

'Nonsense!' returned Dick roughly, for he too was white and conscience-stricken, 'she's only fainted! Run and get some water in my cap, Jess.'

Across the lower part of one of the fields a brook ran merrily, in which, in harvest-time, the hay-makers quenched their thirst. Here Jessie, with trembling hands, filled Dick's cap, and brought it back to her brother. Dick sprinkled it on the white face, and soon the two had the inexpressible relief of seeing Mabel's eyes slowly open.

'Oh, Mabel,' cried Jessie wildly, 'are you hurt?'

'Hurt?' Mabel repeated, vaguely. Then, trying hard to recollect herself, she said: 'No, no, Jessie; I'm very silly. I don't know why I fainted; I was so frightened. I am a coward, I know. Will you forgive me?'

'Why, it's you who must forgive me,' cried repentant Jessie. Her eyes were full of tears as she put her arms round her cousin's neck. 'Will you, Mabel? I've been a horrid, selfish, unkind, nasty old thing!'

'No, you haven't,' said Mabel, and she kissed Jessie with far more warmth than anyone would have given her credit for. 'But I think, Jessie dear, you and I are learning what my own dear mamma used always to say was the first Christian lesson—'Do unto others as ye would they should do in you.' From to-day, Jessie, I'll try and be less cowardly; and you—won't you?—will be a little forbearing with me.'—'The Adviser.'

The Children's Gift.

Earle and Daisy were two dear little children of seven and nine who lived on a farm with plenty of chickens, cows, sheep and horses, but they never thought much how nice all these were as they fed the chickens and ran errands for the family or played merrily about on the grass that formed a green carpet under the trees during the warm summer days.

'To-morrow is mamma's birthday,' said papa one morning at the breakfast table, 'I think we must have a chicken pie in honor of the day.'

'And a birthday cake, too,' said little Earle, as he remembered the nice one he had when he was seven years old.

Mamma smiled as she looked at the earnest face of the little one.

Next morning as papa was going away to his work Daisy asked, 'Papa, can't Earle and I do something to earn some pennies?'

After thinking a moment he said, 'Why, yes, old Brindle has lost her bell in the wood pasture and if you can find it I will give you five cents each.'

'Let us go, Earle,' cried the little girl, and away they ran eager to begin the search. It was no easy task, for there were so many thickets in the pasture that it took a long time to look into each one, but the children ran hither and thither, peering into this place and that in hope of soon earning the promised reward. When they were nearly tired out Earle spied the bell in some bushes where the strap had caught. Wearied and hungry after their morning's work they trudged homeward and in a little while were rejoicing over their ten bright pennies.

Mamma asked, 'What are you going to buy with your money? for I suppose you will spend it when you go for the mail this afternoon.'

'It's a secret, mamma,' they replied as they smiled at each other. 'Wait until we come home.'

Every little while during the afternoon Daisy or Earle would run into the house and ask if it were not time to go to the village.

At last their mother said, 'It is three o'clock now and you can go if you wish.'

She watched them running down the road holding each other's hands and wondered what they intended to purchase with their pennies, for they usually told her all their plans. In an hour later she could hear through the open window their happy voices and shouts of fun as they ran across the porch.

'See, mamma,' they called as they ran into the room, and Daisy held up a pretty white handkerchief, 'see what we bought for you, a birthday present,' and they smiled radiantly through the dust that covered their flushed little faces. 'Isn't it lovely?'

'Why, it's beautiful, my darlings,' said mamma, with a sudden tugging at her heart, as she gathered each little form into a loving embrace.

Her appreciation of their gift filled the children with delight and Daisy remarked with a sigh of contentment, 'I think birthdays are lovely.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Old Saws in Rhyme.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake, and hold on to it too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play;
Where there's a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.

By, rogues falling out honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall in the ditch;
'Tis better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like a fool who is old.

—'Early Days'