

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"We're going skating, Susie Barnes and I," said Nannie, as she walked slowly through the house. "But I don't know as I want to go."

"Why, Nannie! On such a beautiful day!" said her aunt. "I thought you liked to go skating."

"Yes, so I do," said Nannie, "but mamma says I've got to wear my old shoes and they're such clumsy old things I can't bear to."

The whine in her voice became a growl before she had finished speaking, and somehow the growl had something to do with her forehead; for if it was wrinkled before, it was fairly tied up in a knot now.

Have you ever noticed how, when little girls or boys get into a bad temper, the bad temper seems to go all over them? The dancing feet move sullenly, the dimpled hands are not ready for doing little loving deeds for anybody. The light goes out of the pretty bright eyes and the lips go down at the corners, and the dimples, oh dear! they surely go up into the forehead, for you have seen how it will be marked and seamed. I never did like dimples in the forehead, did you.

And the little ripple of a laugh is gone, and what a whine and whimper and growl have taken its place! Yes, you can easily see that the whole boy or girl is wrapped up in that ugly temper.

"What a pity!" thought aunt Carrie, as Nannie sulked and fretted. First it was because of the shoes, but she could not keep on all the time about one pair of shoes, so she soon found something else to grumble at.

"I wonder why Susie doesn't come. I think it's too bad of her to keep me waiting like this. We ought to have been off half an hour ago. The best part of the day is going."

"There's a hole in one of my mittens," was the next complaint.

"Well, as you are waiting, it will be a good time to mend it," said Aunt Carrie, "Here is a needle and some yarn."

"I never did like to mend," said Nannie.

"There are a great many things in the world harder than mending," said Aunt Carrie. "But they have to be done, and it is so much nicer to do them pleasantly, don't you think so!"

"If I could have fixed things they shouldn't have been hard," said Nannie.

She should not, however, refuse to take the needle and thread which Aunt Carrie offered her. But I am afraid that the darn in her mitten must have looked like the knot in her forehead.

"I know Susie'll be here before it is done," she said.

But Susie did not come until the darn was mended and the needle put away.

"Why have you kept me waiting so long?" asked Nannie, when at length she came in.

"Oh I'm sorry," said Susie, with a smile, "But mamma wanted me to help a little with the baby. Doesn't the sunshine bright and isn't it a nice day! I saw a blue-jay as I came along, and he twittered just as if he wanted to say, 'Isn't this a beautiful day for little girls and birds!'"

It would have done you good to look from Nannie's face to Susie's. She had surely brought in a good share of the sunshine with her in her bright little face, and the blue-jay's twitter could not have been merrier than her voice.

And dimples! Her dimples were all in place, just where God meant they should be when He made little faces to be the dearest and sweetest things in our home. Blue eyes, cheeks, lips and all went to make up the smile. You could feel pretty sure that mamma and baby at home had been left happy after the help of such a cheery little lassie.

Even Nannie's frowns had been melted away before her lively chat, and she forgot what a badly used little girl she was long before they reached the skating ground.

And then everybody who came near Susie felt the influence of her sunny face and her loving, kindly ways. — N. Y. Witness.