

money to send, but you can send your prayers, and perhaps some of you may go some day yourselves to tell about Jesus." Then all the boys hurried out to play, for it was after play-hours, and they seemed to forget all about the heathen in a good game of foot-ball—all but Fritz—he could not forget that big orange of his up-stairs, and he could not forget the heathen children who knew nothing about the Christ-Child.

"I can't get the money out," he argued, to quiet his troublesome conscience; "it is fast in the big yellow mouth." Still, when he went up-stairs that night, he could not get to sleep, for the yellow bank under his pillow would not sing at all, and the ten pennies only made a little sobbing sound like the poor heathen children. Oh! it was very hard to save money, and just when it ought to make you happy, to have it go on like that—crying all the time! Fritz had to put his fingers in his ears to shut out the noise. He thought it would be all right in the morning, but in the morning the pennies cried the same as ever.

He thought he would tell Miss Kate about it some time, but it happened that Miss Kate was away just then, so he had to keep it to himself. "It would have to break to get them," he said to himself, one night, as he held it in his hand. "If it were just broke now!" and Fritz gave a little shiver of horror at the very thought.

That night Fritz had a dream, long after his little curly head had nestled down among the pillows. He thought the Christ-Child came to him and held out His hand for a gift. Fritz had only the yellow orange to give Him, and he held that behind his back so that the Christ-Child would not see.

But the Lord seemed to know all about the yellow orange, for He said, as He turned away, "I don't want your gift, my child, unless you give it with a willing heart." Then all at once the orange looked very mean and small to Fritz, and all the brightness had gone out of the room, and he woke to find himself the only one awake in the darkness. He felt for the orange. Yes, it was still there, round and hard. But Fritz did not hold it quite so tightly in his hands now. It must be broken for the Christ-Child's sake. Fritz could not think of breaking it himself, but he lay awake and tried to think how it could be done. At last he stole softly out of bed, slipped like a mouse along the wide hall, and laid his precious orange right at the head of the stairs, just where the first person who descended would be sure to knock it straight to the bottom. Then he crept back to the dormitory and lay listening. Many a time he almost started to rescue it from its perilous position, but then lay still again. About five o'clock there was a step, probably the night-watchman going his last round, then a crash, as of something falling, a muttered exclamation

from the man, as Fritz stood beside him, hastily collecting the scattered pennies. "It were my own," he said, and the kind watchman asked no further explanation from little Fritz.

The very next day Miss Kate was back again, and as Fritz gave her a cordial welcome, he pressed ten warm little pennies into her hand, with the words, "The yellow bank was broke to-day, Miss Kate, and these are for the heathen."—*Children's Work for Children.*

### DON'T ABUSE BEASTS.

**W**HEN I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plow with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, to 'break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'There is something wrong here, let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor, we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded and cannot tell you. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

CHILDREN little know what knowledge and training they may require in the course of a life-time. The very thing that seems useless and irksome to a child, may be of the utmost importance to the man or the woman when childish things are put away.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you may need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place; but it will be just in place some time. Then, if you do not have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."