

old faded cotton dress, and worn out shoes, and moved away from me, as if they thought I would hurt them. Indeed, dearest mamma, I would much rather not go again to the Sunday school, it makes me so unhappy. I thought how I never had a Christmas or New Year's present in my whole life, and I remembered that my dress, mean as it was, was better than sister Mary's, and then I felt as if I must cry ; but I would not let them see me cry, so I sat still as far from them as I could, and thought many things."

"Did all the girls look scornfully at you, my poor Nelly?"

"No, not all mother, for one girl,—she is a new scholar—and the prettiest, and best dressed one in the class, looked as if she pitied me, and came up to me and asked me how I spent my Christmas, and if I had any nice present. I could not keep from crying then, mamma, and when I told her I never had one in all my life, she looked sad enough to cry too, but the teacher came then and she did not say anything more. I have thought a great deal about it yesterday, and to-day, and I hope you are not angry with me for speaking so."

"No, my dear, I wish you always to speak freely to me ; but what are some of the things that you have been thinking of?"

"Well, mamma, I thought how I should love to have a present—a real New Year's gift ; and then I wished that I could buy one for you and sister Mary ; and I thought that yours should be a little rose in a pot—because you so love flowers, and cannot go out of this dark room to see them ; and sister Mary's should be a good new dress, and then I wished for a good dinner on New Year's day, that we might have enough to eat that day—and then—and then I thought of so many things that we need, that I just stopped wishing ; and then I remembered how you always called God our Father in Heaven, and thought it strange, if he was our Father, that he let us need so many things, when he could so easily provide for all our wants ; and it puzzled me thinking about it, and I thought I would speak to you."

"I am glad, Nelly, that you did. It is not very strange that these thoughts came into your heart, but you must not let them stay there. God is our Father, and his love is greater than any earthly parent's can be. He has chosen to make us poor, and to afflict me with sickness ; yet I know that he loves me, and that when he sees fit, he will take me *home* to my Father's house in heaven. I want my little Nelly to love, and serve her Heavenly Father, that she