

very often done? what would you say then?"

"Is that true, Aunt Helen?"
 "It certainly is, my boy. I think you will find it quite safe to believe just what the Bible says; and when you come to something that you do not understand, instead of saying, 'That can't be true,' say, 'I don't know enough yet to understand that.'"

"Don't forget the most important part of the story," called out grandmother from her chair in the library.

"I know what it is," said Nannie; "grandmother told me. The man had more than his body cured; Jesus cured his heart."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "we must not forget that 'the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'"

But the rain did not stop. It poured down harder and harder. At last he went back to the house as wet as a lit-

"I think you'll have to pay for this," said mamma, as she put dry clothes on him.

And she was right. Haven't you noticed that we always have to pay in some way for wrongdoing? For three days Peter was in bed, with a sore throat and headache and fever. He had plenty of time to think about it.

Young folks like a change. Even where change is not an improvement it may be a relief. Never take a step backward for the sake of change, but try a step forward.

A PIE AND A LIE.

By Adelaide Davis Reynolds.

Mother had made a custard pie and set it on the kitchen table to cool while she went upstairs to make the beds.

Priscilla was playing with her two kittens on the porch, but the smell of the fragrant custard soon lured her in. The pie had a big golden-brown bubble near the centre, and Priscilla touched this cautiously with one fat little forefinger. It broke and she put the crisp fragments into her mouth. A moment later all the spicy, golden surface of the pie was gone, and a sober and thoughtful little girl sat in her rocking-chair by the window.

When mother came downstairs the first thing she said was: "Why, who has peeled my pie? Was it you, Priscilla?"

"No, ma'am," replied Priscilla faintly, without looking up.

"Who was it, then?" persisted mother; "you've been right here and ought to know."

The kittens had jumped into Priscilla's lap and lay there purring loudly and one was rubbing its white nose against her hand. She turned her eyes away from them as she answered, with evident difficulty: "My kitties did it."

Mother looked at her gravely a moment and then said firmly: "I shall tell father to drown the kitties to-night. I'll not keep cats that can't be trusted in the kitchen."

Priscilla said nothing. By-and-by she went slowly out of doors, the kittens following joyously. She wandered uneasily about the yard for a long time. She felt very miserable.

At last father came home to supper, but Priscilla did not eat anything.

After supper mother said to father: "Now I want you to drown those kittens. They ate the top off of a custard pie to-day, so Priscilla says. Put them into this bag and sink it in the middle of the pond."

So father put the bright-eyed kittens into the bag and started for the door.

But Priscilla was there before him. She stood with her back against it and her little feet firmly braced. "You mustn't kill my kitties!" she cried. "they didn't touch the pie! I—I told a lie! I did it myself!" and she burst into loud sobs.

Father let the kittens go and left the room.

Priscilla could not help being very much ashamed and sorry for what she had done. She kissed her mother over and over again and assured her that she would never, never tell another lie, and she went to sleep at last, happy and thankful, with the kittens tucked safely beneath her arm.

Priscilla did not always after this keep quite out of mischief, but she did learn to look bravely up into her mother's face when she had done wrong and say, "I did it, mother."

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
 Hadn't been her's a week.

One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
 Rosy and fair was my cheek.

Now my head lies in a corner far,
 My body lies here in the other;

And if this is what human children are,
 I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
 For fifteen minutes together;

Now I am standing here on my head,
 While she's gone to look at the weather.

My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;

There's jam on my opening page;
 And I will not live with Miss Nancy

Gay,
 Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
 Last night at her birthday feast.

I am the frock that Nancy tore
 In seventeen places at least.

My buttons are scattering far and near,
 My trimming is torn to rags;

And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear,
 I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
 When these things were brought to her view.

All of us ought to be painted red,
 And some of us are not true.

We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap,

We smoulder and smoke and blaze;
 And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,

Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

We do not have to commit open sin
 in order to displease God. We are told

in the Bible that he regardeth our thoughts as well as our actions. "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord," also, "Let the unrighteous forsake his thoughts."

Nor is it safe to harbor evil thoughts, for, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Let your thoughts be of things good and beautiful.



AH, PETER!

Peter! Why do you stand out there? Don't you know it is raining hard? Perhaps you think that basket keeps it off you. But it does not. The rain beats right through it, and your shirt will be soaked.

It comes on a slant and will wet your trousers too. And it does not help things at all for you to put your hands in your pockets, Peter, and look as if you did not care if you are wet.

What's the trouble?
 Just this. Peter's mamma told him to go to the orchard for some apples. Peter liked to go. He liked to pick up the red and yellow fruit lying under the trees. He liked to watch for a squirrel which sometimes came peeping about. But just as he was halfway there it began to rain, and mamma called him back.

"It won't rain hard," he said.
 "Yes, it will. Come back, Peter."

Then Peter got out of sight of his mamma and sulked.

"I don't want to go in," he said to himself. "I'll wait till it stops. The basket will keep me dry."