

and heaven on her side, was stronger than all the hosts of hell. Now, maybe He will show us the way to do something. Oh, if we could only make the fathers see the danger their sons are in, I'm sure they'd have all the saloons shut up. Mr. Jacobs is a lawyer, and makes great speeches; and Mr. Lyons is rich, and can do almost anything he pleases. Then there is Mr. Perkins, our minister. I wonder why he doesn't preach against grog-shops? I guess if he was to see his Judson going into Maloy's, as I have, he'd have something to say. If we could just rouse them up, Ellen, there's no telling what might come of it."

"Two little girls rouse up a whole town!" And Ellen smiled at the thought, but shook her head.

"There's nothing like trying," answered Katy. "You may set a house on fire with a tiny match."

"Ah! but then you have something to burn," replied Ellen.

"And I should think there was something to burn here," said Katy. "Only get our minister, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Lyons, and a dozen or two others, to see that their sons are in danger of becoming drunkards, and a fire will be kindled, I'm thinking, fierce enough to burn up all the saloons in town."

"You don't mean to have them set on fire, do you?" And Ellen's face grew troubled.

"Why, no, of course not that. I was only using what our teacher calls a figure of speech. After you've been to Mrs. Weaver's with the sieve, come to our house, and we'll talk more about this. My mind's all full of it, and I just feel as if we might really do something."

Ellen promised, and the young friends parted. Now, Katy was a bright, enthusiastic little girl, and when she set her mind upon doing anything, it was hard to turn her aside from her purpose.

In all the town there was not just then, perhaps, a single person who felt so deeply its danger from liquor-selling, nor one who desired so ardently to remove the danger, as Katy Bland. The whole magnitude of this evil weighed like a mountain on her heart, and she almost panted with an eager desire for its destruction.

When Ellen called to see Katy, half an hour after they parted in the garden-walk, she found her writing at a table in her own room. She looked up with a bright, earnest face, as Ellen came in, and cried out:

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"I can't guess," said Ellen.

"I'm writing to the editor of the *Banner*."

"You!"

"Yes, I, Katy Bland; or rather, I'm writing for you and me both—for two little girls who can't understand why the people should let fifteen or twenty lazy men keep drinking-saloons, instead of earning their living at some useful work. Let me read you what I have written." And Katy, with a fine flush on her cheeks and a bright sparkle in her eye, read:

"MR. EDITOR,—We are two little girls, and of course don't understand all about everything. Now, there is something going on

keeper is to anybody. But, oh dear! The harm he does, that is dreadful! We don't like to think of it.

"Now, Mr. Editor, as near as we can come to it, there are about twenty saloons and grog-shops in our little town; and twenty men at work, night and day, doing all they can to hurt and destroy.

"If only the men who love liquor went to these saloons, it would be bad enough; but, when we see boys going in and out every day, it does seem so wicked that we are amazed it is allowed to go on, when it could be so easily

speech to a knowledge of their danger.

"Mr. — is very rich. He owns more property than any other man in town. He has only one son, who, when his father dies, will be rich also. But if he grows up to be a drunkard, of what use will all his money be to him! And he is in great danger, Mr. Editor; for he, too, goes in and out of the saloon we spoke about. We've seen it every day, and it makes us feel so sorry."

"Oh! sir, if our minister and those two men would only go to work and stir up the people, all the saloons and grog-shops might be closed in less than a week; and then their own sons and the sons of all the people would be safe.

"Won't you publish our letter, Mr. Editor? We are only two little girls, and can't do anything ourselves; but maybe what we say will stir up the town. It does look modest in us to ask to know more than men and women about this matter, but we can't help that. It is so dreadful a thing to have nice little boys learning to drink, and in danger of becoming drunkards, that we can't help crying out against the saloon-keepers, who do no good to anybody, but very much harm."

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Katy, as she finished reading.

"I'm afraid," answered Ellen, who was more timid than Katy, "that, if the editor should publish it, the minister, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Lyon will be offended."

"No names are given," said Katy. "And there are six or seven ministers in town."

"But Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon will know they are meant by the lawyer who makes speeches and by the richest man among us."

"Well, so much the better," returned Katy, in a resolute tone. "If they know that they are meant, and that their sons are in danger, they will be more likely to do something."

"Maybe the editor won't print it," said Ellen.

"We can only try him. Our part is done when we send him the letter." And Katy folded the paper she had written, and wrote on the envelope, "To the Editor of the *Banner*."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW TESTAMENT has been translated into Hebrew, and no less than 784,000 copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, have been circulated in Hebrew by the British and Foreign Bible Society alone amongst the Jews.



ELLEN HARTLEY AND KATY BLAND.

in town that puzzles us. It's something very bad, we think, and we write to ask you if there is no way in which this bad thing can be stopped.

"Just round the corner, close by where we live, there is a drinking-saloon. Now, we've talked it over, and over again, but we can't see any good in a drinking-saloon. If you know of any, we wish you would tell us in your paper. The baker and butcher, the shoemaker and tailor, the storekeeper and lawyer, the doctor and the minister, are all useful to us; but we can't think of any use the saloon-

stopped; for, surely, two or three thousand people have the right to say whether twenty of their number shall hurt them or not.

"Our minister never says a word against these saloons; but if he had seen his son, not much older than we are, coming out of one of them, as we have, maybe he would preach about the evil of drunkenness and liquor-selling.

"Mr. —, the lawyer, knows how to talk to the people. Maybe if he had seen his boy going in and out of a saloon daily, as we have, he would gather them together, and rouse them up with a fiery