

nearly worn out trying to amuse her; and I think it would be helping two somebodies if my little girl felt disposed to begin her mission so near home."

"But I don't want to go to Susie's house," said the child stoutly. "She was so cross 'n' selfish the last time I went, I said I'd never go to her house again. She wanted all the newest dolls 'n' things, 'n' I didn't have a bit nice time."

"I was not thinking about your having a nice time," said the tactful mother, "I was only thinking that it was in your power to give pleasure to day, if you had the Christlike spirit of the little missionary child about whom we have been reading."

This only child of wealthy parents was silent for some time, and the fond mother, who furtively watched her darling, saw plainly that a struggle was going on in her mind, such as she had not been accustomed to. The silence was at last broken by:

"Would Jesus really count it as anything—for—for Him, if I took my lovely doll auntie sent me from Paris over to Susie's house, 'n' tell her everything nice I can think of: 'n', if she's cross, keep real sweet?"

"Yes, I am sure He would," said the mother, greatly pleased. And here she laid aside her work and gladly assisted her child in her preparations for the visit, which, now that her mind was intent on giving, instead of getting, she wished to make.

But, when Bessie returned, she seemed to feel much as children grown tall do oftentimes, when the effort to do good is unsatisfactory, for, with a look of disappointment, she said ruefully:

"I did just the best I could, mamma. I let Susie muss my lovely doll, 'n' I made believe not to notice it, 'n' when she got cross I smiled just as sweet as I could. I just couldn't do one mite different. But, all the same, I don't think it will count."

It did count, however, for a little later a telephone message from the sick child's mother ran as follows:

"I was at my wits' end with Susie until Bessie came over; but she, dear child, brought so much sunshine with her, and left so much

behind, that my little girlie seems to have caught her spirit, and now that she is without a playmate is cheery and happy."

When Bessie heard this message, she clapped her hands gleefully, saying:

"I guess it counted after all. I'm so glad I thought of something I could do to day!"

And just so, dear children, it always counts to carry sunshine into other lives. Not in dreams of tomorrow, but the doing to-day.—
Our Sunday Afternoon.

GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun

And a little pearly dew,

And a pushing up and a reaching out,

Then leaves and tendrils all about;

And that's the way the flowers grow,

Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,

And lots of quiet sleep;

A cheerful heart and a sunny face,

And lessons learned and things in place;

Ah, that's the way the children grow,

Don't you know?

—*Little Men and Women.*

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and in trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he would not stand my blundering ways any longer; so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother. I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say, if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, Jimmy, of course; you wouldn't think of telling anything else?"

"No; I only thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, Jimmy, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired until he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man, in a clean, bright shop, newly started, was in

want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that Jimmy, fearing that a boy who had a record of carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-humouredly; "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said Jimmy earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good-morning, uncle. Come in."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door; and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, oh!" said he, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you will find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think so well of him," said the young man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother!" said Jimmy, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you are right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that was not exactly right!"

"The truth is always best," said his mother—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."