

As the parched lips were moistened by the delicious juice the little sufferer declared that it made her feel "almost well."

Now, that little act of kindness made Bessie much happier than eating the peach would have done. Would you have acted like Bessie?

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*UNFINISHED BUTTERFLIES.*

My little maiden of four years old  
 (No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
 With her brown, brown eyes and her curls of gold)  
 Came, quite in disgust, one day to me;

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,  
 As the loathsome touch seemed yet to chill her,  
 She cried, "O mother, I found on my arm  
 A horrible crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,  
 Yet a glance in its daring, half-awed and shy,  
 She added, "While they were about it, mother,  
 I wished they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns  
 From the coarser forms of a partial growth,  
 Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns  
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
 For the possible beauty that underlies  
 The passing phase of the meanest thing.

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love  
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,  
 From the holy height of their heaven above,  
 Couldn't bear with the worm till its wings would grow!

