heathen some presents, so they'll treat us well."

"Take that money!—steal money! I think you're perfectly horrid, Ruth Pelham; I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Oh no, it would not be stealing. The money is for the heathen, you know, and it would not make any difference whether we took it to them, or they put it into the post-office for them."

"H-m."

"You know we're going to spend most of it for them."

"Don't you think it would be stealing?"

"Of course not. Besides, after we get there, we can just dig down and get up a few pieces of the coral and send them home."

"We might do that."

"Yes, we'll do that. Coral is worth lots of money, you know Did you notice the pin and ear-rings mamma wore? They cost over a hundred dollars. I remember when mamma wanted them, and papa said at first he couldn't afford it, but she kept on talking, and by-and-by I saw she had them."

"The sewing society met at our house once when we were going to have a fair for the benefit of the foreign mission. They were all making shoe bags—red and blue and gray and green, all trimmed with braid. And the bishop tells us how our Sunday-school pennies are to buy Bibles for the poor little girls that haven't any. I've often thought how mad the heathen must be when they open the trunks and find 'em full of Bibles and shoe bags."

"You can buy the presents for them."

"May I really? Just think how glad they will be to get some really nice things? It's likely little girls know better what other little girls like than grown-up people who've forgotten all about it."

"Mamma never was a little girl."

"They'll like candy of course. I don't suppose they've ever seen any. won't know what it is probably."

"I shall cut my hair off the first thing."

"Some dolls, too. Oh, what fun!"

"I shall always eat with my fingers."

"And story-books. They must get tired sometimes reading the Bible."

"That reminds me I have not said my prayers for a week. Maybe it wouldn't do to get out of practice."

I could not see what Ruth meant by that, but she slipped out of bed, and I did not like to interrupt her. Mamma says it is rude to both people to interrupt when one is talking to the other. I wanted to talk some more about the nice things we'd bring, but Ruth stayed so long on her knees I began to get sleepy again. She said the Lord's Prayer seven times; and then she began on "Now I lay me," and I thought I'd just close my eyes if she meant to say that seven times too."

And that was the last thing I remember, except thinking that it seems to me, after all, Ruth wasn't such a 'fraid cat.

I couldn't help thinking all breakfast-time how glad Aunt Lucretia would be when she did not have Ruth to trouble her any more. I wonder what makes those two funny little wrinkles between her eyebrows? Mamma hasn't any. I don't see why aunt isn't pretty. She has pretty blue eyes and brown hair, and her face is pink and white, and her voice soft; and yet she isn't pretty somehow. We started to go out to the barn after breakfast to talk some more. Ruth did not say a word at breakfast; she spilled some oatmeal on the table-cloth. Probably they havn't but one table-cloth, or aunt would not have said so much about it. But Ruth had to practice. I suppose it is not lady-like to have any expression. Aunt kept saying, "Take that expression off your face"—"don't let me see such an expression again." And when she told her to practice she talked ten minutes—I was looking at the clock—about her expression. It must be very hard for poor Aunt Lucretia. I guess her servants aren't very nice either, because I heard her talking to the cook by-and-by. She does not talk loud, but somehow you can hear her anywhere.

I was on the porch waiting for Ruth, and looking out at the sea. I like Uncle John. He kissed me as he came out—he does not talk much—and told me I looked like mamma.

"And Johnny looks just like you," said I. "Johnny's going to be a doctor too, like you, so he can cut people's arms and legs off. Do you like to cut people's arms and legs off?"

I don't see what makes people laugh when I talk or ask questions: it's just as rude! They don't do it to mamma. Uncle John laughed now.

"It is very enjoyable," he said: "one of the greatest inducements the medical profession holds out. And so your brother thinks he will be a physician?"

"I think it's nicer to make pills," said I. "I make them sometimes myself. I took some of them once, too, and they made me sick. I wish you'd show Johnny how you make your pills. Didn't you ever show anybody?"

I could not help thinking how greedy it was of him not to have shown any one, not even Cou in John; for Ruth had a brother Johnny once as well as I, and he was going to be a doctor too. Uncle John was teaching him. I don't see what made him give it all up, and go out West to take care of cattle. And I don't see either what made Uncle John make everybody call him Dr. Pelham for, when he won't let anybody call himself that.

While we were standing there, a man drove by on the road in a buggy and shabby horse.

"Who's he?" said I.

Uncle John must be a very kind man. He looked really sad as he said: "That is the hardest-working man in the village. Every day, wet weather and dry, hot and cold, winter storms and August sultriness, he drives about from early morning to a hasty dinner at one: then more work in 'office hours.' And generally another round of visits, often till late at night. And every night he is liable to be called and to have to drive off again anywhere within twenty miles. He rarely has a holiday—once in five years, perhaps, a short vacation. He is not rich, never will be; he has scarcely time even for social intercourse. He is the doctor." Uncle John must have pitied him very much indeed, for he sighed and stood there looking after him.

I suppose Aunt Lucretia's piano must have cost an awful lot, for she talked half an hour to Ruth for forgetting to wash her hands before practising, and then told her to "take off that sulky expression." It was not sulky. Ruth was crying inside. I don't think Aunt Lucrecia is very well acquainted with Ruth.

That afternoon the sewing society met in the vestry of the church. Aunt Lucretia went. After she'd gone Ruth pulled me into the dining-room, and whispered, "I've got it," and let me peep into her pocket. Oh, such a lot of money! I had never seen so much before. I don't believe the President has so much. "I got it while you were talking to papa this morning," she said "Now we'll go shopping for the heathen."

"But where shall we put the things?"

"Right in your trunk."

"My trunk?"

"And when we're packed, you must say you are homesick. And I will get on board the cars too, without, their seeing me, and the man will give us a check to India's coral strand."

I said again, "Seems to me it looks something like stealing," but Ruth said no, it wasn't, and she put my hat on my head, and we went out to the village and the stores. She made me ask for the things. She hung back each time. I did not want to at first, but then I began to think how glad the poor little heathen would be, and it was such fun to be buying presents. I felt the way Santa Claus must feel. The store men all seemed to know Ruth, or who she was, and they bowed to her, and hurried up to wait on us just as though we were grown-up ladies.

We went first to the shop where they keep dolls and such things. We bought twenty-seven dolls—wax, and china, and rubber for them to take into the water with them when they went bathing, and two or three nigger ones. Of course we could not take them all home ourselves, but the man said he would send a boy up with them right straight away; they filled a wheelbarrow, and we told the boy to wait at the gate till we came. At least Ruth told me to tell him; I never should have thought of it. Then we went to the candy store, and we bought five pounds of chocolate creams, ten pounds of lemon-drops, six dozen cocoa-nut cakes, five pounds of gum-drops, a box of barley candy, a box of pea-nut candy, three pounds of burned almonds and sugared walnuts mixed, five pounds of chocolate taffy, and five pounds of buttered taffy.

The man said, "Guess you're going to have a party ain't you?"

I said, "Of course not; they're for the heathen," before I thought.

Seems as though the man would never stop laughing. "You're a pretty smart young one," said he.

We told that wheelbarrow boy to wait at the gate too. I was sorry we could not buy them some ice-cream, but Ruth said she thought it would be soft before we got there. Then we went to the book-store, and I picked out the books I thought the heathen would like: Longfellow's Poems, Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales, Little Prudy Series, Robinson Crusoe, Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, three bound volumes of Harper's Young People, Tanglewood Tales, Kathie Books, Rollo Books, Roughing It, Letters from a Cat (because they have such lots of cats there), The Invisible Prince, Arabian Nights, Ivanhoe, Swiss Family Robinson.

And we told that wheelbarrow to wait at the gate. They were all waiting when we got there. The servants were in the kitchen. and Ruth said they always talked and laughed as soon as Aunt was out of the house, and never noticed what she was doing, and we could go in and out and up the front stairs without anybody knowing. We found the wheelbarrows tipped up against the fence, and the wheelbarrow boys fighting. I could not have thought they'd been so wicked, when they'd just been working for the heathen.

It took us till dark to pack all the things. I could not get in my dresses, but Ruth said it did not matter, because I should not want them where we were going.

"Sit right still through supper," said she, as we went down; "act just as though nothing had happened, and don't keep looking at me."

Oh dear! who would have thought men could be such dreadful tell-tales? This is what happened just as soon as we'd sat down.

"What does this mean? I met Bray, and he told me you had been buying forty-three pounds of candy of him, and paying for it," said uncle John.

"What does this mean? I met Mr. Seaton at the meeting, and he told me you had been buying enough books for a library. He thought it queer but knew Mr. Pelham was rich, and thought the books might be for the Sunday-school," said Aunt Lucretia.

"Whativer were yez goin' to do wid twinty-seven dolls that Jimmy me brother brought here?" said Ann.

And they were all looking right straight at me.

"Books, dolls—what does this mean?" said uncle John, and he put down his knife and fork, and looked so at me—at me, not a bit at Ruth—that I began to think I was mistaken in thinking him kind.

I could not say a word. I think a lobster bone must have stuck in my throat. I suppose there were lobster bones in all their throats too, for it seems as though they could not speak either. Uncle John got up, beckoned me to come, and went upstairs to Ruth's and my room. Aunt Lucretia got up and came along, and then Ruth, and then Ann, and then I suppose Mike and Mary, and the cat and dog. I felt like the Miller of Dee in *St. Nicholas*.

Nobody said a word. The bone in my throat hurt dreadfully. Uncle John went straight to my trunk and threw it open. He took out all the things—first the dolls, then the layer of candy, then the books, and the bottom of the trunk filled with green apples. The pocket-book with the rest of the money was on top, and from one corner he took a little blue satin box, and there lay aunt's coral pin and ear-rings.

When Aunt Lucretia saw that, the bone slipped out, and she fell down on the bed, and began to laugh and cry together. I could not understand anything of what she said, except "juvenile depravity."

All the bones seemed to fall out of our throats together.

"Horrible!" muttered Uncle John.

"Well, I nivir!" said Ann.

"The loikes of it!" said Mary, from the entry; and I'm sure I heard a murmur from the stairs. Probably the Ashantee, and Rob Roy and his clan.

When I saw the floor and chairs and bed all covered with the things we'd taken so much pains to buy nice and pretty, it all came over me how disappointed the poor little heathen would be, and I began to cry and to tell about it.

But Ruth did not speak. Ruth did not say a word. Ruth did not say she had proposed the whole thing. I think the bone must have been in her throat still, for seems to me there could not have been anybody living so mean.

For they did not believe me. They would not believe it was for the heathen at all, but they said it was for myself. They remembered it was I who had bought the things, while Ruth hung back; that it was my trunk. They said that it was shameful to have dragged Ruth into it, that was the blackest part of it—Ruth who was so timid she was afraid of the sound of her own voice.

And when I found they would not believe what I said—and I never told a lie in my life—I just shut my lips so, and made up my mind I would not speak another word till I got home, even if they put me in the lock-up, and I did not. I suppose they thought it was catching, for they wouldn't let Ruth sleep with me. I did not see her again. I hope I never shall. I hope some day she'll try to get to the heathen again, and that they'll eat her up. Uncle John took me home the next morning and he told papa and mamma about it. After he'd gone—I would not speak a word as long as that hateful man was in the house—I told them just how it was, and they believed me. Yes, they did, every single word.

Papa went to the window and looked out. I suppose he was crying to think how I had been treated, his shoulders shook so; he seemed to think the green apples were particularly affecting, I know mamma was crying; but I don't understand what she meant when she said to him, "That type,"—what's a type?—"of woman does more evil than Lucretia Boggy herself; actually kills more people."

And there is something else that puzzles me dreadfully: Is Ruth a coward or not; and what in the world did she put those coral things into my trunk for?

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 29.—Acts 9: 32-43.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Going about doing good." There are thousands of men in our churches who, notwithstanding all that has been said of Christian stewardship, do not comprehend the alphabet of this doctrine. When Oliver Cromwell visited Yorkminster Cathedral, in England, his attention was drawn to 12 statues of the apostles, in silver, which stood near the ceiling of one of the apartments. Looking upon them for a moment, he said, "Who are those fellows standing yonder?" On being informed, he exclaimed, "Take them down and let them go about doing good." Accordingly they were melted down and put into his treasury. So let a right sentiment of Christian stewardship once obtain, and many a wealthy professor, as he surveyed his splendid establishment, would be constrained to convert his extravagant decorations and costly plate into money for the Lord's treasury, thus sending them forth on the sublime errand of doing good.—*Fish's Primitive Piety Revived.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 32. The value of the fellowship of the churches.

2. All true Christians are saints, holy, consecrated to God.

4. Sin is a kind of moral paralysis.

5. Ver. 34. To be cured of sin is to be made whole—complete, sound, healthy—in soul.

6. Only Jesus Christ can do this for us.

8. Ver. 36. Dorcas a model for every tian woman.

9. Woman has a large part in the good works of the gospel—its missions, its charities, its aid to the sick and poor, all its ministrations of love.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

By this lesson there is brought before us the good works of a true Christian, who should be full of good works: (1) Aid and comfort to other Christians, ver. 32. (2) Aid to the suffering, vers. 33-35, of which Eneas was an example; but such aid is the natural fruit of true religion. In what way is it shown? (3) Woman's work in the Church, as illustrated by Dorcas, vers. 36-43. What woman can now do in missions, in charity, among the sick, among children, in the Sabbath-school, and in the prayer-meetings.