

Pete. He then glanced to the back part of the house, where the three Wilson boys were seated. He smiled a Pharisaical smile, as he thought of himself as a sample lamb, and the Wilsons as sample goats—for had he not seen all of those boys out rabbit hunting only last Sunday?

After the usual song and prayer a recess followed before the sermon. The four infants walked out of the house, well pleased with their new experience. Ben led the way to a fallen tree, some distance away, where Joe Wilson and his brothers, Bob and Red, were seated. Ben stuck his hands in his pockets, assumed an air of impotence, and scornfully exclaimed:

"Joe, you're a goat!"

"Yes, an' so is Bob an' Red!" chimed in Pete.

"You're another!" exclaimed Red, indignantly; for, while he had not heard the Sunday school lesson, he was convinced that the new epithet was not intended as a compliment, and the occasion demanded a crushing retort.

"No we hain't," said Johnny, "we're little lambs—we are—hain't we, Bill?"

"Now, looky here," said Joe, who had grown very red in the face, "we hain't goats no more'n you fellers, an' I

can lick anybody that says we are;" and the insulted ridger shook his fist under Ben's nose.

"You are one, an' I can prove it!" cried Ben, drawing his coat and exposing his new yarn suspenders.

Then followed the usual dares and counter-dares, which ended in an open attack on the part of the lamb. Joe was a little larger than his assailant, and soon had him at a decided disadvantage. Pete then came to the rescue, and this precipitated a general conflict, in which both lambs and goats indiscriminately pulled hair, gouged and kicked.

How the battle would have ended, no one will ever know, for Brother Peters and Parson Meacham had viewed the conflict from afar, and hastened to separate and reprove the pugnacious young ridgers. There were one or two bloody noses, and one or two home-spun suits had been badly torn, but no other material damage was done.

Both lambs and goats have long since been gathered into the fold of the church. Brother Peters is still in the Sunday school work, and when his labors call him into a new field, or to a missionary experience meeting, he is sure to tell the story of the battle of the lambs and goats.

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LIME, AND HOW IT IS PRODUCED.

AMONG the many industries of the Pacific Northwest, the manufacture of lime is by no means the least. In a region undergoing such rapid development, where such a vast number of new buildings are in process of erection, the source from which comes the enormous quantity of building materials used, cannot but possess a degree of interest for every one. It is a matter of common knowledge where our lumber comes from, and that nearly every town of size has on its outskirts one or more brick yards, where, from the widely diffused beds of clay, are made those rectangular blocks, which, when cemented together by mortar, constitute the walls of ninety-nine one-hundredths of the business blocks of America; but the source from which come the thousands of barrels of lime used in cement, plaster and finish, is something of which few would