

SAVED BY A SUNBEAM.

At last, quite tired out, he threw himself on some straw in a corner, and fell asleep. As he lay there, he dreamed that he was at home, in his own bed. The time was evening; and his mother was teaching him the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven," she whispered in his ear. "Our Father," said Karl; and then he started up at the sound of his own voice; for he had really spoken in his sleep.

He looked around: all was dark and still. He thought of his dream, and wondered why he had not asked his Father in heaven to help him get out of prison. He knelt on the stone floor, and prayed.

Then he felt comforted and happy, even in that dreary place, and soon fell again into a deep, refreshing sleep. He was awakened by feeling something warm on his cheek. Opening his eyes, he saw that a sunbeam was pouring its light full upon his face, through a small window, high in the wall.

He sprang up, full of courage, took off his shoes and stockings, and began to climb the wall, clinging to the rough edges of the stones with his hands and feet.

He had only climbed a little way, when his foot slipped, and he fell backwards, hurting his head so badly, that he was almost stunned. But, after lying still a while, he turned his eyes toward the window, and thought the sunbeam beckoned him to try again.

So he grasped the cold stones once more; and this time did not look down, but kept his eyes on the sunbeam, that seemed to point out of the window, up to heaven.

And now he climbs up, up, up, until — yes — he reaches the window; and now he drags himself through it; and now he drops down to the ground, and is off for his home in the mountains.

CHARLIE.