

secured the lid. She thought there could be no harm in lifting the lid to take just one peep.

Remembering her promise to be good, she resolved not to take the jewels out of the case, though it was hard work to keep her fingers off. While thus engaged she heard a boy's voice in the hall calling: 'Alice! Alice! Where are you? Bridget says we can go nutting. Get your tam and basket and come on.' 'Oh!' called back Alice, 'Won't that be lovely? Let's go to Paul's woods. The hickory nuts there are so large and the ground is just covered with them.'

In her hurry to join her neighbor-playmate Roy she ran off and left the lid of the jewel-box open.

As the two friends walked down the garden-path chattering and swinging their baskets, they stopped for a few minutes to talk to Polly, the pet crow, who had her nest in the top of a tall spruce tree that was one of a pair standing on either side of the gate. But Polly was in a sober mood to-day, and soon put an end to their teasing by flying off in high dudgeon to her nest in the top of the tree.

As they watched her go Alice said to her companion:—'Father thinks those trees are too close together and wants to cut them down. He says they'll make good Xmas trees, but I think it would be too bad to spoil Polly's nest.'

A few hours afterwards they came back from the woods with their baskets full of the delicious nuts and Alice had to tell her father and mother of all the fun they had had that afternoon.

'Have you been a good girl, Alice?' father asked.

'Yes,' answered Alice, 'just as good as could be all day. I didn't do one naughty thing.'

Then she got a hearty kiss from her father and mother. She really thought she had been good. She had forgotten all about the jewel case.

Next day when mamma went to dress to go to an evening party, her opal ring was not to be found, though she felt quite sure she had left it in the jewel case the morning they had driven out to grandpa's.

Alice was called and questioned

and though she admitted opening the lid and looking at the jewels she tearfully denied handling them. Her mother was loath to believe her little girl would add untruth to disobedience, but her father was inclined to be stern and to punish her for what he considered an untruth; but Alice adhered so stoutly to the fact that she had not lifted a single article, that her mother let the matter drop hoping that the mystery would be explained some day. Though she hated to doubt her little girl still her trust in the truthfulness of Alice was a little bit shaken.

As time went on, nothing was seen of the ring. What had become of it was as complete a mystery as ever. Winter was coming on and the lost ring was forgotten in preparation for Christmas.

One morning her father told Alice he was going to cut down the two spruce trees in front of the house. One of them he was going to keep for their own Christmas tree, and the other he intended to give to a neighbor.

Alice watched from the window in great glee as the sturdy blows of the axe ate into the large round trunk of the tree. Soon the tree was lying prone on the ground, and Alice watched her father lean over to pick up something that seemed to have fallen out of the tree.

'Oh, mother! It's Polly's nest! It's Polly's nest! What a pity!'

Then her father excitedly held up something between finger and thumb, and called to Alice to come to the door, that he had found something for her.

Wondering what it could be, Alice raced off, and when she got there, what do you think it was? Why, the opal ring, of course. Polly, the pet crow, must have flown in at the open window, and picked it out of the jewel case, and then carried it to her nest.

'Why didn't we think of that before?' said her mother, when everybody knows that crows are all fond of anything bright and pretty.

In the nest was also found the handle of an old tea-cup and some shining bits of broken dishes.

And then mother gave Alice a big hug for having told the truth about that jewel box after all.

## A Cat Story.

(Child's Companion).

A lady had a cat of which she was very fond, and whose dinner was regularly provided by the cook buying a liver for her once a week. This was cut into seven pieces, one of which was given to the cat every day.

It so happened that puss's mistress was taken ill, and confined to her bed. No sooner did the cat miss her kind friend than she made her way to the bedroom, and, jumping on the bed, she licked her mistress's face and hands, showing in every possible way her affection and sympathy.

After a time a thought seemed to strike her—perhaps her mistress was hungry. Rushing to the door, she waited impatiently until it was opened. The moment this was done she rushed down-stairs, and, to her mistress's surprise, returned almost at once with a piece of liver in her mouth, which she laid on the bed, and seemed to wish the invalid to eat.

This was the last piece of her week's supply, and puss was evidently quite willing to give up her food that day for her mistress. But her gratitude did not end here. The next day she seized the next week's supply before the cook had time to divide it, and, rushing up-stairs, laid the whole of it on the bed at her mistress's disposal. Surely no cat could do more, and it may be doubted whether many people would do as much.

## Shadi's Prayer.

A missionary lady had a little Hindoo orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him: 'Now pray a little prayer of your own.'

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was this: 'Dear Jesus, make me what you were like when you were six years old.'—Child's Gem.

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