

under the knitted cap that she wore, she looked out of blue eyes, soft and pleasant. The little ones in the teacher's own class were rather restless, they repeated perfectly, but without emotion,

"Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band."

In vain the lady looked into their black, brown, and gray eyes, hoping that their souls were touched. But still wistful and grave sat the child in the other class, with a peaceful face, as if she was nearly ready to stand there too.

The school closed. The blue-eyed, and brown-eyed children pressed down the aisles. The teacher went away with a prayer in her heart for the unknown German child, so eager to drink a drop of water out of the "wells of salvation."

On a gloomy day in autumn the same lady walked out, to look after a missing scholar. Around a large factory are always grouped clusters of houses, often uninviting in their appearance. These little brown cottages were less dingy than many others on the lane. Bits of garden separated them, and beyond were distinctly seen glimpses of the blue river and the outline of distant hills. In one house, the lady was particularly interested. The tiny garden spot had been well kept. A few late flowers lingered among the frost-killed vines and blackened stems. A pretty woodbine creeping to the very roof, still did its best to beautify the poor home with its crimson leaves. The path to the door was well made, and grass-bordered. Clean white curtains brightened the small windows. In one of them appeared a geranium.

The lady longed to see the interior, and asked some children passing, who lived there. "Why," said one of them, in apparent surprise, "our little Gretchen." She did not hesitate to knock at the door, to find out who little Gretchen was, and what she could do for her. Her kind smile insured a welcome, as the little maiden of the Sunday-school opened the door. How nice the little kitchen looked, with its clean floor newly washed, and homely furniture. Who was "our little Gretchen," with her dark stuff dress and white apron?

The child was twelve years old and motherless. On the labor of her small hands depended the comfort of four younger children, and of their father. It was marvellous to see how well she conducted the household, keeping the