

SUMMER.

IN almost every respect summer is a delightful season of the year. Winter, it is true, has its pleasures, but summer has many attractions peculiar to itself. The nice warm weather, the merry streams of water, the fields full of grain, the farmers busy at the harvest; the lambs and the calves and all young creatures skipping about; boating, fishing, swimming, cricket, baseball, picnics, travelling, by land and water, all unite to show the beauty of summer—to say nothing of the green trees and beautiful flowers and gardens filled with things that are good. Summer is like people that are young and strong. It is their best time. Old age is like winter; and as in summer we prepare for winter, so in young life we should get ready for the time when we shall be able to work no more. We know that the lovely summer will soon pass away, and the rivers will be frozen over and the fields covered with snow, and so it will be with our life. Let us be with God in summer, and He will be with us in winter. For He made all things. The summer and the winter rejoice before Him.

CLASS NO. 6.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

WHAT shall we do while our Miss Carter is shut in with her broken ankle?" asked Agnes Lee; and the other members of class No. 6 all echoed, "What shall we do?"

Then Rose Clark said: "Next Wednesday will be Miss Carter's birthday. We can get up something as a surprise for her."

"What?" asked Nellie Wood, abruptly. Nellie Wood was always abrupt. She was not on a social level with the other girls. She worked for her living, while they were in school. Her dresses and hats were never the very latest, and she lacked refinement. The girls did not fancy having her in the class; but Miss Carter would persist in making much of her, and now, for the sweet teacher's sake, the girls treated her after a half-tolerant fashion common to many girls in like circumstances.

The girls all smiled at her query, and Bess Willis replied, "Oh, a gift of some sort, of course."

"She's got everything," went on Nellie; "books, a whole roomful; flowers, a greenhouse full; pictures, birds, dogs, kittens, and, oh, everything."

"That is so," assented the girls. "I don't know what we can give her, after all."

"I know what we can do," said Nellie.

"What?" queried all the girls, becoming abrupt in their turn.

"The things that she has been doing all along for a good while—reading to Aunt Sallie

Williams; taking lame Elsie to walk to the top of the hill and back every good day; singing to Uncle Tom Harris, who is bedridden; helping little Jack Quinn, who can't go to school, with his lessons; and saying pleasant things to all the Crooked Lane people when we chance to meet them."

"Oh, we never could do all of those things," sighed the girls.

"We could try," said Nellie; "and it would be a comfort to her to know that we were trying, for she feels worse about her poor Crooked Lane people than about the pain she is suffering. I heard the doctor tell his wife so. You know I work at the doctor's. He said, too she was wondering who would take her Sunday-school class; and I thought we could all try to get our lessons extra well, and take turns in being teacher, if the superintendent is willing. He doesn't want it to break up."

"Break up No. 6! Of course not, and there is really no teacher for us. That is a bright idea of yours, Nellie."

"All the ideas are Nellie's," said Susy. How about Crooked Lane?"

"Oh, let us try it." There was not a dissenting voice.

So Susie wrote this letter, which they all signed:

"DEAR TEACHER,—To show our love for you on this, your birthday, we pledge ourselves to do all the good we can in Crooked Lane until you get well."

"Don't you think you had better add, 'for Jesus' sake'?" said Nellie, who was standing back of the other girls, speaking modestly.

Nellie always stood back, and she was fast assuming a gentle, quiet manner that showed a good influence. "Of course we cannot do the Crooked Lane work unless He helps us."

Susie turned abruptly, and, putting her arms around Nellie, gave her a hug and a kiss. "Nellie Wood, you are a blessing!" she said, and the poor girl's face turned rosy with delight at this first expression of appreciation from the girls that she so much admired and looked up to. "Now we will all sign our names. Here, Nellie," and Rose handed her the pen.

"I do not write well," said Nellie; "it will spoil the looks of the letter. I will help all the same."

"That will never do," said they all. "Miss Carter would be troubled if your name was not down. She would think we were trying to snub you."

Miss Carter was delighted with the letter, and sent for the girls to come for a call.

"The greatest proof you could give me of your love is to take up my work," she said, "and try to do it as I have done it, for Jesus' sake. It was so nice in you to think of it."

"We didn't," said Eva, quickly; "it was Nellie Wood. She is such a blessing."

"And the girls are all so good to me," said