

## "I SAW YOU."

We all know the story of the little boy who quietly stole into his father's garden one night to take the "forbidden fruit,"—not an apple, but a pear, from a favorite tree, when on looking up to reach it, a star shining through the branches reminded him of God's eye being ever fixed upon him. If young people always remembered that truth, how often would it prevent them from doing things "on the sly," and thus sowing the seeds of many rank thistles—of forming many bad habits—of entering upon paths that lead to sad ends.

Lydia Travers was in capital spirits, for she was just having the morning which, of all others, she liked the best. She was having a sweep and a "rummage." In her dictionary, "rummage" meant to pry into every hole and corner she liked, to put things straight and tidy, according to her own notions of tidiness at least, and to feel her little self to be mistress of the house. She would have better pleased her mother, if she had been content with the sweep without the "rummage;" but as this morning her mother was out, she was pleasing herself. The room had been nicely arranged, and now there was only one more thing to be done—the cupboard!

"Now for it!" she said, with a smile; "mother has left it open for once." Her eyes surveyed with pleasure the cupboard, which Mrs. Travers always had in such good order that it was never necessary to "rummage" about for anything. To Lydia's delight, on the bottom shelf, what should she see but a pot of jam. To take it out at once, to remove the paper lid, dip her finger in, and take a mouthful was the work of an instant.

"Isn't it nice!" she thought, with a heightened color, and preparing for a second taste. Just at that moment she heard a footstep, which a little startled her. "Ha! here's mother coming," and she immediately closed the cupboard door.

It was not her mother, however, but widow Bell, their neighbor, who came in, and Lydia saw that she looked much agitated.

"There's nothing the matter, Mrs. Bell, I hope!" said Lydia tremulously; "you look as if you had been crying."

"I have been, my child; I came in to talk to your mother a little. Why do you blush so?"

"I have been working rather hard, I suppose," said Lydia,

to write to you from where he is," said the child, dropping her voice into a frightened whisper.

"Yes, I may hear from him occasionally," replied Mrs. Bell, weeping.

"Don't cry so bitterly," said Lydia, glad herself, at last, to relieve her own pent-up feelings by a good burst of tears.

"I could never have dreamed that my dear Herbert would have turned out so, although his poor father often used to

Lydia could make no reply. If ever a person in the world felt heartily ashamed that morning it was Lydia Travers.

"He could not be brought to see that deceptive acts, however small, were like the seeds from which very large trees are grown. He would not have been in prison to-day, my dear, if he hadn't begun by taking what was not of more value than—"

"Than what?" asked Lydia in a whisper, so low that it was scarcely audible.

"Than the jam I saw you take just now," said the widow, gently, and laying her withered hand on the finger on which a stain of raspberry juice was yet to be seen.

"Oh! Mrs. Bell" cried Lydia, now crimsoning with shame, "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be a thief," she said with a shudder; "indeed I didn't."

"I am sure you did not, my child," said the widow, earnestly; "and I am sure my poor Herbert did not. But, my dear he is in prison to-day, for all that. Now, if I were you, when your mother comes home, I should tell her all about it, and ask her to help you all she can to conquer this bad habit of yours."

That morning was as useful a morning as Lydia Travers ever spent in her life. She frankly told her mother what she had done, and how sorry she felt for having yielded to temptation. For a long time she never looked at the cupboard door nor saw it opened, without thinking of the gloomy prison door, which, strongly barred and bolted, separated the widow and her son.

In after years, Lydia

Travers was promoted to be mistress of the British school in which she had been a diligent pupil teacher. One lesson she used to give to the children was entitled "Nothing is nice that is naughty."—*British Juvenile*.

ANSWERED THE SAME DAY.—"You received a letter yesterday. My husband rose for prayers the same night."—*Wonders of Prayer*.



HA! HERE'S MOTHER COMING?"

trying to be cheerful, but feeling somewhat ashamed because she was almost sure Mrs. Bell, according to her habit, had first peeped in through the window. If she did, she must certainly have seen her with the jam-pot in her hand.

"I have had a letter from my poor boy this morning," said the widow, taking a chair.

"What, from Herbert! I thought he would not be allowed

warn him against the 'power of littles,' as he used to say."

"What did he mean, Mrs. Bell?"

"Why, that what we, especially what young people count 'littles,' or trifles, are really very mighty and awful things. Poor boy! he would not have been where he is to-day if he had taken his good father's advice, and followed his example."