

CONSECRATING SELF.

You have feet—then run God's errands, Here and there and everywhere— Feet that should be ready, eager, Every day to go—and dare, Consecrate them now to Jesus!

THE FIREBREAK.

BY RHODES MACKENIGHT.

Liscomb lay at full length upon a bear-skin covering a rude couch. A pipe was in his mouth, and he lazily contemplated the convolutions of blue smoke rising upward to the roof of the shanty.

In one of his glances he caught sight of Luby himself driving across the prairie toward him. And this sight aroused him. He got to a sitting posture, and watched the on-coming wagon for a moment.

"I don't know where you're from," she pursued, "but we're from down in Iowa. An' down that way every-

even that limited society was unattainable. The spring came late, and with its coming they found themselves entirely out of provisions and other supplies.

was not a tornado. She would not worry herself about it anyway. Without arousing little Annie, she went to the barn and led Pilot.

with a sudden movement he threw his arms about her and pressed his mouth to hers. She pulled herself away, panting and furious. "How dare you!" she cried, every fibre of her militant.