horse a
bout my business.
mit crept out of his
the wagon, well pro-
coat that comfort-
carried.

se earned it, if I give
Joe's kind thought.

don't want no favors,
lift, and then—

what was before the
mehow he had crept
es wonderfully. He
k forward to the hour
e must leave him to
ce word from the
e put a new idea into
ought all the cargo
d engaged the stock

oon," said Joe, put
safe place. "I don't
t my stuff, or I'd be

blind dealer, little
in of events he was
e doing a good busi-
you keep a boy? I
faithful and needy!"

my cart," done up
Joe, suddenly. He
bewildered dealer,
e door, almost crazy

'd ought to have a
ght, almost running
ere he had left the
e solitary figure in
e grasped the boy.

you, John Harper.
p me; the dealer says
and I say so. You
me to night. We'll
the store-house; then
gaze and start for a
his, my lad!"

"a place" for "the
—a place where he
d and shelter. After
into the hearts of
ple that they called
ohn went to school
lped Mr. Somerby
ahead so fast in his
ngs that ambitious
him educated. He
ous merchant, and a
o enlarge upon when
spicy.

wheres around when I
he often says; "and
rain I ever made, next
holas.

AKE CARE OF ME.
e pavement, under a
olitary little figure—
nt pinafore over her
and her littl' frock
he stood in the dim
heavy falling rain.
why is she here on
This was my thought
we hurried on my way
we were staying with
oken had I not been
ttle voice,—

in?" said the child
coming forward and
e with grave wistful

"I said; "he has
id. "Where has he

to the quay," I said
steamer for Wick."

ly?" said the child
stress, and with large
her eyes.

"I tried to explain,
Mr. Moody now. He
y. He was to go at
d it is past that time.
ce hands with me im-
be a message for him.
bye to him for you.
message?"

he tears had rolled
her two little hands
tly together, her little
did not heed the rain

which I was trying to shelter her with
my umbrella.

"Oh, he has gone!" she sobbed out.
"Oh tell him I thank him for coming
to Aberdeen, because he helped me to
find Jesus."

I tried to comfort the precious little
heart, so full of joy and sorrow, and
told her that "Jesus loved" her and
would teach her about himself, and
make her very happy. Then I asked
her the question, "Do you believe in
the Lord Jesus, dear child?"

"Yes," she said so simply; "I'm
aye resting in him."

I took her little wet, cold hand in
mine for a moment, and then we parted.
But as I turned from her I heard the
patter of the bare feet behind me once
more, and soon I saw the small face so
gentle, all the tears gone, looking up at
me once more while she asked me,
"Jesus will take care of me, winna he?"

"Thank God; a very easy question to
answer.

"He says, 'I will hold thee by thy
right hand. I will never leave thee nor
forsake thee.' He loves you dear child."

"Thank you," she said, and she was
gone.

THE SNOW STORM.

"All day the snow came down, all day
As it never came down before;
And over the earth at night there lay
Some two or three feet, or more."

It was a dark December night, wild
and stormy. Ever since mid-day the
snow had fallen with unwearied perse-
verance, and now lay deep on the
ground. I had been detained at my
office in town later than usual, and had
to cross a dreary moor for some two
miles to reach my home. I confess I
felt chilled at the prospect of such a
walk in such a storm; but wrapping
my plaid around me, and staff in hand
I set forward thinking of the bright
little home I should soon reach, and
the dear ones who were waiting my re-
turn with a loving welcome. Soon I
left the busy town with many lights be-
hind me, and stepped out into the dis-
mal moor. The snow lay much deeper
here on the untrodden pathway, and
seemed to fall even more heavily than
before; the cold felt keener, also, and a
sharp east wind had risen. At times
I grew almost breathless with the
struggle, and had to pause for gather-
ing strength ere I faced the storm once
more. At length I rejoiced to see the
guiding post where three roads met, and
against which I was thankful to lean
for a few seconds until I recovered
breath. I was just on the point of start-
ing off afresh, when a faint sound of a
human voice caught my ear. Startled
I listened, but all was still. I shaded
my eyes with my hand, and stared an-
xiously into the surrounding darkness,
but nought could discern beyond a
wilderness of snow, and was just con-
cluding my imagination had deceived me,
when again the same murmur came
floating through the air.

Feeling that with the guide-post so
near I could scarce lose my way, I has-
tened forward in the direction of the
sound, and soon distinctly heard a
child's voice repeating the Lord's
Prayer. It had a strange effect in
such a storm, at such a place, and my
heart beat high when the gentle 'Amen'
was said.

I called out, "Whose voice is that?"
but there was no reply. I called again
more loudly than before, and then the
timid answer came "Johnnie's;" and
a few steps brought me to a boy, some
eight years old, standing shivering in
the snow.

"My poor little man," I said, "are
you all alone?"

"No," he replied; "Nelly is here,
but she grew so cold and tired, I could
not get her on, and now she is fast
asleep. I felt sleepy, too, but thought
I would say my prayers first;" and
then as I stooped down to the bundle
of snow he had indicated as being
"Nelly," he whispered softly, "Has
Jesus sent you?"

"Surely he has," I answered. "Had
you not said your prayers, Johnnie,
you might both have perished. But
how came you here my boy?"

"We went into town this morning
to see granny. It was not snowing
then," he said innocently, "when we
left for home."

"And where is your home?" I asked;
"and who is your father?"

"Farmer Rutland," he replied; "we
live at the High Farm."

High Farm happened to lie on the
road to my own house, so I told John-
nie we would all go home together. He
rejoiced when he heard my name, and
remarked to himself, "How well it was
I said my prayers."

I found Nelly indeed fast asleep,
wrapped in a heavy cape, which the de-
voted little fellow had divested himself
of in his endeavor to keep her warm.
Nor could I induce him to put it on
until he saw me raise Nelly tenderly in
my arms, and, wrapping her in my
great plaid, gather her closely to my
bosom, prepared to carry her.

"Now Johnnie," I said, "you keep
hold of the skirt of my coat, and we
shall soon be at High Farm."

The cold seemed to have become
more intense, the falling snow more
dense than ever. Manfully the little
fellow kept up by my side, though
the snow by this time reached above
his knees! I tried to cheer him as
we trudged along; but I felt the drag
upon my coat becoming greater, and it
was evident his strength and heart
were failing him; then a suppressed
sob broke from him, and he clung
more closely to me as I bent down,
to soothe and comfort him.

"You are a brave little man," I
said. "We shall soon reach the farm
now. Think of the bright fire there,
the nice warm milk and bread, and
mother's loving kiss, all waiting for
you."

"I cannot walk further," he sob-
bed. "Oh take Nelly home, but let
me lie here. I will say my
prayers again, and perhaps Jesus will
send some one else to help me."

"No, no," I answered cheerily;
"I cannot leave you behind, Johnnie;
you just make a horse of me, and
mount my back. There you are now
hold me fast round the neck, and
whip me hard to make me go better."

And again I started forward, en-
deavouring to keep awake with questions
and little sallies; but I felt the addi-
tional burden in such a storm was be-
coming beyond my exhausted strength
when suddenly a wavering speck of
light shot out of the darkness, then
vanished then appeared once more, be-
coming nearer and brighter. I hal-
lowed loudly, and my shout was an-
swered, and Johnnie called out in a
faint, glad voice, "Oh that's father!"
And happily so it was. The poor
farmer, becoming alarmed at the length-
ened absence of his children, had start-
ed with his two men and a lantern
in search of them; and the great
tears of thankfulness fell from his eyes
when he beheld his loved ones. John-
nie was at once taken into his loving
arms, and a quarter of an hour's walk
brought us to the farm, where the
anxious mother received us. Nelly
was soon roused by the warmth and
light of the great fire, little or none
the worse for the night's adventure;
but poor Johnnie was sadly frost-
bitten, and it was long before he re-
covered.

Deep was the gratitude of the honest
couple for the aid I had offered their
beloved children, who doubtless, over-
powered with sleep, would have been
hidden in the snow ere their father had
reached them, and must have perished
but for the prayer which Johnnie's
trusting simple heart, had prompted,
and which had been the means, with
God's blessing, of my saving them.

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