

to take such care of us,' said Katherine.

'Nice gan'pa,' said Nellie, 'Good kind gan'ma, too,' as she went from one to the other with the dear little lips puckered for a kiss.

They had been told of the orphan children coming, and wondered how they could help them have a good time. 'We can just tell them where the best places are,' said Katherine. So both children set to work, and made placards with the most wonderful printing on them. One read

THIS IZ

A GOOD PLAIS TO

HYDE.

Another

BEWAIR

THEYR'S A BIG SNAG

Heare

(a tie-post over which each had tumbled). Another intimated that

FAYRIES LIVE HEARE

RELE LIVE WUNS

And several similar notices—a labor of love for the stranger children who were to visit at the farm after they had gone home. Even such acts as these are not unnoticed or forgotten by the angels.

They came, ten of them, and what a fulness of joy was expressed on their happy countenances as they drank in the beauty and freshness that was around them. Farmer John was everything to all children, and was in his glory at 'drop-the-handkerchief,' 'tag,' 'hide-and-seek,' and all the games that children love. And what good meals were prepared by the kind wife and her daughter. The allotted time went by, but leave was granted at the urgent request of Farmer Saunders and his wife for an extra week. And in the fortnight enough happiness was stored in their little lives to carry them far into the weeks and months of city life to come.

Farmer John and his mild, kind wife sat together on the verandah talking, as the sun disappeared behind the trees in the distance. A sweet sadness had come over them.

'Wife,' said he, 'I'll never forget this summer. It's been the happiest and most worth-while summer I have spent since our little Ruth went away. Seemed as if I could

see her eyes looking out of some of the pretty faces.'

'Yes, John,' answered his wife, as she wiped away the tears that would come, though not all of sorrow. 'Ruthie is nearer to me now than she ever was before. "Blessing thou shalt be blessed," and what better thing could we ask of God than that He would help us to realize, more fully than ever, that our darling child is not dead but only gone before.'

Farmer John leaned over and kissed his wife softly and tenderly. 'Wife, dear, she cannot come to us, but we can go to her,' he said, 'and perhaps in that bright land she and we may hear the Master say, "Ye did it unto me."'

### Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

And now Christobel saw that the little girl was clasped in another angel's arms, who seemed to have entered with the sun, and as he smoothed back her tangled hair he pressed a kiss of such sweetness on her lips, that she lay her head back in his arms with a smile of perfect content.

'The angel will take her home now, to be glad for evermore, far away from misery and sickness. Come, we have more to do, little Christobel.' And with a great content at her heart, Chrissie went with the angel, rejoicing in the little girl's happiness.

And then suddenly Chrissie found herself in quite a strange country.

There were strange plants and trees, and wonderful birds and animals, and the sun was very hot and the land was very beautiful.

Somehow Chrissie hardly noticed the sun; perhaps because the angel was with her, and his shadow sheltered her.

Presently she saw some trees which she recognized at once as palm-trees. She had seen them in pictures at home. Then Chrissie knew that she was in India, and she saw that they were approaching an Indian town.

They stopped before a large white house, and entering through an archway, found themselves in a courtyard round which the house

was built, and which had a verandah running round part of it.

Then Chrissie heard the wailing voice of a little girl, evidently tired out with weeping. She did not see any one, however, till the angel took her through another archway into a courtyard, like the one they had left, though smaller. 'The women live in the upper part of this house,' the angel said, 'and you have heard that it is called the Zenana. Down below are the kitchens and where the cattle live. And this,' he continued, speaking tenderly, 'is a poor little out-cast, because she is a widow.'

Lying on the ground on her face, with the fierce sun beating down upon her, was a little Indian girl, even smaller than Chrissie. Her clothes were rough and ugly. She wore no pretty ornaments such as Indian girl's wear, and the chuddah, which is the part of the Indian girl's garment that she pulls over her head, had half fallen off, so that Chrissie saw that her hair was cut short.

'Tell me why she is so unhappy,' Chrissie cried to the angel.

'Because she is a widow' he replied, 'and her religion teaches that it is her fault if her husband dies, though she has never even seen him; and she must always be cruelly treated and despised; and there are many more like her,' and the angel sighed. 'When she is old enough, she will in her turn learn to be unkind to little widows younger than herself. She does not know that God above loves her: she has no joy to look forward to, or she would not be so desolate. Now she longs for water, and they will give her none till the sun goes down.'

And then Chrissie went up to the little girl and put her arms round her, and begged her not to cry.

The Indian child looked up and seemed to understand, and then Chrissie pulled the chuddah over her head, so that the sun should not be so hot for her. A great feeling of pity had arisen in her heart, and she longed to help the little heathen in such distress. She seemed to understand when the child said: 'Thank you for loving me; it is better than water when one is thirsty.'

(To be continued.)