

We know a good mother who used to say :
 "Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers you need never be alarmed, for it will be perfectly natural to you to be polite and respectful."

This is true, and we have always thought that the best and easiest way to do anything right was to get in the habit of doing it right.

Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations and friends, and prepossess strangers toward them. Politeness costs nothing, and at the same time is of the greatest value.—*Selected.*

THREE LITTLE SOULS.

AN EASTER STORY.

DELL had decided not to keep Lent. It was such a bother—so many services; and, besides, she hated giving up things, especially her own way. Then, too, papa, the rector, would be almost sure to want her lily, if in bloom, for the retable. And that lily, Dell had decided, should take the prize at the Flower Show, in Easter week, and she was not going to have it seen first in that shabby church. It *was* shabby, and the rector sighed when Dell said so, as a sort of excuse for her decision about Lent. Papa looked very grave over that decision, but he only said :

"Very well, daughter; Mother Church does not want a grudging service, nor does the Master; *He* did all out of Love!"

But Mollie left her blocks and crept into the rector's lap.

"Don't care, papa!" she whispered, tucking one hand under his chin. "You shall have my lily!"

There were times in those six weeks when Dell wasn't quite happy. Her own way didn't always bring pleasure, and somehow she felt so cross. Old Aunt Hetty came over from Fennville, and, hearing Dell's snappy answers, recommended, "A good dose of senna tea, Charles, is what the child needs. This warm spring is tryin' to the bile."

Dell, forgetful of her fourteen-year-old dignity, made a face at Aunt Hetty, and Hiram, Aunt Hetty's hired man, under his breath, in the kitchen adjoining, suggested another remedy—"a rod in pickle."

Then she went to look at the lily. Strong and thrifty with its fast-growing buds, Dell exulted in it. Now three little white spotted balls took her eyes. There they were, tied by a silken thread round the middle of each to the very stalk of that prize lily.

"The idea! The horrid worms!" and Dell

rushed for something with which to scrape them off. She could not understand how she had failed to find them before. The fuss she made brought Mollie and the rector.

"Poor little souls!" said the latter, while Mollie cried, "Oh, *don't*, Dell! they're em—em—*blems* of us, and of Jesus' rising, don't you know? And they're in their graves—papa told me—same's we have to be; only they bloom into butterflies, and we into 'deemed souls! Oh, wish they were on mine!" breathlessly. "Maybe they'd bloom Easter morning with the lily."

"They won't do any harm, Dell," said her father.

With a scowl Dell turned away; and the chrysalids were safe.

Bright dawned Easter, and the lilies, not quite open on Easter even, saluted Dell and Mollie with fragrance and perfect whiteness at half-past five—before the early service.

Mollie said "Oh!" delightedly. Then as a little cloud of white floated in the air, she said "Oh!" in a hushed voice, for from Dell's lily came three white black-veined butterflies, and settled on her own. Dell hadn't wanted them, but now she did not want Mollie to have them, either. In a flash of anger she struck at the white beauties, and missed them. But there was a crash, and her own lily lay broken at her feet, while a sharp pain in her chest made it hard to breathe.

Nurse Jean said she'd strained her chest, and bathed it in liniment. And the rector looked very sorrowful for Easter.

In a moment it seemed to Dell all the badness and sins of the past six weeks passed before her.

"Oh, oh!" she moaned. Nurse, thinking the pain worse, took up the liniment bottle. Dell motioned her away.

"I want Mollie," she said.

Mollie came, but impatient to start for the church with her offering.

"Stick the two good ones in the cross," Dell whispered, and smiled.

Mollie always understood; and taking her own pot of lilies, and with Dell's two branches in her arms, and her apron tied up to make a basket for her other flowers, she trudged along towards the church, her pet lamb following, as though he expected a nibble from the great load his mistress was carrying.

The rector was settling his stole, when a hand tugged at his vestments. Mollie, with the broken lily stalks in her arm, stood beside him; the butterflies, following the flowers, fluttered over her.

"Fore I gave 'em to Miss Julia to fix, I thought I'd come tell you," she said, showing Dell's lilies. "Dell's Easter joy's 'rected, papa. Guess the little souls know 'bout Jesus—they've come too!"—*Selected.*