

"Good morning. Isn't it a lovely day, and how beautiful your flowers do look."

Mr. Peters' eyes flashed a quick look of surprise as they rested upon the pretty, timid face that was covered with a blush. But the look changed to one of pity as he saw the crutches, and he answered more affably than one would have expected from Tim's description of his master:

"Good morning, little girl. Yes; the flowers are lovely. Would you like some?"

"O thank you," Ruby said eagerly, "if I may. Tim, you know Tim that works for you is my brother, told me how beautiful your flowers were, and I should like some."

"So Tim's your brother, is he? Well you needn't be ashamed of him. But come inside the gate and help yourself," he said. And Ruby did as invited, her cheeks flushing still rosier at the sweet praise of her brother.

No one could tell just how it happened, but after that first visit that Ruby paid to the new neighbor's house, there seemed to spring into life a friendliness between the tall, lonely unsociable man, and the gentle, lame girl, that was very comforting to each. In a thousand, sweet, unconscious ways, Ruby unfolded a new life to her companion from her patient acceptance of her deformity.

One day, when the two were together as usual in his garden, Mr. Peters said abruptly to her:

"Child, did you not want to die when you found that you would be lame for life?"

"At first I was angry and unhappy, and twice I would not say my prayers because I thought God was so unkind to send the trouble to me. But afterward, when Miss Kendall came and showed me how good God really was to me in still leaving me with mother and the boys, I felt differently," Ruby said softly. Then she added impulsively, "Oh Mr. Peters, I wish you would take your trouble to Him, and let Him help you as He did me."

"Trouble? Who says I have a trouble?" he demanded.

"Tim said so, and you look as if you had," Ruby answered.

"Child, if you had had the dearest possessions on earth taken away from you, would you call that a trouble?"

"Yes, but He would make it a blessing if you asked Him," Ruby said gently.

"He took my wife, and a year after He took my little girl; she was almost like you Ruby," he said simply.

"Oh," and the child's thin hand was slipped lovingly into the large one beside her. Then she added solemnly: "I think He sent me to comfort you. Don't you?"

"Yes; I think so," Mr. Peters said, in a strangely softened voice as he looked down at

the sweet, earnest face. And to show me the way, maybe, to them. Who knows?"

And then they were both silent, and a mysterious compassion seemed to encircle them both as they sat there, hand in hand, the big man, and the little girl, the comforted and the comforter.

MARIE DEACON HANSON.

THINGS WHICH JIMMY LEARNED.

IE'LL learn very fast," said Carl when he first brought home a young crow for a pet.

And Jimmy opened his bill and gave a shrill caw, as though he meant to live up to the fine expectations of his young master.

"Yes, he'll learn to hide a great many things away," said Grandmother quietly. "I've seen several crows before this one."

"But he'll be very bright and cute by the time that Harry Ross comes out here from the city to spend the summer," urged Carl. "He thinks that the birds and things out here don't amount to much beside that cross parrot of his."

"Well, you may try him," said Grandma, patiently.

And then Jimmy gave another caw, as though he fully understood what was being said. He certainly did learn very fast, too, as the weeks went on. There were articles missing from various parts of the house, just as Grandmother had prophesied there would be. But when these were mentioned Carl was sure that his pet would learn to be more careful by and by.

When at last Harry Ross came out from the city, Carl was quite proud of Jimmy's accomplishments. It was Saturday night, however, when Harry arrived at a neighboring farmhouse, and Carl knew well that his parents would not want him whispering or bragging at all about his pet on the following Lord's day. So it seemed a very long time to wait until the sun came up on Monday morning.

He looked proudly at Jimmy several times before he started out for church the next day, and gave some very triumphant glances towards Harry's summer home while he was riding away to service and Sunday School.

"He looks as proud and smiling as ever," Carl thought as he saw Harry coming up a cross-road just as his father drove up to the church door. "But I'll soon make him droop when I show him Jimmy and what a lot of things he has learned since I had him. Oh, yes, I'll take off that look in a twinkling."

Before he could think another thought, however, the old sexton came to the door of the church with a broom in his hand, and then something fluttered up from the back of the