

prayerful love need never be blind, for God will open our eyes if we ask Him. Mrs. Elton prayed earnestly that her love for her child might not be that idolatrous kind that sees no faults in the object of its worship, but rather that she might see and strive, with God's help, to correct her little daughter's failings. Amy was a warm-hearted, lovable child, always ready to do a kind action, provided she might do it in her own way, and at her own time. After an early tea, when the hot sun was sinking in the cloudless blue sky, and a cool breeze had sprung up, Mrs. Elton and Amy started for their walk. They were going to see a poor woman who lived right at the other end of the village, and they had more than two miles to walk, so Amy had her mother all to herself for quite an hour. Her father, who was the vicar of the little village in which they lived, often sent Amy with delicacies from the vicarage table to tempt the appetite of some poor invalid, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to go on any such errand.

"Now, mother dear, we will walk slowly, and you will tell me what you promised," said Amy, taking the small basket out of her mother's hand, and putting up her sunshade for her.

Mrs. Elton smiled at her little daughter's eagerness as she answered,—

"Ah, Amy dear! I am going to tell you about what was to me the greatest trial of my life. You know I was not like you, an only child; I had two sisters and one brother—your Uncle Reggie. I was some years younger than the rest, for the two little brothers next in age to me had died in infancy. One bright, warm autumn we were all at home together, and, in addition to our own family party, we had three young friends staying with us. There was a great deal of noise in our old country house, and no one enjoyed it more than your grandpapa. You know now how much he likes to hear you running and singing about the long passages and the large empty rooms. The rooms were all full that summer I am telling you about. Reggie was home from his first voyage, and very proud I was of my handsome midshipman brother. We were a great deal together, for your aunts, Kate and Margaret, were just growing up, and did not care much for the companionship of a girl of twelve. Reggie, although he was eighteen, and a fine tall fellow, was still boy enough to share in all my

amusements, and many a wild gallop we had across the moors on our rough little ponies while the others were shopping in the town. Being the youngest, I was very much petted; but at the same time I was taught to be obedient, and my great fault at this time was answering—as you so often do—when any one told me to do anything, 'In a minute.' Once, I remember, I was the cause of a handsome china vase being broken. It was an ornament my mother much valued, and she was much vexed at the loss of it. I was reading at one end of the drawing-room, when my sister Kate called out to me, 'Come here quickly, Edith!'

"'In a minute,' I answered, rising slowly from my seat, and waiting to finish the page I was reading. At that moment there was a great crash, and I saw my mother's beautiful blue china vase lying broken to pieces on the floor.

"'Oh, why did not you come when I called you?' exclaimed Kate. 'I saw the door was going to slam, and I knew it would knock the vase out of my hands, and you might have saved it if you had come at once.'

"Of course I was very, very sorry when I saw the mischief I had been the cause of, but this did not cure me of my bad habit of saying, 'In a minute.' About a week after this incident we arranged to spend a long day in the woods blackberrying. You may imagine how anxiously I looked forward to the day, and how I watched the sky the night before. The day rose clear and bright, as perfect as a September day could be. Little did I think that before the sun set I should have to pass through suffering such as hitherto had been unknown in my cloudless young life. We were all ready to start at ten o'clock. The woods were about ten miles from our house, and the road was most picturesque all the way. We drove in the large waggone, and a merry party we were. When we arrived, we strolled about the woods for some time, picking flowers and ferns, and at one o'clock we all assembled for dinner. We spread our cloth under the shade of a large oak tree, and none of us were in any hurry to finish that delightful meal. At last Reggie whispered to me, 'Come along, Edith; we shall have no time to get blackberries if we sit here all day.'

"I was ready enough; and, leaving the others, we strolled away together.

"I know a place where we can find