

alone. Then it gradually came about that when the whistle sounded far down the track about sunset, away went all the boys and girls to meet the train from town, eager for letters from home friends.

While the merry young folks who did not have balky feet were away, Patty used to sit in her wheeled chair out under the big trees. And while she sat there, she began to scrape up an acquaintance with many of the shy forest folk, who did not seem to mind her presence at all. In fact, little Mr. Nut-hatch made her laugh so she cried, by taking his dinner right above her head, clinging to the tree upside down. And she almost held her breath for very joy late one afternoon, because right out of the forest there came hopping a little wood thrush. And hopping right along behind the little brown mother were her twin babies, who sat in the grass close by Patty's chair, and had their bug supper.

They were all lovely folks to know, thought the little girl, but the ones she loved best were her fairies.

These came to her one evening just as darkness was about to settle down about her. Patty was feeling a bit lonely, when suddenly, right above her in the big tree, she heard a queer scratching sound. And Patty's eyes nearly popped out when she spied a little round head, poked around a big limb, and met two pert black eyes staring down at her.

You may be sure Patty stared back just as hard as ever she could, and then she nearly jumped out of her chair, for the owner of the little round head suddenly came sailing down right out of the tree! Another and then another followed, until the very air seemed to be filled with little furry bodies flitting from tree to tree.

And Patty sat all agape, for these queer creatures were not birds at all! They had round heads and plumpy tails, and four delicate feet, and were just exactly like squirrels, only they could fly!

"I know, I know!" whispered the astonished little girl to herself. "They are squirrel fairies, that's what they are! And they have found out how awful bad it is to have a balky foot, and so they have come to see me!"

Long hours did Patty spend with her fairies each day after that sitting happily under the trees, even after darkness came. For the little chaps did not pop their heads out of their nests until sunset. Then up and down tree trunks they scampered, sailing right over Patty's fuzzy, yellow head sometimes, often turning square around in mid air to catch a swaying twig.

"There's a whole colony of flying squirrels out there in the trees," said father, when he came up to take his family home. "I'll catch you one, Patty, if you like. They make nice pets."

Patty stood by his side, having just walked across the porch from her chair, the balky foot going a bit slowly, and a little behind the other, yet moving along as any well-behaved foot should. At her father's words the little girl shrank back with a shiver.

"O. no, father!" she cried, a note of

keen pain in her voice. "I never do want anything caught and shut up, ever any more! It's too awful to be a prisoner, and not able to run, or fly, or climb! I'd rather leave my fairies in their trees—happy and free even though I'll miss them dreadfully when I go back to town."—"Baptist Boys and Girls."

The Spirit of Giving.

A little boy, who had plenty of coppers, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, of the missionary. His was a tin penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so he looked round with self-applauding gaze as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen, I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.—Selected.

A Shadow-line Play.

"Let's play 'shadow-line,'" suggested Jolly.

"What is that?" asked Sunshine.

"Never heard of such a play," very gravely said Merrily.

"Why," and Jolly looked round, "you see where the sunshine ends and the maple tree's shadow begins? Well, we are to shut our eyes and keep walking round while we count one hundred. Then we must open our eyes, and if we find ourselves inside the shadow, then we are 'dead,' and must fall down."

"Then they all shut their eyes and counted, 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,' on and on, till they came to ninety-nine."

"One hundred!" shouted Jolly.

"One hundred!" shouted Merrily.

"One hundred!" shouted Sunshine.

"Not dead yet!" they all laughed.

Then again they shut their eyes and counted and when the one hundred was finished Jolly ejaculated, "Oh!" and down she fell.

Then Sunshine and Merrily took up the count, and this time, when they opened their eyes, they each exclaimed, "Oh!" and down they fell. They had all crossed the 'shadow-line.'

Just then there was loud chatter and jabber in the branches of the big maple tree, such an outpour of bird screams and shrieks, such a flutter and flapping of wings!

"What's that? What's that? What can the matter be?" whispered the little 'dead' girls.

"Oh," shrieked Jolly, suddenly spring-

ing up, 'the cat's after a baby robin! Scat! Scat!'

Very quickly Merrily and Sunshine jumped up, and the cat ran, her tail showing fright at the screaming of the three little 'dead' girls! Then papa came and put the baby robin back in its nest, and the little girls voted the shadow-line play a fine game.

"Why," exclaimed Merrily, 'if we had not been "dead," then we could not have saved the life of that dear little bird!'—"Youth's Companion."

Choosing a Pathway.

Little children, happy children,
With your bright and winsome ways,
Faces glowing with the radiance
Of your happy, early days,—
Little tender-hearted maidens,
Merry boys with sunny brow,
I would ask you one short question:
Answer me, I pray you now.

Life is lying all before you,
Like a new, unwritten book,
With no ugly blots to mar it,
No mistakes to spoil its look:
Children, you must fill those pages,
You must fill them one by one;
And the book will be examined
When your task on earth is done.

Life is lying all before you,
With its pathways yet untrod;
One that leadeth to destruction,
One that leadeth up to God.
Each of you must choose a pathway,
For your little feet to go—
Upward to a home in glory,
Downward to a death of woe.

Little children, have you chosen
What your future life shall be?
Have you tried to look beyond it,
Or its far-off end to see?
Jesus Christ, the children's Shepherd,
Waiteth long to know your choice;
He alone can rightly guide you;
Listen to His warning voice.

Little children, Jesus loves you,
All for you He bled and died;
And is ready now to save you.
Hark! He calls you to His side.
Through this world with all its dangers
All its sorrow, sin, and care,
Christ, the Lord, will safely lead you
To His kingdom, bright and fair.
—"The Child's Companion."

Pussy's Rescue.

(By Aunt Carrie, in 'Our Little Dots'.)

I am going to tell you about our pet cat.

The workmen were mending the roof of our house and had placed a long ladder against the back of it. Master Pussy thought to be very clever, so he climbed up the ladder rung by rung.

When he was as high as the bedroom windows he began to feel rather frightened, and was unable to come down again. Poor Puss! He mewed and mewed, and at last the workman heard him and carried him to safety again.

I don't think he will ever try to climb ladders any more after such a fright.