

named by the pastor from the pulpit before the whole congregation, so that each may take warning not to do violence in future to the Lord's Holy Day." Monsieur Desperques spoke in his official manner, of which he was extremely proud, and he did not take note of the paling of Girette's face.

"And when is it to be, this public naming from the pulpit?" she said slowly.

"The Sabbath day after next. But now, my girl, it's time for bed."

Obediently Girette took up her crasset; and slowly, step by step, she ascended the staircase. Reaching her bedroom, she hooked her light to the chimney-piece, and flinging wide open her lattice-window, she leaned out into the moonlight; with her chin propped on her hands and elbows resting on the sill, she mused far into the night. Then, at last, a little smile curved her sweet lips, and with a smothered laugh, she quickly undressed, and in a few minutes was in bed and asleep.

The next day it was noised abroad that Chrestien Tourtell had been called before the consistoire for breaking the Sabbath; and it was known that here would be an extra assembling of that important body that very night for further inquiry into the matter, seeing that one of the offenders was a deacon. It was a dark evening when the consistoire met in a room near the church; the wind blew, and the rain poured down; it seemed a fitting environment for the stern faces assembled to judge the culprits, who stood up, each in turn, as he was addressed. Chrestien Tourtell had risen to his feet and stood, with bent head and sullen face, as he listened to the repetition of his sentence; suddenly, there was a tapping of wooden sabots on the threshold; the door was opened quietly, and lo! there stepped into the room, before the astonished consistoire, a girl in a long black cloak.

Her white hands trembled as she unfastened the clasp at her neck, and the cloak fell on the floor, and revealed a sheen of color and fair loveliness of maiden beauty. But still an astonished silence held the company of grave and sober men. Then up rose Monsieur Desperques with a frowning brow. "Girette, what means this behaviour?"

"Mon pere, I beseech you, listen!" she cried, in a voice that was clear and tremulous. "If monsieur le pasteur will allow me to speak one brief moment, I would desire to say a few words about one of the culprits—Chrestien Tourtell. Believe me, these words will be of importance."

For a moment monsieur le pasteur hesitated, then, looking into her eyes shining through tears, he said, decidedly:

"Let mademoiselle proceed."

As for Chrestien Tourtell, he was too much overcome with feelings of wounded pride and despair and love to do anything but stare at her as she clasped her hands and drew nearer the august assembly.

"Messieurs, I would fain tell you that it is, in reality, all my fault that Chrestien Tourtell is here to-night. Listen, further, I beseech you!" she cried as monsieur le pasteur seemed about to speak; "it perhaps is not seemly for a maid to speak out her heart's true love thus in a public assembly, but I must save him from disgrace. It is because, messieurs, I refused to listen to him when he spoke of—of—love to me, and because I listened to another, that he, Chrestien Tourtell, did fall to evil ways and did profane the Lord's Holy Day, and all the time it was but wicked folly and pride that had withheld me from him, for in truth I loved him dearly, and would pray and beseech you, dear messieurs, to lift the awful sentence from a good man and a true."

Falling on her knees, she hid her face in her hands, and a picture she made as she knelt, her silken gown falling about her; her laces and ribbons and the whole bravery of her attire dazzling the beholder and set-

ting forth the rare beauty of her bowed figure; her hair gleamed in the light of the crasset, and a little smothered sob burst from her, as silence, dead silence, was the answer her pleading received.

Then Chrestien Tourtell lifted his head, and his face, illumined with joy and penitence, was turned towards her.

"Messieurs," he said with confident manliness, "she is right, and to my shame she is right. For her sweet sake, because I thought she loved me not, I gave up the good and the right. Fool that I was! I thought that I had lost all when her love was not mine; I forgot my God because the fairest of women deigned not to look favorably upon me. But now, she—she of all the earth—has shown me the truth, and given me a reward I longed for, and I do not deserve. Messieurs, I bow before the sentence of the consistoire with most willing heart and mind. Do with me as you list."

"It is enough!" said the old pasteur, rising and confronting his brethren, "is it not? Who will not agree in this matter? Shall we not decide that Chrestien Tourtell, showing fair repentance and rightful contrition, has borne his punishment? Come, let us leave these two to help each other, for each has suffered for wrong-doing, and each has nobly and openly repented, as soon as the light dawned upon them!"

Thus spake the large-hearted pasteur; but decided agreement did not follow his words, and for the space of a quarter of an hour a hot discussion was waged in the assembly, and still Girette knelt and Chrestien gazed upon her. Then the matter was, finally, put to the vote, and in spite of the pasteur's fears and Girette's misgivings, the merciful members, those who were endowed with larger spiritual eyesight, at length gained the day; and, to the surprise of all, Audry Desperques was amongst those who spoke for the remission of the punishment of Chrestien Tourtell, who had indeed fallen, but who had risen the nobler, the stronger, the humbler. And he, with repeated words of contrition and face of uttermost joy, led from the room, Girette, his beloved.

Thus it came to pass that in the Rolle des actes du consistoire, we may all read and understand how it was that the sentence was taken off.

### Lullaby.

Sweet be thy sleep, love; sweet be thy dreams;

Angels of mercy scatter love's beams  
Over thy pillow into thy breast,  
Singing the lullaby sounds of rest.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;  
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

List to the angels; bring back to earth  
Revels of gladness, rollicking mirth.

Tell it to others; tell it to me;  
Ring out the chimes of innocent glee.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;  
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

Climb the ladder of love to the sky;  
Ering back to mother peace from on high;

Spirit of kindness, spirit of love,  
Fill up your heart from zephyrs above.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;  
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

—Selected.

### Perfection.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-

nish.  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—Shakespeare.

### Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler.

Are you afraid of burglars, boys? Mr. Ames told us last night how burglars had paid him five visits. Our boys' eyes fairly bulged as he told of hearing a man coming up the stairs in the dead of night; and then of another time when he woke up, with a start, to see a man creeping along the floor, and, as he yelled, the burglars jumped from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with a thud that made his wife think that some one was shot.

Burglars are unpleasant visitors, and you'd rather hear about them than have them call.

There are three ways, so some Englishman has said, to keep burglars out. I know you'd like to hear what they are, if they are of use: (1) By "Twinkler"; (2) By "Tinkler"; (3) By "Tattler." Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler are the three fellows to keep burglars off. "What is that Johnny Bull driving at?" you ask.

By "Twinkler" he means a light left burning all night long. By "Tinkler" he means having a bell connected with the doors and windows that will give warning. By "Tattler" he means a little dog that sets up a barking at the approach of danger. Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler will keep a house pretty free from burglars.

Of course, burglars are not a very large part of life. It is rather foolish to be afraid of them, before they come. Still, you'd rather not wake up in the night and find a man at your bedside; and no one cares to come down stairs in the morning and find his silver and pocketbook and overcoat gone. And if anyone tells me how to keep burglars out, I am all eyes and ears, and—so are you.

The Englishman gave me an idea and it struck pretty hard—of how a boy can keep burglars from stealing away his valuables. You know everybody starts out in life with some "crown jewels," that are more precious than gold, silver or fine clusters. That Englishman has showed a fine way to keep burglars off.

1. By "Twinkler." Have a light burning at night. It is a good idea not to have it burn in one place all the time, but in different rooms. That means, when you are in temptation, let your light shine. Let the boys know where you stand. If other boys invite you to drink, or curse, or sneak, or do a dirty trick, let your light shine and it will scare them away. "Twinkler" is a good fellow to drive away evil.

2. By "Tinkler." That means, to put warning bells at the doors and windows. How many warning bells there are! The words of our teachers and parents and of the Bible! Here is a bell that once woke me up: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." "He who heeds the warnings of the good is wise."

3. By "Tattler." He is not always a pleasant fellow to have around. He fusses a good deal. Then he is liable to wake one up, when he'd rather sleep. But everybody has a "Tattler" given to him when he begins life, whose business is to give warning of danger. He is called "Conscience" by some. I rather like the name "Tattler." It won't do to turn him out doors nights, nor to shut him down in the cellar, but let him sleep on the door mat right in front of your room. Evil rarely gets into a heart when there is a real live well-kept "Tattler."—Men.

"They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young, younger than I was ever before."—Thomas Guthrie, D.D.