

and so he had fallen asleep in her arms. But it was a new revelation of Cacky to her teacher. She had never seen her shed a tear before, nor show a particle of love for any human being. She did not disturb them, but went on her way saying exultingly to herself, "I have found the key to Cacky's heart—it is love for her little brother that shall open it for me."

The next day Cacky was more than usually perverse and aggravating. She hid Mary Green's book; tipped over Lottie Day's inkstand: caught Johnny Moon's neck in a slip knot made of Carrie Grey's tippet; pinched one little girl's arms till she screamed, and made such a horrible face at another that she cried. All day long the perverse spirit within her acted itself out like this, until her teacher's unflinching patience had nearly given way. After school was dismissed Cacky was called up to the desk. It was not the first time she had been kept after school, by any means; and as a group of little girls came up to kiss Miss Murray good-night, she stood looking on, sullen and defiant. When the children were gone, and they two were alone, Miss Murray, instead of putting the usual question, "Cacky, what does make you be so naughty?" said pleasantly, "Cacky, you've got a little brother at home haven't you?" The child was so surprised at the unusual question that she forgot her grimaces, and simply stared at her teacher in astonishment. Miss Murray went on, "I saw him last evening when I was out walking, and he is such a fine little fellow I should think you would love him very much. What is his name?" The look of blank astonishment had given place to a softer expression, and now she was smiling—a genuine smile it was too, so different from her usual sardonic grin that it made her look like another child.

"His name's my Sammy," was the answer.

"Can he talk?"

"He can say 'Cacky,'" she replied gleefully.

"And he can do a great many cunning things, can't he?"

"O yes'm," and Cacky's tongue was unloosed now, and she proceeded to give Miss Murray an account of all Sammy's varied accomplishments.

"Well, Cacky, you must bring him up to my house and let me see him—Will you?" The child's eyes sparkled.

"And now when you go home give him this kiss for me," and the lady bent over and left a kiss upon the child's lips, "And to-morrow you will be my good little girl—

I know you will—and I shall love you very much."

The child looked in her teacher's face doubtfully—the tears came into her eyes, and she fairly sobbed out, "There don't nobody love me only Sammy, and I don't love nobody but him."

"But what makes you think I don't love you?"

"Because—because"—she sobbed, "I know you don't."

"But you know you have been naughty a great many times, and I have been obliged to punish you."

"Yes'm, I know it—it made me naughty to think you liked the other girls, and didn't like me. I'm sorry, Miss Murray, and I will be a better girl."

She drew the child close to her, and smoothed back the rough hair, "Yes dear, I know you will." After a thoughtful pause she added, "It is true Cacky, I have not loved you much, but we will have things different after this, I am going to love you and you shall be my little girl, and I will help you to do right, and I want you to be such a good little girl that Sammy can never learn anything naughty from you, and that I shall always be proud of you. And now, here's a kiss for my little Cacky and she must run home, for it is getting late." The child tied on her bonnet and went out. But she walked home as if she had been in a dream. Miss Murray had kissed her, and had sent a kiss to Sammy!—two things which had never happened in her life before. Indeed, save her little brother, she could never remember that anybody had kissed her, or that she had kissed anybody before, and the happy tears came into her eyes, as she walked slowly home, saying over and over to herself, "I will be a good girl, yes, I will." Her mother met her with uplifted arm, to punish her for loitering on the way, but she hardly felt the blows, as they fell swift and heavy upon her shoulders.

From that day Cacky was a changed child. Not that she became altogether good at once. Her habits were too strong, and she knew too little the difference between wrong and right for that. But the change began from that time. She felt that there was somebody in the world to care for and love her—somebody who rejoiced when she did right, and grieved when she did wrong; somebody who was hoping and expecting her to grow up a pleasant and useful girl. She had many and hard struggles with her evil dispositions, she made many failures; but her teacher was her true friend, and