

them away from their sins. And remember this, Sunday pleasure never pays any one who seeks it. Take your wheel and go home on it; leave the rest till the owners come for them."

"No, Mr. Slocum, I shall leave mine with theirs and walk; it will give me time to think."

When Norton Nailor called the team together, he found they were all willing to agree to his terms made with Farmer Slocum. Some of the boys had bank accounts to draw upon, and could pay their share of the bill easily. But to poor Norton it meant the price of his wheel, which was sold, and the money given cheerfully to the "Fire Fund," as it was called. But the sorrow of heart that Norton felt over his part in yielding to sin after saying *no* so often, was known only to God. But he learned his lesson well, and every day watched his heart when tempted to sin, until there came a day when even the boys could feel that there was no *yes* in Norton Nailor's *no*.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

—*The Presbyterian.*

### COLBY'S MASTER.

**I**T was Easter Sunday, and the Dorman family had just pushed back from a bountifully spread dinner table, when John, glancing out the window, exclaimed:

"Here comes a tramp!"

"My, but ain't he ragged!" added Tom. "Shall I let Rover loose?"

"No, no!" cried little lame Mary. "Let him get warm and have some eggs; I will give him one of my colored ones."

Mr. Dotman looked inquiringly at his wife, as a knock sounded on the outer door. She hesitated, opened her lips and he thought she was going to say "No," but little Mary's crutch was already clattering over the floor, and in another minute she was showing the tramp to a seat by the stove. The parents exchanged glances, but Mary, on hospitality bent, was asking him if he was cold.

It was a raw day, a drizzling rain having fallen all morning, checked at noon by a cold wind.

"Yes, and hungry, too," the man said, turning a longing eye toward the table.

"I guess he'd better set right up, hadn't he?" Mary remarked.

In silence Mrs. Dorman brought out a little stand, spread on a clean cover and dished up in dainty form the remnants of the feast. Mary stirred the fire and set on the tea-kettle, then whispered to her mother to boil some eggs.

Fortified by the child's calm courtesy, Mr. Dorman opened conversation with the stranger; but the latter, though he used good language and had something the bearing of a man who had seen better days, was not inclined to talk of himself.

He ate his meal in silence, though his eyes followed Mary's painful movements about the room, and once the boys thought they saw him brush aside a tear.

When warmed and fed he arose, saying to Mary: "I have not had so good a meal or so much comfort before in many a day, and I fancy I have you to thank for it." At the words he smiled, the first show of a smile since he had come in.

"Don't you want one of my Easter eggs?" was the child's response, as she held up a little basket lined with green, ravelled yarn in which rested a dozen bright red eggs.

The man hesitated, remarking, "They're real pretty!"

"I'd as lief as not you have one. Ma colored 'em all for me, but I'm goin' to give away just half; that'll be six, you know."

The man took one, held it in his hand a few moments, slipped it into an inner pocket of his ragged coat, watched Mary rearrange her eggs, then said "Good day" and walked out.

Whether it was curiosity or sociability, we know not, but some motive prompted Mr. Dorman to take up his hat and follow the unwelcome guest out of doors.

"I'm sorry your little girl is lame," the latter uttered the moment the door was shut.