

alescent state was alone and e and Peachy, e of Dulcie's out Angel than her. le, as she called ne again; and poke to her of e assured them tile, lost lamb id really hurt r, as she had 'ho the Good he news—for it a little girl— d joy. It was e gentle had gone Peachy to her

nt you and me fore we go to chv. ntle said about hearing wot we d Peachy. "I ink it must ha' r did when he gel. He knelt in. I knelt down, n. I couldn't cut, but I'm Jesus, the Good

Peachy. "Shall Jesus, the Good hy. Will you in church?"

ands and looked Dulcie. "Shall k h'up?" I expectantly, rter me, werry, m."

Good Shepherd, e Angel," began d the words. "oo," repeated

" said Peachy. Good Shepherd, d it werry hard, oor Mr. Harper, hispered Peachy. " said Dulcie.

short pray you t a deal more'n ven ax that we again."

nd Shepherd any t I'd be werry to do fur us to— means a deal— old Harper. I'm werry hard work werry good man."

werry bad," said as he's paying fur you, Dulcie?" d Dulcie. "I Harper while I e to see him to speak to me to—som."

RE THE THIEF tIL.

nt home, having out of his room by ht of her visit to m, the old man, lone, clenched his down his room.

the last suggestion e was a relief for e was a very old the passion which nds and knees to he uttered angry and very unsteady, demanded of him.

it was a mere y paying a debt of Skiggs, he might f he paid that nduced to burn) or f discovered would e hundred pounds ight be restored to

her pauper sisters. Harper laughed long and loud at the idea. Was it likely that any one not quite insane would listen to such a preposterous idea? He had all the appearance of a very poor man. How could Mrs. Skeggs even guess that he had so large a sum to throw away so easily? He did not like the thought that any one could accuse him of hoarding money. In such a house as he lived the idea was not safe. No! his very anger at Mrs. Skeggs calmed for the present moment his superstitious fears. If that was the only way to secure Dulcie's life, Dulcie must die; he felt afraid no longer. Poo! it was only because he had grown sadly nervous that he could ever have feared a poor, harmless, insignificant little girl like Dulcie.

He walked about his room until his first rage against Mrs. Skeggs had cooled down, then he went to bed; but, as on another night not long ago, he could not sleep. All kinds of unpleasant ideas came to him in the darkness; and most prominent and alarming of them all, the fear that the wild and reckless people in this lawless house should get it into their heads that he was hiding gold. He listened anxiously until all sound had died away, until the last drunken reveller had stumbled up-stairs to bed, then rising softly, he struck a light. With the light in his trembling old hand he approached the cupboard in the wall. He unlocked it, touched a secret spring at the back which caused a falling shelf to appear. He put in his hand and drew out a bag, a heavy bag. He unfastened the string and laid carefully, tenderly, the contents of the bag before him. There they lay, in so many glittering piles, one hundred pounds, all made up of golden sovereigns. He looked lovingly, reverently at the gold heap, as he returned them to their hiding-place. Yes, truly it would be a great cause that would make old Harper give up such treasures as these. He refastened the secret hiding-place and relocked the cupboard. Then he went to the fire-place—The fire was out now—he put his hand up the chimney, and drew down from an unsuspected shelf another and dirtier bag. This bag also contained one hundred pounds. At the back of his bed was a panel which slid back; here also were hidden two bags of gold. He looked at them all, he reckoned the contents of all. Yes, his four hundred pounds, the savings of all his miserly life, were safe as possible. He lay down again on his bed soothed and comforted, and presently fell asleep. He did not know, he could not guess, as he crept in the dead of night from one hiding-place to another and counted up his treasures, that the thief was near, that his treasures, most surely of the earth, earthy, were already taking to themselves wings and were about to fly away; for a small red-haired man was gazing in through the keyhole; this man with his evil face, and more evil heart, had seen all; this man was Skeggs.

In the morning, Harper heard that Dulcie was better, so much better that there was now little fear for her life; instantly his last fears vanished, and he became the hard old man he was before. Dulcie was not going to die. Her curse could not affect him, he had restored her money, and she need never, never know that he had anything to say to the stealing of Angel. He still, however, had a latent feeling of uneasiness about his money, and he had serious thoughts of depositing it in a bank for safety. The rest of the day passed without interest. On the morning of the next day, Peachy with a clean bright face appeared, bearing Dulcie's message. "Would Mr. Harper be so werry kind as to go up and see her. She wanted him most particular bad."

Harper did not much like that message. Could Dulcie by any possibility have got any inkling about his sin in the matter of Angel? He did not want to see her. No, she had contrived none (can any girl, more indeed than any person he had ever met, to give him pain. But still, though he dreaded the interview, he did not dream of refusing to see the sick girl when she sent specially for him. He nodded a gruff "Yes," to Peachy. When she went out with her tambourine, he stumbled up stairs at once. The door was a little open and old Harper went in without knocking. Dulcie was half sitting up in bed. She looked very ill-still, and her white solemn face made the old man feel nearly as uncomfortable as ever.

"I'm glad as yer better," he managed to jerk out. He stood at a respectful distance and meditated speedily flight.

"Yes, I'm better," said Dulcie. "I sent fur yer, Mr. Harper, fur one or two things—first to thank yer fur giving us back h'our bag of money. Peachy found it yesterday morning—I'm glad as you left the little bit o' red tape stickin' h'out—for she might never ha' thought of looking under the floor again."

"I'm pleased as you found yer lit o' money," said Harper; "but there ain't no good in spreading the report as I tuk it—wot 'ud I take it fur?"

"I didn't spread it, Mr. Harper—I never told nobody—nobody—not even Peachy—nobody, but jest yourself. I guess as you must feel some'at better now—you must ha' bin werry miserable when you thought wot 'ud I do to you fur robbing us little children."

Yes, Dulcimer had a strange effect on the old man. Again faded the love of gold. Again came back the awful fear of God's anger.

"Dulcie," he said in a tremulous voice, "yer quite sure as you ain't a-goin' to die?" "No," said Dulcie; "I think as I'll get well. I want to get well, to begin to look fur my little Angel. Wot do you think as ha' happened to our little baby Angel, Mr. Harper?"

"I dunno nothink about her," said old Harper. "Dulcimer," he continued, "I'd like to ax yer a bit of a question. Yer a werry queer gal, and you ha' said rare and hard things to me, but I'll forgive yer. Only tell me one thing, Dulcimer. S'pose as that man as you telled me of—s'pose, when yer mother held his head on yer knee, and he saw the devil coming fur him on account of his having stole off them as were poorer than himself—s'pose as that man had given back again wot he stole, would the devils ha' come fur him then? I'd like you to answer me clear on that point, Dulcimer."

"You mean, Mr. Harper, as you hope the devils won't come fur you, now that you ha' given us back h'our money. Well, I'll try and tell you wot I think. I'm a werry ignorant gal, and I don't know next to nothink; I know werry little of God, and I only jest heard of Jesus Christ when mother wot a-dying. She said some'at 'bout Him then as sounded real pretty and comforting, only it passed out o' my head arterwards. But two days ago, Mr. Harper, when I wot werry weak and like to die, a woman come to see us. She wot called Mrs. Gentle. She wot real, real good to Peachy and me. She telled us 'bout God and Jesus the Good Shepherd. She said Jesus came into the world to forgive sinners, and however bad they were, Jesus 'ud forgive 'em if they axed him. The way to ax Him is to kneel down and fold yer hands and look h'up right toward the sky and speak wot yer wants; and tho' He can't be seen, He can hear as well as possible; and wot I wanted to tell you, Mr. Harper, wot as last night Peach and me, we did that. We looked h'up and we spoke to the Good Shepherd. We did ax Him to do a werry tough bit o' work; fur we axed him to make a bad old man like you good again. But it ain't too hard fur Him. He'll do it, so don't you be fretting 'bout no devils, nor nothink. Ef He gets fond o' yer, and He will when He makes you good, why, then, no devil that's ever was can hurt yer. You'll be like a little child, instead of a wicked old man, to Him, and nothink, not death, nor nothink can hurt you."

"Not death, nor nothink!" repeated old Harper. "He must be werry uncommon strong to keep death from hurting me." "That's jest wot He is, Mr. Harper. Jest most wonderful strong. You ha' give us back h'our money, and ef you'll give back again to everybody all as you ever stole, and ef you try to put everything right as you did wot wrong, why then I don't think as you need fear no devils."

"But that ain't none so h'easy, Dulcie. How can an old, old man wot has never bin werry good, come so spick and span clean all at once?"

"Jest you ax Him, though," said Dulcie. "You kneel down and fold yer hands and look h'up to the sky—kneel down now—do it now."

Her thin fingers clasped his withered ones. He got somehow on his knees; but no words came.

"Say it arter me, please, Mr. Harper. 'Oh, God and Jesus, the Good Shepherd, make the old, old man good again.'"

Whether he repeated it after her or not was never known. He stumbled again to his feet and went down-stairs. There was a

singing in his ears, and a confused feeling, half numbness, half a dizzy and wonderful hope, in his heart; and, above and over it all a resolve, clean and pure, direct from God Himself. He would not wait for his resolve to cool, he would strike now while the iron was hot. For Dulcie's sake, for Dulcie who was so sweet, and good, and who had prayed for him, he would sacrifice the one hundred pounds, and bring her back little Angel again.

He entered his room; he never noticed some unusual signs of disturbance about it. He went to his cupboard, touched the secret spring, and put in his hand to remove the bag of gold. What was the matter? What awful chill fear was stealing over him? No bag of gold was there! He rushed from one hiding-place to another. The shelf in the chimney remained; the secret hiding-place behind the bed looked as secure as ever, but the four bags of gold were gone! Four hundred pounds had taken to themselves wings. They were the savings of a miser's life. In his old, old age he was a beggar. He knew not who had robbed him. He was penniless. It was too much—he sank down insensible on the floor.

(To be Continued.)

SPATTER WORK.

BY CANDACE.

Now that I have part of an afternoon to spare I will tell those who are wishing to learn something of spatter work, what I know about it. In the first place gather all the delicately formed leaves you can, and cut from advertisements or newspapers all kinds of letters, large and small, fanciful and plain. I have a box of letters that I have been collecting for years, and I find almost any kind there I may need; they can be used almost any number of times. Press the leaves carefully. They cannot be used like the letters, but will shrivel and be worthless after two or three times using. The kinds I like best are those similar to lady-in-the-green (nigella), cypress vine, rose geranium, and small maple leaves. Some of our common weeds are lovely for spatter work.

Now for implements. A great many use a tooth brush and like it. I have used it and do not like it. I have also tried a fine comb and large brush. The most satisfactory work I do with the small part of a common shoe brush. Common pasteboard covered with white or tinted paper is nice to work upon, also cloth which I will mention by and by. Arrange your pressed leaves or letters on your papers, fastening down firmly with fine needles, which wipe after using, as they rust if not wiped, then dip the brush in the dye, and holding an old sieve over your pattern, rub, carefully at first, over the wires, making it heavy or light as you desire. Let the leaves and letters alone till dry, then remove, and by handling carefully they can be used again. That is all except a few hints about dye and the arrangement of patterns. Any one who has not seen this work, will be surprised at the beautiful effects from so simple a process. For working with paper, I find any color that will not dry and rub off, nice to use, black ink, bluing, and burnt umber, the latter two set, the bluing with alum, and the burnt umber with vinegar.

Beautiful crosses shaded and twined with a pressed vine, with ferns at the base, can easily be made after a little practice, also wall pockets, letter holders, comb cases, and old cigar boxes, covered neatly, and careful, my spattered, are very ornamental. In using cloth any light color can be used, and black spattered upon crimson or scarlet cambric is astonishingly pretty. You must pin down the cloth used at each corner and sometimes oftener to keep the edges straight. Pillow shams, in fact an entire set spattered upon book muslin with black or brown, and lined with colored cambric, is quite attractive. I spattered a tablespread among some of my first work. It was of old white cloth. I cut it the right size, and tacked it down on the floor, after spreading the floor with newspapers, then pinned a strip of paper over the edge nearly three inches wide, above this all around was a wavy strip of paper intended to imitate a vine, and on every curve a rose leaf cut from paper, in the corners a cluster of rose leaves and a fern, and in the centre a group of large ferns. I used logwood set with alum, and the ground work when done was a dark purple, and the pattern snowy white. It was not

very nicely done owing to inexperience, but now I could make a lovely one. They can be washed. My last work has been on mottoes with letters and vines. Vines are quite indispensable, the cypress and wild buckwheat being easily pressed.—Household.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EMBARRASMENTS.

Often in our Union Sunday-school here in the country I have been embarrassed and distressed by the superintendent bringing strangers to my class, grown people, often people from the city who were boarding near. At the same time it has happened that some sister has brought a little brother or sister too timid to be coaxed into another class, away from sister without tears. I haven't known what to do because the little visitor would be restless and want to 'get down and talk out loud. This has happened ever so many times. This is the way I do: I think these grown people probably know more about the Bible than I do. They love Jesus or they wouldn't come here. I am glad to see them, if I am embarrassed, and for His sake I'll try to make them feel at home. So I act just as I would in my own parlor; give them a fan or a hymn book or a footstool, as the case may be and act glad to see them. Then I think, "There is a Providence in everything, and the Lord has let one of the 'little children' that He loves come into my class, and I will do the best I can." We use the International Lessons. I just take the lesson, whatever it is, and I talk to that little child to keep him still, and I find when I teach so as to interest the child, every one, big and little, is interested. I often ask the older ones questions, but I make the child my audience. One little fellow three years old cried to come to my house on week-days to hear the "story" again. Now, if I had talked to the big folks only, he would have been restless and disturbed us all. Perhaps this may help you, too.—May Cameron, in N. Y. Witness.

PRAYER AND VISITATION.

Pray with your scholars. Let them hear what you say to God about them. It will teach them more of the reality of speaking to God than all your lessons could do. It will bring home to their minds with more solemn force God's nearness, when they hear you speak with him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend. Depend upon it they will have greater reverence for yourself and for your words when they see for themselves that communion with the invisible God with you is no mere name. When the writer was a scholar in the Sunday-school this method was adopted by the teacher with marked success. Many, if not all the scholars joined the church, became useful Christians, and a very strong bond of affection was formed between teacher and scholar.

A teacher may go still nearer than this. His ten scholars will be to him the centre of ten circles. He will endeavor to let his power radiate from the centre outward till it is felt through all the family circle. A really good teacher will aim at teaching the parents through the children. The confidence of the child once gained, that of the parent follows; and when that is gained the influence over the child will be greater. The parents are constantly neutralizing all that the teacher does on the Sabbath. The evil can only be grappled with by visiting the family. The affections of the scholars will be gained. Nothing secures them so firmly as visitation—personal visitation at the scholars' homes. The teacher thus avails himself of their sympathies with that of their parents, begets a reciprocal kindness, and prepares the soil of the heart for the proper culture of Sabbath-school instruction. This may be the means of inducing the parents' attendance at the house of God, and in the end result in their being brought into the church.—John Starkey, in General Baptist Magazine.

EVERY SERMON that is a sermon must leave on the mind of the hearer these two impressions: "This is the thing to be done," and "I am the man who must do it."—National Baptist.

HE THAT SEEKS the Lord by prayer in trouble, should seek the Lord with praise when a trouble is past; "I will praise thee for thou hast heard me."