

herself. That was making a promise; and if I don't try I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come; and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh, yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him. "Tom," she said with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to the Sunday School with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement, he gazed at her for a minute without speaking; then he said slowly, "Go to the Sunday School! Why, what in the world shall I go there for?"

"Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to the Sunday School won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary, hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there, I heard them singing 'I want to be an angel'; and they sang it so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too. Tom, if you would only come!"

She had scarcely finished, when Tom walked abruptly past her; and, a minute after, she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! she was so disappointed that the tears would come; and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and, in an instant, Tom stood before her again, "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to the Sunday School?"

She looked at him surprised, and a little startled, and then said earnestly, "Oh, Tom won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You need not cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

Tom went, and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, "having fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure that, when the trumpet shall

sound, and sea and land give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt, shall awake to glory and everlasting life. I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she has already fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would you not like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?

### Real Courage.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are apt sometimes to mistake prudence for cowardice, and yet no two qualities can be more unlike.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy once to his more gentle cousin: "I do believe, John, you're afraid to go near that horse just because he isn't tied."

"There is no need of my going near him, Stephen," was the reply; "and there is danger of his kicking any one who teases him."

Ha! ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a bravey, now, ain't you? The idea of being afraid of a horse!" and with a taunting look at John, the foolish boy walked up to the grazing animal and poked him with a stick. The horse gave an uneasy start, but continued pulling at the grass.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing bolder, "if you'll promise not to faint, I'll present you with a lock of his tail in a minute."

John didn't faint, but Stephen did; for, as he stealthily approached the horse in the rear, the animal bounded away, performing a flourish with his hoofs that laid his tormenter senseless in the dust. John tried hard to restore Stephen to consciousness. He loosened his clothing, rubbed his hands and feet, and bringing water in his cap from the pool near by, splashed it upon the boy's white face, but all in vain: there was no sign of life. The nearest house was their own home, and a quarter of a mile distant. John felt that not a moment was to be lost. He approached the now quiet horse, and, leaping upon him, rode swiftly, without saddle or bridle, to his uncle's house for help.

When, after a long illness, Stephen recovered, he was a wiser boy, and told his cousin that he really believed that the horse had managed to kick a little common sense into him.

"What a dunce I must have been, John," he added, "to fancy you were afraid of that horse."