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"Oh, I'm afraid of the sheep," gasped Susan.

"They won't hurt you," Ruth assured her. Come!

The three Marys were already over the fence. The rest followed, timid Susan at the end of the line.

For an instant the sheep stared at their visitors, then the leader turned suddenly and vaulted over a low stone wall into another field, and the rest dashed after him. It was over in a minute, and the sheep pasture was left in sole possession of the ten little girls.

They looked at one another with frightened eyes.

"I wish we hadn't done it!" moaned Mary Lamb, and the nine others said they wished they had not, too.

"What will Mr. Cross say?" cried Jane.

"Jim Tucker says he is just like his name. O dear! O dear!"

"O dear! O dear!" echoed the nine others.

"Maybe the sheep will run away and never come back," said Nancy.

"Maybe," agreed the rest.

"I think we ought to go and tell Mr. Cross," ventured Mary Lamb.

"Oh, I don't dare!" Mary Lyon said.

"I don't dare either," said Mary Fox.

And the seven others said they did not dare, too.

"I dare," said Mary Lamb. "Anyway, if I don't dare, I'll go if you'll go with me."

The nine agreed to go, and they turned down the road that led to Mr. Cross's home.

Mr. Cross was sitting on the back piazza and when he saw the ten little girls coming round the corner of the house a big smile spread over his face.

"Well, well!" he said. "Have you all come to call on me?" Let's see—ten of you! Well, well, I'll have to get some chairs, won't I?"

Mary Lamb, with a very scared face, said they could not stay to sit down, and then she told about the sheep and how they had run away.

The smile on Mr. Cross's face had been growing bigger and bigger and bigger, till now it broke into a funny, chuckling laugh that made Mr. Cross shake all over.

"Well, well!" he ejaculated. "So the whole flock jumped over the wall, did they? Well, I can't blame 'em much. Why, when I was a boy, if I had seen ten little girls coming to get acquainted with me, I'd have jumped over a stone wall myself! Ho, ho, ho!" and Mr. Cross laughed and laughed, till the ten little girls

would have laughed, too, only they could not quite, they were so scared.

"We're so sorry," said Mary Lamb.

"Yes, we're so sorry!" said the nine others.

"It was all my fault," confessed Mary Fox, bravely. "And, oh, do you suppose they're lost forever'n ever?"

"You come and see!" chuckled Mr. Cross, and he took his hat down from a peg, and he and the ten little girls went back to the sheep pasture together.

Over the fence they scrambled, and then Mr. Cross took a little whistle from his pocket and blew it softly.

In a minute the head of a big sheep appeared, and before the ten little girls had time to think the whole flock were back in their own pasture, and were coming straight for Mr. Cross.

"Oh!" cried Susan.

"Oh, oh!" cried the nine others.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Cross. "Don't mean to say you're afraid? Well, well, they'll be the 'fraidest. See?"

And even then the sheep had stopped, hardly knowing whether to come on or to turn back.

"Needn't be a mite afraid," Mr. Cross said to the ten little girls huddled close behind him, and then he blew softly again on his whistle.

At that the sheep came forward, and the ten little girls were half-frightened and half-delighted to see how tame they were, and how they fairly tumbled over one another to poke their noses into Mr. Cross's pockets to get the salt which was there.

"Isn't he nice?" exclaimed Mary Lamb, after the ten little girls had bidden Mr. Cross a laughing goodbye.

"Isn't he?" echoed the nine.

"I think Jim Tucker was the cross one," said Mary Fox.

"Anyway, Mr. Cross isn't cross!" declared Mary Lyon.

And that made the ten little girls laugh all the way home.—Youth's Companion.

Did we but remember how often God has been better to us than our fears, we would exercise greater confidence in Him.

Life is short. Let us not throw any of it away in useless resentment. It is best not to be angry. It is next best to be quickly reconciled.

Let us make known our requests to God, thanking Him for past mercies, and then wait patiently upon Him. So will His peace keep our hearts and minds. . .

A VERY SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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Four memorial gifts have recently been presented to Trinity Church, Wethersfield, Conn. They were as follows: A fine dorsal pole of churchly design, a handsome brass processional cross, a massive brass eagle lectern and a solid brass prayer desk.