

SAVED BY A THREAD.

A tall chimney had been completed, the scaffolding was being removed. One man remained on top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing, when her little boy burst in with, "Mother, mother, they've forgotten the rope, and he's going to throw himself down!"

She paused. Her lips moved in the agony of silent prayer, and she rushed forth. A crowd was looking up to the poor man, who was moving round and round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. He seemed as if at any moment he might fall, or throw himself down in despair.

His wife from below cried out, "Wait, John!"

The man became calm.

"Take off thy stockings; unravel the worsted." And he did so.

"Now tie the end to a bit of mortar and lower gently."

Down came the thread and a bit of mortar, swinging backwards and forwards. Lower and lower it descended, eagerly watched by many eyes; it was now within reach, and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some twine to the thread. "Now, pull up." The man got hold of the twine. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure.

There were a few moments of suspense, and then, amidst the shouts of the people, he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing, "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was not despised: it drew after it the twine, the rope, and rescue!

Ah, my friend, thou mayst be sunk very low down in sin and woe, but there is a thread of divine love that comes from the throne of heaven and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small, but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, will lift even you up to God and glory. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"—*Newman Hall*.

THE BOY AND TOY GUN.

A ten year-old boy of Newtonville was given a toy gun by his father, who laughingly promised him a dollar for every crow he would shoot.

Highly elated with his gun, and sanguine of earning a small fortune by shooting crows, the young sportsman spent the greater part of ten days in a field watching for birds. Not a crow came near him, greatly to his disappointment, and he reported his ill-success to his father, who said, to comfort him:

"Well, never mind the crows, I'll give you half a dollar for any kind of a bird you can shoot."

Early the next morning the boy, with gun in hand, took up his position in the back yard to watch for sparrows. A half-dozen or more unwary birds soon appeared to pick up the crumbs that he had thrown out to lure them within reach of a shot. At a movement on his part the sparrows rose, and the boy fired.

One of the birds was hit and fell to the ground, where it lay for a minute, fluttering its wings, and then became motionless. The boy went forward, picked it up, and looked at it. The poor little head hung limp—the shot had broken the sparrow's neck. For a moment the boy stood contemplating the dead creature in his hand; then he turned and fled to his house.

"Oh, I've killed it! I've killed it, mamma," he cried in shocked tone. "It can't fly any more!" and all that day his lament was, "Oh, I wish I hadn't done it!"

His father, who had not supposed the boy in any danger of hitting a bird, tried to solace him with the half-dollar and suggestions of what might be bought with it.

"No, papa," was his sorrowful answer, "I don't want it. I wish I could make the sparrow live again. I never thought it would be like that to kill a bird!"

"And," said his father, in concluding the story, "I was more pleased at the tender feeling my boy displayed than I should have been had he become the best shot in the State."—*Fouths' Companion*.