

she taught him the text ; and then in her own simple way tried to explain it.

Poor Ellen ! the day so well begun was not to end without a trial of her love. When she went to play with Willie after dinner, he was sitting on the nursery floor, tearing out leaf after leaf from her pretty " Bible Story-Book." " Oh, Willie, Willie, you naughty, wicked boy ! " she cried, " how *could* you spoil my book ? " " Little children, love one another," whispered conscience ; but Ellen was not ready to listen to it. But when she saw how grieved her mamma looked, and heard her say, " Ellen, is *that* a missionary spirit ? " she was very, *very* sorry, and ran away weeping bitterly.

When her mamma had quieted Willie, and told him how wrong it was to destroy his sister's things, she went to look for Ellen. Where do you think she found her ? She was kneeling by the side of her little bed and praying that Jesus would forgive her naughty temper, and help her to overcome it. And that kind Saviour, who listens to the little ones when they pray, heard her, and granted her request ; for after that time, though harsh words sometimes came to her lips, she tried earnestly to check them, and she almost always succeeded. Day after day, too, she continued her " missionary " work, and talked to Willie, and prayed with him, and taught him to pray for himself ; for she knew that if all the good people in the world were to pray for us ever so much, we must pray for ourselves also.

It was not long before Ellen's cheeks began to grow pale, and she became weak and ill. For a short time she was able to go out as usual, but at last she could not even leave her room or her crib. Her little friends