

OUR STORY THIS WEEK.

JACK liked to tease his cousins, especially Susy. Susy was a gentle, delicate little girl, and she used to try in her small way to make Jack better, "because nobody loves him," and nobody's loving him, seemed to her the worst of the case. One day Jack got very angry with his cousin Susy, and in his rage threw her doll into the fire, tore her hair, and actually scratched her arm until the blood came. What was to be done with Jack? What could be done with a boy who behaved like that? His uncle said he must be locked up until he could behave better.

There was a chamber which had iron bars across the two windows outside, therefore, was called the jail-chamber. It had little furniture in it, and was chiefly used as a sort of lumber room. After setting his conduct faithfully before him, there they concluded to put Jack. "He didn't care," he said. Jack was locked up all the rest of the day, and all night, and perhaps nobody felt more sorry for him than Susy did.

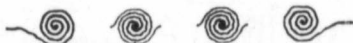
"Mother," she said, "I can't go to sleep, I keep thinking of poor Jack alone, and no light, and nothing," and her little lip quivered.

It was the third day, and Jack showed no signs of sorrow for his fault. "Don't care" was all he condescended to say. "Mother," said Susy, "mayn't I go and be shut up, while Jack just comes out to see how pleasant it is? There is no sunshine there, nor anything."

The mother looked into the dear child's face and said, "go Susy." Susy went to Jack's door and, unlocking it, said, "I asked mother if I might not come and take your place, Jack, for you to go out and see how pleasant it is, it is so very dismal here, and lonely." Jack looked up and stared at her. "You are a fool for it," he said. He, however, walked slowly out, while Mrs. Stone came along and locked Susy in. "And let him take dinner down stairs," whispered Susy, "and I'll take his dinner."

When Mr. Stone came home his wife told him what had happened. Jack took his seat at dinner opposite to Susy's vacant seat. "You can carry up Susy her bread and water," said Mrs. Stone, handing him the tray. He took it, looking very sober, if not softened. According to Susy's wish he stayed down stairs all afternoon and had supper.

"Must Susy stay there all night, if I don't?" he asked, towards bedtime. "Yes," answered Mrs. Stone. Tears started in his eyes. He ran upstairs, and darting into the jail-chamber, "Susy," he cried, "You are the best one I ever knew. Susy I'll never, never treat you so again. I'll never bite or scratch, no, never. I'm sorry, I am. I'll try to be a good boy. I will."



OUR QUESTIONS THIS WEEK.

1. Where did Jesus and his disciples go after the Supper?
2. What happened there?
3. Who condemned Jesus to die?
4. Who was set free instead of Jesus?

WE ARE LEARNING

ABOUT

JESUS OUR

LOVING
LORD

CONDEMNED

OUR PRAYER THIS WEEK.

Oh, Lord! keep me, day by day, from doing wrong.