

o'clock, I expect to be out," said his mother; "but you can put on the apron that you play in, and stay in the yard with little Harry till I return." She then kissed him for "good bye," and watched after him as he ran on alone, until she saw him open the door and go in, and then went home herself.

At four o'clock Willie returned from school. His father and mother were out, and he remembered that he had leave to go and play. He went into his mother's chamber to take his apron from the drawer, and there was no one there. Some books were left on the table, with a little card-basket, and a fountain ink-stand. He had always thought that was a funny sort of an ink-stand, and he should like to see if he could manage it. So he commenced screwing the top. It turned easily, and he moved it rapidly, so that the ink flowed over into the bowl. He did not know how to stop it, but kept on screwing it until it nearly all ran over. He felt sorry, for his father was always annoyed by any thing untidy, and he knew he ought not to have meddled with it. But he put on his apron and went to play with Harry till he entirely forgot it. In the evening, as he sat in the chamber beside his father and mother, his father noticed the inkstand and said "Who has used the inkstand in such a way? Have you, Willie?" "No sir," said he. "But," said his mother, "did you not turn the screw, Willie, and find it running over itself?" "You did not see me do it, did you, mamma?" said he. "No Willie," she answered, "I was not at home; but did you not do it?" "No, ma'am," said he, "I did not do it." He then kissed his father and mother and went to bed. After he had said his prayers and laid his head on the pil-

low, he felt very sad. His heart ached, but he tried to sing. Then he called out to his mother in the next room, "Mamma, are you there?" Then he shut his eyes, but but he could not sleep. He felt afraid, for he had told a lie. He knew it was sinful to tell lies, and he wished he could tell his mother that he did spill the ink, but he had not courage to do that. Just then his father came into his chamber to see if his little boy slept comfortably, and found him awake. "Willie," said his father again, very sadly, "did you touch that inkstand to-day?" "Yes, papa, I did do it," said he. "Oh!" said his father, "why did you tell me that you did not? You have offended God, who is your greatest and best friend, who will punish you with a guilty conscience; and I am angry with you for trying to deceive me. The ink itself was a very little thing, but telling lies is wicked and hateful in the sight of God. I must punish you for it; but you may lie still and think of it now." Willie felt guilty and unhappy. He cried himself to sleep, and in the morning could not go to his father's chamber as usual, but stayed away alone until breakfasttime. He could not eat much, for no one noticed him. He went to school with a heavy heart. He cried a great many times during the day, and the boys thought he cried because he wanted to see his mother. But he felt as if his parents did not love him so much as they did before he told the lie, and when he was with them he could not look in their faces. He loved to sit by his father at dinner, but now he had no wish to eat. He could not feel happy anywhere. The dreadful feeling which took away his relish for any thing, was remorse. It was the sting of a