

outdoors hunted over; but the collarette finally had to be sent by express to match the lace. But that was not half so bad as the little bit of suspicion which Lulu fancied lay against her. People thought she had told a lie—half-thought it, if not whole. And the worst of it was there seemed such slight hope of its ever being cleared up.

The poor little girl prayed about it with a very full heart. God could do anything. God could set the matter right. But, as weeks went by, she began to fear there were some things which even God could not do—or did not think best to do. So it would, never, never, never be known certainly, surely, that she did not take the sample.

She was sitting on the porch one day, thinking sadly of it all. As a maid left a dust pan full of sweepings near, she got up to look at it. All the graduation gowns had been worn long ago, but Lulu had never got over looking for the sample. It was not there; and she sat down again, wondering if there could be a single place in which she had not looked at least ten times, when a yellowbird perched on a bush not far from her.

'That must be one of the birds from the nest in the elm.'

'Cheer-up, cheer-up,' it said, as plainly as possible.

'It's easy to say that. Oh, you dear little bird, you see so many things as you fly, couldn't you tell me where that sample went that day?'

The bird flew back into the tree in which the nest was built.

'Cheewatee, cheewatee, cheewatee,' it sang.

'Papa,' said Lulu to him that evening, 'the yellow birds are all flown. I saw one to-day. I wish you would get me the nest.'

He brought a step-ladder and stepped from it into the tree. Another step and he had the pretty nest in his hand.

'Why, that little nest-builder must have had gay tastes!' said Aunt Alma, coming to look. 'See, Lulu, here are two or three scraps of silk woven in. And, here on the inside—why, what is this?'

She was loosening a filmy bit of the nest lining.

'Well, if it isn't—'

'The sample!' came with a little scream of delight from Lulu.

So indeed it was.

'Aunt Alma,' Lulu said to her later, 'I know now what that birdie was singing to me, though I didn't know it then. He said: 'Here-it-is, here-it-is.' I asked him to tell me, and he did.'

Aunt Alma smiled very lovingly but Lulu never told her how much more there was to it. In the very depths of her little heart she felt sure that God and the yellowbird had helped each other in telling her where to look for the lost sample.

Little Helpers.

(By Geo. Cooper, in 'Parish Home.')

'I will be a little helper,'

Lisps the brook.

On its silvery way it goes,
Never stopping for repose,
Till it turns the busy mill

In some nook.

'I will be a little helper,'

Smiles the flower.

By the wayside, in the field,
All its beauty is revealed
Unto sad and weary hearts,
Though skies lower.

'I will be a little helper,'

Sings the bird.

And it carols forth a song,
Though the cheerless day be long,
Bringing to some helpless one
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper

Child so fair!

And you kindly deeds can make,
For the Heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love and happiness

Everywhere!

Pauline's June Walk.

Great excitement had reigned in the Newton cottage for a whole week. Saturday, June 1, Pauline had received a dainty little note, which read as follows:

'Miss Margaret Ellis requests your presence Saturday afternoon, June 8, for a June walk in Ridgeway Park. The Sunday-school class will leave 18 Peace Street promptly at 2.30 o'clock.'

A June walk! What was that anyway? Aunt Bethy, who had been to college, and knew 'just everything,' told Pauline a lovely

story, all about a June walk in college, where, every time the girls came to a corner, they 'drew cuts' to decide which road they should take.

'I won't have to wait till I go to college to have a June walk, will I, Aunt Bethy?' Pauline had said.

At last the eventful day dawned, but before Pauline opened her eyes she heard the patter of raindrops on the roof. Of course the June walk would have to be postponed, for, even if it stopped raining, the grass would be wet.

'Poor little Pollykins!' said mamma, as she kissed away two big 'rain drops' on Pauline's cheek.

After lunch it still rained hard, and Pauline prepared to take her favorite doll, Gladys Genevieve, for a June walk up and down the veranda.

'We'll play that you're me and I'm Miss Margaret.' And Gladys Genevieve smiled a beautiful smile.

'Brave old Polly!' said Uncle Max, who looked up from his book just then. He thought for a moment and then said: 'Pollykins, what would you say to going on a June walk with me? It will be a June ride first, then a June walk, and then a June ride home again. I am going down to the "Vet." on an errand, and you have never been there.'

Pauline hadn't the faintest idea what a 'Vet' might be, but if Uncle Max took her it was sure to be something nice. 'May Gladys Genevieve go too, Uncle Max? I do hate to 's'point the dear child.'

But mamma said that it would be far better for Gladys Genevieve to take a nap quietly at home; so Pauline promised to tell her all about the June walk when she came home.

A few minutes later Pauline boarded the car with Uncle Max. They rode such a long time that she wondered when the walk would begin, but at last they got off opposite the 'Veterinary Hospital.'

(To be continued.)

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