

this cat moped and pined while her good friend was ill. She must have thought the family was starving the lady, for every day she brought the choicest bits of her own dinner to the bedside of her friend, and one day, as a great treat, she carried a mouse she had killed and two fat cock-roaches, and laid them beside her face on the pillow."

"Ugh! how very, very nasty of that cat," said little Molly, making a grimace.

"Children," said Mrs. Niven, "it is nearly time we were all starting for Sunday School. I shall go first and put on my bonnet and coat; and, Molly, dear, you must now say to Ben what you promised me you would about using the word 'hate.'"

"Very well, mother, but I doesn't want to," said the little girl, drooping her head; "but I 'spose I must, Ben, 'cause I promised mother I would when you and Dickie were out in the stable. But I doesn't want to say it, so I'll whisper it, Ben, over in this corner by mother's sewing

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machine. I'll whisper, Ben, so as only you and God can hear."

"All right, Sissy, here I am."

"Well, Ben, can you hear me whisper?"

"Yes, Sis."

"Well, Ben, I promised mother to say to you that I was sorry I said I hated your step-mother, 'cause she chases cats out with a broom or a rake. An' now, Ben, I've said what mother told me to say, but I'se afraid, Ben, I hate her all the same, so I does. But, Benny, I've said what mother bid me, haven't I, Benny?"

"Yes, you have, Sissy," whispered Ben, "an' I hate her, too, 'cause she licks me for nothin', an' she dashes scalding water on dogs as I bring in to get warm, so, Sissy, I'm goin' to run away from her soon, an' I'm goin' to live in the working boys' home, so I am, sure pop!"

"Molly! Molly!" called her mother, "come now, dear, and get your coat and hood on."

"Yes, mother, I'se comin'. Now, please listen while the boys are out sayin' good-bye to Nobby, an' givin' water to the stray dog. Listen, mother, if I know my verse. Are you listening, mother?" asked the little girl, as her mother buttoned on her warm coat.

"Yes, dear, I am listening. Go on; say your verse."

"Very well, listen close, mother:

"Little hands and dimpled fingers
Are not made to pinch and tear;
But to move in deeds of kindness,
And to fold in thoughts of prayer."