

the noon hour, and a crowd of jolly, noisy boys rushed out of the schoolhouse. The air in a moment was full of their shouts and laughter.

"Halloa! See that horse!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Who ever saw such a looking old thing!"

"As thin as a rail."

"You can count all his ribs."

"He looks as if he hadn't spirit to hold his head up."

"Looks half starved. Say, bony, is there enough of you left to scare?"

Two or three boys squealed in the ears of the horse, and gave him small pokes; others jumped before him to try to frighten him.

"Let's lead him 'round to the back of the building and tie him there, so that when the folks he belongs to come they'll think he's run away."

"He run away!"

"Say, boys," put in one boy, in an earnest voice, "there's no fun in tormenting such a poor fellow. He does look half starved—yes, more than half, I should say. And we all know it isn't good to feel that way since the day we all got lost in the woods nutting."

Have you ever noticed how easily boys—and men, too, for that matter—are led either into kindness or cruelty?—One word in either direction, and all follow like a flock of sheep. Would it not be good for boys to remember this, and to reflect upon how far they may be called on to answer for the influence they may exert over others?

The boys stopped their teasing and began to look at the horse with different eyes, while one of them brushed the flies off him.

"Let's tie him under that tree," proposed a second; "the sun's too hot here."

"Look here, boys; I wish we could give him something to eat while he's standing."

"Can't we?"

"A real bang-up good dinner, such as he hasn't had for a century, by the looks of him."

"Let's do it. I've got a nickel."

"I've got two cents."

"I'll give another nickel if you'll come over to father's feed store."

More cents came in. The man at the feed store contributed a nearly worn-out bag, and in a few moments the poor old horse was enjoying a good meal of first-class oats.

By the time he had finished it, the old woman came back, her baskets filled with groceries, for which she had exchanged her eggs. The chord of sympathy and kindness once touched in the careless yet well-meaning hearts continued to vibrate. We all know how one taste of a kind act makes us long to taste more.

"I'll lift your basket in," said one, respectfully.

"See, here's a lot of oats left. We'll put 'em in the wagon."

"She looks pretty near as starved as the horse," came in a suggestive whisper.

A few small contributions from lunch baskets were hastily wrapped in a piece of paper and laid on top of the basket.

"Now I'll untie."

The old woman was helped in as if she had been a queen. And every boy's heart glowed as the quavering voice and dim eyes bore a burden of warm thanks as she drove away.

Those were everyday schoolboys. There are millions and millions like them, only they do not quite realize what a spirit of loving-kindness dwells in their hearts. Let it out, boys and girls; for it is you who are to lift this whole world into an atmosphere higher, sweeter, and brighter than it has known before.—*Sunday School Advocate*.

LOU'S FIVE-CENT INVESTMENT.

OU had had five cents given her to invest for the heathen, at the same time the other members of the Band had theirs, and it had been in her blue dress pocket a whole week. She had forgotten about it until she felt for her "collection money" one Sunday morning in church. First she pulled out a tiny handkerchief with a "sweet brier" perfume, then the pennies for collection, and then "the nickel!" "Here's my 'vestment money," said she, in a soft whisper, and she held it in her hand trying to think what to do with it.

Good old Mr. Pettibone was coming with the box, and all at once Lou heard the minister say, "Remember that our collections to-day are for missions," and then he urged the people to give generously to make up a certain amount which was pledged. Now, just in front of Lou sat an old gentleman who was always alone. He had a queer Roman nose, a bald head, and gold eye-glasses. Lou watched him a great deal, and used to wonder why he always shook his head when "benevolent collections" were taken. That was the strange thing. She had had pennies to give ever since she could remember, and here was an old man who never had one for missions, nor Bibles, nor tracts, nor anything of that kind. Her little heart was full of sympathy for him, and suddenly she thought how she could help him out of trouble. She would give him her nickel, and for once he would have something to give. Leaning forward she dropped it softly on the cushion in his pew. He saw it, and looked around. She nodded sweetly, and, tipping her head toward him, whispered, "Put it in for the poor heathen." He gave her a keen glance, and Ned, who sat at the other end of the pew, shook his head at her. Then Lou shrank back under her hat, and sat as still as a mouse until