

"I won't do it," answered Frank. "They are old Mrs. Wilson's cherries, and I don't mean to let you touch them."

"Well, she won't know if I do," answered Bob, "and if she does who cares? She can't hurt anybody. Now, if you know what's good for yourself, you will just get out of the way."

"I won't do it," returned Frank. "These cherries are in my care, and no one shall touch a single one of them if I can help it. I should think you would be ashamed to steal a poor old woman's cherries!"

"Now, look here," said Bob roughly, "if you don't get out of my way, I'll break every bone in your body. I won't stand any more fooling from you. Will you get out of the way, or won't you?"

"I won't," answered Frank.

"I only want a handful, and if you let me have those I'll let you alone, and if you don't I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life and I'll throw all your cherries in the road."

Frank knew that the bully would carry out his threat, but he did not falter for an instant in his determination to guard the property committed to his trust. Bob was a good deal older and stronger than he was, and was used to fighting, but Frank resolved to do his best.

"You shan't lay a finger on these cherries," he said doubling his fists as Bob approached him with a threatening gesture.

"We'll see about that," said Bob, and he began to carry out his threat of giving Frank a thrashing.

Frank resisted with all his might, but he was not so great an adept at fighting as Bob was, and he was soon forced down into the dusty road on his back, while Bob held him down.

"Now I've got you," he exclaimed triumphantly. "Maybe you'll let me have those cherries now."

"No," answered Frank.

"Then I'll pound your face till your own mother won't know you," threatened Bob.

"You look nice now, with your black eye and cut lip, but I'll give you more than that if you don't behave yourself. Now I'll count three, and if you don't give in before I get through, I'll fix you. One—two—"

Before he could count three, a sharp voice called,

"Here, young man, I've got something to say to that," and Mr. Robinson sprang over the hedge.

Bob did not wait for another word, but springing up, dashed down the road as fast as he could, glancing over his shoulder every now and then to see if he was not pursued.

"I won't chase him, for I'm not as young as I once was, and I couldn't catch him," said Mr. Robinson, helping Frank to brush the dust from his jacket. "It's a good thing for you that I happened to be around," he went on.

"Indeed, it was fortunate," said Frank. "I'm very much obliged to you, sir, for I'm afraid he would have taken the cherries in spite of me."

"I had to come out here to this farm to see about some butter that they ought to have sent in this morning, and as I was in a hurry to get back to the store, I just came through the field instead of

can be trusted. You may come Monday morning and begin work."

"Thank you sir," said Frank, his face radiant with delight.

"Now you had better hurry along with your cherries" said Mr. Robinson. "I don't think Bob will trouble you again. Good-bye. I shall expect you Monday."

"I shall be there, sir. Good-bye," responded Frank, so happy over his good fortune that he did not feel the pain of his fast-swelling eye and lip. It did not take him long to reach town and dispose of the cherries, and then he

much," and Frank proved himself as worthy of the greater trusts committed to his care when he grew older as he did when he protected the widow's cherries at the expense of his own safety.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

#### A CLEVER DOG.

When the English steamer "Eira" got nipped in polar ice in 1881, the crew of twenty-two men made their way over the ice to a point of land where they knew they would find drift-wood for fuel. There they built a hut, but were short of meat. There were only bears for game and in the three-months' night of the Arctic winter the bear and ice were so much the same shade of white that the hunters could see him only a short distance away, and the bear stood the better chance to catch the hunters. Famine stared them in the face, and the men sat down and talked of what was to be done.

One that listened and seemed as deeply concerned as any, was a dog. His name was Oscar. Presently he started up and made them open the door of the hut and let him out. He went till he met a bear, barked at the beast and made it run after him, stopping now and then to bark and so keep the bear following, till they came close to the hut. The men came out and shot the bear.

Oscar kept on leading up the bears, who thought they were going to make a meal of him; and he thought the men would make a meal of them; and he and the ice-bound crew had plenty of meat all winter.

In the spring Capt. Gray of the "Eclipse," was appointed to go in search of the missing "Eira," Capt. Gray had been to the Arctic regions before, and will most likely go again. The two vessels met and came home together. And Oscar's owner made a present of the dog to the other captain, hoping if he got into any difficulty, Oscar would render him as good service. Captain Gray owns the dog and prizes him highly.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S REPLY.

A Scotch minister at family worship asked a bright little girl whether she had a soul.

"No, minister," she said, in broad Scotch accent.

The good man thought the child did not understand, and began to explain, when the little maid quietly answered, "Weel, sir, I have nae got a soul noo, for I gave myself to Jesus just a month ago, an' He keeps me all the time."



ROBIN AND CHERRIES.

(Outline Drawing Lesson for the Young.)

going round by the road. I have been watching you both for some time. I wanted to see if you would give in and sacrifice your trust to save yourself. I am glad to see that you are thoroughly trustworthy. I believe you called on me last week about working for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Frank. "Do you still want the place?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank eagerly.

"Then, in your case, I will do without any security, as I have had pretty good proof that you

hastened homeward, eager to tell his mother the good news.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed, as he entered the house and she saw his bruised face, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, that's my security, mother," answered Frank, and he told her all about the morning's occurrences.

Mr. Robinson found that he had not made a mistake in engaging Frank. He soon gained his master's entire confidence, and rose rapidly in his esteem. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is