"ISAW YOU."

take the "forbidden fruit,"- agitated not an apple, but a pear, from a favorite tree, when on looking up to reach it, a star shining through the branches reminded tremulously; "you look as if Lydia, glad herself, at last, to you had been crying." him of God's eye being ever fixed upon him. If young peo-ple always remembered that a little. Why do you blush so?" that my dear Herbert would truth, how often would it pre- "I have been working rather have turned out so, although "Than what?" asked Lydia vent them from doing things hard, I suppose," said Lydia, his poor father often used to in a whisper, so low that it-

"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 "rum-mage;" but as this morning her mother was out, she was pleasing herself. The room had been nicely arranged, and now there was only one mere 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

instant.

preparing for a second taste, in her hand. her. "Ha! here's mother com- widow, taking a chair ing," and she immediately closed the cupboard door.

It was not her mother, how-to write to you from where he little boy who quietly stole into neighbor, who came in, and voice into a frightened whisper. felt heartily ashamed that mornhis father's garden one night to Lydia saw that she looked much "Yes, I may hear from him ing it was Lydia Travers.

"I have been, my child; I by a good burst of tears.

We all know the story of the ever, but widow Bell, their is," said the child, dropping her

occasionally," replied Mrs. Bell,

Lydia could make no reply. If ever a person in the world

"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-

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.

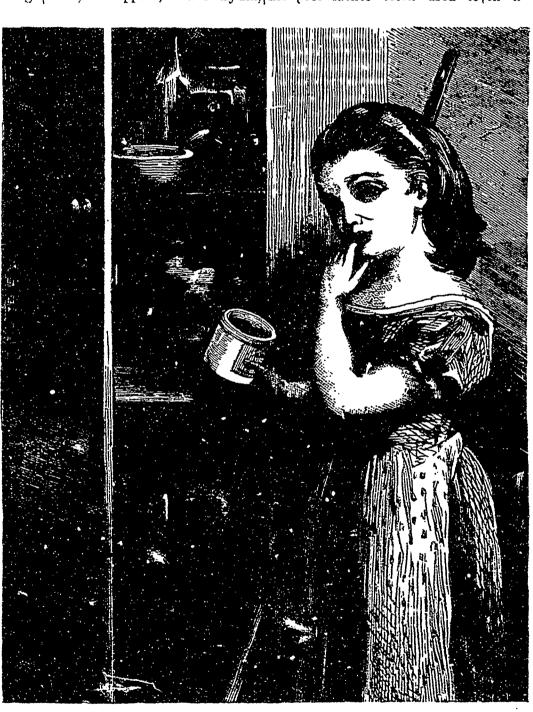
"Oh! Mrs. Bell" cried Lydia, now crimsoning with shame, "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be a thief," she said with a shudder; "indeed I didn't."

"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 the 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 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 Juve-

ANSWERED THE SAME DAY .-"You received a letter yesterders of Prayer.



HA! HERE'S MOTHER COMING?"

see but a pot of jam. To take it trying to be cheerful, but feeling warn him against the 'power of Travers was promoted to be out at once, to remove the paper somewhat ashamed because she littles,' as he used to say.' lid, dip her finger in, and take was almost sure Mrs. Bell, aca mouthful was the work of an cording to her habit, had first Bell?" peeped in through the window. "Isn't it nice!" she thought, If she did, she must certainly pecially what young people with a heightened color, and have seen her with the jam-pot count flittles, or trifles, are

thought he would not be allowed ample."

"What did he mean, Mrs.

"Why, that what we, espreparing for a second taste. in her hand.

Just at that moment she heard "I have had a letter from my things. Poor boy! he would not a footstep, which a little startled poor boy this morning," said the have been where he is to-day her "Hell here's another wildow taking a chair." if he had taken his good father's day. My husband rose for "What, from Herbert! I advice, and followed his ex-prayers the same night."-Won-