

remained much longer, but for a terrible accident, which almost cost her her life, and which disabled her a considerable period for any active exertion."

"O, mamma, what was it?"

"She was sadly burned, Katie, so sadly that her appearance was much altered by it."

"How did it happen, mamma? was she careless about fire or candle?"

"No, it was all through the fault of a little girl about your age, Katie, to whom she had been exceedingly kind."

"One of her pupils, mamma?"

"No, a little visitor who came to stay for some months in the family. She had lost her mother, and she was to remain there until it was convenient to an aunt to have the charge of her. Her name was Mary, and Margaret made quite a pet of her. I think it was because the little girl was motherless."

"And was not Mary fond of her, mamma?"

"O yes, she loved her dearly; and she would not on any account have done her the least harm. But it was her self-will and want of obedience which occasioned the mischief."

Katie was listening so intently that she quite forgot to go on with her hemming.

"It was a summer's afternoon, and Margaret and all the little girls were going out to a children's party. She dressed her pupils and sent them away, as they were finished, to wait in the parlor until she was ready. Mary was the eldest, so her turn came first, and when her blue sash was tied she ran merrily down stairs, and resolved to keep her promise of sitting still in order that she might not rumple or spoil her delicate white muslin frock."

"But she was something like you, Katie, she was not accustomed to sit still long together. She looked about in search of something to amuse her, and her eye unfortunately fell upon some sealing-wax, and two or three glass seals, which had been given to the children that morning. Impressions were to be taken of these seals the next time that candles were used, but Mary considered that this could not be till to-morrow, as they would be out that day till late in the evening. The thought came into her mind that she could get a light then, and drop some wax on a sheet of paper, for there was no one in the room to see or to hinder her. What should she have done with that thought, Katie?"

"I suppose she should have put it away from her," answered Katie slowly. "But why might she not try the seals, mamma? ought she to have waited for the others?"

"Yes, Katie, it was selfish of her to do it alone. But more than that, it was disobedient to do it at all; for the children were strictly forbidden ever to get a light, or to carry one about. But Mary, in her eagerness to prove how cleverly she could manage, hushed the voice of conscience, and reached the taper and match-box from the mantle-shelf. Fancying that she heard a step on the stairs, she hurriedly lighted the taper, but as she moved it toward the table she accidentally held it too near herself, and before she was aware, her frock came in contact with the light, and the thin book-muslin was presently in a blaze!"

"O, mamma, what did she do?"

"Screamed with all her might, Katie, and ran out into the hall; not knowing that by placing herself in a current of air she increased the danger. But Margaret was there almost as quickly as she was, for hearing her loud cries she had hastened to discover what was the matter. When she saw the poor child in flames she was much alarmed, but without a moment's delay she caught her up, snatched off the thick woollen table-cover, and wrapped it all around her."

"And did that put out the fire, mamma?"

"Yes, Katie, but not before she was very much burned, both on her hands and on her face; but she was one who never thought of herself when there were others to be cared for, and she evaded all inquiry about her own injuries until little Mary was

undressed, laid tenderly in bed, and the old family doctor sent for. The children's mamma was out, so Margaret took all the responsibility on herself."

"And did Mary get better, mamma?"

"Yes, dear. She suffered a good deal of pain, and was confined for some time to the house; but the doctor said that she had had a very narrow escape indeed, and that if it had not been for Margaret's promptitude in stifling the flames she must have been so much burned that it was scarcely possible she could have survived."

"How glad Margaret must have felt that she saved the little girl's life! How I wish I could do something like that! But was she ill too, mamma?"

"Indeed she was, Kate. She bore up bravely until Mary was attended to, and then she was quite overcome and fainted away. Her face was so scorched by the fire that it affected her head, and brain fever followed, which was only subdued with great difficulty, and which left her in a very weakened state. She was obliged to give up her situation, and to have complete rest and change of air."

"And all through Mary's not doing as she was told! She must have been very sorry, mamma."

"Yes, Katie, but her sorrow could not remove the consequences of her fault. It was a painful lesson, but it was a very useful one to her, for she really did try in future to be less bent on having her own way. She did not mind the pain which she herself had to bear, for she said that it was only what she deserved; but it grieved her to think that she should have brought such trouble upon her kind friends, for Margaret was for some months a prisoner on the sofa."

"Was she too weak, then, to walk about?"

"No, there was another reason why she was obliged to be still. In carrying Mary hastily out of the draught, she in some way sprained her own ankle, which never was thoroughly cured, and you perhaps observed when she walked that there was a very slight limp in her step."

"And was that the effect of the sprain, mamma?"

"Yes; and that large red scar on her cheek comes from having been scorched by the fire."

"Dear, what a pity! But I shall not mind looking at it now, mamma; for whenever I see it I shall think how nobly she behaved in putting out the fire from the little girl's frock. What became of Mary, mamma? is she still living?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Foster, with a pleasant smile, "and she is at this very moment talking to you."

"What, are you little Mary, mamma? O how delightful! I had no idea that you were all the time telling me about yourself. It is as good as a story in a book—indeed, much better, because it is all true."

"I am glad you like my story, Katie."

"Yes I do like it, mamma; and I like Mrs. Bruce now."

"What, with her print dress, and her shabby furniture?"

"Yes, mamma, just as she is. I should not have minded those things if I had first known all about her. You should have told me who she was, and what she had done, mamma, before I went to see her."

"No, Katie, it is better you should find out for yourself what mistakes you are likely to make about people if you only judge by the mere outside."

Kate was generally very strong in her opinions, and she was now disposed to admire Mrs. Bruce as much as she had lately depreciated her. She informed her papa, in a very grave, important manner, that she had quite changed her idea respecting the old lady, and instead of regarding her as a commonplace person, she considered that she was a real heroine. And when Mrs. Bruce came to the house, Katie ran to meet her, saying, "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Bruce."

Katie never forgot that it is not wise to judge peo-

ple by their looks. You would do well to learn the same lesson. Some people are better and some worse than they appear. We must not form hasty judgments.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Be Grateful.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I know three little bright-eyed boys
Who have a drunken father;
He whips and turns them out of doors
In cold and stormy weather.
I know a little sickly girl
Who has no loving mother,
No father's tender, watchful care,
No sister and no brother.

The little girl sits by herself
When gentle words are said
To other happier children near;
Poor child! her friends are dead.
Ah, little ones, with parents kind,
And brothers fond and true,
With loving sisters by your side,
God has been good to you.

I've often watched by yonder door
A little blind boy straying
Along the path to catch the sound
Of other boys a-playing.
The soft blue skies are dark to him,
He cannot see the flowers,
Or know how lovely God has made
This pleasant world of ours.

A little child with crippled limb
Goes limping down the street;
Glad, joyous sports are not for him,
They tire his halting feet.
Bright hoops whirl gayly down the way
Before his eager eyes,
And swiftly through the summer air
The ball or arrow flies.

Dear children, who have health and love,
And strength for happy play,
Think of the many hapless ones
Who suffer day by day.
Pity the stricken child, whose life
So much of ill endures,
And bring to cheer his darkened days
The sunny light of yours.

Be grateful and be pitiful;
You cannot tell how dear
And precious in the Saviour's sight
Those little ones appear.
He sees them in their low estate,
He hears each painful sigh;
For them he has a home prepared,
For them he stooped to die.

A Wise Speech.

ONE very little girl, belonging to an infant school, has a sister younger than herself who often makes remarks above her years. The child had noticed it, and said to her mother, "Mother, what makes sister say such wise things?" And then, without waiting for a reply, she continued, "O, I know. Teacher tells us to ask Jesus to give us wise and understanding hearts, and Nettie has asked him, and that is the reason she makes such wise speeches."