



THE PUSSY THAT BUILT THE CHURCH

we must just work, and get it somehow."

In a small village far away, the Rev. Mr. Bent sat in his study, leaning his tired head on his hand. He looked very sad, and so did his wife, who had just come in. "It was no use, my dear," said he, "putting that appeal in the paper. Nobody has noticed it. We can't raise enough money to rebuild; we'll have to wait."

"Oh, William," sighed his wife, "how can we go back to that dirty hall, with its stage and footlights and gaudy curtain? It isn't a fit place in which to worship God. If you could have seen these people, who have struggled and saved for two years, standing and gazing at the smoking ashes of their church!"

"I did see them," answered her husband. "They are too much discouraged to make another effort."

"Father, here's a letter for you!" shouted a boy, running into the room. "I'm sure it was written by a boy of my age; it looks just like my writing."

Mr. Bent began to read, and as he read his face brightened; he lifted his head, and smiled. "Listen to this," he said:

"Rev. Mr. Bent. Dear Sir,

'We the undersigned want to let you know that we are going to send you some money, to help rebuild your church. We began last week, but the candy got spoilt, because the cat got stuck because we all did wrong. But we'll make the money somehow and send as soon as

possybel. If you begin before we get it, please leave a little for us to finish.

"Yours, etc.,

"Nellie, Tom, Annie, Joe, Katie, Carl, and Allan Newgent."

"There, Mary, that cheers me," said Mr. Bent, "I'm going to see the people."

It cheered Mrs. Bent, too. She watched her husband walk down the street as he had not walked since the fire, his threadbare coat flying out behind like a banner of victory; then she tripped upstairs and sang as she beat up the pillows and made the beds. The letter cheered the people, too. Of course, they knew that the children's money could not help much, but they thought to themselves, "God has not forgotten us; if one person answers the appeal, why should not others do the same? If those little ones in distant Maine are doing their best, we might try a little harder ourselves."

The senior warden took the letter home to read to his wife; the junior warden did the like; the "Ladies' Guild" asked to hear it, and it was read to the Sunday-school. If Allan had known how many were to see his document, he would have looked once or twice in the dictionary; but nobody dreamed of laughing at the spelling, although many wondered what was meant by "*the cat got stuck*." That letter gave cheer and courage wherever it went, and soon workmen, among whom might be recognized several of the Sunday-school boys, began clearing away the mournful, blackened timbers, and making ready to rebuild the church.

In about a month, a letter came from Maine containing—five hundred dollars! Of course, the Newgent children hadn't earned all that; in fact, with their mightiest efforts, they could collect only a few dollars; but Mr. Bent had answered Allan's letter, and told him how cheered they were, and that they meant to try again to build, and Mr. Bent's letter had travelled about the village in Maine as much as Allan's did in the distant Western village, and, wherever it went, it made people want to help. It even went to Aunt Maria, who was shocked that she had forgotten, and so hastened to add of her abundance to the children's pennies.

"We never should have done it, if your letter had not cheered us so, my boy," wrote Mr. Bent. Whereat Allan laughed, and said, "And I never should have written if Tabitha hadn't spoiled the candy. She began it!"—*Mary M. Burgess.*

"Tick;" the clock says, "tick, tick, tick.
What you have to do do quick:
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.
When your mother speaks obey,
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do do quick;"—*Selected.*