

frightened at this. She called Mary over and over again, but got no answer. The truth was, Mary was afraid to go up to the garret. But when grandmother came home, hearing the cries, she followed the sound till she came to the garret door; then she guessed what had happened.

Going upstairs, she opened the door from the outside, and found Ethel sobbing on the floor. Running to her grandmother, she flung her arms round her neck, and promised she would not be disobedient any more.

On her next birthday she got the ring, and from that time she learnt to be more obedient to everyone. When her grandfather heard the story, he said he was sure his little grand-daughter would be more careful another time in doing what was right.

The Little Pet Lammie.

'What makes them pass the box two times in the meeting?' asked Bessy when she got home from church one morning. It was Sailors' Sunday, and the good minister had preached a sermon about 'those that go down to the sea in ships.'

'The first one was for running expenses,' said mamma. 'Then after that they passed the box again to get some money for the poor sailors.'

'What's "running expenses"?' asked Bessy, with her forehead all in a pucker.

'Oh, to keep the church going—pay the coal bills and the gas bills, and pay the organist and the minister. In some churches they let people pay for sitting in the pews, and get their money that way, but our seats are free, and so we pass the boxes.'

'The church doesn't run a bit! It just stays right there!' said Bessy, stoutly.

Papa gave a little laugh behind his paper, and even mamma smiled as she made haste to answer. 'Well, it seems so. But its business is to "go,"' Jesus said so. I can show you the orders in the Bible.'

'Oh, do please show me the orders!' begged Bessy.

So mamma took down the Bible and turned to that verse in Mark which is your Golden Text for to-day.

'There it is. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Now, those words are for all Christ's disciples.'

'For me, mamma?'

'Yes, darling,' said mamma. 'For everyone. But of course not every single one can go. You have to stay here and grow and go to school and help take care of baby, and I have to stay and keep the house and make your clothes and be the mother. There are a great many people just like us; whom God wants to stay at home for a while and do the home work. But all the time there are the orders. Now, how are they going to mind them?'

'They might send somebody to go for them,' said Bessy, after a while.

'That is just what they have to do,' said mamma. 'That is what the contribution boxes are for. It takes money. To-day we sent preachers to the sailors. Books and lodging houses and all sorts of good helps will come out of that money. We shall "go" a long way by our gifts this morning. Sailors go everywhere.'

'I should call that the "running expenses,"' laughed Bessy. 'Mamma, I want to give something. I've got something all my own! Papa said he would give me money for it.'

'What is it, darling?'

'My little pet lammie. Course I love it, but I want to 'bey the orders.'—'Little Pilgrim.'

The Taper and the Lighthouse.

Did you ever think you could not be of much use in the world? Read this little story about the taper that helped to keep great ships safe on the ocean.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

'Where are you going?' said the taper.

'Away up high,' said the man, 'higher than the top of the house where we sleep.'

'And what are you going to do there?' said the little taper.

'I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' said the man. 'For we stand here at the entrance to a harbor, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now.' 'Alas! no ship could ever see my light,' said the taper, 'it is so very small.'

'If your light is small,' said the man, 'keep it burning bright and leave the rest to me.'

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for this was a lighthouse they were in—he took

the little taper, and with it he lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning steady and clear, throwing a great, strong beam of light across the sea.

By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining over the sea, so that ships, far out, knew by them where they were, and were guided safely into the harbor.—'Golden Rule.'

Why the Apple Tree Broke.

The late Dr. Spencer said that when he was a lad his father gave him a little tree that had just been grafted. One day, in his father's absence, he let the colt in the garden, and the colt broke off the graft. It was mended, however, on the following day, and continued to grow finely.

Years passed, and young Spencer became a man and a minister. Some time after he became a pastor he made a visit to the old homestead where he had spent his boyhood. His sapling had become a large tree and loaded with apples. During the night after his arrival at the homestead there was a violent thunder shower; the wind blew fearfully.

He rose early in the morning, and on going out found his tree lying prostrate upon the ground. The wind had twisted it off just where the colt had broken it when it was a sapling. Probably the storm would not have broken it at all if it had not been broken when it was small.

Little one, don't break your word! You may mend it by saying, 'I told a lie, but I am very, very sorry!' Yet the truth branch of you will always be a little weak. Sometime, when you are very much tempted, it may give way where it was broken before.—'Mayflower.'

Saturday Night.

How pleasant is Saturday night
When I've tried all the week to
be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I
could.

To-morrow the holy day comes,
Which our merciful Father has
given,
That we may rest from our work,
And prepare for the joys of his
heaven.
—'Young Reader.'