

asked the girl where she lived and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

"And the little girl whispered back:

"It's because she's beautiful as well as her clothes," the gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. The gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude followed. He paid for a nice ride for them in a goat-carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady; "and this," a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her."

And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse-car. — *New York Evangelist*.

HOW THE SHEPHERD BOY OF THE CEVENNES BECAME A COLPORTEUR.

In the southern central part of France is a hilly district called the Cevennes. The mountaineers of this district are a very rugged, hardy people, and a long time ago they suffered many things for

the sake of the Protestant faith. In the end, however, they were overcome, and for more than a hundred and fifty years they gradually lost, little by little, the knowledge of God and of the teachings of the Bible. They had no pastors or churches of their own: the traditions of all that their forefathers had suffered made them keep away from the Roman-catholic churches, and so, though they were stoutly loyal to the name of Protestant, they had little more notion of religion than if they had been born in a heathen land.

About seventy years ago one of these Cevenols, as the inhabitants of the district are called, a boy of about fifteen, was keeping sheep among the hills. He was very poor, for his labor hardly brought him enough to buy hard, black bread and scanty clothing, and more often than not his bed was the mountain-side. Yet he was brave and hardy and could have been very happy but for one thing: he was troubled with a sense of sin. It must have been the Holy Spirit who thus opened his heart to know his own wickedness, for he had never been taught anything of religion.

One day, while he was watching his sheep with a heavy heart, a stranger came along, and sitting down to rest beside the shepherd-boy, they began to talk together. Before long the shepherd-boy, won by the kindness of his new friend, told him all his trouble and the anxiety that lay so heavily on his heart.

"But do you not know," asked the stranger, "that Jesus Christ died to save sinners?"

The shepherd-boy could hardly believe his ears. So wonderful a thing he had never heard: it seemed impossible that it should be true. The stranger told him the whole story, of how Jesus had come down from heaven, and had been a little child in the manger, and all the rest of the beautiful story that American children know so well. The shepherd boy wept when he heard of that cruel death: and yet he was happy, for he believed the stranger's words, that Jesus Christ had died to save him: and not him alone, but