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RE—THE HUBBARD DOG.

Old mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some bread.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
So the quadruped ate her instead.

To this she objected—
As might be expected—
But he, with a shrug of his face,
Said, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
The state of your cupboard
Has long been a national disgrace!

"It's always the same—
No poultry, no game,
Not a vestige of knuckle of pheasant,
Not a loin of roast ham,
Not a wing of cold lamb,
Not even a sausage of apricot jam—
And I find it distinctly unpleasant!

HOW CLAIRE WAS KEPT BUSY.

"There are ever so many girls, who have much more time than I," said Claire, looking up into her great-aunt's face, "and it seems to me they might take a share of the work. There's Ruth Winslow, now; she—"

"Tut! tut!" said Miss Norris Melville, pushing aside a pile of copy-books. "How are you to judge what demands Ruth has upon her time?"

"Well, at any rate," maintained Claire, stoutly, "I think she shirks."

Miss Melville looked, in her own calm way, at the little figure before her. She had seen so many girls in her life, and had for twenty years taught them in a private school of her own, that she knew them very well. But all she said in answer to Claire's statement was: "What a clever little girl you are, to be sure!"

Claire looked up quickly. She had half an idea that her aunt was laughing at her. But no! Aunt Norris wasn't laughing at all. Her face was only grave. So Claire asked: "Clever? How do you mean, Aunt Norris? I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"Oh, if you don't," answered Aunt Norris, "then you are not so clever, after all. But you see, I was only thinking, my dear, what a very quick little girl you are, and what a slow old woman I am. For I have seen Ruth off and on, and taught her, too, for five years, and never discovered—no, never—that she liked to stirk."

"Well, of course," said Claire, apologetically, "I don't mean that she's lazy, you know, but I've noticed at the meetings of the sewing-class, she never sews as much as the others."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Norris, clasping her hands and looking so pathetic that Claire laughed outright. "I've noticed, I've noticed." And no one seems to notice anything but the wrong side. Here I have been teaching for twenty years or more, and trying to make my girls understand this same old lesson, and yet—"

She paused. Then, "Why, my dear," she said, suddenly, with one of her wonderful smiles, "of course you find the bad side when you hunt for it.

But why do you hunt for it, I'm sure I don't know. It must make one very miserable to be always picking out the lazy spot in one girl, the selfish side in another."

"But I don't do that, Aunt Norris!" said Claire, feeling most uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid you do," said Miss Norris, shaking her head as she spoke. "It wasn't three days ago you told me you thought Charlotte Blake was selfish. Why do you look at the selfish side, Claire?"

"How can I help but see it, auntie, when it shows so plainly?"

"Tut! tut!" answered Miss Norris, using her own expression again. "Can't help it? Why, of course you can. Just hop around to her other side. Look at her good nature, and her kindness to that dear, little lame brother. Surely that does not look like selfishness. Then—Oh, yes, I know what you want to say," as Claire started to speak. "If she turns the selfish side round again, just hop some more. In that way you will see many beautiful things in people and none of the ugly ones. Yes, I know it is true, for I've tried it myself. I have been hopping now for—let me see, forty years, I should say—and, deary me! but the beautiful things I have seen! Just take it for granted that people have only the good side to them. Then, after awhile, they will get so used to showing the nice part, that the other side will be forgotten altogether."

"But I never saw you hopping, auntie," said Miss Claire, soberly.

Miss Melville smiled. "Maybe not," she said. "And it may only you can jump in any way you be my mind that hops. However, wish, only be sure you keep on the good side. As for Ruth, the most natural thing in the world is that the dear child does not sew much because of her eyes. They were always weak."

"I did not know her eyes were weak," Claire said, meekly.

A few days afterward, Claire very frankly confessed to Ruth how she had misjudged her. And, as the other girls in the sewing class were chattering, Claire went on to tell what Aunt Norris had told her.

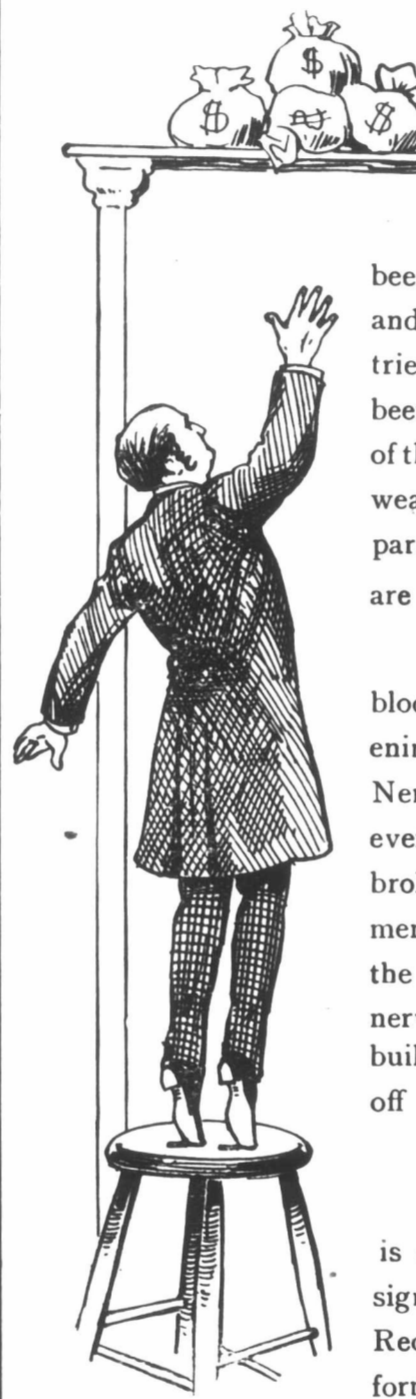
"Why, that's splendid!" said Ruth; "but what if you sometimes see just a bit of selfishness, or something?"

"Don't look," answered Claire, firmly, shutting her eyes in her determination. "Run round to the other side." Then Claire hesitated. "It means," she said, "about the hardest work I ever did, but, do you, know, I find I have to hop more around myself than anyone else."

There wasn't any secret about it, so that may have been the reason that the little plan spread among the girls that afternoon. Certain it is, that the spirit of charity and good-will, of seeing the best and ignoring the worst, throve in the hearts of the members of the sewing class. And, as good things will, it spread along

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through many years and many lives, and made beauty everywhere. Such big results from such a little thing—just looking for the good side!

BY THE RIGHT NAME.

Sometimes we cloak feelings that are very wrong under smooth-sounding names. We talk about "fate's unkindness." We admit that we rebel against "circumstances." And we seem to think that using these indefinite terms makes the wrong right.

Let us be honest with ourselves, dear young folks, and call this thing by the right name. There is no fate but God's will, and that is never unkind. To rebel against our circumstances is to rebel

against Him, and when we let bitterness enter our hearts because of what we must do or suffer, we are denying the Love, which has pledged itself to make all things work for our good.

—It is a very great thing to be able to bear the absence of both human and Divine consolation, and for the love of God cheerfully to accept inward desolation, and never to seek or reflect upon one's deserts.

—It is a fine thing if you can say a man lived and never lifted up a stone against his neighbour, but it is far finer if you can say, also, he took out of the path the stones that would have caught his neighbour's feet. So said Feneberg, and this doing was his life.