

the use of firearms they got guns and rifles. It was a pity they ever did get them, for it made them very dangerous neighbors. They soon began to see that white people were driving them further and further into the woods, and were taking the land for themselves. Then they got very fierce and began to kill people wherever they saw them. There was one awful Indian in Massachusetts. He was chief of the Wam-pa-no-ags, and was called by the white people King Philip. When he was on the warpath he did everything that was cruel. Little children and their mothers were often put to death while the men were away working in the fields. They knew that King Philip and his men had done it. Then the men and boys set out into the woods to hunt Indians and killed a great many. But they were looking everywhere for the chief, and at last he was found and shot in the woods. Then there was peace for a time. Every one knows that it was a pity to have to kill these people, and the white people did not do it till they had to do it to save their own lives. Some good men there were who used to go into the woods and teach these people about Christ and the Bible, and show them the ways of peace. It was very dangerous for them to do it, but they did it because they wanted them to know what a good thing it was to be a Christian. The fierce Indians sometimes put these kind-hearted men to death, but usually they listened to what they had to say, and some of them learned to believe in God, and to pray.

#### TOM'S THOUGHTS.

**E**ASY enough for him to say 'fair and square every time,' him a-settin' at the table an' everything to eat with jest the trouble o' reachin' for it. Wonder if he'd be as spy with his 'fair and square' if he had to live in a shed and black shoes for a living, and hungry most all the time. No, sir!"

Tom gave a vicious scrub to the boot he was polishing. "Don't see what folks want with such a lot of buttons on their shoes. It's 'cause she's furreign, is it? Well, I wisht furreign ladies would stay in furreign lands, and not be a-bringing of their boots for me to black!"

Tom was in a bad humor this morning. There had been some late arrivals at the little hotel the night before, and he had been kept up late and was very sleepy. "Guess Mason wouldn't say 'twas so dreadful easy to be good if he was in my place," he muttered.

"Did I say it was dreadful easy?" asked a cheerful voice, and a young man appeared in the doorway; a rather pale and thin young man, but with such a pleasant smile that Tom couldn't help smiling back.

"Come, Tom," he said, stepping into the shed, "did I say it was easy? Tell the truth now, old fellow."

"Well, no, you didn't," was the candid reply.

"No, indeed," said the young man. "Perhaps, if you knew all about it, you would see that it isn't any easier for me to be good than for you. Will you take my word for it, Tom, and believe that I am sometimes tempted to act out of the fair and square, tempted so hard that it takes all my strength to resist?"

Tom, looking into the honest eyes of his friend, couldn't help believing, and long after Mr. Mason had left he sat with the brush in one hand and a shoe in the other, thinking—thinking of the shiny seams in the back of his friend's coat, and the patches on his boots. He had thrown one across the shed the day before because it was muddy, and he was cross, and a nail had caught it and torn a hole. He didn't care then, but now he was sorry, for that hole couldn't be mended without money, and it might be that money was hard to get. Mr. Mason didn't have any more vacation than Tom; he didn't even have a ticket to the bootblacks' picnic. He sat writing, writing all day. "Maybe his head gets as tired with writing as my heels do with running," thought Tom. "Maybe it isn't so much fun after all, a-settin' in a comfortable room, scratching a pen along paper, day in and day out. Maybe it isn't, now."

"Here, you lazy boy, ain't them boots done yet?" called the cook from the kitchen. "You just finish 'em up quick, or it's no breakfast you'll be getting, I tell ye. You needn't think you can get off from the errands that way. Hurry up, now!"

"I'll hurry when I like," said Tom, angrily, and then added in quite a different tone, "All right, I'll be through in a minute."

"Maybe she's cross 'cause she's got a toothache," thought he; "maybe she don't have such a dreadful easy time, if she does get all she wants to eat. Eating ain't everything, neither's comfortable rooms."

So Tom scrubbed away, and soon had the boots shining in fine style, and he set each pair at the door of its owner.

"There you are, a-sleeping so snug," muttered he, as he stood before the closed doors of numbers eight and nine. "Wisht I could lie a-bed once in a while, for a change. But there, I don't know nothing about it. Eight's got a awful cough, and nine's so tremendous fat he couldn't run to save his life. I don't cough, and I can run like anything and enjoy it, too. Lying in bed ain't everything."

Those few words that Mr. Mason had spoken that mornings had changed the looks of things for Tom. As he shouldered a big basket and started on his errands, he looked at the people whom he passed with new eyes.