

upheld her by her love, her patience, and her prayers; and in return the child gave her the full love and confidence of her hungry heart, and strove to please her in all things. A sweet sisterly love sprang up between her and Jane, and the other scholars, seeing the change, began to treat her with more kindness than they had ever done before. By-and-by the uncouth name of Cacky became Caroline, and afterwards, as she grew in the affection of her friends it was again transformed to Carrie, and such it still remains.

But Miss Murray did not rest with this outward change. She knew that the turbulent, passionate heart would never find rest until it found it in the bosom of the Saviour. And so, day by day, she prayed, and strove to lead her to that sure refuge; and great was her joy, when after months of patient laboring, she received the fruit of her toil, and felt that she could number her among the precious lambs of the dear Saviour's fold.

Carrie's plain features will always be plain, but they are lighted up by the patient, hopeful, cheerful spirit within. Her figure is still awkward and ungraceful, but the narrow shoulders are strong enough to bear other burdens than her own. Bound together by one faith, one hope, one aim, the two sisters are walking hand in hand the dark way appointed for them. Their lot in life is not a pleasant one. Their home trials are many and bitter, but their softening influence is felt and acknowledged even there. Their darling Sammy has been laid in the grave, but they feel through their tears that it is well. And so, strong in their Saviour's strength, cheered by the love of a few steadfast friends, they are trying to make the most of themselves, and to make the world better for their living in it.

THREE POOR LITTLE KITTENS.

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has a special tenderness for pets, had a fine cat who came to an untimely end just when her motherly care was indispensable to three little blind kittens, leaving her helpless babies to the tender mercies of her mistress. Every one else was dismayed, and declared that the kittens must be sent after their mother. But Miss Annie, nothing daunted, prepared some milk, and actually fed the little things with a teaspoon, bringing them up "by hand," and training them to all the proprieties of cat-hood, until they seemed to have given her

all the affection of their bereaved hearts. One day, when the kittens were only old enough to go tumbling about in the most absurd way, a calico dress of Miss Annie's was washed and hung upon the line to dry. Soon afterwards the family were called to the windows, and there sat the three little kittens, all in a row under the clothes line, mewing in the most distressing manner to the dress, which sailed back and forth in the wind, and for the first time paid no attention to them. Whether they were persuaded it was Miss Annie herself, hanging there so uncomfortably, or whether they only connected the dress in some way with their daily food, I cannot undertake to decide. One thing I do know, my story is strictly true.—*Little Corporal.*

Original.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Mamma," said Herbert, as he came running into the parlor, one cold winter morning, followed by two or three brothers and sisters, "mamma, nurse says that a poor *habitant* was found frozen to death on the Lorette road, this morning—horse and all, stiff and dead. Can it be true do you think—how could such a thing happen?"

"I am afraid it is too sadly true, my dear," was the reply. "Last night was very stormy, and bitterly cold; and the poor man may have been drinking, as is too often the case, or may have lost his road and got into a snow-drift, and, not being able to get out again, perished. I was nearly lost when young upon that very road."

"You, mamma, how? Oh, tell us how!"

"I think it is too long a story to tell you now, children," said Mrs. A—, looking at her watch, "it is so near school-time."

"Oh, please don't say so. See, we have half-an-hour before Mrs. F— comes, and our books and slates are all ready upon the table—and we know our lessons. You have not told us a story since "Old Cerb," and you promised you would next rainy day."

"Well, my son, if you remember, we had snow immediately after that, and no