

TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid;
For people whisper with lip a-curl,
As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!"
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.
Let me tell you the secret without delay
Of growing beautiful day by day.
Tis a secret old as the world is old,
But worth in itself a mine of gold:
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,
For inward sweetness makes outward
grace.

There is the secret, simple and true;
Now prove what its wisdom can do for
you.
Fill up your heart with thoughts most
sweet,
Bidding all others at once retreat,
And these sweet thoughts will grow like
seeds,
And bloom into beautiful words and
deeds,
And soon, very soon, they will leave their
trace
Of loveliness on your ugly face;
The lines will be softer on cheek and
brow,
Bright smiles will shine where tears are
now;
Your eyes will sparkle, and some blest
power
Will make you lovelier every hour.

Just try it, my dear; begin to-day
To do kind things in the kindest way—
To kindly think and to kindly speak,
To be sweet-tempered, gentle and meek,
Then never again shall you need be afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid.
Opinions will change, with a pleasant
whirl,
And all will think, "What a charming
girl!"

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.

"It's rotten clear through, it won't bear
us," said Joe, surveying, with an unbeliev-
ing look, the mossy tree that had fallen
across the brook at some unknown date.

"Why, of course it will," insisted Tom.
"It's a regular old giant. I'll risk myself
on it, any-how."

Neither of the boys could swim, and
they were in the middle of a dark wood
in company with the old farmer with
whom they lodged. They had come trout-
ing, but the farmer was revolving in his
mind some doctrinal thoughts called
by a late neighbourly discussion.

"There is a good bridge above here,"
said Joe.

"O nonsense," cried Tom; "come on!"

Joe looked at the farmer. "Going over
by that tree, sir, or round by the bridge?"

"Well," said the farmer, "they say it
does not make any difference what you
believe, if you are only sincere about it.
Tom thinks the tree is safe, and you don't.
There's the difference. We are not all
constituted alike. We must have different
beliefs for different people. If each one is
only honest and sincere in his belief, it
don't make any difference."

The boys looked at him as though they
thought he was crazy.

"Constituted?" echoed Joe; "what has
constitution got to do with it? Tom
might believe that tree was a carriage-
road, and it would not make it so. If it
isn't safe, Tom's thinking it is won't make
it so; will it, Mr. Bright?"

A twinkle came into Mr. Bright's eye.
"Certainly, certainly, Joe. If he is only
honest and sincere, that is all that is ne-
cessary. God is too good to let Tom suffer
any harm, anyway."

"Well Mr. Bright," said Tom, "I don't
know what you mean; but if I didn't be-
lieve that tree was safe to cross on I would
not do it, of course. I am willing to take
my chances."

"All right," said Mr. Bright. "If you go
over safely, Joe and I will follow?"

Tom turned towards the brook, and far-
mer Bright, throwing off his coat, said in
a quick undertone to Joe, "Keep still.
You can't swim, but I can."

Tom sprung quickly on the tree, and
with such force that he hardly knew his
first step had snapped the bark which
wrapped the fallen monarch. Fair and
perfect in strength as it looked to Tom, it
was held in shape only by its bark; and
his second step was a headlong plunge
through the crumbling mass into the brook.

Mr. Bright was not long in helping him,
dripping, ashore.

"Much obliged to you for trying the
bridge for me, Tom," said Joe mischiev-
ously. "I'll take a ducking for you some
day."

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Bright, "I sup-
pose you would like some dry clothes, but
Joe is out for a good time, and we don't
want to spoil it. Let's just believe our
clothes are dry, and it will be all the same."

"O Mr. Bright," said Tom with a shivery
laugh, "I honestly believed that tree
would hold! Why didn't you tell me it
wouldn't? I am wet to the skin, and I am
going home."

"Never mind me, Mr. Bright," said Joe.
"You and Tom have scared the trout off
for one day. Its no use fishing now."

"Well boys," said Mr. Bright, "always
remember that sincerity does not save a
man, he may be honest and yet be in the
wrong. Be very careful to find out
whether what you believe is right or not,
and stand by the right."

Then they took the shortest cut home,
crossing the brook by the bridge.

HOW BERTIE DECIDED.

BERTIE had spent the day picnicking in
the woods, and a very delightful day it
had been. To a boy who lived all the rest
of the year in the city, what could be bet-
ter than a whole month's holiday with his
aunts in the country? And to wander
about all the long sunshiny morning,
hunting ferns and mosses and picking
flowers along the lanes all the way home
—this was the very best of all. Just so
to-day had been passed and now with a
great bunch of daisies in his hands, Bertie
walked back with his Aunt Sophie, a tired
but very happy small boy.

"Bertie," said his aunt, "I will tell you
what I think would be a beautiful idea.
Suppose you were to give some of your
flowers to Miss Kittie, like a nice little
gentleman; I know she would be pleased."

Bertie's face clouded. "I don't have to,
do I?" he asked with a pout.

"No. They are yours, you must do as
you think right. Miss Kittie would be
sorry to take what you did not want to
give her."

Bertie hesitated a while, then separated
a small bunch of buds and rather droop-
ing daisies from the others and said, "I
guess those are enough to please her, aren't
they?"

"Do you think they are? Miss Kittie
has been lying in bed all this lovely day.
You have had a fine time to-day, haven't
you? And I am afraid that Miss Kittie
has had a rather dull and lonesome one,
shut up at home by herself. But still you
must decide for yourself."

Neither Bertie nor his aunt spoke for
some time as they walked on together.
At last Bertie asked "Aunt Sophie, do
you suppose God likes a boy to be a nice
little gentleman?"

"I am sure he does."

Still another pause, but finally Bertie
said, "Aunt Sophie, I've 'cided."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why I am going to give them all to
Miss Kittie. I guess that's being 'bout the
nicest gentleman I can be."