

stopped to give her head a mournful shake.

'I'm afraid I do. Well, mamma says the best way, when you can't help saying them, is to get out of the way as fast as you can. So I didn't say one word to Jennie. Not one.'

Polly smiled in triumph.

'Mamma says,' she presently went on more soberly, 'that Satan is always hanging 'round to try to make people do wrong. And he's strong, and so smart and cunning that if it wasn't for just one thing he would always have his way with us. That one thing is the help that Jesus gives us when we ask him. But, you see, we're not quick enough about it sometimes. And Satan is always quick, and so he puts the ugly words in our mouths, and out they pop before we know it. That's why it's good to get out of the way. Then you can't say 'em, for there's no one to say 'em to.'—
The Round Table.

The Fish in the Brook

Merry little fishes,

In the brook at play,

Floating in the shallows,

Darting swift away.

'Happy little fishes come and play with me!

'No, O no!' the fishes say, 'that can never be!'

Pretty bodies curving,

Bending like a bow,

Through the clear, bright water,

See them swiftly go.

'Happy little fishes, may we play with you?'

'No, O no,' the fishes say, 'that would never do!'

—Emily Huntingdon Miller, in the
'Presbyterian Banner.'

Dolly Lefa's Lesson

By Helen M. Richardson, in 'The Child's Hour.'

Snowball was in disgrace; and so was his little mistress, Dolly Lefa. Snowball's disgrace consisted in trailing his beautiful white fur coat through the coal-bin. Dolly Lefa hardly knew why she was disgraced, unless it was because she insisted upon taking the poor forlorn kitten into her lap.

Snowball was not to blame for Dolly Lefa's dirty dress; he did not know that coal-dust rubbed off—neither did Dolly Lefa until it was too late.

'Put that dirty kitten down this minute! See what a sight he has made of your clean white dress!' Mrs. Wayles exclaimed when she came into the room. Then she

stamped her foot, and said 'Scat!' so loudly that Snowball was out of sight before Dolly Lefa could cry out: 'Snowball isn't to blame, mamma; I took him up.'

'Snowball must be taught to keep out of the coal-bin; and my little girl must learn that white dresses are not made for dirty cats to rest upon,' reproved her mother.

So Dolly Lefa had been left alone in the nursery in her soiled white dress to 'learn not to hold dirty cats.' And Snowball had crept down stairs with his tail between his legs and curled himself up in a corner under the stairs.

After Dolly Lefa had sat there a few minutes she began to feel lonesome. She was to remain in the room an hour, her mother had said.

The clock on the mantel had ticked away about ten minutes of the time when the little girl thought she heard a faint mew at the door.

'Mamma did not say that I must sit right in this chair, and she did not say keep the door shut,' mused the little girl. So down she slid and tripped across the floor and opened the door just a crack, and Snowball's little paw did the rest. 'My! Snowball! what would mamma say if she should find you here?' exclaimed Dolly Lefa, delighted to see her pet, and a little frightened as well.

Snowball seated himself comfortably on the fur rug and began to take a bath. This gave Dolly Lefa an idea.

'I'll give Snowball a bath in the wash-bowl,' said the little girl; 'and then, when he is all nice and clean, p'r'aps mamma will let me hold him again.'

At first Snowball made no objection to the water; in fact, he appeared to enjoy it. Dolly had found the bowl, half filled with water, upon the floor of the bathroom; and in carrying it from there to the nursery a great deal of what was in it had splashed out on the ill-fated dress. In fact, so little water was left in the bowl when kitty was placed in it that I doubt if he knew there was any there; for he was contentedly curling himself down in it for a nap, when Dolly Lefa decided that kitty's bath-tub must be fuller. She liked to splash around in lots of water, and so, of course, Snowball would.

On her next trip she brought a pitcher. There was water in it, too. But the pitcher was deeper than the bowl, so none of it splashed over. It would have been better for Snowball, however, if it had. Poor Snowball! He was just drop-

ping off to sleep when down came a shower-bath of water from Dolly Lefa's pitcher.

'S—pit! s—pit! s—pit!' Snowball was out of the bowl in an instant. His fur stood up like the quills of a porcupine. And every time he said 'S—pit!' he shook himself. And every time he shook himself Dolly Lefa felt little trickles of water on her face and in her eyes—and her dress! What would her mother say when she saw it!

Snowball by this time had concluded that he was not called upon to defend himself any longer, and, like a sensible cat, was endeavoring to make himself look respectable again.

Dolly Lefa wished that she could do the same. My! what 'would' her mother say now! If only Snowball hadn't opened the nursery door!

But did he open the door? Dolly Lefa wasn't quite sure whether she had done it or the cat. Snowball's paw certainly had pushed it open; but—

'I guess it was me, Snowball,' she confided, as the cat blinked good-naturedly at her from the rug where he had taken refuge.

'This has all happened because I disobeyed mamma, Snowball,' she went on, as Snowball continued to eye her attentively. 'Mamma told me to sit in that chair an hour; and all this has happened, and it is only half an hour now. I don't s'p'ose she will ever let me hold you again, when she sees me.'

'Are you sorry?' blinked Snowball, from the rug.

'Yes, Snowball; I'm just as sorry as I can be!' answered Dolly Lefa.

'Tell her so; I would,' purred the cat.

'Wh— what! and be whipped, Snowball?'

'Mothers don't whip sorry children,' Snowball purred again.

The nursery door opened softly, but Dolly Lefa did not hear it; she was sound asleep, her little tear-stained cheek snuggled close to the sleeping cat, and both were dreaming.

'I—I tried to wash Snowball, mamma, 'nd—'nd he didn't liked to be washed,' Dolly explained when she rubbed her sleepy eyes open, and saw her mother standing beside her. 'But I'm just as sorry as can be!' she went on to say, following Snowball's advice.

'You were right, Snowball; mothers don't whip sorry children,' Dolly Lefa confided to Snowball, the next day. But she also told him that he never could sleep in her lap again after a visit to the coal-bin