

us happy. I saw while I was speaking that Lizzie's earnest little face was turned to me so full of expression, and thought, I knew that she had something she wished to say.

"What is it, Lizzie?" I asked. She drew close to me, rested her head upon me, and said,

"Oh, once I did something so naughty to Susie, and afterwards I felt so sorry, I went away where nobody could see me, and whipped myself."

I could hardly help smiling at the sweet ingenuousness of the child, but I wished to make her feel that that was not the true way to show her regret; and I said, "Did you remember in your little prayer that night, to ask your Father in Heaven to forgive you for what you had done wrong; and did you tell Susie you were sorry, and would try not to do so again?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I did not think of that."

"Then, the next time you know you do wrong, you must remember these things. If it has been towards Susie, you have probably made her unhappy, and you must go to her, and putting your cheek to her's, and taking her hand in your's, whisper, 'Dear Susie, will you forgive me; I know I was wrong; I was selfish, but I will try not to be so again; please help me try Susie.'" Then she would have kissed you, with her whole heart, and the cloud would have passed away, and you would have felt happier than you did, after you had punished yourself."

As I finished, and looked at Lizzie, I saw the tears swimming in her soft, blue eyes, and with her voice trembling with emotion, she said, "Oh, I will remember it another time."

There was one of my little ones who delighted to tell tales of her companions. She was anxious to be first in