

MY OTHER ME.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Children, do you ever,
In walks by land or sea,
Meet a little maiden
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,
Has a laughing face,
And a heart as sunny;
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,
Naught of doubt or blight;
Heaven is just above her—
And her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,
That other me of mine;
She crossed into Time's shadow
Out of youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;
And call her as I will,
The years that lie between us
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,
And lonely as can be—
O, children, if you meet her,
Send back my other me!

—St. Nicholas.

[For the MESSENGER.]

THE OLD STOCKING.

"Isn't darning horrid?" exclaimed Nellie's bosom friend to her the other day, as she came in and found her working away at a stocking, which, from the size of the hole in the heel she knew could belong to no one but Nellie's brother Fred.

"Horrid?" Nell repeated, "No, Nan, not now; but, dear me, how I used to dread it!"

"Well, I think I should dread it still, if I had to fill up such enormous holes as that!"

"O, it isn't bad at all when you once know how," replied Nell contentedly, intent on the long slender needle working its way carefully in and out among the straight gray threads.

"Well, I'm glad I don't know how, for then I might have to do it."

"That's all very well for you Nan; but if you had a big brother like Fred, you would soon know the difference. I try to get him to throw off his stockings when the holes first begin to come, but he always forgets and mamma and I can't always watch him.

"But, do you know," she continued, "since grandma was here last winter and taught me, I have got to quite like it. She made me begin on little holes first in Fred's coarse stockings, and it did not seem half as bad as the fine work that mamma does. But I am going to try that myself, too, sometimes."

"But isn't it very hard to learn," persisted Nan.

"Not very," said Nell, "it's slow at first, but do you know I have to laugh yet when I think how sly Grandma was about it. I was as hateful as could be and wouldn't learn at all for mamma. But one rainy day I was poking about Grandma's basket, and I found the dearest little silver thimble.

"O, what a beauty, whose is it, Grandma," I asked.

"Mine," she said.

"But you can't use it, Grandma," I said, "it would only go on your little finger. Do tell me who is it for?"

"I haven't decided yet," she said, so mysteriously, and kept darning away at one of Allie's fine black silk stockings. And would you believe it, Nan, when she had finished you couldn't tell which was stocking and which was darn."

"Truly, Nell?"

"Truly, Nan."

"And do you remember that awful hole I tore in my new dress the other day? Well, just wait until I show you how she mended that with ravellings of the stuff."

"There, do you see, you would never notice it at all."

"Sure enough, you wouldn't, but I could never, never in the world, mend like that. You can't either, can you, Nell?"

"Not yet, but I must tell you, that day that I was poking in Grandma's basket I found a paper of such lovely darning needles, all sizes, and all so slender and bright, and she had so many cards of darning yarn, cotton and linen, and wool and silk, and all sorts of colors. It was raining and there wasn't a single book in the house that I wanted to read, and mamma

was away, and I think Grandma saw that I was lonesome. Suddenly she said:

"Let's play something, Nell!"

"Play! what can we play here Grandma, you are too busy."

"No," she said, "let's play I am my own grandmother and that you are me when I was a little girl."

"O, lovely," I said, "do tell me what you did when you were only twelve years old!"

"Wasn't I a little silly, Nan? I fell right into her trap, and before mamma came home I had darned two little holes in one of her stockings, and hadn't to rip out the second one at all. And all the while we sat there Grandma told me the loveliest

stories of what she did when she was a little girl.

"And do you know, Nan, Grandma said the other day that I was doing so well she would soon have to pay me for helping her, and then a few minutes after she said:

"Isn't that thimble too small for you; child, doesn't it hurt your finger? Dear me, we must see about that!"

"And oh, Nan, I'm not sure, I'm almost afraid to think it, but I almost believe that sometime she is going to give me that silver thimble! It's new, you know, and it's too small for Allie, and I do believe that if I am awfully good she will give it to me."

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder at all if she did," said Nan.

DRAW TOO MUCH WATER.

You cannot send the "Great Eastern" up the Penobscot river. Profoundly educated men seem to draw too much water. I have heard finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonian affluence, yet their words fell dead on the meeting. But when some poor, uneducated man arose and said: "I suppose you fellers think that because I don't know anything I haven't no right to speak; but Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the miserablest chap in town; and if God will pardon me, he will pardon you. Come to Jesus! Come now!"—the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion.—Talmage.



"WHEN YOU ONCE KNOW HOW."