

did not think anything was the matter. That night we heard great noise among our fowls and soon after a dog fight. When we went out next morning two fowls lay torn to pieces but we did not suspect him until we saw him rushing about after some fowls, and soon he was on a career up and down street, killing fowls. In five minutes he killed three out right, and bit three that had to be killed, and one, a mother, with a brood of nine had her leg broken. Soon a crowd gathered. One with a gun and others with clubs went in pursuit. They wounded him and he ran home and was shot under the house. It was a blessing that no more were bitten. All was done for our man that could be done, so we hope for the best. Three or four nights after one went mad and kept our ducks and chickens lively for a while. Ma and Miss Semple went to put them up in the fowl house never thinking of a mad dog. At two in the morning by moonlight he was shot. He had been wounded before and we saw his course marked with blood. We are rather afraid of dogs just now, so many have gone mad. Papa is very well. Mamma is not so well and is rather tired these days as we all are on account of what has to be done. After the New year we will get a nice rest.

Mamma and Papa wish to unite with me in love to all your household, and a large share for yourself.

I am, yours very sincerely,  
AGNES M. MORTON.

### THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

"To think that my brother could forget me," cried Charlotte, tears coursing down her cheeks, "when I loved him so, and longed for our meeting again!"

"It is because you are so changed that he does not remember you; you were so little when you parted," replied her mamm. "You will always be together now, and know and love each other as before."

"But it will always grieve me to think that he forgot me," sobbed Charlotte.

"Did you ever forget a friend?"

"I think not, mamma."

"Who is your best friend?"

"Jesus Christ the Saviour."

"Did you never forget him?"

"O yes—often, often."

"And yet he loves you far more than you love your brother. How your forgetfulness must grieve him! Do you ever think of this? Before the throne of glory Christ remembers us. Shall we, then, forget him?"

### A LITTLE CANDLE.

One Sabbath evening in Edinburgh, in the Canongate, the police were called in. It was up a dark stair, in a house near the top of it, where a half drunk man was making a disturbance and a furious noise, that the two policemen were wanted.

When they got into the room where the man was, they found he had broken the table and chairs, beaten his wife and the neighbours when they tried to quiet him, and was so dangerous that the officers seized him to take him off to the police-station. But he got more furious, resisted them, cursed and swore at them, and refused to go. Just then a little girl of five or six years of age came up the stairs,—perhaps singing a hymn; any way, she reached the room where the fight was going on. She looked astonished, ran to the drunken man, and looking up with tears in her eyes, said, "Father!"

The poor man became quiet, ceased to swear or struggle, and was led quietly away. When he got downstairs, the officers said to him, "Your little girl settled you!"—Yes," he replied, "when she comes home from the school she is so good and gentle, and repeats her texts and hymns to me so nicely, I dare not swear or curse before her."

Was it not all just because that little one loved Christ, and tried to please Christ?

### LITTLE TOMMY AND HIS MONEY.

Tommy's uncle is a missionary in India; and, from hearing his letters read, Tommy has become very much interested in mission work, and says, as soon as he is old enough, he means to go himself to preach to the heathen. I think very likely he will, for Tommy not only pities the heathen, but he has learned to love and trust the Saviour, and every day he prays to him, and tries to do those things which will please him.

Every Sunday he puts some money in his mission-box; and he is very particular to earn it all himself.

He earns some of this money by weeding in the garden. It is hot, tiresome work; and, of course, it would be pleasanter to be at play. But he has learned the text, "Even Christ pleased not himself," and he is glad if he can be, in the least, like his Saviour.

He opens his box once in three months; and, the last time he opened it, it contained almost two dollars, all of which he earned himself.—*Little helpers.*