

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine, it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charley," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charley; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did it; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—*Early Dew.*

#### GOLDEN GOSSIP.

Grace had been reading a little article entitled "Golden Gossip," which told of a young girl who made herself beloved by all around her, and life happier for others, by repeating only the pleasant things she heard said. "Suppose I try it," she whispered, thoughtfully, as she laid down the paper. "People are always so ready to tell you all the disagreeable things that are said about you; suppose I try the other plan, too, and see how it will work." She started for school, still turning over this thought in her mind. On the way she was joined by Susie Brown. Susie, as usual, had a pet grievance to air. "Marian Master had treated her in the most shameful way," she said, and she proceeded to give a detailed account of the whole quarrel, which was about as sensible a one as most school-girl's quarrels are. Grace listened quietly, and when Susie stopped at last, quite out of breath, she said gently:

"It is strange that Marian should have acted so, for I am sure that she is really fond of you. Only the other day, she was saying what a whole-souled, generous girl you were, and how she hoped that you would get the good-conduct prize, for that no one deserved it more thoroughly."

"Did Marian say that?" said Susie, with a perplexed look upon her face. "I am sure it was very generous in her, for she has tried hard for that good-conduct prize. Well, I expect I was in fault the other day, too, for I said some very

aggravating things. I will go and make up with her at recess, for I certainly am fond of her."

As Grace was putting on her bonnet, after school, she saw Miss Willis, the assistant teacher, leaning her head on her hand as she sat at her desk, with a very sad expression upon her face.

"What is the matter, Miss Willis?" she asked, "is your head aching?"

"Oh, no, but I am just worn out, mind and body. Teaching is such thankless work. The girls are so provoking, and often so insolent, that I am utterly discouraged."

"We are very thoughtless, Miss Willis," said Grace, "but you really do not know how fond we are of you. When Hettie Black was impudent to you the other morning, none of the girls would play with her at recess. They all said it was a shame to treat you so, when you were so kind and gentle and patient."

A smile crept over the tired face as the young girl spoke, and it was with a light heart that Grace left the school-house and turned her steps homeward.

As she stood on the porch, outside the dining-room, she heard Molly, the waitress, grumbling to the cook, "As to plazing the mistress, there's no such thing as doing it—such a talkin' to as she gin me this mornin', just because I forgot the spoons and left me duster on the hall table—I'll be lavin', I think, at the end of my month."

Without seeming to have heard, Grace entered the dining-room. "Why, Molly," she said, "did you arrange the flowers in the centre of the table? How lovely they are! Mamma said the other day, how much taste you had in arranging flowers. Where did you learn to do it so nicely?"

"Sure and it's because I love them," said Molly, with a smile replacing the frown. "But I didn't think the mistress noticed."

"But she did, you see," said Grace, "and, Molly, make the salad dressing, not as you did yesterday, you got in too much mustard, but as you made it on Sunday. Papa said that was quite perfect, and you know what a good judge he is."

"I'll have it right to-day," said Molly, good-humoredly. "It's a

pleasure to work for particular people, for then they know when you do things proper."

"What is the matter, Ben?" said Grace, that afternoon, as she saw her little brother with red eyes and very tear-stained cheeks, bending over his slate.

"What always is the matter," he replied, "I cannot do my sums. Papa has tried to explain them to me, and I cannot understand, and he says that I am a dunce, and my teacher says so, too, so I suppose I am, and there is no use in trying any longer."

"Why, what nonsense," said Grace, cheerfully. "The idea of any boy who can draw such maps as you can, calling himself a dunce. I heard papa tell Uncle Ben that you were quite a talented little fellow, and your teacher says that you are the best reader and speller in the school. Set to work at your sums like a man, and you will conquer them, never fear."

After a few kind words of explanation, she left her little brother bending over his slate with a resolute look on his small face, and a short time afterward heard his triumphant shout, when his task was accomplished.

When Grace went to bed that night, it was with a happy heart. She had done no great thing in the course of the day, but she had poured the "oil and the wine" upon the wounds of others, and turned the small discords of life into harmonies, and she felt glad and thankful that God had given her this small service for Him.

Dear boys and girls, will you not try to follow her example? I would not wish you to learn to be flatterers, or insincere, even with a kindly intention, but instead of repeating the disagreeable things that are said of others, can you not store up in your memories every kind word that you hear spoken, and repeat it to those of whom it is said, if possible?

If this world were full of "Golden Gossip" life would be a fair and beautiful thing.—*Alix in Parish Visitor.*

#### TWO STREET WAIFS.

I had crossed the street on a pleasant spring evening to see a