

as when she was engaged in active work. With her skirt tucked up, and a sun-bonnet on her head, feeding her chickens or chasing out a refractory calf that had strayed into the garden, May was like an embodiment of useful happy youth. She was not the romantic beauty who reclines in the depths of an easy-chair with a volume of poems or a novel. Truth to tell, May had little time for reading, and was not as fond of it as she might have been, and, but for the daily lessons to her sisters, she would hardly have kept up her own studies. The great want in May's character was an absence of vital religion. The habits of her family were right; they went to the distant church as often as they could, and the day always closed, if it did not begin, with family prayers. She knew her Bible, and tried in a simple honest way to live up to its precepts. But of the real deep love of Christ in the heart, of that zeal and trust which make us refer all things to our Master and our Guide, she as yet knew nothing.

On one bright morning she stood with her arms dipped in the billowy dough, making the weekly batch of bread. Carrie was busy with her mother upstairs. Little Annie, the youngest girl, a pet of six years old, was perched on a table, her well-shaped little legs dangling and kicking so merrily