

"Is it not almost ripe?—I long for a bite," I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week," said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than any thing else: often I used to stop and look longingly up to this. Oh, how good it looks, I used to think, smacking my lips; I wish it was *all* mine.

"The early apples did not taste as good; the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of, in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. O, I wish I had it, was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night, after we were in bed, my brother fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about and could not get to sleep. I crept up and went to the window. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden. I snuffed a pleasant smell. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree. The pear-tree, and then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good would a juicy pear taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments more found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, or trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me, I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it opened, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out into the cool night air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the

most earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I stood beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has blowed it off; but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden—he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. Oh, it will taste so good, and father never will never can know it; he never would think I took it.

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree and raised my hand to it, and to snatch it. On tiptoe, and with my hand uplifted and my head turned upwards, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear-tree. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and I hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and every body in town would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day.—It was some time before I dared to move so vivid was the impression made upon my mind, by the awful truth in these four words, 'Thou God seest me.' I *knew* he saw me—I *felt* that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feeling did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me, but oh, it seemed as if every body knew it, and I should never dare meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself