

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nelly Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynolds' cottage. She was a widow, who supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nelly was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the seaside.

Nelly was sitting at the window longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough in itself to do one good.

"Good morning, Nelly," said he. "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has blossomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nelly's face, how it brightened up, when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"O, thank you, thank you, Master Freddy!" she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it, and smell it, and talk to it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nelly," asked little Freddy, in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"O, I can," said Nelly. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so happy, and when mother comes home she will be so glad to see it."

"Well, good-bye, Nelly, I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy, and off he ran, feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nelly was made happy by the sight of the flower, and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good: that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

IDLE WORDS.

"Yes, we had a most magnificent time at the sociable. All the people were perfectly delightful and the music was charming and the decorations just too lovely for anything! The room was frightfully hot, though—I was fairly melted."

"Yes, the room was rather warm," remarked Lucy.

"And I got tired to death before it was over, things dragged so dreadfully. I thought that glee club would surely go on singing all night. And what an awful shrill voice Jane Granby has!—it really deafened me. Don't you think that dress of hers is horrid—with flounces piled on by the dozen?"

"I thought it had only seven."

"The salt must have got into the ice cream, did you notice? There was enough in the saucerful I ate to freeze a whole freezer full. Wasn't that a splendid bouquet they threw to Susy Merton? So big it almost covered her up."

"Indeed!" quietly exclaimed grandfather, who was sitting near. "I should like to have seen it. I have heard of the wonderful things florists construct nowadays with cut flowers, but I had no idea they made them so large as that."

"As what, grandfather?"—asked Mabel pausing before launching into another stream of talk, she having, as was usual with her, forgotten her trifling words almost as soon as uttered.

"It must have been—well, you did not give the dimensions, my dear, but I should guess it could not have been less than four or five feet in diameter."

"What diameter, grandfather?"

"Why, the diameter of that bouquet."

"What bouquet?" Mabel looked bewildered.

"The one you have been telling about."

"I never told of a bouquet four or five feet in diameter, grandfather. You must be dreaming, sir. I never saw such a thing in my life."

"Then the lady you spoke of must be very small, dear."

"What lady, grandfather?"

"The lady whose bouquet almost covered her up."

"Oh-h-h!" Mabel burst into a hearty laugh. "Why, grandfather, that's just my way of talking. Of course I did not mean she had a bouquet so large as that."

"Then why did you say so, Mabel?"

"Oh well—mamma does scold me most outrageously for it. She says I exaggerate things horribly, but what harm does it do?"

"I am sorry to hear that of your mother," said the old gentleman, gravely. "I had always supposed that her behavior was far within the limits of decency and propriety."

"My mother! Grandfather you are very queer to-day. What do you mean?"

"Look in the dictionary for the definition of things done in an outrageous manner, dear. I am only taking you at your word. But, I am afraid, Mabel, that your health will suffer from the effects of eating so much salt."

"I haven't been eating salt, grandfather."

"I understood you to say your ice cream contained enough salt to freeze a whole freezer full."

"Oh, now, grandfather—you are a most fearful critic."

"I shall try not to be alarming. How did you manage to reduce yourself to a solid condition so soon after being melted?"

"Oh, I only meant that the room was so roasting hot."

"It must have been quite a dangerous place—you were attacked with deafness, too, you say—you seem to be recovering from it."

"But you know I didn't mean any such thing."

"Then why did you say it, dear. Was it true?"

"Why—it wasn't so, of course."

"It it was not true what was it?"

Mabel looked as if this was a sober view of the matter that she wished to take.

"Did you really think the glee club would sing all night?"

"No, sir."

"Then, when you said you thought so, did you tell the truth? If not, what did you tell?" The tears came into Mabel's eyes.

"Grandfather, do you think I would tell an untruth?"

"No, dear, not intentionally, but, Mabel"—he laid his hand tenderly on her head—"I want you to think how many things you have said in the last fifteen minutes which are simply not true. I want to caution you earnestly against indulging in this habit of loose, thoughtless speech. I am sorry to hear so many young people giving way to it. It is vulgar, it is foolish—if not wicked, its direct tendency is to wickedness, for, remember, what is not true is false. And even where careless expression does not involve disregard of truth it may be well to reflect that it is heard by the Lord, who has assured us that "for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account in the day of judgment."—*Sydney Dayre in Standard.*

"NO."

Would you learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would you be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?
Would you seek to emulate
All we learn in story
Of the noble, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?
Would you lose much bitter care
In your lot below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "No."

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place.
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Clothed with sceptic grace.
Let your lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out,
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.
For be sure our hearts would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No."—*Band of Hope Review.*