

keep glancing longingly at the wheel.

Perhaps she did not struggle very earnestly against the temptation. Anyway, she dropped her sewing in a moment, and tip-toed softly across the floor, as if fearing that her mother would hear even the tread of her bare little feet. She knew how to turn the wheel with the wooden pin; she had been allowed to play with it sometimes when there was no yarn upon it, but was told not to meddle with it when it was in use.

Through the window Janie saw her mother and Auntie Payne away at the far end of the garden. They could hardly hear the loudest buzzing of the wheel from there, Janie thought, and began turning it, very gently at first, and then faster. Nearly an entire roll dangled at the point of the full spindle. Janie took hold of the roll and stretched it. Oh, yes, she knew how. Hadn't she seen mother do it a thousand times?

But, instead of drawing out into a fine, twisted thread, the roll broke off.

'Never mind! That happens to mother sometimes,' she thought.

She pinched the broken ends together, as mother did, and turned the wheels to twist them into one, but it broke again, one end flying round the spindle, and the other dropping on the floor as she caught the wheel with both hands to stop it. Three or four times she essayed to piece the broken roll, only to break it anew.

'That's a bad, rotten one,' she said. 'I'll try a new one.'

So she took one from the heap lying on the bench of the wheel, and never noticed that she had pulled down the entire bunch until she found herself walking through it. Now the wool rolls were tender, clinging things. They wrapped around Janie's ankles, and caught between her toes. And they broke—oh, how they broke up into short pieces! Then the irregular jerking of the wheel threw off the band; the spindle whirled around the faster, and the yarn on it began to slip off the end in a tangle.

'What will mother say?' exclaimed Janie, kicking the wool off her feet into a wad. Then she

caught sight of the kitten on the lounge, and a plan flashed through her mind.

Mother and Auntie Payne were coming up the garden. She saw them looking at the ripening currants and the young cabbages. They would be in soon. Janie caught up the sleeping kitten, and dumped it into the heap of wool. She tickled its nose with the ends till it began to play; she unwound a length of yarn from the spindle, and set the kitten jumping to reach it. It could hardly make further havoc, but it would bear the blame of her fault. Carefully folding her sewing as if it were finished, Janie laid it in a drawer, and slipped out of the front door.

Her brothers were building a dam across the little stream beyond the barn, and Janie hastened to join them. She loved to build dams much better than to sew. Kittie got her ears boxed when the mother came in and found her frolicking in the rolls.

'Why, where's Janie?' asked Auntie Payne, who had come in to look at the mother's new patchwork pattern. The mother glanced into the partly open drawer and replied: 'I see her work here. She went to play as soon as she finished it, I suppose.'

So Janie's plan seemed to be working just as she wished, but oh, how mean and miserable she felt when mother told about the kitten tangling the wool! She could hardly sleep for thinking of it, and there was that other deceit about the sewing. She finished that next morning, out under the lilac, while her mother was busy in the kitchen, but somehow that did not comfort her. When mother got to the spinning again, the very buzz of the wheel seemed to say:

'What a bad, bad girl! She didn't mind her mother—she didn't mind her mother—and she acted a lie—lie—lie!'

Janie felt as if she could not bear it, and yet she could not make up her mind to confess her fault. Some errand called the mother away presently, and she said:

'Do watch the kitten, Janie. I don't want my rolls tangled and wasted again.'

'It wasn't the kittie's fault,

mamma; I did it,' cried Janie, her heart too full to hold the dreadful secret any longer. Mamma listened with a grave face as with tears and sobs Janie told the whole story; but she forgave her little girl, as mothers will, you know, and Janie promised never to disobey or deceive again.—'Christian Standard.'

Keep Sweet.

Suppose a world of troubles do

Annoy you day by day;

Suppose that friends considered true

Your trust in them betray;

And rocks may bruise and thorns
may tear

Your worn and weary feet,

And everyday you meet a snare—

Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire

That forms within your minds;

And earth denies you half your hire,

And heaven seems quite unkind;

And you have not the best to wear,

Nor yet the best to eat;

You seem to have the meanest fare—

Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse

And harder still to bear.

A merry heart destroys the curse

And makes the heavens fair,

So I advise, whate'er your case—

Whatever you may meet,

Dwell on the good—forget the base—

Keep sweet.

—'Waif.'

Who?

There is a little girl,

A happy little girl,

And everybody seems to love her
well.

If you would like to know,

Why they all love her so,

I think I can the pretty secret tell.

It is because she's kind,

And quick to hear and mind,

Her daily tasks she seldom does
forget,

She's pleasing in her ways,

She's tender in her plays,

Not often does she sulk or frown or
fret.

Who is this little girl,

This loving little girl,

With face so smiling and with
heart so true,

Who is, as I've been told,

Quite worth her weight in gold?

Sweet, winsome little maiden, is
it YOU?

—Emma B. Dunham in 'Christian
Intelligencer.'