

this was the secret of her happiness. She was such a bright, cheery little woman; so full of fun and life that she carried sunshine wherever she went, and every one loved her. Here she was in the kitchen, helping the children to make candy. No wonder the children loved to have her there, for she did not make them feel as if it was too much trouble to help them.

If "doing something for somebody" was the secret of her cheery disposition, why are there not more such people in the world?

There are people on every side who need to be helped, and whoever you may be who reads this, try to make the world brighter by "doing something for somebody."

### THE SUNSHINE OVERHEAD.

Little Alice lay curled up in a heap under the peach tree in the orchard, with her head buried in her sleeve.

"What are the clouds in my little girl's sky to-day?" asked Aunt Sue, coming up behind her, and stroking her curly head.

"I know I am very foolish, Aunt Sue," sobbed Alice; "but I never saw any peaches growing in my life before I came here, and I've been watching them all summer. There were only six on the tree, and grandpa said I might have half of them when they were ripe. I thought it would be such fun to pick them all myself; and I was going to have a dolls' tea-party this afternoon, and had asked some of the girls to come."

"Well, and what is there in all this to cry about?"

"Why, grandpa forgot he promised me half, and has gone and given them all to Cousin Maude. I met her just as I was coming in, and she had a big basket full, and was eating one of the peaches; and I heard her tell some one she got them in grandpa's orchard. I was so disappointed I just had to sit right down and cry. I wouldn't care so much, only Cousin Maude gets *all* the good things.

"Well, and what is Alice going to do about it—sit here and cry under her little cloud, or look up and see if she can't see some sunshine somewhere? How would some big rosy apples do for the tea-party?"

"They would be nice—wouldn't they?" and Alice dried her eyes. "And I could have lots of them."

"And what do you think Maude's little sick sister will say when she sees the basket of peaches?"

"O, she'll be delighted! I'm glad to have Louise have some, she has so little to make her happy. I didn't think of that?"

"Now the sun is beginning to come out. Did you know, my dear, that young people often hide their faces in the shadows and think 'tis raining, when there's plenty of sunshine overhead? Just look up, and see."

Alice raised her eyes involuntarily, and there, just over her head, hung three great glorious peaches.

"Why, Aunt Sue!" she cried. "How did they get there?"

"They have been there all the time, my dear, only you wouldn't look up to see them. Grandpa told Maude to leave half of them for you, and her basket was filled with apples, not peaches. I didn't tell you before, because I wanted you to learn a little lesson. You will remember it some time, when everything seems to be dark—that there may be some golden blessings hanging like the three peaches just over your head. But you never will see them until you look up into the sunshine."

### THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, his industrious habits and faithful deeds won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man; and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a brier," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes—

One step and then another,

until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitfield.

### GIRLS THAT ARE LOVABLE.

Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided; girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girl-ish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority makes life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are.