

Children's Work.

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A Disagreeable Little Girl.

BY AGNES.

PART II

Not long after this, one hot morning, Beatrice had charge of baby Cecil. The little fellow found cutting teeth and warm weather combined very hard to bear. Mamma coaxed him to sleep, and put him in his carriage, then Beatrice who led him out on the lawn, and sat down beside him, under the shade of a drooping rowan tree, with a book, "Stories of Vinegar Hill." Little Mollie's woes were very pitiful to her.

"Come, Bee," said Edna, running up, "I can't play alone any longer. I am putting up a house, and you must help me."

"Hush Edna dear, I can't leave baby. He must be kept asleep as long as possible," said Beatrice in a low voice.

"You must come. It's only because you want to read that old book that you won't," said Edna, angrily.

"No, indeed. Mamma said I was to stay close beside him, and rock the carriage if he roused." Beatrice was a famous little nurse.

For answer, Edna snatched the book from her sister's hands, tore a lot of leaves out and furiously threw them as far as she could.

"Oh, Edna, Edna! What shall I do? That was my Sunday-school library." Beatrice ran to pick up the book. Edna followed her, and when she stooped to get it, caught her by her long braid of hair and pulled her down on the ground and kicked her, shrieking like a little fury.

Neither of the children noticed an old gentleman stop and watch them. He stepped over the low paling and approached them.

"What do you mean by this, little girl, eh?" he asked, rapping his cane sharply on a tree. "If that temper is not taken out of you, you will make a pretty torment for your parents."

His stern face and voice frightened Edna, and she ran away. Beatrice stood up and tried to apologize.

"She isn't always like that, sir. She was so delicate when she was little that—that—"

"Yes, I see that she has been indulged and allowed to tyrannize over the whole household. It is none of my affair. The case would not be as it is, if it were. Good morning, my dear," and off he went.

Beatrice tried to bid him good morning too, but her voice would not come. Her eyes were full of tears, and her cheeks were blazing.

"She is getting so naughty that every one that passes notices it, and I am so ashamed for her," she said to herself as she hurried back to baby. Fortunately, he had slept through it all. Mamma came down the verandah steps.

"What was the trouble, this time, Bee?" an I Bee explained. Her mother sighed, and asked herself, with pain and perplexity, "What shall we do with the child?"

She stepped inside the house, and came out again with three beautiful peaches in her hand.

"Here, dear, one of these is for you, one for Harold, and one for Edna. I shall take care of baby while you distribute them."

Beatrice found Harold in the carriage house. "Whew!" said he, with a whistle of delight, when he saw the peaches, that brought Edna up. She looked hers over.

"It isn't half as good as yours," she said.

Now, Bee had given the largest to Harold and the next to Edna, keeping the smallest for herself, though, indeed, they were much of a size.

"Let me see yours," demanded Edna. Bee held it up.

"It's far, far bigger than mine. I won't have it." She rushed at Bee, pulled down her hand, and whether she intended to take a bite of the peach or not I do not know, but she bit the poor little hand till the blood flowed.

Beatrice screamed with pain, "Oh, Edna, you are biting my hand."

"Let go there, Edna; let go, or I'll slap you hard," said Harold, catching her arm.

Mrs. Thorne heard the uproar, and came quickly. She took Edna by the hand, led her away to the large, empty play house and locked her in; then, after attending to Bee's hand, she went to her own room and locked herself in.

Little children, I always enjoy telling you stories; but this one I have not enjoyed at all. There is such a little girl. I have seen her many times, and I have told you about her so that you may see how disagreeable, nay, how sinful and grievous it is to act so. If any of you are tending in that direction, stop at once. Your parents and friends bear with you, but strangers will not, and you are so unhappy always.

Be gentle, be loving and, above all, be obedient. The most prevalent sin of childhood is disobedience. Have you learned the fifth commandment

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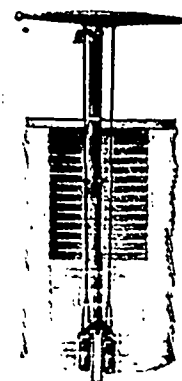
yet? Naughtiness displeases your parents and troubles them sorely, and, a terrible thing, it displeases and grieves our Lord and Master. There is no rule like the Golden Rule, "Do as you would be done by." If you do not follow that rule, you will find this one follow you, "Be done by as you did"

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Stately speech and the learned arrangement of words belong to political assemblies, tribunals, and the forum; they must be reserved for those who delight in merely verbal display. When we have to do with grave realities there is no scope for ostentation. We have to think of the subject-matter before us, not how we may express it in some agreeable manner. It shows an enervated mind to seek pleasure in serious things and to think of the harmony of sounds in presence of the sick and wounded who need healing—ARXONUS.



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