

few ounces of tea which were medicine to her poor old infirm body.

But some one, lately, had opened a shop in the village; Grannie's knitting was rarely wanted now. In three months past Nancy had not tasted a herring, seldom a sup of tea.

Nancy's heart was heavy to-day, and her sunburnt face wore a perplexed look. For a week past "Jinnie" and "Nannie" had given less milk. Yesterday Nancy had little more than a pint to take to the Cliff House, and the servant had said:

"This will never do. If you can't bring me more to-morrow, I must see what Widow Doyle can give me."

Grannie had bent her grey head over her dry oaten cake in reverent thanks. Nancy's head had bent, too, but there were no real thanks in her heart. This morning the devil had whispered something to her. Widow Doyle lived just across the mountain. Her goats kept with Nancy's, Nancy's milking-time was an hour earlier. The goats knew her well. She could easily milk them. Why not take a little milk from each? Just enough to make up the quart for the lady, and a tiny sup for Grannie's tea and her own. Widow Doyle used her own goat's milk. She was wealthy in Nancy's eyes. "She will never miss it," whispered Satan now, and Nancy listened with burning cheeks. But from over the purple heather, wafted the words, "Lead us not into temptation." They were on a little colored card pinned over the smoky fireplace; it had been given her a month ago by an artist whom she had found sketching her goats. Nancy remembered the kind look in his eyes as he said:

"If ever you want to do something badly that you wouldn't like God to see you do, just say those words to Him—out and out with all your heart."

"No one will ever know," whispered Satan again.

"Something you wouldn't like God to see you do," murmured the breeze.

"It is quite right to help your poor old Grannie," urged Satan, while—

"Lead us not into temptation," wafted back on the warm air.

Nancy suddenly dropped her milk-can. Her brown knees crushed the heather; her hands were pressed to her eyes. "Grip" stood and stared at her, his tail wagging doubtfully, his red tongue hanging from his hot mouth. The goats drew near in a semi-circle and stared too.

With a great sigh Nancy stood up again,

took her can, and ran a little way down the mountain, calling "Jinnie" and "Nannie" as she ran. The goats followed nimbly at her call. But Widow Doyle's prepared to follow, too. Nancy resolutely waved her can, and shouted to frighten them back. Then, in feverish haste, she milked "Jinnie" and "Nannie," and, with a light can, but with a light heart, too, hurried away with "Grip" down the steep mountain-path again.—*Great Thoughts.*

## International S.S. Lessons.

### SINS OF THE TONGUE.

6th June.

Les. James 3: 1-13. Gol. text. Ps. 34: 13.  
Mem. vs. 11-13. Catechism Q. 105.

1. The Power of the Tongue. vs. 1-4.
2. The Evil of the Tongue. vs. 5-8.
3. The Mastery of the Tongue. vs. 9-13.

What is the warning in verse 1?

What does control of one's speech show?

How is man's power over the brutes illustrated?

His power over the forces of nature?

What is the meaning of these illustrations?

How is the tongue's great power for evil described?

What is the source of its evil?

What is said of its unruliness?

What is it in man that makes his tongue evil?

What then will insure control of the tongue? Luke 6: 45.

### LESSONS.

1. We should carefully guard our speech above all things.

2. A thoughtless word may break a heart, or ruin a soul.

3. Real self-control will show itself in careful speech.

4. Christians should never utter un-Christian words.

5. If we have true wisdom our speech will show it.

### PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

13th June.

Les. 2 Tim. 1: 1-7; 3: 14-17, Gol. Text. 2  
Tim. 3: 15.

Mem. vs. 3: 14-17. Catechism Q. 106.