

pinning at the thought of leaving the aquarium.

It was with a heavy heart that the little girl bade farewell to her treasure. She was so overcome with grief that she could not carry the turtle to the brook herself, and Fred undertook the task. One meagre hope consoled him—the hope that in the spring he might be able to recover Toky. He felt certain that he should recognize the turtle among a hundred of his kindred.

Two days later Elsie sat disconsolately in the library. The room looked very forlorn with the furniture shrouded in linen covers. The little girl sighed as her eyes rested on the spot where the aquarium had once stood. Suddenly a peculiar noise attracted her attention. Something seemed to be softly bumping against the door that led out upon the verandah. Elsie opened the door and, as she did so, uttered a cry that penetrated to the room above, where her mother was busily engaged in packing.

'Oh, mother, mother, look!' she cried, joyfully, as Mrs. Grayson came hurrying downstairs. 'It is Toky. He has come back. He was so homesick he couldn't stay in the brook!' and, catching up the turtle, which was making its way with alacrity over the threshold, she covered its wet shell with rapturous kisses. Toky poked out his head and turned his beady glance upon his young mistress with an expression that to Elsie said very plainly: 'Nobody shall part us again.'

And nobody did. Elsie's father declared that a turtle sufficiently intelligent to travel half a mile in search of his friends commanded his respect. And Elsie's mother said Toky must go to Boston with Snips, the puppy, and Polly Pepper, the parrot. So the aquarium and the sand and shells and stones were carefully boxed and Tokyo journeyed to his new home in a tin kettle of brook water, lunching luxuriously by the way on delicious shreds of raw clam.

In the sunny window of the library of the Grayson's city residence the aquarium now stands. For fear that Toky may be a trifle lonely at times, Mrs. Grayson has supplied him with some pretty goldfish, two or three tadpoles and a couple of frogs for companions. He seems thoroughly contented

with city life, and may be seen, any day, perched among the palm branches, apparently dozing, but really, Elsie says, thinking how much nicer an aquarium is than Uncle Jerry Fisher's muddy little brook. — Virginia Baker, in the 'Churchman.'

The Little Bucket Brigade.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

'Miss Hester read us the nicest story you ever heard to-day,' said Amy, coming home from school all out of breath. 'It was about some children who saved a whole town by—'

'Get your breath first, dear, and cool off a little,' said big sister Anne, coming in with a nice drink of water, 'and then you can tell the story better.'

But Amy could scarcely wait a minute. 'They were going home from school and saw the fire creeping through the dead grass toward the little town and they brought water from the brook in their dinner pails till it was all out. It was just splendid. The name of it was "The Little Bucket Brigade."'

'I think Miss Hester knows the kind of stories to read to little people,' said mamma, with a smile. 'Every Friday afternoon one of her scholars says the story was the very best of all, doesn't she, Amy?'

'Well, mamma, they do get better and better every time. It just seems the children in this town never have a chance to do the things the boys and girls in the stories do. We never find pocket-books with lots of money in them and you won't let me play by the railroad track, so I could tell the train man if anything was on the track,' said Amy, discontentedly.

'I know a little girl who didn't want to carry a tin bucket to-day,' said Anne. 'I wonder how she could have put out a blaze in the grass if she had seen one.'

'Well, Anne, I didn't want to go all the way up to Mrs. Low's with the soup for fear I wouldn't have much time to play at noon. I just hate to carry a pail anyway.'

'Mattie took it up for me,' said Anne. 'She went past a few minutes after you left and she said Mrs. Low was so glad for the broth. It was the first thing she could eat for a long time. You know they

are very poor and she cannot eat the coarse food her daughter cooks. Mattie said she would carry something to her every day if I would get it ready.'

The little girl sat silent a long time, and mamma and Anne saw she was thinking hard. 'I wish I had gone,' she said to herself. 'I never thought Mattie would carry a bucket of soup way up there,' for Mattie's papa was the richest man in town and lived with his little girl at the big hotel down on the corner.

Presently a curly head found its way to mamma's lap and a little voice sobbed out, 'I wish I was good like Mattie.'

'Why, darling, you can be,' said mamma, tenderly, lifting up the golden head. 'There are lots of other sick people who need broth and good things to eat, and I am sure Anne can find you a little bucket, too.'

'Of course, I can,' said Anne, cheerfully, 'and for two or three other little girls, too. While I'm making broth for Mrs. Low I can make some for the sick girl on Poplar street, and that lame Freddy Smith—'

'And for Nellie Brooks?' enquired Amy. 'She has not been at school for the longest time and she is dreadfully poor.'

'Yes, I'll start a regular bucket brigade,' laughed Anne. 'It is easy to make the soup, but I never have time to carry it around to the sick folks. I must help mamma with the work at dinner time and soup is not good in the middle of the afternoon.'

'Goody! Goody!' cried Amy, clapping her hands. 'I'll get Rose and Bess to help whenever there's anything to take.'

So the little bucket brigade carries the good things Anne makes to poor sick people, and many other people besides this one young lady are interested in the brigade, and have their pails of goodies ready when the girls pass. The invalids are always anxious to peep into the buckets and watch for the children with eager eyes as soon as the noon bell rings.

Miss Hester says the bucket brigade that put out the fire didn't do a bit better work than her dear little scholars are doing, and I think so, too. What do you think about it?