

"Oh, I'll go," Mary said, taking the list from his hand. "Only it isn't very convenient."

Tom turned away with an indignant look upon his face, and Mary put on her wraps and started for the city. A moment or two later, my second niece, Margaret, came into the room with a sweeping cap upon her head, and a broom and a dust-pan in her hands. She set to work at once, and I was preparing to leave the room when Tom came in again. There was a rueful look on his face.

"See what I've done, Margaret!" he said, pointing to a great three-cornered tear in his coat. "I caught it on a nail in the entry just now. What will I do? It's the only school coat I have, and I'll have to be off before long."

"I'll darn it for you, Tom," Margaret said, standing her broom in a corner and getting out her work-box. "It won't take me long."

"But you're busy," Tom said, hesitatingly, remembering his previous experience. "I don't want to bother you now."

"As though I wasn't always glad to help you when I can! Give me your coat, and we'll have the tear mended in a jiffy," Margaret rejoined, with a laugh.

"You're the right sort, Meg!" said Tom, gratefully, as he put on his coat again, a few minutes later. "You never seem to think it's a bother to do a fellow a kindness."

The love that binds together the members of a family circle should make it sweet to do these small acts of kindness. There should be none of the grudging, ungracious spirit, and the counting of cost in the shape of trouble, that we so often see.

#### THE BULL AND THE GOAT.

A bull, being pursued by a lion, spied a cave, and flew toward it, meaning to take shelter there. A goat came to the mouth of the cave, and, menacing the bull with his horns, disputed the passage. The bull, having no time to lose, was obliged to make off again without delay, but not before saying to the goat: "Were it not for the lion that is behind me, I would soon let you know the difference between a bull and a goat."

#### AMID THE WILD ROSES.

No, Eva, you must quite give up the idea; it would not be suitable, and I cannot consent. Run away, now, my dear, for I must get my packing finished by tea-time, ask Emily if she can come up and help me fold the things."

Eva Payne went downstairs with a clouded face; it did not occur to her to offer to render what help she could—she was out of temper just then, and considered herself very badly used. Was she not invited on Thursday to a grand picnic in the woods, to celebrate the birthday of the eldest Miss Courtice, and were not the

Courtices very rich people, always beautifully dressed, and would there ever be a more fitting opportunity for the display of the gold bangles she had received last Christmas from her Aunt Evelyn, after whom she had been named?

"I never grumbled," thought the child, "when mother said I was to wear my white washing dress with the embroidery, instead of my pretty muslin with the lace, that I like the best of all my dresses! Mother might just as well let me put on my bangles; I think she forgets Delia Courtice lives at the Towers; and they are very grand people, indeed. Of course, one ought to go to the picnic properly dressed, and I did want Delia to see my lovely bangles! I think mother is very, very unkind; she doesn't care how unhappy she makes me."

"Good-by, my precious little daughter, and I hope you will enjoy yourself very much on Thursday; you must tell me all about it when I come back on Saturday," said Mrs. Payne, giving Eva a farewell kiss ere she set off to Boston, to spend a few days with another of Eva's aunts.

"Good-bye, mother," said Eva, rather gloomily. Another time she would have called out: "I hope you'll enjoy yourself!" "Give my love to Auntie!" and all kinds of cheery messages; but she considered herself ill-used, and both Mr. and Mrs. Payne thought it best to take no notice of the sulky expression on the little maiden's face.

Mrs. Payne did not want to reopen the subject of the bangles; she did not consider jewelry suitable for a picnic of boys and girls, and she thought to herself: "Eva will be her merry little self again to-morrow; she will have forgotten all about the notion of wearing her bangles." In this, however, Mrs. Payne was mistaken; little Eva was decidedly vain, and she liked to show off her possessions. She had made up her mind to look very grand as the guest of Delia Courtice, with whom she had become acquainted at the gymnasium.

There was another girl, Eva's school friend, May Maitland, who did not know the Courtices. Had she not told Eva one of her last birthday presents was a gold bracelet prettily chased?

"I'll ask her to lend it to me," decided Eva. "I don't suppose it's as pretty as my bangles, but still it will look nice for the picnic, and I can take it back to school again on Friday."

"Lend you my bracelet, Eva? Of course I will. Mother's away, but I don't suppose she would mind," said May, when Eva proffered the request in school next day; "only do take care of it, Eva, because father sent it to me from Mexico, you know, and I think it's very valuable. I prize it so very much, because father chose it for me."

Eva kissed her in great delight, and promised to take the greatest care of the bracelet. It was certainly a lovely piece of workmanship, beautifully chased. "It is

grander than my bangles," thought Eva, as she withdrew it from the velvet-lined case and clasped it on her arm, when Thursday morning arrived. But her troubles began almost immediately; for she had to hide her arm from nurse and Emily and her brother Frank—somehow she felt she did not want her mother to hear anything about the loan for which she had begged.

Eva was the only one decked out in jewelry at the picnic; the Courtices were very simply dressed in grey cheviot. Delia much admired the bracelet, but Eva could not tell a falsehood about it; she had to say it was not her own, and she coloured up when she admitted this at last.

The children played merrily among the wild roses and bluebells; but after the last game of hide-and-seek poor Eva sustained a great shock and trouble—the clasp of the bracelet had evidently become unfastened, for it was gone! She left the party, and searched for it everywhere in vain. Being too frightened to tell anyone of her loss, she went home at last quite ill with fear. On Friday she seemed so poorly that nurse thought she had better not go to school; and she lay on the sofa, feeling frightened and miserable all through the sunshiny day. Next morning being the usual Saturday holiday, she went on an errand into town with her brother Frank, and as they returned through the woods where the wild roses grew, whom should they meet but May and Jem Maitland in the donkey-cart, bowling along over the grassy way! Of course, they stopped for a chat; May wanted to hear all about the picnic, but Eva tried to get Frank away as soon as possible.

Poor little girl! there was a battle going on in her heart; but well for her was it that truth came off conqueror. The Maitlands had only driven off a little way when they heard a cry, and Eva came running back, and in trembling tones, broken by her tears, she confessed to May that the beautiful bracelet was gone.

"Oh, May, will you ever forgive me?" she sobbed. "It was all my vanity to want to wear it! We had a lot of romping games, and it must have dropped off my wrist. I tried hard to find it, but couldn't. Whatever shall I do? Mother will be so vexed."

May looked pale and sorry; Jem told her to cheer up—he said

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