

many poor people. And do you know, when poor people have burned up all the wood or coals they have, and have no money to buy more, the little ones are sent out with baskets, to find and pick up chips wherever they may! Well, one cold day, a poor little girl had been out all day, and had sought so successfully, that the weight became almost too much for her strength.

But the little thing dragged along with it, thinking no doubt, how glad her mother would be when she saw the warm chips—for the chips would look warm, would they not, to one who had no fire?

Just then little Mary was going home from school, and saw the poor child with her heavy basket. In a moment she was at her side, and catching hold of the basket, said she was going that way, and she would help her.

After a little while, Mary came to her home. The little girl thought she could now get along very well indeed, she said, if she could only get the basket on her head. This Mary succeeded in assisting her to do.

And now she saw a rude boy come along, and as he passed the little girl, he unfeelingly tilted the basket from her head. She saw it fall to the ground, and the poor shivering child stooped to reload it. Mary's heart was again moved, and she hastened to her side, and helped her in the work.

Now, Mary's mother had been sitting near the window, and had seen, with a swelling heart, what Mary had done.

Mary came in very quietly, and her mother, looking up lovingly from her sewing, asked, "Is not my daughter a little late from school to-day?"

"Not much, I think, mother," said Mary; "I only stopped to help a poor little girl to carry her basket" and she added not another word.

Now, do you not see that Mary had done a very kind deed? And she had done just as she would be done by; had she not? That is the golden rule, you remember. And she had not let her left hand know what her right hand had done. I hope you understand that. Neither had she done well that she might be praised. Now, shall we not all try to act from just such high and holy motives as this lovely Mary did?—  
*The Appeal.*

*For the Juvenile Presbyterian.*

#### OUR ORPHANS IN INDIA.

Under this head many will remember the pleasing little incidents which were noticed in the number of the "Juvenile"