

won't be one of our class absent except Jimmy Barnes, and of course he can't come."

"Yes, it's a pity about Jimmy; he's never able to go anywhere with us, is he?" and Rob turned homewards, his thoughts full of the coming excursion.

Rob was an expert angler, and on previous visits to Pike Ghyll had always contrived to hook a string of fine trout for his mother. He was something of a naturalist, too, in an amateur way, and revelled in the treasures always to be found there in abundance.

"If only it keeps fine, we shall have a jolly time. I wouldn't miss it for anything," Rob was saying to himself, as he walked in the direction of his mother's cottage.

"No! not for anything," he repeated. "Wouldn't you, Rob?"

Rob started and looked round; he half fancied he had heard somebody ask him that question, but there was no one near enough. Teddy Brown and the rest were far across the fields in the distance, and no one else was in sight.

"Wouldn't you, Rob?" the voice spoke again, and then Rob knew it was a voice within himself.

"Why should I?" Rob asked himself. "It's a fine treat to go to Pike Ghyll, and I don't know anything I should miss it for."

"Think!" whispered the voice; and Rob thought.

Like a flash, it came to him what Teddy Brown had said about Jimmy.

"Wouldn't you miss it for Jimmy's sake?" asked the voice again.

Rob did not answer; but though he was silent he was still thinking, and as he thought there came to him the memory of last Sunday's lesson, of the "good Samaritan," and the "kind things" of which his teacher had spoken.

Ah! and this was his first opportunity, and to do it he must give up the afternoon at Pike Ghyll.

But then he had promised Teddy Brown that he would go; he half thought he must keep his promise; yes, it would be wrong to break it; though it was his own eager desire for the outing that made him think so.

Rob was in a brown study when he reached his mother's door. The brown study continued for the rest of that day, and his mother thought him strangely quiet.

Jimmy Barnes was the lame little chap who lived in the thatched cottage at the far end of the long straggling village street.

Jimmy had not always been lame. He had once been as strong and robust as Rob himself, or any of the other village lads. But Jimmy had met with an accident; had been jumping a stile, and caught his foot on the top bar and came floundering to the ground with a shattered hip, which all the medical world could not set right.

Poor Jimmy! the bones had set after a fashion, but when he rose from his bed, after three months, one leg was shorter than the other, and the injured limb was almost helpless, and he had to go on crutches.

Jimmy's mother was a widow and very poor, so Jimmy had few toys; perhaps he could not have played with them now if he had them, for it was all he could do to hobble painfully along upon his crutches.

The suggestion which had framed itself in Rob's mind was that he should forego the pleasure of a visit to Pike Ghyll and spend the afternoon with lame Jimmy.

The lads would have to pass his cottage on their way to the Ghyll; Jimmy would be sure to see them and long to go with them, and he would feel very lonely with no one to speak with all the afternoon.

The more Rob thought the more the necessities of the case seemed to fit in with Sunday's lesson. It took him some time to come to a decision, but he came to it at last. Yes, he was sure of his ground now; that must have been what his teacher meant. "Kindness to others: 'think kindly, act kindly.'" By giving up Pike Ghyll for Jimmy's sake he would be trying to do as the Samaritan did.

Rob had fought his battle — fought and won it.

Teddy Brown was considerably huffed when Rob explained that he could not go, and that he was sorry not to keep his promise; though he did not tell him how he would spend the after-

noon. Rob did not mind, however; his heart told him he was choosing the right path.

About noon on Saturday Jimmy Barnes, leaning heavily on his crutches, hobbled up the walk to the garden gate, attracted by the sound of many feet and a merry burst of boyish laughter. It was the lads setting off on their excursion.

"Ta! ta! Jimmy; we're off to Pike Ghyll. Sorry you can't come, little 'un," sang out Teddy Brown.

The tears gathered in lame Jimmy's eyes, and it was through a mist he watched them disappear round the bend of the road. Perhaps it was owing to the mist that he failed to notice that Rob Roden was not with them. When they had turned the bend Jimmy broke down altogether and sobbed.

A year ago he could have joined them, for he was then as strong as the strongest among them; and now he was lame, and almost helpless, and nearly every step was a pain to him.

"Hello, Jimmy! what, crying! Come, now, that'll never do; dry your eyes, man, and we'll have a jolly afternoon together."

It was the cheery voice of Rob Roden, and it was Rob's bright face which Jimmy saw through another mist as he looked up.

"Why — what — you — here — Rob?" Jimmy stammered; "why haven't you gone to the Ghyll?"

"Oh! never mind; that's neither here nor there," Rob answered. "I've come to spend the afternoon with you, Jimmy."

Jimmy looked bewildered, but he hobbled back up the path with Rob at his side. Rob had brought draughts and snap cards, his nine-pins, and game of fox and geese; he had not forgotten his fine collection of birds' eggs, nor his case of butterflies and insects; he had brought, too, several picture books with wonderful stories which he knew would please Jimmy. He played with him at draughts, and let Jimmy win; he taught him how to knock the nine-pins over until Jimmy, spite of his lameness, became quite an adept at it. He showed him the butterflies and insects, and explained to him all about each egg in his collection. Then, after tea, he sat beside Jimmy and read to him the strange stories of giants, and pirates, and battles

so dear to a boy's ears, and Jimmy never remembered to have been happier in his life.

As the twilight was deepening into night, they heard outside the roystering laughter of the lads returning from the Ghyll.

Evidently they had had a splendid time, but so also had Jimmy; and as for Rob Roden, he was the happy he could have sung; in his heart there was the music of a kindly deed, and the glad rapture which follows all self-sacrifice.

Other Children's Sayings.

Mother: Oh, Mildred! You naughty little girl! You know you oughtn't to slap Elsie's face.

Mildred: Where ought I to slap her, then, mummy?

Sunday-school Teacher: How many animals went into the ark, Mary?

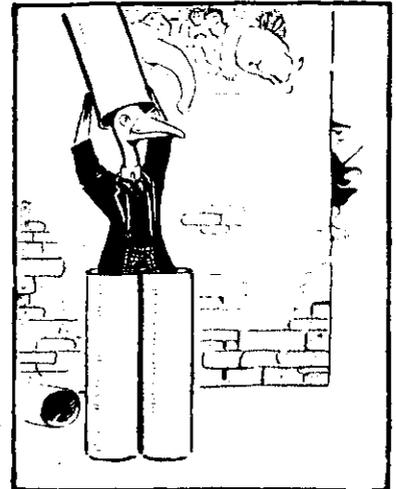
Mary: All that wasn't lost under the sofa, or broke, or layin' on th' back-stairs, I guess.

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

RAD BOY STORKEY ESCAPES A PADDYWHACK.



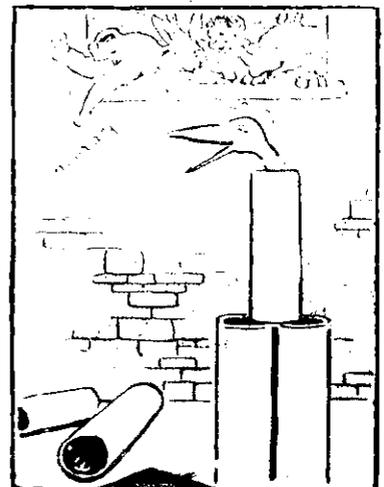
1. "Oh dear, oh dear. Whatever shall I do?" moaned poor Storkey. "Dr. Lion is after me because I told him in school that twice four made six. I ran away when I saw him go to the cupboard to get his cane."



2. But that rascal Jacko saw a way of escape for Storkey. "Get inside those pipes, you duffer. He'll never see you there," said the monkey in a loud whisper and Storkey jumped at the idea. "Hurry up, I can hear the doctor's footmarks," laughed Rhino.



3. Then there was a general anigger at Rhino's remark, and the boys hastily bobbed down behind the window-sill. "Look, there he goes," whispered Jimbo. "That was a near shave for Storkey." Of course, Dr. Lion never dreamt there was anything inside those three pipes.



4. And when the doctor had disappeared round another corner again, artful Storkey popped his head out of his hiding-place and chuckled a little chuck. "Did not catch me, after all," he piped. Then the bad boys at the window gave three cheers for Storkey and three groans for Dr. Lion.