

where it would not be disturbed. I'll give you a pretty rose-bush in a box next season, if you'll water it."

"Guess I could do that," said Nancy smiling, and putting back her uncombed locks under her hood.

A beautiful bright-feathered bird sung merrily on a tree by the roadside. "See that beautiful bird," exclaimed Sarah. "How lovely everything is!"

"I'll make him fly," said Nancy with a roguish look, as she stooped to pick up a stone.

"Oh don't," said Sarah; "you might kill him."

"No, I won't, but I'll scare the rascal."

"Oh don't. How can you make him afraid when he is so happy, and sings so sweetly for us? God takes care of every little bird."

"How do you know?" said Nancy.

"Jesus himself said a sparrow falleth not to the ground without Him."

When Sarah entered the school-room, she bade the teacher a pleasant "good morning," and Nancy had already felt enough of good influence to follow her example. "Good morning; I am glad to see you in good time," answered the teacher encouragingly, and Nancy felt a self-respect quite new to her.

At noon she was at some of her old tricks,—snatching the girls' bonnets, throwing them in the dirt, and upsetting their dinner-baskets, because they would not play with her, so Sarah left her own quiet play, and offered to see-saw with her, to soothe and keep her out of mischief. The other girls wondered at this, not knowing that Sarah had a good thing at heart for her.

After school she said to Nancy, "Come early to school to-morrow, won't you?"

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I shan't tell you now," said Sarah, laughing.

Nancy's curiosity was excited, and she was early the next day. Sarah was watching for her at her own gate, and was glad to see that her feet had been half washed and her hair half combed. She had one of her own Sunday bonnets in readiness, and gave it to her, saying, "Your hood is too warm." Nancy smiled, and handed her a wild flower she had plucked by the way. She had not learned to say "Thank you" in words, still her heart could express the new and pleasant feelings of gratitude.

And in such quiet little ways as we have told, Sarah tried