

surrounding you—what is the reason you are so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, the stars shining night after night, makes the garden things come

up the same, season after season, He can sartinly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost *should* come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy, you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father, will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh! then, but I'll go and seek him; and help 'em to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolick to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood

at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. The chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that ever had been erected; and as Tom had shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and