

wasn't for mammy and Miss Ethel, and Mrs. Warrington and Mr. Reggie and the colonel and you, Dover, I'd like to die and go to heaven and be happy."

"Trotters," said a voice suddenly behind her.

The little girl sprang to her feet. "Oh it is you, Colonel Warrington," she said with relief. "It sounded strange, your voice did."

"What is that little verse I heard you singing to my daughter the other day?" said the gentleman, sitting down on a circular wooden bench under the tree. "Something about trials and temptations. Can't you sing it for me?"

"Yes," said Tommie, "I will," and she began in an unsteady voice:

"Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,

Take it——"

then she broke down.

"Well," said Colonel Warrington, "take it where? that's the point of the hymn. Don't cry, child."

"Take it to the Lord in prayer," gasped Tommie. "But it won't stay there, colonel, it comes back."

"Then what is the good of your religion?"

"It's a lot of good," said Tommie; "and the trouble doesn't always come back. Sometimes it stays. I guess it always does if I 'member to put it right. Jesus knows our every weakness; do you know that part, colonel?"