

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## WHAT AUNT MATILDA THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

THE other morning, when I had finished my marketing, I ran to see Mrs. Mason. I had it upon my mind to ask her for a new pattern for a wrapper, and so readily found an excuse for resting my tired feet. She opened the door herself, and you can't think how sweet she looked. Her dress was nothing but a pink cambric, to be sure, yet she had lace in the neck and sleeves, and if you will believe me, a bunch of flowers in her hair, and that was all braided and puffed just as if it were afternoon. I could not help looking at her, for she was a perfect picture. After I had explained my errand, Mrs. Mason and I fell to talking about one thing and another. At last our conversation came right around to the point I longed to touch upon, namely, what made her look like a fresh dewy rose that morning.

"Have you company? if so, I had better be going and not stay just to hinder."

"No, nobody is in the house but our two selves."

"Then, surely you must be expecting company, and that would be the same."

"Why, no indeed; what could make you think so?" she said smiling.

"Because you are fixed up so nicely," said I, shamefacedly. Then I wish you could have heard that lady laugh.

"Why, I'm not 'fixed up' in the least; this is my usual manner of dressing."

"But do you always puff your hair and put the fancy touches on in the morning when there is no one but Mr. Mason to see?" I blurted out at length.

"Always, Aunt Matilda, unless I arrange it some equally fancy way."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, and if there were more ladies who did so there would be more husbands as fond of home and wife as Mr. Mason is."

"Now, then, as you have been the first to begin the subject, for I cannot call it a discussion where we agree so well, I believe that I will tell you a little of my personal history, that is if you would like to hear it."

"Indeed and indeed I would, Mrs. Mason."

"Well, then, let me tell you why I am so careful about my dress. When we had been married two years and I had a dear little baby, I began to grow careless about 'dressing up,' as it is called. I thought if I were only clean it was enough. I wore calico because it washed well, and made it up without ruffles or other trimming, so that I could have more time. I never dispensed with my collar; I was too well brought up for that. My hair I wore simply, although I always combed it before breakfast and dinner. Mr. Mason was always kind, and I supposed I was getting along nicely enough; but sometimes I just hungered for those expressions of endearment I used to have when we were courting, but then, I thought, all married people settle down and become less demonstrative; so I thrust my longings away down in the corner

of my heart, and went on in the same way six months longer.

"How did I come to change? Why one day—our anniversary, it was—I thought to myself, 'This is our wedding day, and I guess that I can afford to dress up for once. I wonder if Oliver will notice the difference.' So I made over a lovely lawn that I had on hand, and put lace all down the front of the waist. I put flowers in my hair, and a pretty ribbon at my throat. I didn't put on a great apron either, and cover it all up, but tried to look as if I were invited out to tea, and were waiting for his escort. First of all I opened my door to let our little boy in. He was the first to see me."

"O, mamma, how sweet you look! I must kiss you," said he, clasping his hands about my neck. That was the first impression I made, but when I heard Oliver coming I pretended to hide from him. He spied me quickly, and there was a light in his eyes that I had not seen for years.

"Why, who is this?" Then he took me right up in his arms and kissed me again and again, calling me all manner of pet names. I was astonished, I can tell you, and delighted. Well, next day, I went back to my clean plain calico again. Oliver said nothing until evening; then he asked me what had become of the dress I had on yesterday. I laughed, and asked him if he expected me to dress up all the time. Yes, he did, he said, if I could get the clothes, and if I could not, he could. Then we had a long talk, and ever since that evening I have kept myself 'rigged up' all the time."

If young wives, or old ones either, wish to keep their husbands lovers all their lives they must not only keep themselves looking neat, but they must dress as other people do, avoiding, of course, absurdities and sinful extravagances, but carefully cultivating all the graces of manner, apparel and conduct possible.

If you do not "fix up" for Tom, why he will wish with all his heart that Mary looked a little more as she used to. So, my dears, have your dresses cut in a pretty way, after a fashionable pattern, wear little ribbons and ruffles, and put up your hair becomingly. And another thing, always look so pretty when your husband leaves you in the morning that he will have a pleasant picture in his mind all day long, one that will attract him home when night draws near. Then you may be assured of his expressed affection, and you will always be to your best beloved the same charming one you were in girlhood's prime when he wooed and won you.—*Christian Weekly*.

## PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.

GRANDMOTHER, I hate to go away from you; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel. I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me."

Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do—a hate for a blow, cross words for cross words, blow for hate."

"I don't know; but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry; "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the right sort of coin," said grandmother.

"What kind?" asked Peter.

"The coin of kindness," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you paid away the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know; then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter, slowly; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother had died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother; "carry love and kindness in your pocket and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy's mind. "I wish I could," he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you'll be treated kindly; love, and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him.

The next morning he arose early, as he was used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, everything being new, he felt strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself; "I know I shan't, I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said—

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that! it made him so happy. "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, boys and girls, and you will never be in want.

WE are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good.