

No one had any tidings. Mr. Millwaite dressed, took his rifle, and accompanied Cornwiler. Mrs. Millwaite, notwithstanding her depreciation of Tom, went to cheer and comfort his mother all she could.

Millwaite suggested going first to the charred stub. 'You know Tom's been there,' he said, 'and it's the right point to start from.' As soon as they arrived Ban began whining and scratching about the stub. Cornwiler sternly ordered him off, and the poor dog, probably supposing it was all right, reluctantly obeyed. Both men believed the stub solid, and that Tom had merely come and gone. The news of the lost boy spread, and by sunrise a dozen men and boys were scouring the woods.

After getting breakfast and doing the housework, Clara Millwaite, who had been thinking, concluded that Tom must, after all, be at or near the charred stump. 'A dog never mistakes in such matters; men do,' the sensible girl reasoned. She would go and take a look for herself.

'If Tom is there, he'll be hungry and thirsty,' she thought, so she put a generous breakfast and a bottle of new milk into a bark basket.

Ban went home with Cornwiler and Millwaite, who wished to see if Tom had taken his fish-line. They found it gone, and their delusion as to the river was confirmed.

Thinking Ban of no service, Cornwiler left him at the house, and the dog immediately returned to the stub and resumed his barking. Clara heard him, and hurried to reach the spot and judge for herself of the dog's behaviour. She arrived just as Tom drove a long sliver through, and put out his fingers for Ban to lick.

In a few moments more he had the aperture sufficiently enlarged for Clara to pass in the bottle and slices of food. Tom drank first—a long thirsty pull. Then how he did eat! with the appetite of a starved wolf and the gratitude of a generous-minded boy. Clara bade him give her the hatchet and while he ate she hacked with the skill and strength of a pioneer girl. As the wall was now pierced, they could chop the edges of the shell and make faster progress. In half an hour Tom was able to squeeze through.

What an object he was! Bloody, grimy, and covered with rotten wood from head to heels. Even his hair was plastered with gore and dust. Clara gathered leaves and helped him to clean it off as well as he could, but it would require several severe scrubblings and a week's healing to make him presentable.

While they walked home she rallied him about his appearance, suggesting that half the township, especially the ladies, would be on hand to meet him. But Tom said he guessed that as long as she had seen him in this condition, he could stand being looked at by the other ladies.

As for Ban, he was so absorbed that evening with the unusually large bone given him that he quite failed to hear Mr. Cornwiler's compliment.

'I allow,' said Mr. Cornwiler, 'that when it comes to woodcraft, I haven't got half the sense of that dog.'

Sad Precocity.

The Bishop of London told a quaint story at a meeting at the Speaker's House, Westminster, the other day. A little East End girl was being examined upon the question of the Prodigal Son, he said. The teacher had got as far as the repentance of the prodigal and his eating of the swine husks, when she inquired, 'What else could he have done?' The child replied, 'He could have pawned his little girl's boots.'

A Malagasy Warrior.

People who have never lived in heathen lands have no idea how much they owe to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Once England was heathen, and our ancestors no better than the native of Madagascar whose photograph is printed below. He is a strong man, and thinks that he can make himself stronger by wearing charms tied about his head, his neck, arms, and body. In these he puts his trust, expecting them to render him bullet-proof and victorious.

Dressed up in these charms, and armed with guns and spears, he and his companions have been the terror of the border country



A MALAGASY WARRIOR.

of Imérina. They would come up suddenly some moonlight night and attack a village, setting fire to the thatched roofs, and shooting down the first men who ran out to try and protect their families. Then they would tie the women and children and the weakest of the men together by their necks, making them carry their own household goods, fowls, ducks, etc., in baskets on their heads. Gathering up all the cattle they could find, these robbers drove all in front of them—men, women, children, cows, and oxen—to be sold or killed, leaving a desolate heap of ruins where the smiling village had been. Well, now, that is heathenism—terror and misery on the one hand, cruelty and oppression on the other.

When God's messengers sow the seed of the Gospel in such a land, gradually the whole state of things is changed. The good get stronger and stronger, and the bad people get fewer and weaker. Those who hear about Jesus and believe in him become brave through trusting him. Those who lived by robbery begin to work instead of stealing; and, although some bad people still remain, the good ones who have learnt that God is their Father begin to help one another, and stand together to resist the wrong. And then these men who trusted in charms come to find out that their charms are really no good at all.

Already a great number have thrown the charms away, and have come to the missionaries or teachers to learn to follow him who is the true strength of those that put their trust in him. Thank God, that you belong to a Christian land, and ask him every day

to send out more messengers of his Gospel to the heathen lands, where still there are so many thousands who have never heard his name!—'The Christian.'

Miss Martin's Legacy.

(By Willard N. Jenkins, in 'Zion's Herald'.)

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden. She owned a two-roomed cottage, and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. But when she was fifty, a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

'I don't think I need to keep it,' she said to herself. 'It doesn't cost me much to live, and with what I earn sewing I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square. I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor; and nice furniture, and two large oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet. And I'll give fifty dollars to the church,' she added by way of afterthought.

But why was it that just then she thought of the Dilling children—three in number—who on the morrow would be 'bound out' to live with any persons who might take the responsibility of caring for them?

About two years before Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs. Dilling had time to look about her after this blow, things were very discouraging, indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away; and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late; but in a few months her health failed and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged, after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: 'As long as I can work, they shall be kept together.'

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling. But now she was gone, something must be done. The Orphan's Home was discussed, but everybody knew how great had been Mrs. Dilling's dread of such institutions, and the idea was soon given up. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be 'bound out.'

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children, who were knit together by ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said, 'They must be provided with food and shelter in some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it.'

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

'It seems too bad for the children to be separated,' she mused, as she looked out of the window toward the Dilling house. 'I hope they'll be where they can see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought up.'

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over to the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of selling the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the 'binding out' of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and