

to feel it a great deal. He showed me a letter from her he received to-day. It is too bad."

"Papa!" cried Ruth, tremulously, and she buried her face for a moment in her hands, and then flung herself at her mother's feet, exclaiming:

"Oh mamma! Mamma, take me to Amy! I must ask her forgiveness I did it. It was all my fault! Oh, mamma!"

"What is it, Ruth?" asked her mother, gently. "My precious child," she continued, "you are trembling with excitement. How could you have deprived her of her visit?"

"But I did, mamma. I let her get the errors. It was I who peeped into Sister Angela's desk; I was so curious. I had Amy's shawl on, just to see how it looked over my brown dress, and I put it over my head when I saw somebody coming; and Sister Angela took me for Amy, and, and—she was punished."

"Ruth!"

"Yes, mamma; don't scold me. I'll tell you all about it. I had gone to the music-room at recess, leaving Amy alone in the school-room; and when I came back she was gone, and it was then I did it, and then I got frightened, and went back through the music-room, so the girls wouldn't see me come out of the class-room door. It was mean to do, I know it, and I did so hate that anybody should suffer for me; but I hadn't courage to confess it before everybody."

"My poor Ruth!" said her mother, pityingly; "and yet you have done it now before us all; how much easier it would have been then, and how much you might have spared Amy!"

"I know it, mamma; and oh! it's been almost killing me all the time I was here, to think of poor Amy being kept at school, and I couldn't be happy and know she was miserable; please take me to her,—I'll tell her, I'll tell Sister Angela, I'll tell everybody."

Ruth was weeping now, and her father kindly stroking her curls, comforted her by the assurance that he would take her in the morning. "But," he continued, "my little girl must promise me to own up always to a fault; above all, never to let another be blamed: and my Ruth will, I trust, never again do a thing so dishonorable as to look into secret papers. And when school begins, you must acknowledge your fault before your class mates. It is hard, Ruth, but is right. My child must learn moral bravery."

"I'll promise, papa. Oh, if I could only have had Amy home before! If she will only forgive me!"

And Amy did forgive her; she was too fervent a little Catholic to do otherwise; and Mr. Lenore and Sister Angela pardoned Ruth because of her penitence. Ruth never forgot how her cowardice had poisoned her Christmas joys, and ever afterwards she was a true *moral heroine*.
—*Youth's Cabinet*.

FENELON, the distinguished Archbishop of Cambray, was in the habit of visiting frequently the cottages of the poor, and of relieving and consoling them in their distress. During a time of warfare in France he received the homeless, the sick, and the wounded, in his own palace, and provided them with everything needed for their relief. And when this same palace was burned, and all his books and precious manuscripts were destroyed by the fire, he simply but grandly said: "It is better all these should be burned than the cottage of one poor family." And yet it is such men as Fenelon that the French infidels of to day would, if they could, expel from France.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because, when exposed to fire they "run."

It may happen that a nail, even though it has a good head, gives way and bends, but it is not on that account utterly useless. It can be straightened and used again. It may also happen that, in consequence of unforeseen difficulties, our good will and strong resolutions are at first ineffectual; but we should not lose courage on that account. We should endeavor to amend the fault committed, and cheerfully begin anew. Upon a second attempt we often act with more energy, charity and prudence, and thus succeed.

—*Father Wentinger's Photographic Views*.