

the blessings of a home. Her guardian, who was in India, had placed her under the care of Mrs. Templeton, with instructions that she was to have everything that she required to make her happy. But money cannot purchase happiness, and Nettie's heart was often sad when she saw how other children went to their parents to tell them of their little joys and sorrows, and felt that she had no one to sympathize with her. For although Mrs. Templeton was very kind, she had a great many pupils to think about, and her own children were young, and required much attention. Lilian Grey was Nettie's best friend in the school, but she was only a day-scholar, and in the evenings Nettie was often very lonely; for the other boarders were all a great deal older than herself, and did not care to have her with them. Lilian would sometimes stay a little while to play with Nettie; but often, as on the present occasion, her mother would tell her to come home as soon as her lessons were over.

"I wish I could be somebody's comfort," said Nettie, then she fell into a reverie which lasted until she heard a voice behind her, saying,

"Get up, Nettie, the grass is damp, and you will take cold."

It was Mrs. Templeton, who was walking through the grounds with a visitor. Nettie sprang to her feet, and, glancing shyly at the stranger, turned towards the house.

"Stay, child," said Mrs. Templeton, "I want you to take this brooch to Miss Ashton. I found it on the grass, and I think it must belong to her."

Nettie took the brooch, which was a mourning one, and carrying it upstairs knocked at Miss Ashton's door. No answer came; and, after knocking again and waiting a few minutes, she turned the handle, and walked in. Miss Ashton sat by the window, her face buried in her hands, and her long hair resting on her lap. Nettie laid the brooch on the table, and was about to retire, when Miss Ashton looked up, and inquired,

"Were you wanting anything, Nettie?"

"No. I only brought back your brooch; Mrs. Templeton found it on the grass."

"Thank you."

Nettie paused for a moment; then, yielding to the impulse of her kind little heart, she threw her arms round Miss Ashton's neck, and kissed her fervently, saying,

"I am so sorry you are unhappy."

"Dear little Nettie!" was the only reply, as she rose from her seat, and proceeded to arrange her hair.

"May I do something for you?" said Nettie, in a timid voice. "I can fasten your dress, or get you some water, if you want it."

"You may take down that dress from behind the door, if you can reach it. That one; thank you. Now will you get me a collar and cuffs out of the top drawer. Those plain white ones, please; and if you will wait a minute, you can put a pin in the back of my collar. Thank you, that will do nicely."

"May I come every day, and help you to dress?" asked Nettie.

"Yes, dear, if you have nothing else to do."

"Oh, I don't often have anything to do, and you won't feel so lonely then, will you?"

"No, love," and she smiled mournfully. As Nettie went downstairs, she thought, "I wonder if I could ever be Miss Ashton's comfort! It means a great deal more than being useful I am sure, for I am useful now."

That night, as Miss Ashton passed through the children's room on her way to bed, Nettie felt a soft kiss pressed on her forehead, and a whispered blessing reached her ear, but she did not speak, for it seemed but a part of her dream. Many were the wise resolutions which Nettie had made before going to sleep, and the next morning found her in earnest at her studies, for she was anxious to please Miss Ashton, by knowing her lessons.

"Nettie is very much improved of late," remarked a friend, about a month after. "She is more thoughtful than she used to be; and I think it is owing to Miss Ashton's