



WRONG SIDE OUT.

QUITE certain it was that, in some way, Jack had gotten out of the wrong side of the bed that morning. He fretted because he had to put on his old shoes; he whined over his saucer of oatmeal. Now his old shoes were easier than his new ones, though less shiny, and, although he liked cream better, he relished milk, and as to the oatmeal, he was fond of that, too, only it was not smoking hot. His sister waited for him to finish this troublesome breakfast, and then she said: "Please, Jack, will you carry this to the post-office for me?"

It was pleasant to walk to the office. Jack generally enjoyed meeting the other boys as he went; besides, he was interested to see whether the stores had filled up their windows with firecrackers, and torpedoes, and balloons, and skyrockets for Dominion Day. But, for all that, his sister felt quite melancholy to see what an afflicted looking boy Jack was as he took the letter and marched off, dragging his unwilling feet as though they weighed pounds. "I'm always being sent with her letters," mourned the oppressed boy.

It was just so, later, when his mother sent him on an errand for her. At that very house they always smiled on him, and gave him seed-cakes, but Jack grumbled, "It's too cold to be doing errands, and I shall be late to dinner, I know I shall."

So he was, but the best morsels had been saved for him, and when he fretted because his pudding was burned a trifle on one side just through the care with which it had been kept for him, I think his mother was at last rather out of patience.

"And it's the very kind I like the best," scolded Jack, finishing his pudding.

"Jack," said his mother, "I want you now to go right up to your room and put on every garment wrong-side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated, gravely. And she did mean it. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings, even; and when his mother came to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant, but not quite clear in his conscience.

"Now this," said his mother, turning him around, "is what you've been doing all day; you have been determined to make the worst of every thing. In other words, you would turn everything wrong-side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"You may, if you will remember this: There is a right and wrong side to whatever happens—I mean a pleasant part and a part you do not like as well; and you must do as you prefer to with your clothes, wear them right-side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong-side out."

There should be better teaching, not so much for the sake of knowledge as for the sake of being and doing.

B A B Y.

Little, teasing, laughing rogue,
Shut your eyes and rest,
Pussy's sleeping long ago,
The birdie's in its nest.

"Pussy's s'leepin'?" up he starts
To see where pussy lies,
Chubby cheeks and tumbled hair,
Eager, sparkling eyes.

Was there ever such a rogue?
Yet he's dear to me,
With his dimpled, laughing face,
None so sweet as he.

So I lay him down again,
Chiding with a smile;
"Eyes is s'ut," he gravely says,
Peeping all the while.

"Muzzer, want to say me p'ayers,
Haven't said Amen:"
So with sleepy eyes he lisps
The simple words again.

Sec, the little hands are still,
Baby's sleeping now,
Smiling, too, and with the light
Of God's love on his brow.

Aunt Mary—"Now, Jennie, let me see whether you know your lesson. Tell me who first discovered whalebone?"

Jennie—"Jonah, I guess."