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The White Frock.

There was once a little girl called Nanny. I will not now tell you what kind of a little girl she was, but you shall hear of something which happened to her. Her nurse washed and dressed her as usual. She had a clean white frock. Then she went skipping and jumping down stairs in great glee, and full of her morning joy, not coming down the stairs as grown-up people do, first one step, and then another, but both feet together, a step at a time. She had to pass the drawing-room door before she reached the room where her mother was sitting; the door was a little open, and Nanny peeped in and then she thought she would just look at the pretty things; and round the room she went on tip-toe, till she came to a small table with an inkstand and pens and writing paper upon it. There was one pen left standing in the ink, and Nanny, who was very fond of scribbling, forgot that her mother had often told her not to touch the pen and ink without asking leave; so she amused herself for some time, till at last, when she was dipping her pen into the ink, a large thick piece from the bottom stuck to it, and in her hurry to shake it off, a great drop of ink

fell upon her clean white frock. Oh! you would have been sorry for Nanny had you seen her just then. First, her face was very red, and then it was very white, and she trembled all over; and then her merry eyes looked quite sad, for they were full of tears, which rolled down her cheeks like an April shower. But what must I do? she thought. I will go and tell my mother how naughty I have been. But then she will be angry with me, because she told me not to do it, and she will punish me. Oh! I will go up stairs again, and try to wash it out, and then I can dry it at the fire, and nobody will know. So she set off up stairs again, and she found the nursery empty, for nurse was gone down. Then she went to the basin and got the soap, and dipped her ink spot in the water, and she rubbed it, and wrung it out, but still there was a mark on her frock; and as she was not used to such work, she splashed herself all over, and her clean frock was no longer white and clean, but wet from top to bottom. Oh! what must Nanny do? The spot will not come out, though she has rubbed it until her little hands are sore. But she hears a footstep on the stairs! It is her mother, anxious to see what had