

'Ay, and I will,' Tom said heartily, 'only you must all come along o' me.'

Tom lifted one weak hungry little one into his arms, and as Bill saw it a tear stole down his rough weather-beaten cheek.

It was a strange evening for them all: Tom and his wife doing what they could for the comfort of their unexpected visitors; and Bill and his wife receiving it all with undisguised and heartfelt gratitude and astonishment.

'Ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Again, and yet again, the words came back to Tom Hales that night. Humbly and reverently he knelt in prayer.

'God, I thank Thee that Thou hast sent me this opportunity to do this for Thee; that Thou hast so honored me that in helping these I am helping Thee.'

How He Came to Believe in Foreign Missions.

There was once a boy who didn't believe in Foreign Missions. He said, 'What is the good of hunting up folks to tell them about things they ought to find out for themselves?'

'O Alfred!' replied his sister, 'how selfish of you! How is one to know if he is not told? How are these poor people, the heathen, to find out about the good things that are theirs if the news is not carried to them?'

'Oh, leave 'em alone! They'll find out, I warrant. It's none of our business to be bothering about them.'

One day, not long after this conversation, Uncle Walter came. Now, Uncle Walter's coming was always hailed with much joy by the young people, for he was not only one of the dearest and sweetest uncles in all the world, but he always remembered to bring his nephews and nieces many nice things. This was a part especially interesting to Alfred, for he had what boys call a 'very sweet tooth.' He was usually the first to see and greet his uncle. But this time when Uncle Walter came, Alfred was upstairs, deep in the pages of a fascinating book, and what do you think?—they let him stay there! For, do you see, there

wasn't anyone inclined just then to go and do a little foreign mission work. The truth is, those sisters and that brother of his had banded together to teach master Alfred a lesson. Uncle Walter, too, was let into the plan. So the news of the uncle's coming didn't spread beyond the room he had entered until all the good things were eaten.

You should have seen Alfred's face when he found his uncle had been there and no one had come to tell him.

'What's the good of hunting up folks to tell them things they ought to find out for themselves?' his sister asked, with so good a mimic of Alfred that he grew red in the face, yes, quite up to the roots of his hair. Then he got thoroughly ashamed of his selfishness, and had the manliness to say so.

But, best of all, it was barely a month ere Alfred was a member of the Missionary Society, and a real one. He was heard more than once to declare that, in his 'humble opinion,' foreign missions was one of the best things he knew. And the earnestness of his eyes showed that he meant it.—'Mission Day-spring.'

Billy Pike's Lesson.

When Agnes went into the dining-room the morning of her eighth birthday she found among her other presents on the table, a small glass tank nearly filled with water. And in it a handsome young pike was swimming about among the shells and stones.

Agnes was more pleased with this present than with any of the others. She had never had an aquarium before, and here was a real live fish that she could watch and feed. She named him Billy Pike.

After a time she began to fear that Billy Pike was lonesome, so she asked Uncle Tom to get her some more fish. The next morning he brought home three minnows.

But he had no sooner put them in the water than greedy Billy Pike swallowed them, so swiftly that neither Agnes nor Uncle Tom could save them.

Poor Agnes cried, but her uncle said, 'Never mind, you shall have some more fish.'

'But Billy Pike'll eat 'em all up,' said Agnes, sorrowfully.

'No, he won't,' answered Uncle Tom; 'I'll see to that.'

The next day he brought home six pretty little minnows in a two-quart glass can.

'Let's keep 'em in the can. If you put 'em in the 'quarium, I just know Billy Pike'll kill 'em. He doesn't mean to be cruel, it's just his way,' she sighed.

But Uncle Tom had a different plan; he meant to teach Billy Pike a lesson. So he fitted a pane of glass from side to side in the centre of the aquarium, dividing it into two rooms. In one room was Billy Pike. Into the other he put the six minnows.

When Billy saw the tiny fish, he started quickly toward them, but he struck his gills on the glass partition, and found that he could not reach them. Again and again he swam after them, and often he struck so hard that he would lie on his back for a long time afterwards, as if he were dead.

For several months Billy Pike kept up his efforts to catch his little neighbors, but after a time his attacks became less frequent, and finally he seemed to have forgotten all about the minnows.

One afternoon when Agnes came home from school, she found that Uncle Tom had taken the pane of glass out of the tank, and that Billy Pike and the six minnows were swimming about together.

Billy often swam toward the other fish, but he would always stop at a respectful distance of about an inch, and he never again attempted to harm them. He would share the meat that Agnes threw into the aquarium, and seemed completely cured of his taste for fish.

After a while Uncle Tom brought home two more minnows and put them in the water, and in less than a minute Billy Pike had swallowed both of them! But he never offered to touch the six minnows that he had been taught to respect, and they lived peacefully together—a happy family in the pretty glass home by the sunny south window.

Billy Pike was a really truly fish, and so were the six little minnows that he lived with, and the other poor little minnows that he swallowed. Which shows that even a fish can be taught to avoid temptation, sometimes.—Bessie R. Hoover, in 'Morning Star.'