

the village was just like going about their own grounds. Had it been otherwise, Delphine and Eugenie would not have been allowed to wander about in this fashion without a *bonne* with them.

"I wish I had remembered where mamma said it was," she remarked to Eugenie as they came near the church.

"Why?" asked the child. But Delphine did not answer. Her conscience was reproaching her for her carelessness in not having paid attention when her mother was speaking to her.

Of course, in that village it would be easy to find the cottage. It was not that Delphine minded at all. It was that she felt she had been careless, and had not been watchful as usual.

"But, after all," she consoled herself by thinking, "it really does not much matter. Mamma talks so much about carelessness and it really is only a little fault."

Thus thinking, she knocked with her parasol at the door of the cottage next the church.

No one replied, and, as the door was ajar, Delphine pushed the door open, and Eugenie, who was holding her hand followed her.

The kitchen, with its stone floor and dresser, on which was a row of old china plates, was empty, but the door opening into the bedroom was open.

As Delphine entered, she caught her foot in a small woollen shawl which lay on the floor, and, taking it up, she placed it on a chair near. At this moment an old woman came in from the bedroom, and Delphine asked her if she was Madame Berville.

The old woman looked very much alarmed, and saying no, she begged Delphine to go away at once.

"For," she said, "there is small-pox in the house. My son has been ill, and yesterday the doctor declared—"

But Delphine waited not to hear anything more. Dragging Eugenie after her, she ran out of the room, and made her way to Nannette as soon as possible.

Eugenie had not noticed what the woman had said, and Delphine did not explain.

Nannette looked very grave when she was told of it; and the supper at the farm-house was not a very merry one.

Delphine sent the parcel by a messenger; and then, when the sun was setting, the whole party made their way home.

Madame de Bersac said little when Delphine confessed that the result of her carelessness had been that, by mistake, she had gone into the wrong house, as she feared that Delphine would be ill if she drew too much upon it, and that might lead to serious consequences. However, without dwelling on it much, Delphine did get ill; and when the doctor came, he declared she must have caught the small-pox from touching the shawl, which the sick man had very likely had on him.

Those were sad days at the chateau, for the day after Delphine was ill, Eugenie began to sicken, and the doctor pronounced it useless sending her from home. Delphine had it very slightly; and one day, when was she getting better, and sitting up in her room, her mother came in and drew her chair near to her.

"You are better to-day, my child, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, mamma—much better; and now I am beginning to remember all that has happened. It seemed like a dream before! O mamma! how sorry I am that by my carelessness I should have given you all this trouble," and Delphine burst into tears.

Madame de Bersac tried to soothe her.

"O mamma! it is no use. I know if I had been careful in listening to your words that I should not have gone into that house, and—and—O mamma, do tell me—"



COAXING BETTER THAN BEATING

"What is it, dear child—what do you wish to know?" asked her mother gently, laying her cool hand on Delphine's forehead, and noticing how completely untouched and unscathed she had passed through that illness. Not a mark remained on her face, and beyond general weakness, there was nothing to be anxious about at present.

"Mamma, have any of the others got it?" she asked at length.

Madame de Bersac paused. She had been dreading this question, and yet she had felt that when Delphine began about it that it was best to answer her.

"Eugenie, dearest. No one else."

"And how is she?"

"Much better, dear. She will be well, it is to be hoped, soon," said Madame de Bersac; "but, Delphine, her eyes are very bad."

"Bad, mamma—how?" and Delphine looked sharply at her mother. "What do you mean?"

"My child, I must tell you the truth. Our precious Eugenie's life has been spared, thank God, and so has yours, but the terrible illness, which she has had more severely than you have, has not left her as it found her. She is blind."

Madame de Bersac had braved herself to tell Delphine, and now it was almost more than she could bear to see the child's passionate sorrow.

At first Delphine would not be comforted, but at length she listened when her mother spoke to her, and tried to be resigned to the severe punishment "only a little fault" had been the means of bringing upon her.

In a few days Delphine saw Eugenie.

It was in the evening, when the sun was setting, and the child's lovely brown hair, which was now cut short, seemed to have caught a golden tinge. Her face was very white, and her eyes looked lovely, but Delphine could see at once that the light had gone out of them for ever.

Years passed away.

Delphine devoted herself to Eugenie, and was her companion and friend as well as her sister, and Eugenie, who grew up into a sweet woman, without a particle of ill-feeling towards her who had by her carelessness caused her this blindness, loved her dearly.

The sight of Eugenie bearing about her this life-long sorrow, was a continual reminder to Delphine of all that had happened.

Every day Delphine tried hard to be watchful against carelessness and all other temptations; every day she saw more and more need of being faithful in that which is least; every day she learned more and more that it must be in a higher strength than her own that she must learn the lesson of watchfulness; and she never forgot the bitter lesson that "only a little fault," yielded to, had taught her.

L.E.D.

COAXING BETTER THAN BEATING

"Don't beat the donkey, please," said Mabel to the boy who was driving him for her.

"He won't go without, Miss," said the boy.

"Oh, I think he will," replied Mabel. "I can't bear to have him beaten; just get some of that nice clover there."

To please his young mistress the boy did so, and held out the clover to the donkey, but all his beating only made him plant his feet more firmly in the sand, and the more stubbornly refuse to move.

"Now, Neddy," said Mabel, petting the donkey's shaggy neck, "go on please."

At the sound of Mabel's gentle voice, and the touch of her soft hand, Neddy flapped his big ears, and taking a bite of the clover, trotted off with his mouth full.

Children, it is always better to coax than to drive. A kind word will win where a hard blow will only make the heart harder. The Bible says, "Overcome evil with good." You should be kind even to dumb animals, much more to your playmates, and brothers and sisters; and love them and so make them love you.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS

At Gorrie, Ont., on the evening of the 7th inst., the wife of the Rev. Geo. W. Rabey, of a son.