

bring me safe back.' A new courage entered her heart. Daily she begged the other Indians to go back. After a while, five Indian men and women who had been somewhat influenced by Mrs. Reed's teachings said 'Yes.' But in vain Susy besought Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim.

'No! Never go back! Too much work there!' said Uncle Jim.

The day of separation came.

'Oh, Aunt Molly, do go back with me!' begged Susy. 'If you'll go, I will work for us all!'

Susy's heart was almost broken. She must go back. She must know more about the way to heaven. But oh, Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim. They were all she had. She loved them. Should she never see them again?

'Never go back!' reiterated Uncle Jim.

'Good-bye,' sobbed Susy.

Uncle Jim and Molly wandered carelessly on with their company, and Susy had to start in the opposite direction with the five others.

Back in the western town Mrs. Reed had anxiously looked for the Indians. The months went by. Mrs. Reed prayed daily, but faith grew faint. Perhaps the Indians had really joined other wandering desert Piutes. Mrs. Reed prayed for Susy.

One evening Mrs. Reed found at her back door a small figure.

'Susy!' cried Mrs. Reed. 'How long you've been gone!'

But Susy sobbed in Piute and English: 'Only six of us have come back! Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim will never come! Indian Lucy is dead. She wanted to go to the white heaven, and I did not tell her the way!'

Mrs. Reed went with Susy and put her with a Christian Indian family. Then Mrs. Reed came back home.

'Victoria,' she said to her daughter, 'I believe the Lord's going to answer the prayers I've put up for Susy. She's come back, ready to listen to Christianity, as she never was before. She's longing to know more of Christ.'

Victoria looked incredulous, but her mother knew. It had been 'worth while' to pray for Susy.—Mary E. Bamford, in 'Zion's Herald.'

What a Boy Can Do.

In the year 1890 (writes a missionary in India) I visited a village



"PETS AND PETS."

named Neelagungarum. As my custom was, I requested the people to permit me to preach to them the good tidings of salvation, but they refused to listen. I asked for a drink of water, but they denied me even this. About six months later I was touring in the same district, and while in camp, a delegation of the elders of Neelagungarum came and invited me to their village. I said: 'You would not even give me a drink of water.' 'That is a thing of the past,' was their reply; 'we are all Christians now.' Upon enquiry I found that a little boy, who had learned about Christ in the village where he had formerly lived, had told the people what he had learned and repeated to them Christian hymns. All that they knew about salvation they had learned from this boy. That day I had the pleasure of baptizing seventy-five of their number, including the boy who had led them to the Saviour.—'The Evangelist.'

Joey Had a Little Dog.

Joe was a boy about eight years old and was devoted to a small, lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

'Joe,' she said firmly, 'you must take that dog out.'

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup, and, with his head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were

evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door, then, giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said slowly: 'And he's named for you!'—'Youth's Companion.'

The Little Lad.

The people followed Christ one day,
A long way from the town,
Till, tired and faint, He bade them
stay,
And on the grass sit down.

And then there came a little lad
With loaves and fishes small,
And gave to Jesus what he had,
Enough to feed them all.

For when the Master blessed and
broke,
The loaves grew large and fair;
The food was sweet for His dear
sake
To those who feasted there.

And as, amid the crowd, the boy
Beheld his gifts increase,
He had a new and deeper joy
In Christ's own smile of peace.

And when the thousands He had
fed
Were going home again,
Twelve baskets full of fish and
bread
Were gathered on the plain.

And surely, at his mother's side,
That night the tale was told,
How Jesus blessed and multiplied
His gifts a thousandfold.

And still Christ takes the children's
store
Of loving thought and deed,
And uses them for evermore
To help the great world's need.

And whoso makes one mourner
glad,
Or speaks one healing word,
Shall gather, like the little lad,
A wonderful reward.
—Mary Rowles Jarvis, in 'Child's Companion.'