

Eddie liked the cream toast very much. After supper mamma's friend, Miss Carr, came to the gate with two large ripe pears in her hand.

"A certain little boy asked me if he might have these two pears when they were ripe," said she, "and that boy's name is Eddie. I have been watching them every day, and now here they are," and she gave them to Eddie.

Eddie ate one of the pears very quietly but he did not seem to enjoy it as much as Miss Carr expected he would. Mamma noticed, too, that he was very quiet.

At bed-time mamma said to Eddie, as she put her arm tenderly around him, "Has my little boy had a happy day?"

"No," said Eddie, "and I wish Miss Carr didn't give me those pears, and I don't want any more cream-toast."

"Why, Eddie," said mamma, "what makes you talk so?"

"Well, anyhow, everybody is doing 'whatsoevers' to me, and I didn't do it to Harry."

Mamma could not tell what Eddie meant till he pulled his card out of his pocket, where he had put after he came home from Sunday school. Then she read the verse, and Eddie told her how he wouldn't move up for Harry or tell him where his penny was. "I expect he thought I was real mean, too."

"Probably he thought very little about it, Eddie," said mamma. "When we are unkind it makes ourselves a great deal more unhappy than it does anyone else. Harry found a good seat, but you, my dear child, lost something that you did not find again—the pleasure of being polite and kind. Every time that you do an unkind act it makes it easier to do it the next; and if you keep on refusing to be kind and helpful to others, your soul will grow crooked and unsightly instead of noble and beautiful."

Eddie said that he wasn't going to keep on refusing to be kind; and I think he was in earnest, for the very next Sunday he gave the corner seat to little Harry.—*Mrs. Buelton.*

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie:—

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when the other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly hold being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:—

"Thank you, dear, it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:—

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."