

wistfully at the passers-by, but they were all busy with their own affairs, and no one seemed to have time to care for the troubles of a little child; it was no business of theirs what ailed him.

Hastening along the pavement came a young girl carrying her strap of books, and rejoicing in the freedom of school let out. Floating visions of loved faces, a cosy room, and a pleasant tea-table quickened Ina's steps, but suddenly in upon her thoughts broke the sound of childish weeping. Ina could not resist that; she had a little brother at home, and if he were in trouble she should like some one to comfort him.

"What's the matter, little boy?" she asked kindly, as she stopped in front of the child.

The boy drew his hand across his eyes, and said with a long-drawn sob, "I don't know my way home, and—and—I'm—I'm lost!" Then as if the truth came to him more vividly than ever, he began to cry again.

"There, there, don't cry," said the girl. "Look up now and tell me which road you live in."

"L— Road," sobbed the child.

"Oh, then you are not very far from home," said Ina in relief. "There is L— Road just at the corner. Now run along, and get home before it is quite dark;" and with a parting nod she turned away, but after a few steps she stopped again.

"Inasmuch," began conscience. Ina would fain have hushed it, but it went on clearly.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

Ina looked around, and in the gathering dusk she could just distinguish the child crossing the road. He walked wearily and hesitatingly, and as she watched him, a sharp struggle went on in Ina's heart. It was soon ended; Ina's resolve was taken, and in a few minutes she was beside the boy, whose face brightened visibly.

"I will take you home," she said cheerily. "You must look out for your house, and tell me when you see it;" and clasping the grimy little hand in hers, she turned up the L— Road.

It was a long, dark road, with handsome houses on one side and stable-yards on the other. The lamps were few and far between, and the little wanderer kept close to his guide.

On they went, until they had almost reached the end of the road; then the little fellow stopped and hesitated.

"We live above one of these coach-houses," he said, "but I don't know which is ours."

Ina's spirits sank. The houses and yards seemed all alike, and to find the right one among so many would be no easy matter.

"Do you think we have passed it?" she asked, anxiously, but the child did not answer directly. Drawing his hand out of hers, he bounded forward with a cry of unfeigned delight.

"There is my sister! Oh, that's our house! I am home now." Then suddenly recollecting himself, he turned back to Ina, and held up his dirty little face to be kissed. Ina bent down and

kissed him with a hearty "Good-night," and watched him enter the lighted courtyard. Then she turned homewards with a happy, restful feeling in her heart, and as she walked along, conscience whispered softly, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Somehow when Ina reached home that afternoon, the house looked even brighter than usual, and the Latin and Algebra for next day seemed very easy. Ina wondered if the "Inasmuch" had anything to do with it. What do you think?

## THE EMPRESS AND THE SILK-WORMS.

FROM THE "YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

IN one of the "Five Great Books" of China, called the "Book of Rites," there is this strange record:—"In the last month of spring the young empress purified herself, and offered a sacrifice to the Goddess of Silkworms."

Does that sound foolish to American children of the present day?

I suppose most of you know that heathen nations always have gods for nearly every created thing, because they cannot understand that one God is powerful enough to make and to take care of all things. This young empress did what her religion taught her. She saw that silkworms were useful to mankind, and she wanted to thank some one for giving such a good gift to her nation, so she sacrificed to the Goddess of Silkworms.

This empress was named Yuenfi, or Si Ling, and was the wife of Hwangti, one of the wisest and best emperors of China, and also one of the first, for he lived about 518 years after the deluge. How long ago this seems! But you know that the Chinese is nearly the oldest nation in the world, and it has kept its books of history very carefully all these four thousand years.

The Empress Yuenfi had learned that the silkworms spun a fine strong thread, and she did not satisfy herself by saying, "How strange!" as a great many young people might do if silkworms were talked of for the first time here in America in this present year. The empress thought deeply about the matter, and thought she might help her people by finding a new dress-stuff and more work for them, so she ordered a great number of silkworms to be brought to her palace, and had servants to attend them.

Silkworms feed on mulberry leaves, and when the empress saw how many leaves they ate, and how quickly they grew large and began to spin when they were well taken care of, she was delighted with her discovery, and gave more of her time to seeing that they were well supplied with food.

She gave orders that all her ladies should stop making themselves fine clothes (ladies seem to have made their own dresses in those days), and should come to help her take care of the silkworms. Of course the ladies had to do as the em-