

"LOOK, MY CHILD."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value.

Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for little in themselves; it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life."—*Youth's Companion*.

AMONG THE SERPENTS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE sun had not quite climbed up the shoulder of Humpback Mountain, but he was on the way. The sky knew it, and brightened at the thought. The birds knew it, and twittered and cheeped, and tuned their voices up and down the scale, to be ready for their part in the chorus.

In the small, sun-burnt cottage, halfway up the mountain, a little curly-headed child stirred and cheeped, too. She had gone to bed in the early twilight, and now she was tired of sleep, and ready for the new day.

"Mammy," said the little mountain maid, "kin I git up?"

"Yes, child, git up, and welcome," answered the mother. "I reckon I must be stirring my old bones, too."

With nimble fingers the child fastened the few scanty garments belonging to her, and ran out on bare brown feet to wash at the little stream below the spring. The intense cold of the water made her cheeks glow and her breath come quickly.

"Now," she said to herself, "I will gather the eggs for mammy, and surprise her. I won't go for no basket, I kin just git 'em in my dress."

Away she sped to the chicken house. It was a low roofed affair, flat on the ground, with so small an opening that nobody bigger than Jess herself could have gotten in and out. The child crept fearlessly in, but hardly had she put the first egg in her gathered-up lap when she saw a large mottled rattlesnake stretch himself across the little opening by which she had entered.

The snake did not seem angry, was not

looking at her, in fact, and even Jess' terrified scream did not rouse him. Fortunately she did not move, and in a moment her father ran to her help.

Peering in through a crack in the roof, the man saw not only the snake lying in front of the child, but a second one, its mate, stretched out behind her! It was impossible to kill them both at once; if he struck either, the other one would certainly bite the little prisoner. What a moment of horror?

"Jess," he said, hoarsely, "keep as still as the dead, and listen to me. I've got to take off the roof, and lift you out of this here coop. But if you move, you're gone. Can you hold still?"

The little face was white with terror, and at first no sound would come to her lips. Then she said faintly:

"All right, dad; I've thought of a way to keep still."

The man and his wife quickly unroofed the slight building, making as little noise as possible, and then, climbing out on the chestnut limb that overhung it, Jess' father let down a rope, and drew her up, like Jeremiah out his dungeon, by the arm-pits.

The snakes were promptly killed, and the child sat white and trembling on her mother's lap in the cabin door.

"You're a fast-rate soldier, Jess—that's what you be," said her father, proudly. How ever did you manage to keep still?"

"I jest shet my eyes," said the child, "and made out that God was holding my feet."

"Holding your feet!" exclaimed the man somewhat startled.

Jess nodded.

"They're teaching me some Bible verses at the chapel Sunday-school," she said, "and one of them says, 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.' That's what made me think of it."

The next Sunday, Jess found, to her delight that her father was going with her down the mountain to Zion Chapel.

"Are you afraid I'll meet up with more snakes, dad?" she asked.

"Not so much that, though you mought, he answered. "I'm goin' to learn the rest of them verses 'bout God not lettin' your foot be moved."

And when he heard the very first verse of that beautiful Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," the mountaineer nodded,

"Ezzactly," he said, "that's just the one for me."

But he has gone farther on now, and is learning the deeper, sweeter lesson of the next verse, "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."—*Sunday School Times*.