

Forgiveness.

'When a red rose drooping to the ground,
With delicate beauty flushed,
By a careless foot, at eventide,
Was trampled on and crushed.
Christ-like, the injured flower returned
No thorn-prick for the blow;
But gave instead a sweet perfume
To him who laid it low.'

Nita and the Starfish.

What has Nita found now? This is her first summer at the seaside, and with her little pail and spade she runs out on the sands as the tide goes out and brings home some

like a great yellow star. Mother told her that its name had been taken from its shape, and that it was called a 'star-fish.' She then showed her where to find its mouth. Mother showed her also its little red eyes at the end of each ray, and told her that it lived on small fish and shellfish, the shells of which it cast out of its mouth again.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Whole Truth.

(By Mary P. Pressly, in 'Herald and Presbyter.')

'The grocer gave me the eggs, and, as I was coming home, a dog jumped on the basket and threw

'Yes,' said Gracie wearily opening the door.

She went out and sat down under a large tree. 'It was true,' she told herself fiercely. 'The dog did jump on the basket and knock it down.'

'But,' whispered conscience, 'why didn't you tell your mamma that you left the basket on the sidewalk while you went to see Jessie Williams' doves?'

'Oh, well, that makes no difference,' cried Grace, crossly.

'Yes it does,' said conscience. 'You know well enough that your mamma does not like to have you stop anywhere when you go errands.'

'I don't care, anyway,' snapped Gracie. 'I am going for a ride.'

She went in to ask permission, and then to the barn, where she scolded so at the delay caused by a broken bridle that Tom, the man-of-all-work, stared in wonder at the usually mild little girl.

Her ride was not pleasant. She stopped to ask Lyle Brown to go with her, but Lyle was practising. Then Helen Hande was sick, and must not be disturbed. So she had to go alone. The pony was troubled with flies, and pranced so Grace could hardly keep her seat. She soon turned homeward, but, as she cantered up the avenue, she started, for there stood Jessie Williams talking to her mother.

'I am not afraid,' she said to herself. 'I don't care if Jessie is mean enough to go and tattle.'

'She will not tattle,' said the still small voice which Grace tried to hush. 'If your mamma asks her, she will probably tell what she knows; but that will not be tattling.'

'I am going up to where she is, anyway,' said Grace.

She struck the pony sharply with her whip, and hurried forward. As she came near she heard her mother say: 'There comes Grace and her pony, now. Can't you stay and play with her?'

'Oh! thank you, Mrs. Adams,' came Jessie's voice; 'but mamma wishes me to come home at once to have a dress fitted.'

Jessie came down the avenue toward Grace, and paused as if she would speak. Grace slowed the pony down to a walk.

'I brought your mother some



very strange things. Sometimes it is some dark green sea-weed that crackles as she treads on it, sometimes a lively crab; but to-day she has found a queer creature that seems too large to put into the pail.

'What is it, mother?' she asks as she runs over to her mother.

When Nita found it it looked just

them down and broke some ten of them.'

So said Gracie Adams, as she stood before her mother with two instead of a dozen eggs in her basket.

'I am sorry, dear; but never mind, it was not your fault. Now go out and play,' was the reply.