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the pool was splashed upon her garment, and it looked soiled, indeed, strange to say, the woman she had saved was more grieved than she. Carita, indeed gave it no thought, so intent was she upon guiding the steps of a child she had found wailing at the foot of the tree. She took the child with her into the forest shade.

"Have a care," called Ayeda, whose snowy robe was spotless yet. "Thou wilt need both thy hands in this forest, to clear thy path from thorns."

"The child needs help," was all Carita could reply; but, as she looked at her friend, her heart for a moment sank, for Ayeda's eyes had known no tears and shone like stars. She had

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carried no burden, and her form was erect. She had lent no aid, and her robe was unsoiled.

But poor Carita! Not only was she splashed with mud, but she had wept until her eyes were dim. She had helped this one and that, and her form was bent. She had borne the burdens of those beside her, and her strength was spent.

Ayeda's skin was soft and fair, for she had eaten plentifully of the fruit that grew by the way. Carita had plucked for the old men and for the children, and had taken but few herself, and those not of the best. Her hair, too, had turned grey since she had entered the forest. How could she hope to be admitted into the presence of the King, much less that He should smile on her? Yet any cry for help, and she turned to the spot from whence it came. She could not turn from it with Ayeda's wisdom, but ever lent her aid and soiled her robe. So with bleeding feet she climbed the mountain. So with sinking heart she faced the stream.

On the further side of that river the King's palace rose, tower upon tower of snow white marble and of burning gold. Gardens that bloomed with fairest flowers surrounded it. At the great gate the weary travellers stood. The warders blew their horns.

"Enter! enter!" they cried. Enter all whose robes have neither spot nor stain, whose forms are fair and whose eyes are bright. None other doth the King desire."

Proudly Ayeda stepped from the throng. Two sentinels, in shining armour, met and stayed her.

"Thy robe," said one, pointing. "Thy face, thy form," said another. See thou thyself."

Ayeda looked into a pool of water, near. She shrieked aloud.

"The river works many a change," spoke the sentinel. "In thy passage through those dark and silent waters thy robe was washed from thee, and one that, unknowing, thou hadst been weaving on the way by thy deeds—the hidden robe of thy true soul—was thus uncovered. And in those waters all eyes that have not wept grow dim; all limbs that have not toiled grow bent. Regard thyself."

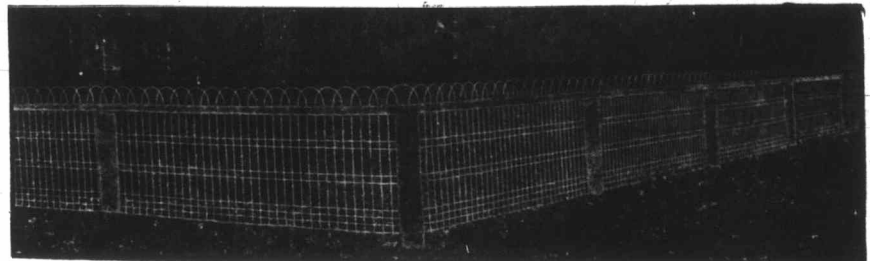
Ayeda shrieked again and wrung

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her hands. Her form had shrunk to almost pigmy proportions; her garments hung stained and soiled about her. Her hard, pinched face, mean with meanest thoughts, showing how ignoble desires and selfish hopes, had no beauty for the eyes of any man.

The sentinel took Carita's hand and drew her forward. And lo! the tears she had shed for others had made her eyes more lustrous than the stars. Her brow, pure and noble, had been moulded by noblest thoughts and loftiest aspirations. The burdens not her own that she had carried had trained her limbs to grace and strength. On the new robe she wore were interweavings of bright gold wherever on the old had been a stain.

The great gates opened wide. "Bride of the King," said the sentinel, "pass on."—Christian Register.

A FORGIVENESS ACCOUNT.

John and his sister, Gladys, were out at the front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The beads were on a little work-table beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was an old box-cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers. He was the engine and he was steaming and whistling with all his strength.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table. "Puff, puff," went this snorting human engine.

"Take care," cried Gladys again, as he came nearer to the table, "you'll spill my beads." Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew, the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"Oh, John!" cried Gladys, with an angry face, "what did I tell you?" "I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful.

Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then she said, "Never mind John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she had heard on the previous Sabbath about Jesus telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that—" She shut her lips tight, "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know

when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed, she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book:

"List of Times I Forgive John."

And under this:

She then remembered that that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show father when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote slowly on the opposite page:

"The Times John Forgives Me."

"Monday—For knocking down his tower."

That made them even, and so, day after day, it went on.

One day she had the longest list, and another day John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping my list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive always, as I wish to be forgiven."

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