

handkerchiefs for my benefit!" Wells was so amused that he could hardly speak the words, but Christie looked perfectly sober.

"Why not?" she said. "Anybody who had one would give it for such a thing, you know. And it is really necessary. Mother was very particular about it when father had a sprain."

"Well! I suppose you will do it. I think you would do anything that it happened to come into your head ought to be done; but I beg you to ask each of the contributors for their addresses, for I shall want to express a few handkerchiefs to them, if this train ever does reach the city."

In due course of time Christie did just that thing. She went timidly over to the old gentleman and told him her plan. She did not like to do it, but it seemed the next thing to be done, and as she walked along, she remembered that she had not liked to do one of the things that had come to her since she stopped the train; yet they had all turned out well, so far. Even the china pitcher was doing its duty as nicely as though its owner had been willing to lend it.

The old gentleman was delightful. He shook out two of the largest and finest cambric handkerchiefs that Christie had ever seen. It did seem a pity to tear them, but he gave them up as though it was a pleasure to him to think of their being torn in bits.

The young man was equally ready, and more able, for he opened his case, and produced three or four, which Christie saw with joy, for she need not go to the owner of the pitcher.

"How are you going to fasten the pieces?" he asked as he spread out the handkerchiefs and prepared to help tear them. "Pins will scratch, and besides will not make a smooth bandage. Take care, you are getting that one too wide; bandages are nuisances unless they fit nicely. What shall we do about the sewing? I suppose you haven't a workbox with you?"

"Not quite," said Christie, laughing, and feeling as though she were acquainted with him, "but I have something that will do to sew bandages. I had a necktie to hem for father, and I took it along for work to-day at my uncle's. The only trouble is it is black silk, and I ought to have white thread, but it will do."

"Of course it will do," her new friend said heartily. Did you ever read fairy stories? There is one about a little woman who had in her pocket, or in her mouth, or her shoes, somewhere about her, just the thing that was wanted next. I didn't know that fairies travelled on the cars, but I believe you must be her cousin at least."

"I wonder if you should like some help in putting this bandage on? I have done such things before now, and I think perhaps my hands are a little stronger than yours."

"Oh!" said Christie, relieved, and smiling, "I am so glad. I didn't know how it would get on. I tried once to bandage father's foot, and I did not do it well at all; but I thought I must do the best I could this time, and maybe it would last until he got to the city. Are you a doctor, sir?"

"Not quite; I am only studying, with the hope of being one sometime. You did not know you were a teacher as well as a fairy, did you?"

"I?" said Christie, looking greatly astonished.

"You. I have been watching you all the morning, and I concluded just now, that it was time I roused myself and began to think of something besides my own great disappointment. I suppose I shall reach the city just as soon if I help to bandage that foot as though I sat here and looked at my watch, and longed for the train to start."

The sentence ended with a little sigh, and the anxious look came back to his pale face as he skillfully rolled the bandage into a hard little ball.

"I am very sorry for you," said Christie gently; "I do hope you will get to the city in time! and I can't help thinking that you will."

There was such a confident little note in her voice that he glanced at her curiously.

"Do your fairy powers reach in that direction?" he asked, smiling just a little. "Could you wave your wand, do you think, and make this train start on its way?"

She shook her head, smiling, yet with a serious mouth.

"Nobody ever thought of such a thing as calling me a fairy; I'm only Christie Tucker; but I prayed to God to let you get to the city as quick as he could, and to let your friend get well. And I cannot help thinking that he will do it. I know he will if it is best."

"How did you find that out?"

"Why," said Christie, puzzled how to answer this, yet feeling that it ought to be answered, "of course He will. He said so, you know. Or, well, he said so about some people. Are not you one of them, sir?"

"One of whom?"

"One of the people who love God? He said he would make everything come just right to the people who love him. And he never breaks a promise, you know."

"Look here, little woman that lady over there who is tearing a letter into bits, has not been very polite to you I have noticed, and I suppose she doesn't love you nearly as well as your mother

does, for instance; but suppose you knew that her sister was very sick, and that she was anxious to get to her; if you could wouldn't you make this train go on as fast as possible, so as to give her a chance to get to the city?"

"Yes, sir," said Christie unhesitatingly, "I would of course."

"Then you are better than God? You see he doesn't do it."

Christie considered this for a moment, then said:

"But I might make a dreadful mistake. Perhaps two trains would run into each other, or it might be all wrong in some way. You see, God knows how to do things, and I don't."

"Ah, but if you knew how to do things, you could plan so that it would be best. This is what you say God does for those who love Him, and I am showing you that you would do it for those who don't love you, and are therefore making yourself out to be better than God. Don't you see?"

Christie looked distressed. What she saw, was, that this man needed to have somebody explain things to him. He did not disturb her faith, but how was she going to show him that God was good to all?

She thought it over in silence, while he still rolled at the bandage, which showed a perverse desire to twist, and needed care from her watchful fingers all the time.

At last she said timidly, "I know there is a way to explain, but I don't know how to do it. If you knew our minister, he could tell you. Don't you think, though, that some people won't let God do the best for them? He wants them to choose to love him, and then he can take care of them and see that everything comes out all right. Our minister told me about it. There was a little boy living at Mr. Briggs', that came all the way from the Home for Little Wanderers in New York. Mr. Briggs took him to work on the farm. His name is Johnnie, and our minister said: 'What if Johnnie should run away, and refuse to live with Mr. Briggs, could he be taken care of as he would have been if he had stayed with the man who had promised him a home?' He said a great deal more, and made it real plain. If you could talk with him, I know he could make you understand; but I am only a little girl."

"You are a very good little girl," he said gently, "and whether I understand things as you do or not, I thank you for praying for me. That do me any harm, I Now we will go on fitting the bandage, foot."

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may say for the eater, we certainly cannot n handsome. The long snout and those prominent claws, are decidedly ugly; but he would be sorry to part with them, for they help him to secure his food. Let us take a peep at him, not as he is at the Zoo,—as shown in our picture,—but in his native land. Far away in Brazil and in the swampy savannahs of South America the ant-eater is at home.

What are these little mounds on the ground? These are the *tumuli* as the houses of the white ants are called. Very well built and substantial residences they are. But that does not secure them from destruction by one scratch of the ant-eater's formidable claw. Then as the ants run hither and thither in dismay, they are quickly caught on the long tongue of their foe, and gobbled down, multitudes of them being eaten at one meal. Well, they can be easily spared, for they are most destructive little things.

A gentleman once tamed a young female ant-eater, and taught it to eat meat and fish, which had to be chopped up very small, as ant-eaters have no teeth. It was an affectionate pet, and would run about after its master, or any one to whom she had taken a fancy, with its long nose close to the ground, so as to find them by the scent, for its sense of smell was remarkably strong, though the eyesight was weak. The poor little creature did not live to grow up. It always seemed bitterly cold, though it was kept wrapped up in a blanket; and at length it pined away and died.

THE PRAYER may be short, but if it come hot from the heart of one in the thick of the battle; will it not reach the ear to which it is sent? A few words—Lord save us! we perish—roused up the Redeemer to save his disciples from the devouring sea. Ah! these prayers of men that struggle are dear to Him that hear them; they consecrate a life, they make a man's heart a very church or temple in which worship is continually offered. These are not days when the more useful minds can find leisure for much retirement and self-communing. But to carry the praying heart about with us into all that our hands find to do is the special need of our time.—*Archbishop of York.*

To DELIGHT in giving unto the Lord is as much to be cultivated as to delight in prayer or in speaking a season of ledge of the d truths of it in spirit, North Carolina