

and their faces radiant with smiles. All were full of joy—except one. This little girl could only just keep up with the rest, and her face was sad, for she had to drag along with her two great buckets, so full that some of the transparent liquid splashed over on to the floor at every step.

"Tintelle!" cried the mother. "Come back to me, Tintelle!"

Tintelle gave her one look. It was a loving look, but there was so much pain in it, and distress, and even reproach that the mother fell fainting on the floor. When she opened her eyes once more the grey of the morning was creeping in at the windows. She ran to the vestry door; but on the floor, right across the church, was a row of dark, damp stains as if water had been splashed there a little while before.

The sexton was startled when he opened the church after breakfast and found his neighbor inside. He began to say how sorry he was that he had locked her in; but she did not seem to hear him. She walked quickly out and through the street, and up the stony hill behind the village till she came to the place where

man lived by himself in a hut leaning against a rock. The poor mother threw herself at his feet, and begged him to tell her the meaning of what she had seen.

"My daughter," he said, "those children have passed from earth to heaven. The gold and silver cups contain their mothers' tears. Those who carried vases of perfume or baskets of sweet-smelling flowers are children of mothers who have said, in the midst of their grief, 'God knows what is best, and He is taking good care of them now. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

The old man paused.

"Oh, my father!" she sobbed, "if you had been near my little girl would not have died; but I know that, even now God will do anything you ask Him."

The wise man took the poor woman's hands in his own, and, in his tenderest voice, asked:

"Did you love the child very much?"

"Did I love her?—oh! what a question!" And then, bowing low and seizing the edge of his long robe, she implored him: "You are a saint, my father; give me back my child, my little Tintelle!"

"Yes," said the old man, paying no attention to her prayer, "you loved your child very much; so you would have done a great deal to save her from suffering."

"Anything—my father!" the mother cried. "I would have lain upon red-hot coals to have saved her a scorched finger."

"I believe it. And you love her still, no doubt?"

"Do I love her?" screamed the poor woman. "Do I love her? It is plain that you know nothing of a mother's love, if you think that death can kill it!"

"Go, woman!" said the old man, making his voice as stern as he could. "You do not speak the truth. You have seen your little daughter bending under the weight of your tears, and you tell me that you love her. At this very moment she is here beside you, struggling with her painful task—and you say you love her! Away with you!"

The hut grew dark; the old man disappeared, hidden by a thick, grey mist. As the air cleared, the mother saw once more her precious child coming towards her with slow and heavy tread. She was bending under her burden of tears, and once she stumbled, and some of the liquid splashed on to her foot. The little spirit screamed as if she had been burnt.

The mother rushed forward. "For give me, Tintelle," she cried. "I will never hurt you again. I will not grudge you to the good God any more; I will not, Tintelle! I will not, I promise you!"

The spirit child looked up with a pleased smile, and the heavy buckets fell from her hands, spilling every drop on the earthen floor.

The mist vanished. There was the wise man where he had stood before.

"My eyes are open," the mother said. "I have been mad in my grief, I will complain no longer. If I am a childless mother, I will go and seek the motherless children and care for them, and we shall comfort one another."

"Go in peace, my daughter," said the old man.

A few days afterwards she was kneeling in the church after everyone else had gone—everyone except an orphan child, whom she had taken into her home and her heart.

The vestry door opened, as it had when she had been locked in the church at night. The old sexton came slowly out, and the old clergyman followed. Then came the procession of children; and at the head of the procession Tintelle tripped along so lightly that her feet scarcely touched the ground. She was waving over her head a bunch of anemones, fragile spirit flowers, but so sweet that their perfume filled the whole church. She had no bucket, not even a golden cup of tears, but a tiny drop glistened in the heart of every flower.

"Did you see anything, my deary?" whispered the mother to the child by her side.

"I only saw you smile very sweetly, mother," said the child.

Next day the mother climbed the stony hill, and found the wise old man sitting at his door. When she had told him what she had seen, he said, "Come in and see where Tintelle gathered the flowers." In the middle of the hut, a clump of anemones had sprung up where Tintelle had let the buckets fall from the moistened earth, and a purified tear was gleaming in every blossom.

Without character a man is without capital.

## Naughty Robins.

The tipping propensities of geese, bees, and butterflies have been noted and reported, and now a similar story is being told of the supposed innocent robin redbreast. He is said to get intoxicated on chinaberries while wintering in the Southern States of America. The chinaberry has a large stone, about which is a thin paste. This paste contains alcohol, which ensures a robin a "drunk" which ends in stupefaction, and the spree ends in death often, from foxes and other predatory animals. Some of the birds eat the berries until they tumble head over wing to the ground. Others get fighting mad and attack their comrades. Still others flap their wings and go along the branches, slipping and falling, but screaming in jerky voices and buffeting comrades in the most joyful manner.

## How Would You Like it Yourself?

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnnie chasing the cat with stones. "Why, Johnnie, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirt, mamma. Somebody put her up in the coal-hole," he said.

"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes. She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnnie came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"Oh mamma, mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, and then turned and sat down again. "Jane," she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Nurse looked up astonished, and Johnnie stopped his loud noise to stare. "Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnnie. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnnie felt as if this was more than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty; I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnnie was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—Sunbeam.

"I don't exactly love it," drawled Mark Twain, on being presented with his first-born, "but"—edging away from the unconscious bundle of innocence whose advent had occasioned such a convulsion in his household.—"but I respect it."