

were said in a whisper; but loud enough to be heard.) Her little sister Lottie listened attentively, and exclaimed in great surprise, "Why, mother, May is talking about Bertie Foster; she's not saying her prayers;"--for May's whispered prayer was, "Lord Jesus, make Bertie Foster a good boy. Help me to love him, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

A week passed, the afternoon's lessons were over, and May returned home once more. Instead of lying down on the hearth rug and crying over her little school-fellow's unkindness, she ran to her mother with a face beaming with delight, and said, "Mother, it's done! Jesus has made Bertie Foster a better boy. I am sure he has, and now we are good friends."

Dear reader, will you try to follow the example of May Stanley? Take all your trials to Jesus, and ask Him to help and comfort you. If any one should tease you do not be unkind in return; but pray for those who are unkind to you, and try to conquer them as May conquered Bertie.

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### JACK.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."



JACK was very small for his age. He was seven years old, and yet he could only just see into the shop windows or above the table, if he stood on tiptoe. Not that he had any table to see above as a rule, for he and his mother had no home. They spent

their time in wandering about the streets, trying to sell bunches of flowers for a penny apiece, and were glad enough sometimes to get even a warm doorstep to sleep on at night. You think a door-step never could be warm? Yet some door-steps are warm compared to others on bitter nights, when the keen wind drives all one way.

It was just such a night in January when Jack and his mother had come to their very last penny.

It was Sunday, and they watched the ladies in their silks and furs coming daintily down the steps, with light shawls held before their

mouths (for the wind was in the east), and stepping into their easy, warmly lined carriages, and then driving off.

After watching them for some time in the different streets, Jack grew very cold. He had only a thin, old shirt on, worn into holes, and a little jacket, out at the elbows, and a torn pair of trowsers that hung in rags about his ankles, so that, as a whole, his garments formed no great protection against the wind. He shivered dismally, and his teeth began to chatter, while he tucked his little blue hands under his arms to try and make them warm.

"Mother," he said, at last, "it's rare and cold. Can't us get anywhere warm to sleep in to-night?"

"No," she answered; "we've only a penny left, and we shall both want something to eat; we can't be warm *and* have bread, Jack; that 'ud be too much," and she laughed a faint, dreary laugh.

Jack thought for a long time, then he spoke again. "Mother, where do all them ladies go?"

"To church."

"Aye; but what *is* church?"

"A great place, all lighted up, where they have music, and where all the rich folks sits and listens, and are warm and comfortable."

"Like the theatre, where you went one night, and said you wasn't going again?"

The woman laughed a little. "No; I should rather think not: Why, places like that ain't open on Sundays."

"Ain't they? Why not?"

"Because they're not good enough, I suppose."

"How 'good enough?'"

"Good enough for Sundays."

"Is folks better on Sundays than other days, then?"

"What a child you are for asking questions! How should I know?"

Jack was silent for a while, pattering along with little frozen feet, then he began his catechism again.

"What's the difference between the theatre and a church, if they both has lights and musics, and 'un can get warm?"