

very dear to her, that rose, for it always seemed to whisper to her of the little girl, somewhere—she knew not where—who loved her and was sorry for her. She used to wonder often if she ever would see her, and whether, if she knew what a naughty little girl she had been, she would love her still. "She is happy and good," she used to sigh, "and Jesus loves her, and she could never know how hard it is for a 'Little Good-for-nothing' like me to do right. She said perhaps some day in heaven I should meet her, but she does not know how bad I am. Jesus would not let me in there among the beautiful white angels, where all are pure and good."

Taken up as she was with her own thoughts and cares, "Little Good-for-nothing" took less heed than the others of the talk of the beautiful country to which some of them were going. However, when the doctor came his rounds and saw the little pale anxious face, he determined that she should be one of them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Why, where am I?" said "Little Good-for-nothing," sitting up in bed one fair, bright morning, and gazing around in wonder. The long room with its row of beds that her eyes had grown so accustomed to, had disappeared, and in its place she found a pretty bedroom with three tiny beds in it hung with white, simple pictures such as children love were against the blue walls, and sweet gospel texts placed where they could catch the eye. Soft muslin curtains draped the windows, but did not shut out the sunlight that was flooding the room with golden beams. Books and toys, and flowers too, were there placed by the careful, loving hands of one who had evidently studied to make the children's room as fresh and cheerful as possible.

But, much quicker than it has taken to tell this, "Little Good-for-nothing" had remembered where she was; she remembered the removal the day before from the hospital; the long, long ride, at first so strangely pleasant, and at last so very, very wearisome; the arrival in the evening, when she was so sleepy, and—everything else was lost, for the little weary one had been put to bed, and consciousness was drowned in sleep.

"So I am really in the beautiful country at last," she murmured, as she gazed with pleased surprise at the pretty room; and then with a sudden impulse she leaned forward and drew back the curtain from the open window. Never, even in her dreams, had the little city waif pictured anything half so fair, and she drew in her breath, and gave a low cry of delight as she drank in the lovely scene.

Green fields and winding lanes, and meadows golden with buttercups lay before her, fresh and sparkling with the early morning dew; cows knee deep in clover were evidently enjoying themselves greatly, while overhead the larks were quite beside themselves with

joy, if we may judge by the way in which they were singing.

"How beautiful! how beautiful it is," she said. "But, oh, if this world is so fair, what is heaven!"

But her reveries were interrupted by the cries of wonder and delight from the occupants of the other beds, who were now awake, and like herself were filled with joy at finding themselves in the country. And soon the kind, cheery nurse entered and breakfast was brought in and taken with a keener relish than they had known for many a day.

"Why, you will soon get better if you go on like this," the nurse said, laughing, as she watched the basins of delicious milk and home-made bread disappear. "And now I must make you look as nice and tidy as possible for Miss Amy will be coming soon to see you; she is the dear kind young lady who has been the means of giving you this pretty house to live in, and all the pleasant things about you, so I hope you will behave very nicely before her."

You may be sure that the children waited with great eagerness to see the kind young lady, and they chattered and talked about her, wondering what she was like and what she would say.

But soon "Little Good-for-nothing's" eyes wandered away to the lovely view outside, and her thoughts travelled to a fairer country, that this fair scene suggested, and while a great longing took possession of her soul to know that one day she might enter that land where care and sin, and sorrow were unknown, bitter tears of despair filled her eyes and coursed down her cheeks as she thought of her own great unworthiness and unfitness to enter.

[To be continued]

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At Charlottetown, on the 21st instant, the wife of Lawrence W. Watson, of a son.

BAPTISED.

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DIED.

RICKY.—At the Rectory, Porter's Lake, on the 19th Nov., Mary Isabel, daughter of the Rector, Rev. James A., and of Emma Louisa Riehey, aged 1 year and 5 months and 5 days.
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"Gained forever, safe above. Amen."

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