

late." And the little preacher lay down to rest that night with a conscience as light as the feathers in her pillow.

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It was the day before the children's first communion. The family, that is father, mother, Phyllis and the baby, were sitting down to dinner without waiting for Jack, he being late as usual, when the door flew open and the boy rushed in with a face as bright and shiny as soap and joy combined could make it.

"Now I am going to tell you all my secret," he began mysteriously; "I've been fixing up Mrs. Brown's garden for her all this last month, planting seeds and bringing her fresh earth and sowing it up, and she promised to pay me for it and she has. That's what has been keeping me late and out so much lately, but I was determined to buy a present for Phyllis. Here, Phyllis, look what I bought you for to-morrow," and he held up a little gold cross that glittered in the sunlight. The father and mother were quite delighted at their boy's thoughtfulness and for the moment hardly noticed Phyllis. The little girl had slipped down from her seat and resting her head against the arm of the chair was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I've been such a mean, mean, bad thing! Oh, I can't take it! I've been saying and thinking such mean things of you." And the poor child broke out into a passion of tears.

Mother tried to comfort her and whispered in her ear:

"Take it, Phyllis dear, we all make mistakes, you know, and live and learn. Jack will feel so disappointed if you refuse it."

Phyllis was a real little penitent that day and when next morning the father and mother watched the two children walk hand in hand with them to church they felt sure that their little ones would sit at the Master's table for the first time, each with chastened heart.

F. ETN.

