

HOW DOLLY LEARNED HER LESSON.

"Dolly!"  
Mrs Miller waited somewhat impatiently for a response, but none came.

"Dorothea!"  
Now, the young lady addressed was sitting in a cozy little bedroom, which bore unmistakable evidence that its owner was not the neatest individual in the world. Dolly was bending, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, over the adventures of a no less interesting and high-born personage than "Ivanhoe," and it required a third summons from her mother to transport her from the horrors of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf to actual every-day life.

"Dorothea Miller!"  
"Yes'm, I am coming."  
Now, Dolly's face was usually a very pleasant one, but it must be confessed that it was rather a pouting little girl who stood beside Mrs. Miller a few minutes later.

"Is your room dusted and put in order, dear?" asked Mrs. Miller, glancing at "Ivanhoe," which Dolly still surveyed with longing eyes.

"No, mamma; I got to reading and forgot to dust it."

Mrs. Miller sighed wearily; her forgetful little daughter was a great trial to her energetic, wide-awake nature.

"You may as well put away your book at once, Dolly, for Bridget has gone home for a day or two to see her sister, who is sick, and I want you to take care of Toodles this morning. First you can wash the breakfast dishes and put them away, then put your own room thoroughly in order, and by that time I shall have to go to market, and you can play with Toodles till it is time for his nap. If I am not home by eleven, you can put him to sleep."

Down on the table went "Ivanhoe" with a bang, and Dolly turned crossly toward the pantry, slamming the door as she entered, and stepping on Hero's tail in a manner that brought that usually peaceable dog to his feet with a vicious growl that displayed two rows of gleaming teeth, and warned his little mistress not to vent her displeasure on him.

"I don't believe Rowena ever had to wash dishes because the cook's mother was sick," grumbled Dolly, making a great deal of unnecessary noise, and splashing as she dropped the silver into the pan of hot water. "I'd just like to break every one of these hateful dishes; and I'd do it too, only papa would make me pay for them out of my Christmas money, and I want to buy a silver bangle with that. O dear! I'll never finish these dishes!"

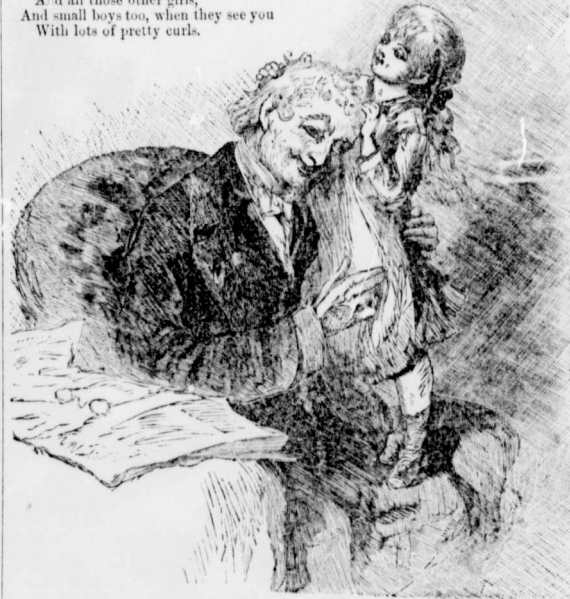
But "never" is a long day; and in scarcely more than a half hour the dishes were put away, Dolly's room dusted, her clean clothes

"GRANDPA, YOU DO LOOK SWEET."

BY M. E.

Just think of it, dear Grandpapa,  
This day belongs to me;  
My birthday 'tis—I'm four years old—  
Last time I was but three.  
And six small girls and five small boys  
Are coming here to tea,  
And you must be as beautiful  
As ever you can be.

Teresa Grover's grandpapa  
Has got no hair at all;  
His head shines—though he's very nice—  
Just like an iv'ry ball  
And I guess she'll be awful s'prised,  
And all those other girls,  
And small boys too, when they see you  
With lots of pretty curls.



were folded neatly away in the bureau drawer, and Dolly herself ready to amuse Toodles—otherwise Master Huntingdon Miller—till it was time to put him to sleep.

For a while Toodles was restless and noisy, insisting on Dolly's playing she was a horse, so that he could have the pleasure of driving her around the room with his new reins and whip; but presently he became so absorbed in his endeavors to discover what made his woolly dog bark, that Dolly, who was breathless from running, had a chance to rest for a moment.

"Ivanhoe" still lay on the sitting-room table, and the temptation was too strong. "Just to see how Rowena escapes from the castle, and then I won't read another word till I put Toodles to bed," said Dolly to herself, as she opened at the fascinating chapter, with the firm resolution to only read a few minutes.

The town clock was just chiming half-past eleven when Mrs. Miller, having finished her errands, came quietly up-stairs, expecting to find Toodles taking his nap, and Dolly ready to help her to prepare dinner; but as she passed the sitting-room door, she glanced in to see a sight calculated to exasperate the meekest woman in the world—which Mrs. Miller was not

For to my party you must come,  
And help us play and laugh;  
I wouldn't have a birthday, dear,  
Unless I gave you half.  
And you shall have the very best  
Of everything to eat.  
And now your hair is done, and, oh,  
Grandpa, you do look sweet!  
—Harper's Young People.

"Yes, dear, I forgive you; and I think my little daughter has learned a lesson she will never forget," answered her mother gently.

Dolly is a woman now, but she has never forgotten that day's experience; and when her own little Dorothea is absent-minded, or forgetful, her mamma tells her of the day "when I was a little girl and let Uncle Huntingdon spill the ink."—Presbyterian.

FAITH.

I am often reminded, in my daily intercourse with the little ones, of our Saviour's words, "Unless ye have faith as a little

A few months since the grandmother of the family quietly breathed her last in this world, and as the baby of the family, my little six-year-old niece, was being led from the room, I explained to her that we were not crying because dear mother had gone to Heaven, but because we would not have her with us any more. She immediately replied, in most cheering tones:—

"Oh, but you know, auntie, her time had come, and God sent for her; don't you know?" And then added, rather exultingly, "Oh won't you be glad when our time comes, auntie?"

I felt ashamed to think how how much stronger her faith was than mine. I often am reminded how true it is that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Word and Work.

PRAY FOR HIM.—Gelele, King of Dahomey, is one of the bloodiest of tyrants. The Rev. T. W. Winfield, who had been endeavoring to re-establish a school at Whydah, recently received the following message from him: "The king wishes to inform you that his people cannot be allowed to read your book, and you cannot have a school here to teach the children about the white man's God. If you talk to the people about this book of yours, they will not worship the fetish, and we cannot do without fetish in this country. If you like to come here to trade, to sell cloth, and guns, and run, we shall be glad; but we cannot have your book."

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming;

JA doing each day that goes by  
Some little good, not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,

And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,

And nothing so royal as truth.  
—Select