

COALS OF FIRE.

"Seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six. There, now my sums are all ready for Monday, and I won't have to take my slate home with me to-night," thought Majorie, triumphantly, as she put the last figure beneath the long rows which she had been so carefully adding.

Splash! came a wet sponge upon the neatly-made figures, erasing half of them, while the streams of water that trickled slowly down the slate made many more undecipherable.

Majorie's cheeks grew scarlet with anger as she saw her patient labour thus mischievously undone, and her eyes flashed ominously as she looked up and saw the laughing face of the schoolmate who was enjoying the result of her practical joke.

Without stopping to think what she was doing, Majorie seized the dripping sponge and threw it with all her strength at her schoolmate. It missed its aim, however, and struck against the white wall with a sound which attracted the teacher's attention. An unsightly spot on the wall showed where the sponge had struck, and Miss Dawson was surprised and indignant that any scholar should so wantonly violate the rules requiring orderly behaviour.

"Who threw that sponge?" she inquired, sternly.

With a crimson face Majorie rose, and, after a sharp reprimand, Miss Dawson bade her bring her book to the platform, and stand there till school was dismissed.

"Surely, Bella will tell Miss Dawson that she threw the sponge first," thought Majorie, as with a swelling heart she obeyed.

But Bella did not speak, although her conscience reproached her for letting Majorie bear all the blame and disgrace, when the larger portion should have been her share.

Through a mist of tears Majorie watched the slow hands of the clock creep around to the hour of dismissal. Her heart was aching with mortification and a sense of injustice. This was the first time she had ever been called to the platform, and she felt the disgrace keenly. She was very sure that if Miss Dawson could only have known all the circumstances she would not have blamed her so severely, Majorie's sense of school-girl honour, however, forbade tale-bearing, and since Bella would not speak she must bear the punishment alone.

At last school was dismissed, and, too unhappy to care about company, Majorie tearfully walked home alone, wishing that she could overtake Bella and vent some of her indignation. But Bella prudently kept some distance from her.

"What's the matter, darling?"

Grandma's loving question made the repressed tears fall like rain, and, nestling in grandma's lap, Majorie sobbed out her story.

"I'll just pay her up for this!" she ended, her eyes flashing through the tears.

"Shall I help you?"

"Why, grandma!"

Majorie forgot her anger in her astonishment. Was it possible that grandma really meant to help her, when she had always been the first to urge her to forgive injuries?

"Do you really mean it?" she asked. "Indeed, I do wish you would help me. What can I do to make her

feel as bad as she made me feel, and pay her up for being so hateful?"

"Suppose you try heaping coals of fire on her head?" suggested grandma.

Majorie gave an impatient little twist and founce, "I might have known that was what you meant," she said, discontentedly. "It's no use to be nice to her, grandma. She don't appreciate it, and it would only make her worse to me. She just teases me all the time."

"Did you ever try this way of returning her unkindness?" asked grandma.

"No'm," admitted Majorie.

"Then promise me to try it just this once," pleaded grandma.

"Well, I will, to please you," answered Majorie. "But I know it won't be of any use."

"Wait till you have tried it," answered grandma.

"Suppose I don't have any chance to do anything nice," said Majorie, but Grandma only smiled. She knew there would be plenty of opportunities of showing kindly feelings if Majorie only watched for them.

The little girl did not have long to wait. On Monday Bella discovered that she had left her geography at home, and she looked about to see of whom she might borrow. There was only half an hour before the time of recitation, and all her classmates were using their books except Majorie. Bella's eyes filled with tears of disappointment. She would lose her place at the head of the class if she could not study this lesson, and she felt that it would be of no use to ask this favour of the classmate she had injured.

Majorie guessed at the cause of her distress, and pushed her own geography toward her with a bright smile.

Bella looked gratefully at her as she opened the book, and hastily studied the lesson.

As soon as the recess bell rang she exclaimed: "Majorie, I'm ever so much obliged to you for lending me your geography. But what made you do it when I was so mean to you on Friday?"

Majorie hesitated for a moment, and then told her that she was trying the Bible way of returning injuries.

"Well, it's the best way to make anybody ashamed of themselves," Bella responded. "I'll never tease you again, Majorie, if you will make up and be friends with me."

Bella told Miss Dawson of her share of the disorder on Friday afternoon, and the teacher removed the ten marks that had been put against Majorie's name.

"Your way was the best, grandma," Majorie said, when she told the dear old lady of the result of her kind action.

And I think all other little girls and boys will think it is the best if they will only be persuaded to try it too.

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY

The older members of the family had gathered in the kitchen to help the children with their molasses candy. The candy was poured on plates to cool, and the children were to get it up to pull.

"Why, Uncle Fred, where are you going?" cried Minnie.

Aunt Jennie who was overseeing the candy-making, turned to see her husband just retreating to the drawing-room.

"Auntie, don't let him go;" "I think he is real naughty." He is going in there to read his old paper," were some of the exclamations that sounded in Aunt Jennie's ears before she could remonstrate.

"You know, Jennie, my hands are so sore I can't pull candy," said Uncle Fred, apologetically.

"Well, he can stay here and see us do it," said his little daughter, Laura; as though that were a privilege, indeed.

"Of course he can, said Aunt Jennie.

"You just come here now, and help those little folks get the candy off the plates," and as Uncle Fred came, she continued: "Do something for somebody, I have always tried to take that for my motto and I don't think I have found more things to grieve over than most people." And as I heard her I wondered if this was the secret of her happiness; she was a bright, cheery little woman; so full of fun and life that she carried sunshine wherever she went, and every one loved her. Here she was in the kitchen, helping the children to make candy. No wonder the children loved to have her there for she did not make them feel as if it was too much trouble to help them.

If "doing something for somebody" was the secret of her cheery disposition, why are there not more such people in the world.

There are people on every side who need to be helped, and whoever you may be who reads this, try to make the world brighter by "doing something for somebody."

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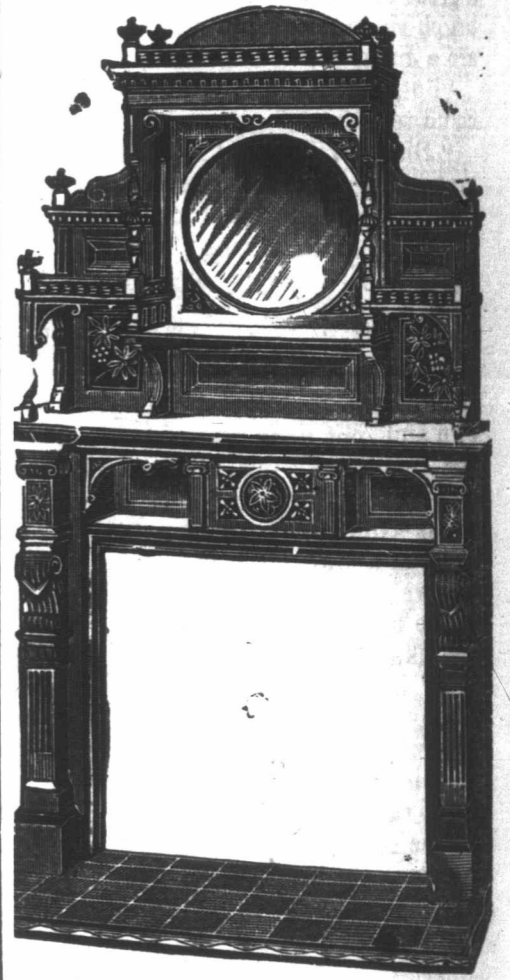
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DEATHS

Died in London, Ont., May 18th, John Dyer, born at Clonturkau House, County Cavan, Ireland, Oct. 5th, 1807.