

as if they might be swinging their bells with a joyous good morning. It was to give Marjorie happy morning thoughts, and make her what her mother often lovingly called her, "a morning glory," that these pink and white blossoms ran riot over her bedroom walls.

The little brass bedstead, with its canopy and curtains of blue; the pretty little dressing table, just like a grown person's, only of Lilliputian size, as befitted such a little maiden; the most comfortable of little rocking chairs; a real sleepy hollow chair, into which Marjorie liked to sink when she did her Sunday studying and thinking, for this little maiden was very fond of thinking over things; the pictures on the wall; the dainty little girlish belongings everywhere, which told of loving friends, and their desire to make Marjorie happy; all these things went to make up a very charming little nest.

And yet I do not wonder that dear little Marjorie was sobbing as if her heart would break. Best of everybody in the world, Marjorie loved her mother, and during the long months that her mother had been an invalid, Marjorie had made the most loving and faithful of little nurses. It had been easy work to be a companion to her mother, when that meant having the most delightful of times, with lessons made so easy that they were simply fun, and the most delightful relaxations in the way of flower shows, concerts, and other nice times in recreation hours. But if Marjorie had not loved her mother so very dearly that she was always quite happy in being near her, she would not have found the long hours in a darkened room anything but very tedious. As it was, when her mother had one of the very severe headaches that made absolute quiet the first thing to be thought about, Marjorie would steal into the room, and sit on her little ottoman beside her mother's couch, patiently stroking her mother's head, and far happier there than she could have been if she had been running about in the sunshine and playing. The little hands had rendered many a willing service that no one else could have rendered quite so acceptably, and even the long days in a sick room were happy days, both to mother and to daughter, for they were together. And being together meant more to this mother and daughter than it does to some others, who do not love each other so much, or who, loving, do not know how to show their love.

Did you ever think what a difference it makes whether you show any one that you love them, or whether you let them take it for granted? It is just as if you had a treasure house of the most beautiful gems, and could make all the presents you liked to those you loved, and instead of unlocking your treasure house, you should hide them all away, and perhaps give your friends pebbles and bits of iron or gravel

instead. The most precious gifts that you can offer to those whom you love are loving words and deeds, and yet so many forget what treasures they might have to give away, and while they really love their mothers and other friends, forget to say the loving words, or to give the sweet caresses that might be worth so much.

And now we will go back to little Marjorie, and I will tell you why her tears are flowing so fast, and why none of the charms of her pretty nest can make her happy. The doctor had said that her mother must take a sea voyage, in the hope that it might give her back her health and strength, and Marjorie could not go with her. She had never been separated from her mother before in all her life, more than two or three hours at the very most, and it seemed as if her heart would break at the very thought of long weeks in which she could not once see nor speak to the dear mother. The doctor knew that Marjorie was a womanly little maiden, and he told her that a great deal depended upon her. If she would be brave about the separation, and not fret nor complain, her mother would be more willing to go away, and try the voyage which might do her so much good, and then they all hoped that she would come back strong and well once more; but if she should be anxious about her little daughter all the time, the change would be of but little benefit to her.

So Marjorie had shown her true love by keeping back her tears, and instead of talking about her own sorrow at being separated from her mother, had done her childish best to help her mother to go away feeling contented about her little girl, and hopeful of a return with restored health.

And at last the parting had come. Oh, I am sure you will not wonder now, that the tears came like a summer shower, as Marjorie thought of the weeks that should pass before she should look upon the dear face again.

But after this one outburst of grief Marjorie was very patient and brave. She wrote a little on the long letter she sent to her mother once a week, and told her everything pleasant that had happened, and you may be sure that the mother heart read between the lines the bravery and self-denial of the loving child who never once wrote, "I want you so. Come back to me mamma."

Instead of grieving all day, Marjorie planned certain things as pleasant surprises to her mother, and she was almost happy in working at them. There was a cover for the little table in her mother's room, that she worked at every day for an hour; she practised a piece of music that she knew her mother loved, so that when she returned, Marjorie might be able to play it for her without one mistake. She studied her