

well, for he said, "Oh, he is ashamed of himself because he did not find anyone. But," he added, "he will soon get over his sulks."

Good old dog! He was ashamed because he had not found anyone. No traveller in the snow had needed his rescue, and the noble brute felt that he had done no good that day. It was not his fault that no poor dying traveller had been out on the mountain track that night or had fallen in the snow, but he did not know enough to reason about that. All he knew was that he had been sent to save someone and he had not done it. This made him feel bad and he could not eat.

What a lesson for all! How many poor people there are in trouble, sinking, perhaps, under some terrible load, and yet those that are happy and strong care nothing about it! A true Christian should be like his Master. His Master was sent here to seek and to save those that were lost, and every Christian should try to do the same. How many feel unhappy because they never do it? Look at the Epistle of St. James, the last two verses, and you will see what this means.

#### AN EARLY MORNING BURGLAR.



DRIZZLING rain had been falling all night; just the kind of rain to make people sleep more soundly and comfortably. And now, though the morning was breaking, it was through a dull, gray mist which was certainly not bright or cheering.

It was through this gray mist, and as though from a great distance, that Anchen heard the rising-bell. Very often, of late, as the autumn mornings grew chill and heavy, had Anchen heard that sound more and more faintly, more and more regretfully. This morning it seemed merely a far-away tinkle, too faint, by far, to wake one fully; and Anchen's eyes therefore closed the tighter, and, with only a slight stir, the little girl snuggled down more comfortably on her pillow, shutting her ears as well as her eyes.

No burglar could have asked a better chance. Anchen's room was in the upper story. All the sounds of busy feet and hands were below. About her all was still; and it is not strange that a sly thief, lingering near, and ever watching his chances, should have snatched at such an opportunity.

Silently, noiselessly, he slipped into the room and the first thing he did was to lay on Anchen's pillow a poppy branch, which is well known always to soothe people into deeper slumber. Then quietly he set to work to discover what he could steal.

Very strange things they were that this burglar selected!

First of all, he stole a nice bath that had been

left in readiness for Anchen, and without which the little girl never felt fresh and well all day.

Next, he quietly put out of sight the pretty nail-brush and hair-brush, each of which Anchen was in the habit of using for five minutes every morning.

Then, as was but natural, he appropriated a bit of gold; a rare bit it was, for it was a "golden text," which lay hidden away between the pages of a dear little book, given Anchen expressly that she might go forth every morning with this bit of gold in her heart for the needs of the day.

And then, last of all, most precious of all, this wily burglar stole a prayer, the priceless little prayer without which Anchen had not gone from her room for many a day.

What a strange burglar he was, and what strange things he stole! But if you do not believe they were valuable, and losses indeed, I wish you could have seen what a miserable little girl it was who at last crept down, to find even a large part of her breakfast stolen, too! She had had no bath, so of course she did not look sweet and fresh; her hair told plainly of the lost brush; and, alas, her face, her sour, sullen, joyless little face, showed even more plainly that no sunshiny gold lay warm in her heart, nor any cheering, helpful word with the One who had kept her so lovingly through the dark night.

And now to find nearly all her breakfast stolen, too; it was too bad!

"Ah, Anchen, dear," said mamma, "I am sure a burglar has been about this morning; and if the rest of us had not been up and stirring, there is no telling what he would not have carried off. He is a sly fellow, and he knows there is no time like the early morning for finding valuable things around, nor for finding their owners fast asleep."

Anchen ate what was left of her breakfast silently and thoughtfully.—*L. L. Robinson.*

#### JACK.

JACK was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat, and his pants, and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings, and seams, and ravelings—before the