

canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the kind act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of his pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quivering voice. — *Youth's Companion*.

A CHEERFUL LITTLE GIVER.

Tania put her fingers to her ears, trying in vain to shut out the sound of the fearful oaths that came to her from the next room, where drunken Teddy Mahone was beating his wife and children.

"Oh, how I wish he'd stop!" she cried; and as the oaths continued she could bear it longer, but crept out of the cold house into the colder street.

Tania was only ten, a poor orphan flower-girl, but as true a little Christian as one could find. Although often hungry and cold, her faith in her heavenly Father never wavered, and morning and night she thanked Him for His loving kindness. She

would rather go hungry or get her meals from the ash barrel than to owe Mrs. Draper for her lodgings—a straw bed in the corner of a room where seven or eight other girls and women slept. She had bought her clothes at the pawnshops, after her mother's death, two years before. Tania's only consolation was that now her dear mother was in a place always warm and bright and pleasant!

After a long walk, Tania found herself on Fifth Avenue, in front of a beautiful stone church. It was too grand a place for her to enter, but she stood outside enjoying the music until two ladies stepped from their carriage and passed her as they entered.

"What beautiful eyes!" exclaimed one, as the long fringes of Tania's large, dark eyes lifted.

"And what beautiful hair!" said the other. "I'd give a good deal of money for a head of hair like that," lifting, as she spoke, one of Tania's numerous long curls, and smiling into the beautiful face of the girl.

"Please, lady, may I go in, too?" pleaded the child. "Mamma used to take me before she died, but I haven't been since."

The ladies took her in with them, telling an usher to give her a back seat, which he did, keeping an eye on her to see that she did not steal one of their gilt-edged hymn books.

Her first few moments were spent in admiring the marble floors, the soft, velvet-cushioned seats, the golden, satiny look of the rich oak carvings, the softened gleam of electric lights shining from behind ground glasses set in the wood-work at the sides, the flowers, and the exquisite music! Tania held her breath as she thought of the sweetness of the heavenly choir in which her dear mother was singing.

When the music died away the preacher began, in a rich, eloquent voice, to discourse upon the subject of Home Missions. At the close of his sermon he made a touching appeal for funds to help in the good work of redeeming the slums of their city. He said that not one in that great congregation ought to leave without giving something.

"Oh, if they only would!" thought Tania. "If they'd only send some

one to convert Teddy Mahone and make him stop swearing! They surely would have enough if everyone gave something. Every one?" Why, that, she pondered, meant her, too. She had absolutely nothing except her flower-scissors, as she had spent her last cent the night before in paying for her lodgings. As she put her hand in her pocket and touched them, her scissors suggested her hair and the lady's remark, "A good deal of money for a head of hair like that." Yes, that was what she had said. Instantly the scissors came out of her pocket, and then the thought of how much her mother had loved her hair crossed her mind.

"If it comes in long and thick again, it will never be the same hair that mamma used to stroke," she said to herself, but she put away the thought as unworthy of the God who loves a cheerful giver, and of the dear, dead mother, who would rejoice if she could hear the Gospel messages preached amid the filth, squalor, misery and sin of Tin Pan Alley.

With tearful eyes but smiling face, Tania cut off her beautiful curls, and before the astonished usher could stop her, she had started rapidly up the aisle and laid her treasure in the hands of the amazed clergyman.

"I hadn't even a cent," she explained, "but I heard a lady say she would give 'a good deal of money for a head of hair like that,' so I cut it off, and hope the missionaries will come to Tin Pan Alley and convert Teddy Mahone. He swears awful, sir. I couldn't stay in the room this morning and hear him."

The minister smiled down kindly into the earnest face of the child, who was now beginning to look frightened and abashed at her boldness. After reassuring her, he drew from her, with a few skilful questions, a description of the horrors of the alley and its location.

Then, with the hair before him on the desk, and Tania's story for a text, he made a second appeal to the congregation, that drew tears to all eyes, and a collection such as the church, wealthy as it was, had never given to the Lord.

Not long afterward a neat little chapel arose in Tin Pan Alley, which