

you ever so much—bushels and bushels. I wanted to send you something nice for your birthday, but I only had two cents. They wouldn't buy anything nice enough for my grandma. I can't make anything pretty, either. I can only tell you that I love you, and spend the pennies for a postage stamp to send the letter.

"With lots and lots of love, and hugs, and kisses. MIRABEL."

"Well! well!" said grandma, and her lips trembled a little as she spoke. "Bless the dear child! That's the sweetest thing she could have done."

Grandma was, indeed, delighted with mamma's fine preserves, and proudly arranged them well to the front on the lowest shelf in her preserve closet.

Aunt Dora's beautiful embroidery she carefully laid away with her best table linen, a sprig of lavender in its folds.

But when it came to finding a place for her third gift—Mirabel's letter—she got out the carved sandalwood box.

Mirabel would have clapped her hands if she could have seen this; for only grandma's dearest treasures went into that box.

Grandma looked with tender eyes at the faded old letter in which, so many years before, grandpa had asked her to be his wife. She stroked with loving fingers the fair, bright curl which had belonged to her dear little son who had died. She smiled at a tiny bit of sewing, the very first stitches that mamma had ever taken. Then she kissed Mirabel's letter, put it in with the other treasures, and safely locked the box.

So one little girl, who thought that she could not do anything at all for grandma's birthday, had sent her grandma the very sweetest gift that she received.—*St. Nicholas.*

"WILL YOU LAUGH TO ME AGAIN, MOTHER?"

It was little three-year-old Mabel who asked this question one morning in the early spring. She had been bringing me the first spring flowers, and oh! how "buful" she thought those bright yellow dande-

lions were. I had enjoyed them too, and had responded to her enthusiasm with words of appreciation and thanks; but it was the smile that seemed to delight the little darling most, and, as she started out to hunt for more flowers, she came back to ask in her own earnest, winning way, "will you laugh to me again, mother?"

It was a simple question, or rather request, but it almost startled me, and started a new train of thought.

Was that dear little heart hungry for more brightness, and thus seeking for it as the vine sends forth its tiny branches in search of the sunshine?

While careful, and perhaps too often troubled, about household duties, striving to have everything as comfortable as possible for the dear husband and little ones, had I been failing to give them the smiles and sunshine which their loving hearts craved, and which I could so gladly and easily give them?—*Selected.*

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