

seize the kitten and pull her out.

Now, what do you think she did with it? Give it a good beating? You don't think she did, evidently; but you need not be angry with me for suggesting it. What does she do? Kiss it? Yes; that is more like it, a great deal, isn't it? She presses it to her bosom, and runs into the house with it. Now look at her; there she is, sitting down on a stool before the fire, nursing little Blonny with such care, and so much love. She has put a covering over it to keep it warm, and every few minutes she bends her head and kisses it. There is little Snowy still asleep on the rug, but she hardly takes any notice of it. How is that? She has had so much sorrow over Blonny, that is why she is rejoicing now. She loves the other just as much, only she is not rejoicing over it because it has not given her any sorrow. It has not been lost.

Wasn't that kitten silly to run away like that? If Lucy had not loved it, and gone to look for it, it would, no doubt, have been out in the cold all night, and have died. Jesus has come to look for you, and I think he comes to you just as Lucy went to find her kitten—calling you by your name. He has been looking for you and calling you all through your life.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Lucy.

'Well, Lucy, it is twelve o'clock and your sum isn't yet finished. I am sorry, dear, but I really must keep you in while the others run out to play. You have been very idle this morning.'

Lucy answered nothing to this little speech. Indeed she had nothing to say to it, for she knew well enough that she had been idle, and she also knew equally well that she deserved to be kept in during the play-time.

So the school-room door was shut, and Lucy was left alone in the big room.

But she didn't set to work on her sum even then. No, instead of that she sat lazily sucking her pencil and staring vacantly at the window.

'Bother the old sum,' she thought; 'I wish there were no such things, that I do! I'm not going to worry myself to do the hateful thing, and Miss Hunter needn't think I shall. So there!'

Thus reflecting, the naughty child laid her slate down on the form be-

side her with a little vicious bang, and then began to roam round the room in search of some occupation. she had not far to look for it, either, for just on the desk in the corner of the room her eyes caught sight of a slate full of neatly worked sums.

'Why, there's the sum all worked out!' she said. 'That must be Julia's slate, and she always gets her sums right. I'll copy it right off on to my slate, and Miss Hunter will think I did it myself!'

No sooner said than done. In a very short space of time the sum was copied off on Lucy's slate, and when the other children returned to lessons Lucy triumphantly carried it to Miss Hunter, saying, 'I've done the sum, please.'

Miss Hunter took the slate with a pleased look and looked at the sum. After a quick glance at it and another at Lucy, she said: 'Very well, dear, you have certainly not been idle during the recess-time. I am anxious to reward my industrious pupils, so invite you to come to my rooms and take tea with me this afternoon.'

At any other time Lucy would have been delighted at this invitation, for it was a great treat to her to spend an hour or two in Miss Hunter's pretty sitting-room and chat with her kind teacher. But already her conscience had uncomfortably reminded her that she had done very wrongly, and with this restless monitor as companion how could Lucy spend a pleasant afternoon, especially in Miss Hunter's room?

The poor naughty child grew more and more remorseful during the remaining hour of school. At dinner-time her mother noticed her sorry looks and poor appetite, but refrained from asking any questions before the rest of the children.

After dinner Lucy went to her little bed-room, and her mother followed her. In a few minutes mother was in possession of the whole story, and poor little repentant Lucy was sobbing out her grief and penitence on her mother's breast.

When the child grew calm, her mother put on her bonnet and cloak and helped Lucy on with her hood and cape, and together they went to Miss Hunter's house to make the confession.

Miss Hunter kissed little Lucy warmly directly she saw the small tear-stained face, and taking the

child on her lap she said: 'I know all about it, dear. I knew at once, for Julia's sum was wrong and you had copied all her mistakes!'

'Oh, Miss Hunter, I am so sorry,' sobbed Lucy. 'Shall you ever forgive me? I really will never be so naughty again.'

'My darling, I forgive you now at once. I knew you would be sorry when you thought it over, and I hoped you would come and tell me about it yourself.'

Lucy spent the afternoon with Miss Hunter, and had a long serious talk with her, which left a lasting impression on the little girl's mind. She became an industrious and promising pupil, and I don't think was ever tempted to do anything not truly honorable again.—'Adviser.'

True Beauty.

There is a beauty all may have,
'Tis deeper than the skin;
A cheerful, tender, loving heart,
Both rich and poor may win.

'Tis like the sunshine and the rain,
And fragrance of the flowers;
Where'er it glows a blessing flows,
And joy's own fruitful showers.

'Mid summer's heat and winter's snow,

'Tis like the ivy green;
Where'er a cheerful heart abides,
A bright sweet face is seen.

O beauty of the lowly heart!
O joy of all the meek!
The brightness of faith's laughing eye,
Life's bloom upon her cheek.

O gift of love the poor man's wealth,
The rich man's truest friend;
O clothe our path with all thy grace,
And crown our journey's end.

—W. Poole Balfern, in 'Day of Days.'

Helpfulness.

Try to make others better,
Try to make others glad,
The world has so much of sorrow,
So much that is hard and bad.
Love yourself least, my brother,
Be gentle and kind and true—
True to yourself and others,
As God is true to you.
—'Family Record.'