

[For the 'Messenger']
The Secret Drawer; or Ethel's Disobedience.

By Gladys Wright (aged 13).

Ethel was living with her grandmother in New Hampshire. The house in which she lived was large and old-fashioned, with many nooks and corners to explore. At the very top of the house was an old garret where boxes and packing cases were stored.

Now, Ethel was forbidden to go to the garret, for her grandmother was afraid she would get hurt among so many heavy things. Ethel might have been very happy, but, being a very curious little girl, she would sit at the bottom of the garret stairs, and wonder what could be in the garret that she could not see. She worried about it all day, and dreamed about it at night, until at last she was so restless she could not settle down to anything.

Her grandmother, noticing how pale she was getting, asked her if she was sick, but she always answered 'No.' At last she determined to just have a 'peep into the garret.'

One day her grandmother said to her, 'Ethel, dear, I am going out to see a friend, and you must be a good girl till I come home, and if you want anything, you may ask Mary (their old housemaid) for it.'

When first her grandmother went out, Ethel sat down to sew, but after a while she got tired of this, and took out a book to read. But even the interesting story failed to keep her attention.

By-and-by she was going downstairs, when she passed the garret door, and the temptation was too great for her to pass by. So after making sure that she was unseen, she opened the door very quietly, and stole upstairs to the garret; she opened the heavy iron door and went in.

At first all was dark, and she was about to run away, when she spied a chest in the corner, and her curiosity led her forward. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she could see quite plainly. Opening the lid of the iron chest, she peeped in, and to her delight saw numbers of little drawers inside. She opened one after the other, until she came to the last one, which was somewhat larger than the others. When she opened this one there were two little ones inside of



A MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright with rosy light,	All through the day I humbly pray,
Hath waked me from my sleep;	Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
Father, I own Thy love alone	My sins forgive and let me live,
Thy little one doth keep.	Blest Jesus, by Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,

Great Spirit of all grace.

Make me like Thee, then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face.

—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'

it. In one of these lay a tiny gold key.

'Now,' thought Ethel, 'this must belong to something;' so taking it out, she looked all round the drawers, but could find nothing. When she was about to give up the search, she accidentally touched a spring, and to her surprise a little drawer flew open. In it lay a box lined with pink silk, and in the middle was a little gold ring set with two rubies and a pearl.

'Oh!' cried Ethel, 'the darling, just what I want.' Slipping it on her

finger, she found it was too large. But tied to it was a card with these words on it: 'For my little daughter on her tenth birthday.' Ethel slipped it back into the box, put it in the drawer and closed the chest.

It was Ethel's father who had written that; she was so young when he died that she could scarcely remember him. But her grandmother had told her a great deal about him.

Ethel moved slowly over to the door, but, to her surprise, she could not open it. She became terribly