

Dickey seated himself on his father's knee, and said, "Now, papa, do tell me how did you get cured of saying, 'I didn't think?' you hardly ever forget."

"Well, my son, when I was a little fellow like you, and like you, used to forget, my father and mother tried many ways to help me get rid of my fault. The last I remember was this: I had money given me, and every time I forgot I had to give back a certain sum to my father."

"Oh, papa, I haven't any money; I wish you'd give me some and try that way with me." The father gave a kiss each side the brown eyes that were looking so earnestly into his face, and said, "I will, my son. After you get home from school to-morrow and I get home from my office you will see what we will do."

The next day was a long one to Dickey, he was in such haste for the evening to come. As he sat at his desk in school adding up figures, more than once he right into the middle of a column and missed a thought of the new plan, and soiled his counting so that he had to do it over again.

It was a short winter day, and dark early. Before the lamps were lighted the little boy drew his father's arm air beside the fire, placed his own hand one beside it, and seated himself to wait.

"Well, you see, I went to school one Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?" "My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it'd be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

many hard little things into the bottom of the tin box. Dickey counted his treasures and found that he had, this time, thirty brand new shining silver dimes.

Then mamma dropped into the box a card, on which, in pretty colored letters, were the words: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Now, has not this dark little tale a bright little end?

DIXEY'S SIX CENTS.

A short time ago a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book-store in Annasburg and said to the man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' in it; and how much is it, sir, and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment. The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

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"The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf, he said: 'I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen.' Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii. 16)—get your Bibles and find the place, children—and told her how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light and rest and love prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the little buyer. "And He says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?" "Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another to-morrow, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dickey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you to have these six cents for the missionary-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dickey was told so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dickey's cents" as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger-sheep to the Good Shepherd.—Episcopal Record.

BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.

Billy Boosey was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the common, years ago, when I was a lad; and while he was ready to turn his hands to all kinds of work he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden and the money he would earn by means of a donkey and a cart. Billy treated his donkey as kindly as it was possible; and although he could afford neither to buy corn for it nor keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in a good condition, and would draw a heavy load behind him or carry one on his back at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey. One day Neddy's unwillingness to "go" amounted fairly to obstinacy; and when Johnny White had paid his penny and mounted in gleeful anticipation, on, not a step would Neddy budge. "Make him go, Billy," was the cry. They urged, Billy shouted, whistled and flourished his arms and clapped his hands, but all in vain; only when the stick was applied pretty vigorously did Neddy condescend to start. And when he did go he did go—as people say—at full speed off across the common, toys, Billy and all shouting at his heels. It was r.r.e. fun. Presently Johnny White began to feel uncomfortable. Neddy was going at full speed toward the big pond, and not the slightest use was it for Johnny to pull with all his might at the reins. The cry now was "stop him, Billy. Make him stop!"

To this Billy could only reply, as he came panting along far in the rear, "Pull, Johnny!—pull!"

The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a standstill, and over went Johnny splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out! Just as we had done so Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all hands with, "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Boys," said Billy as soon as he could recover breath sufficiently to speak—"Boys, I could make him go, but I couldn't make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, do not get into bad habits, for it'll be easier to start than to stop. 'Specially take care what sort o' company you keep. Fight shy o' them lads that swear and smoke and tell lies and drink. If you get started there you'll maybe find yourselves shot over into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out of."

They were simple words, but the old man's advice was good, and many of us, I doubt not, remembered it long after.

We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed; but he had a terrible bad cold after his famous ride and bath. He is dead now, poor fellow! As he grew up he took no heed to Billy's counsel, but seemed never so happy as when he could get with those who delighted to do just what the old man so earnestly cautioned us against. He got into disgrace early, and more than once, before he was twenty, was Johnny taken off to the county jail. When he found his character was altogether gone, and he could get no work, he tried his hand at being a soldier. He was not in the army long. Drink was his besetment, and at last was his death. He died in the hospital from injuries received in a drunken quarrel.

It is many a long year since we used to play together on that common, but I often have those days brought to mind, for I never see a youth neglecting his Sunday-school, and spending his time at street-corners and associating with evil companions, without thinking of the old man's words about it being easier to start than to stop. Some lads I have seen who have withstood the temptation a long time, and the given away at last. Some of these have become the worst when they have at length broken away from the restraints of home and friends; and sometimes, as I notice how such a one goes from bad to worse, I think to myself, "Poor fellow! I am afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey."—Christian Weekly.

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