

her fault, for she was just as black as she could be. But then, little girls cannot be as black as little kittens can be.

Tother and Which and Molly were a good deal alike, besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play. They would run races by the hour, and then would all cuddle down in some warm spot, and all three go to sleep in a funny little black jumble. As I said, Molly alone knew Tother from Which, but if you met her with one kitten tucked under her arm and the other tagging along at her feet, and ask her which kitten she was carrying her eyes would grow round with surprise at such lack of appreciation, and she always answered gravely, with a closer squeeze of the kitten under her arm, "Tother course."

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Molly discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr—not that Which was not a nice kitten. "'Cept Tother she's the nicest kitten there is!" was Molly's opinion.

One day Molly woke up from one of her cosy naps to hear voices from the window near her, and as she stroked Tother she heard, above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten, the voice of Dr. Rider, a returned missionary who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Molly's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the little children in the land he came from. When Molly understood the children he was talking about were like her, little children with black skins, two tears were blinked out of her eyes and wiped away with Tother for a handkerchief.

Molly had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Rider would preach and a collection would be for his missionary work in Africa. She had often been at the colored church with mammy, so she knew all about collections.

There was a smile passed over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure, wearing a red hood and wrapped up in mammy's big shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church and sat down alone in a side pew at the very front. But Molly's solemn eyes saw nothing funny in it. A great deal was said she did not understand, but when the preacher spoke of self denial Molly nodded brightly. She knew, and she had some, she was going to put it in the collection basket. But when the basket was passed at the close of the sermon, it was not carried to Molly's pew. For a moment she sat still as she saw it set down in front of the pulpit. Sliding down from the pew the little girl in her trailing shawl trudged up to the basket, and reaching up, dropped into it, one at a time, two pennies then unwrapping a corner of her shawl reached up again and put in a little black kitten, and gravely walking back, climbed up to her seat.

Every one smiled, who could help it?

The kitten stretched up its head gave a little mew and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of smiles, Dr. Rider rose, and though he smiled too, there were tears in his eyes.

Now a most unheard of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform and said: "Which kitten is it, Molly?" and when Molly answered "Tother," such a speech as he made.

But Molly did not know what he meant.—*Sunday School Times.*