

"But she hadn't more'n got here when she was taken down with rheumatic fever, and not bein' able to go herself, she sent her little girl over to ask about the Squire. The old man was sittin' on one o' the benches there by the gateway, with his chin on his cane, when the little one come in, and he started as if he'd seen a ghost. They say she's the born image of her mother when she was her age, and she's named after her, too, and when her grandad called her Annie she run right to him and clumb on his knee and begun chatterin' as if she'd known him all her life. He's gen'ly rough as a bear with children, but they say he broke down at that and cried like a baby.

"Well, that little midget kep' comin' right along, bringin' flowers and jells and lovin' messages from her mother; and 'bout the first question she'd ask him would be, 'Have you said your prayers this mornin', grandpa?' And then she'd make him recite with her, 'Our Father.' And before folks knew what was goin' on the old Squire was converted. You know the Bible says, 'A little child shall lead 'em,' and it seems as if the Lord must have sent that little one there on purpose to bring him to repentance; at least, that's the way it looks to me. His daughter, soon as she was able to be up, wanted him to come live with her, but he was afraid he'd be a trouble and thought he'd better stay where he was. To be sure, he said, 'twas the poorhouse, but 'twas in the poorhouse that he'd found the way to heaven."

At this point the off horse began to balk, and it was several minutes before the Captain could go on.

"Queer," he remarked, as he settled back in his seat, "what ups and downs sometimes come to people. All of a sudden, one day, 'bout a year ago, The Squire had a letter sayin' that a new vein had been struck in the mine that he'd invested in, and that the stock had doubled in value. Seems he'd been smart enough to hold on to the paper, so he was once more a rich man; and the first thing he did was to deed twenty acres of land to the county and buy back his home. Then he had the house put in order from top to bottom, and to-day his daughter Annie and her little girl are livin' there with him, and the two nephews that he 'prenticed to a shoemaker are bein' fitted for college. Curious, wasn't it, how it all happened? Makes you think of old Nebuchadnezzar havin' to go down on his marrow-bones, and then gettin' back his throne after he'd learned his lesson. Anyhow, the Squire's clothed and in his right mind at last, and I've come to the conclusion that his wife's prayers weren't wasted after all."

He had stopped to water his horses at the brook that ran babbling over the stones below the Squire's barn, and looking back I saw the old man walking under the maples, while swinging his hand as she danced beside him was the little granddaughter, with her sunbonnet on her arm and her bright hair tossing in the wind. Truly, "a little child shall lead them."—The Independent.

### THE GLORY OF GOING ON.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—  
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—  
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:  
Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,  
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?  
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seas of the just,  
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:  
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—Tennyson.