

guilty conscience poor little Willie felt: when he went to bed; and when he said in his prayer, "Pardon all my bad behaviour," he felt very sorry for his wickedness, and wished his father to forgive him. He did forgive him, and prayed God to forgive him too, and take away from him a disposition to tell lies. When Willie felt himself forgiven, he almost cried for joy. He kissed his father and mother, and, clinging fondly to them, said again and again, "I will not tell lies any more. Only wicked boys tell lies. I will not tell any more; will I, papa?" Do you think he ever did?—*N. Y. Recorder.*



#### JUST MY LUCK.

"James, you had better attend to the night wood," said Mrs. Forsyth to her son who had become deeply interested in a book he was reading.

"Wait a minute, mother, I want to finish this page, I am right in the middle of it now."

His mother did wait, and although she said nothing, yet she was grieved. When he had read the page through, he feared he should lose the force of it, if he laid it aside just then. And what difference would it make if the wood was brought in five minutes later? Mrs. Forsyth allowed him to take his own time for it, so it was almost dark before he thought of leaving his book. Then he went at it in a great hurry

and in splitting some light wood he scratched his hand badly. And when he again entered the neat little sit-



ting-room where his mother was at work, he was crying and complaining bitterly.

"O dear! oh dear! I was splitting some wood and a great stick flew up and hurt my hand so. You know it's just my luck."

"Come and sit down by me, James, I want to talk with you a little. You think you are very unlucky, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, mother, I am always getting hurt, and it isn't my fault either."

"Was it not your fault to-night, my son?"

"Why, no! how should I know the stick was going to hit me?"

"Yes, but if it had not been so dark and late, you would not have been in such a hurry and so careless. I spoke to you in season to do it all by day light, but I let you manage your own way to see what would be the result. I have noticed lately that whenever anything is given you to do, 'wait a minute' is your almost constant reply."

"Well, what difference does a minute make any way?"

"What would your father say, if, because I wished to finish any thing I was doing, I should put off breakfast till dinner time, would he like it?"