

"I was scolded, and the master kept me in," said the child, in a trembling voice.

"What for?"

"Well, sister, because on my way to school, I met Francy, who gave me a poor little bird he had taken from its nest; it was shivering with cold; and after wrapping it up in my handkerchief, I hid it in my hat. But right in the middle of class, my friend, who had been fighting to get free, hopped out on my desk; and, of course, had to walk into the ink bottle, and as he could not fly, fell exhausted on my new copy book, which I had begun for the distribution of prizes. You know the one I showed you. Well, it was spoiled; so the master made me remain to begin it over again."

"And is it well written now?"

"Oh! yes, I did my very best. But I cried when they took the bird away from me."

"Why did you not refuse to take it, Jean? You know I have told you repeatedly that it is very cruel to take birds from their nest."

"But, sister, I did not take it, for Francy gave him to me, and it looked so cold, that I wanted to try and warm it."

"Well, then," said Lizzie, seeing that her brother had not committed a very grievous offence; "let us say no more about it, for the evil has been repaired. Come to your dinner," and she went to fetch the dish she had prepared for him.

Jean did not waste much time, and as soon as his dinner was finished, went out to the door. While standing there, he saw a servant pushing a small carriage along the avenue, which leads from the chateau of Pontmay, to the village of Mailleras. Jean ran out of the house, down the road, telling

Lizzie, that she was coming, and in a few minutes he was by the side of the carriage, holding out his hand to its occupant. It was a child of twelve years of age; pale and delicate; she seemed to feel very sad, but her face brightened when she saw Jean, and she wished him good-day in a very soft voice. When they got to the house, the servant, lifting the child in his arms, carried her in, all wrapped up in blankets, for the day was very cold; then her nurse, who was with her, guided her feeble steps into the room. There Lizzie soon had her comfortably seated in a large chair, which had formerly been sent from the castle, to her invalid mother. Marie thanked her with a smile, but her face wore a very tired expression; though the drive from the chateau to Lizzie's house was not very long. That the poor child was so weak, that even the air tired her out. What a contrast between the children! Lizzie, already a full grown girl, was as fresh as a rose, and her dark hair carefully brushed back over her forehead, and drawn into a soft coil at the back of her head, revealed a well shaped neck, quite browned by the sun. Jean was the picture of health, and it was really a pleasure to look at his fat face, with its rosy color, and at his large blue eyes, so full of mischief, yet beaming with affection and love. He was only seven years old, but looked quite ten or more, for he was so tall and strong. He looked up at her with a smile, for he had a great admiration for her. The sick child ran her frail hand through his beautiful curly hair, and heaved a deep sigh. Marie was delicate, so very delicate, that she could not stand on her feet; she was very small for her age, her large dark eyes had a blueish line around them, and