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NELLIE'S UNLUCKY DAY.

"After this I shall always believe that it is bad luck to put things on wrong side out!" cried Nellie, flinging herself into the room and tossing her hat and books in an untidy heap on the floor. "I was late to school, and did not have time to study my history lesson, so it wasn't perfect; and besides that, the girls were just horrid all day. I knew how it would be when I put this old waist on wrong side out this morning; that's what has made all the trouble!" and when she had finished this speech she looked at her mother, for she knew well what she thought of such silly superstitions; but Nellie was in a reckless mood to-day, and rather enjoyed the idea of shocking somebody. What, then, was her surprise to hear her mother say, "Yes, Nellie, I think that was the cause of all your trouble."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Nellie, "I thought you did not believe in such things!"

"Nor do I, Nellie, in the way that you mean," said her mother; "but come and sit beside me here, and I will try to make you understand. Putting your waist on wrong side out had nothing whatever to do with your unlucky day, any further than putting you out of temper. You were in a hurry, and when you found that your waist was on wrong you were very angry, much more so than you had any occasion to be. It was provoking;

but if you had taken it off quietly your whole day would have been different."

"Why, mother," said Nellie, in an injured tone, "I don't see why you say that."

"Listen," said her mother, "and I will tell you. I was watching you, Nellie, and

fast, consequently late to school, where you must have arrived in such a bad temper that I am not at all astonished that you could not learn your history, or that the girls were 'just horrid,' for girls are very apt to treat you as you treat them, Nellie. And I have no doubt that you might have heard them say how disagreeable you were;" which Nellie could not deny, as Fanny Brown had told her she was "as cross as two sticks."

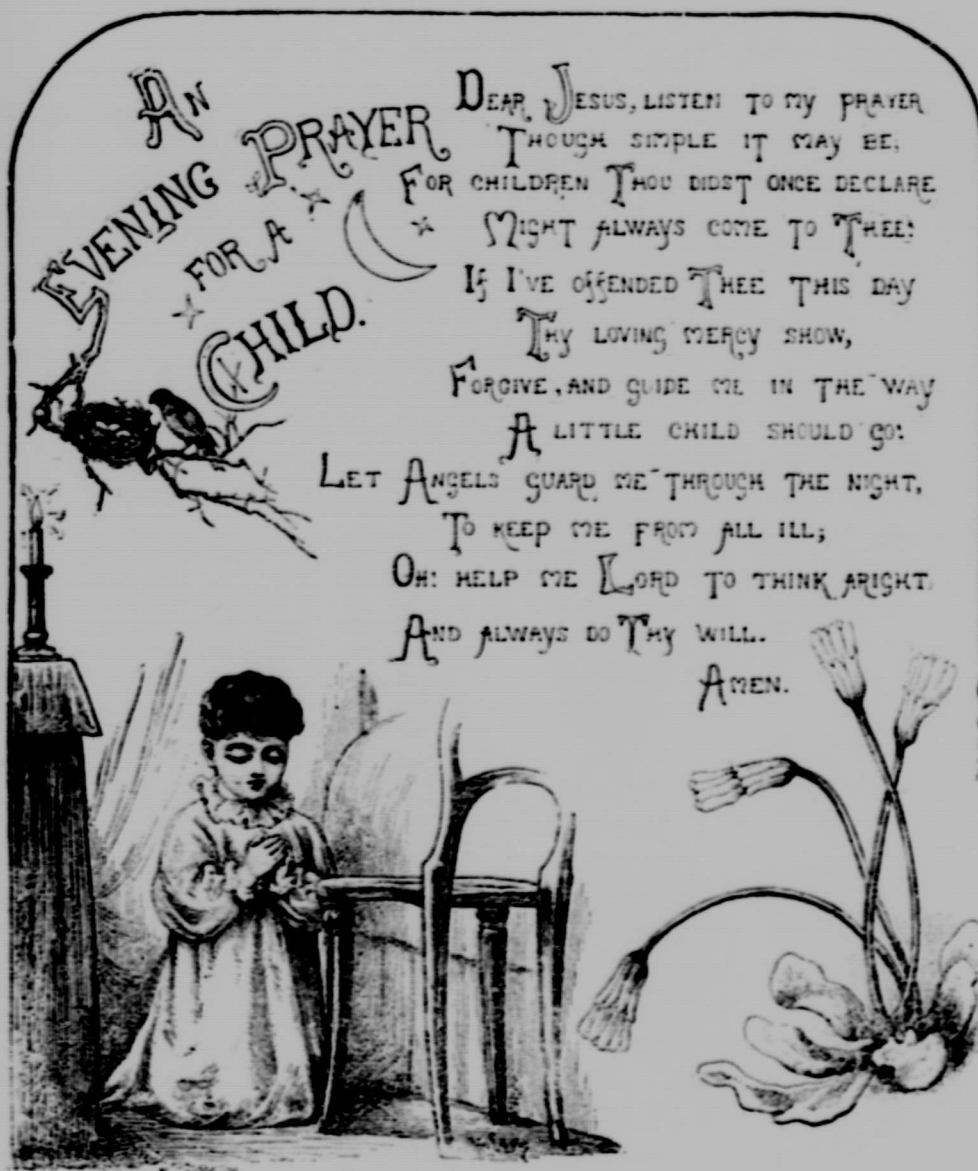
"And now do you see, Nellie," her mother asked, gently tushing back the hair from Nellie's flushed face, "who has been to blame for this unlucky day?"

"Yes, mother, I do," said Nellie honestly. "I was really trying to believe that the horrid old waist had had something to do with it; but now I see that after all it was my own fault. Don't you suppose, mamma, that that's why people say it's unlucky to put things on wrong side out, it makes you so dreadfully provoked that you just bring the troubles on your self?"

"I certainly think that is the most sensible view to take of it, Nellie, and I hope

that when you feel inclined to be provoked you will remember this unlucky day." And Nellie felt sure that she would.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.



I saw you take your waist and jerk it roughly off, so roughly that you ripped out one of the sleeves and were obliged to sew it in again. You twisted your thread, made knots in it, and took so much longer than was necessary, because you were angry, that you were very late for break-