

pails the boys had brought from home and poured noiselessly over the wooden pathway that led to Mr. Royce's house. Half way down was a flight of three steps, and these, too, were coated with a sheet of ice, for so bitter was the night that almost as soon as the water was poured it froze smooth and solid. Indeed, so effective was the plan, that Joe Martin tested it unwillingly, for his foot slipped at the top, and down the incline he sped like a sled in Esquimaux land. Harold caught him as he passed, just before he came to the dangerous steps, but poor Joe had already found that Mr. Royce's punishment was to be a severe one. "Beats the worst licking I ever had," he muttered as he limped home. For Harold had made all the boys start homeward as soon as the mischief was completed, and himself started off at a good round trot through the churchyard and across the open fields. And as he went, he chuckled as he thought of the glorious revenge the boys were soon to have, when suddenly a cheery "good-night, Harold," awakened different thoughts in his heart. Mr. Onceiwasaboy-myself had passed him, and at his greeting, the memory of the afternoon's chat came back to the boy's mind. "So many and great dangers cannot always stand upright." Here was the very first slippery place that had come to him, and all his good resolutions were forgotten; he had fallen, and fallen heavily. What should he do? Go and warn Mr. Royce? Then he would probably have to implicate all his friends, for no one boy could have done the mischievous work so thoroughly. No, another plan came to him. He knew where the ashes from the furnaces were thrown, and in a few minutes his pail was full of them, and he was carefully undoing the work of revenge he had planned and carried out so gleefully a short quarter of an hour before. And he had but just completed his task when he heard the heavy church house door open and Mr. Royce, but not alone, began to come down the now safe pathway. Mr. Onceiwasaboy-myself was with him, for a little child of Royce's was dangerously ill, and the priest was on his way to see her for the last time that night ere he went home. Harold crouched down behind a tree as they passed. "How wise it was of you to sprinkle those ashes, Mr. Royce," said his friend. "Do you know I absolutely dread a fall more than anything else? Years ago I injured my spine in that way, and the doctors tell me that another might leave me a cripple for life." The janitor's answer was not audible, but Harold's heart beat fast as he heard what Mr. Onceiwasaboy-myself said. This, then, might have been the end of his mischievous plan, had not God shown him how to overcome and counteract it. Very slowly and thoughtfully he went home, and before he crept into the snug little bed his mother's loving care provided for her boy, he said the collect carefully and humbly, as he remembered from what a cruel sin he had been spared.

A LIFE LESSON.

THERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know.
And your tea set blue,
And your play house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

AN INFANT MISSIONARY.

IN a mission-house in India lived little Willie, who was only two years old. One morning his mother found him being an infant missionary.

He went up to a poor heathen man named Narain, and putting his tiny hand into the Indian's great brown one, he led him to a couch in his nursery, and then knelt down to pray, meaning the Indian to do the same; but as the man did not understand, little Willie pulled and pulled till at last he knelt.

Then Willie folded his hands over his eyes in the attitude of prayer, and waited for Narain to pray aloud.

But the Indian had never prayed to God, and did not know how to do so. So little Willie showed him; but as he was too young to speak, he could only make a murmuring sound like prayer. And when he found Narain only looking on and not praying, he got up and showed him how to cover up his eyes so as to shut out all sights that might distract.

Narain was touched by the English child's efforts to teach him to pray; but he had not his little teacher long; for Willie got so very ill that he had to come home to England. But his mother taught him to pray for Narain, that he might become a Christian.

Does not the story of this little fellow teach a lesson which we should all learn?

TRUE worth is being, not seeming.
In doing, each day that goes by.
Some little good, not dreaming
Of great things to do, by and by,
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so loyal as truth.