

become of her dear child. Did Nanny run to meet her as usual, and throw her little arms round her neck and kiss her? No; she felt afraid of her own dear mother, for she had been doing wrong, so she ran and hid herself behind the door. Silly child, what good could that do her, for her mother was sure to find her—and then, too, she was such a kind mother, and would have forgiven her directly if she had told her all the truth!

“Where is my dear little Nanny?” she said, as she entered the nursery; but no one spoke, and she began to feel rather alarmed, and was leaving the room to call the nurse, when she heard a sob from behind the door, and, to her great surprise, found little Nanny there, her eyes red with weeping, her clean white frock wet and crushed, and a large dark spot upon it. “What have you been doing, my dear child?” she said. Nanny’s heart softened when she saw her dear mother’s tender looks, and she ran to her, and hid her face in her dress, and said, as well as her sobs would permit, “Oh! mother I have been so naughty! I have been doing what you told me not to do. I have been using the pen and ink in the drawing-room, and I have inked my clean frock; and I thought you would be angry, and I came upstairs to try to wash it out, but I cannot. It will not come out whatever I do;” and she again cried very much.

The kind mother sat down, and took her distressed little Nanny upon her knee; then she talked very, very kindly to her, and told her what sorrow she had brought upon herself by not doing as she was bid; and as she saw that Nanny was truly sorry for what she had done, she forgave her. Then she took the wet frock off, lest she should take cold, and put another on.

“But, dear mother,” said Nanny, “what must be done with my frock? It is quite spoiled with that large dark spot.”

Her mother smiled at her, and going to a drawer, took out of it a little

wooden box, full of a white powder; then she dipped the dark spot in Nanny’s frock in hot water, and then she rubbed some of the powder on it with her finger, and the spot grew lighter and lighter, till it was quite pale; and at last there was no spot at all. Then Nanny was very glad, and she clapped her hands for joy.

Then her mother took her down into the breakfast-room, where they found Nanny’s father, who wondered what had become of them. He was grieved when he saw his little girl with such red eyes; he was afraid she had been naughty, and he looked very sad and very grave, and he did not take Nanny in his arms and kiss her as usual, but he looked at her mother to tell him what had been the matter. So she told him all about it, and how sorry Nanny was that she had been so naughty.

Then the little girl crept quite close to him, and, with tears in her eyes, said, “Dear father, forgive me!”

So he kissed his little girl, wiped away her tears, and, sitting her upon his knee, gave her her breakfast. But she could not eat much, for she was both sorry and glad—sorry that she had grieved her kind parents, and glad that they had forgiven her.

Afterwards her father said to her, “Do you know that in disobeying your mother, you sinned against God; for God has said, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother?’ You must ask him to forgive you too. Sin is like the dark ink-spot on your frock—it is on your heart; and as you could not make your frock clean again, whatever you did, so you cannot make your heart clean, however good you try to be. But as there was one thing which would take away the ink-spot out of your frock, so there is one thing, and one only, which will take away your sins, and that is the blood of Christ. The Bible tells us that his blood cleanseth from all sin; so my dear child must ask God, for Christ’s sake, to forgive her, and to wash away her sins in the blood of Jesus.”

So Nanny left her father’s knee, and went up stairs into the nursery, and