

HOW BESSY HID A NAUGHTY GIRL.



NOBODY loves me," said Bessie with a great frown on her brow. "Mother's been cross to me, and Will won't play with me, and Lulu is mad at me, and my cat is gone up a tree and won't come down. I guess I'm the most miserable girl in the world. Oh, dear!"

Then the big tears rolled down one after another. But Mother Bart had heard this very miserable little girl's speech, and she came and sat down in her rocking-chair by the window.

"Come here, Bessie," she said and Bessie came gladly and climbed on her lap. "Now you have been very unhappy this morning, and I wonder why? You think about it while I tell you of something that I know happened.

"One morning a girl came down to her breakfast with a frown on her forehead. She had got up late, and her hair was not neatly combed, so her mother had to say, "Jenny—this girl's name was Jennie, you know—Jennie you must brush your hair before you come to the table," and Jennie obeyed with a scowl.

Then, when she came to the table, she said, "Oh, dear, is there that old oatmeal for breakfast. I don't like oatmeal." And her mother had to remind her that she did not allow complaining at the table.

"Then, when her brother asked her to come and play croquet, she said, "No; I want to play house," and her brother wouldn't play with her because she was so disagreeable. When her friend came to see her, she would not let her play with her doll nor look at a picture-book, so the friend went home quite angry.

"Then she was so cruel as to slap her pet kitten for tangling her sewing. And you know it wasn't the kitten's fault at all. Jennie's sewing ought not to have been on the floor, and it is quite natural for kitty to want to play with everything she sees. Then this bad little girl sat down and pouted, and said that no one loved her. What do you think of her, my dear?"

"I think she's something like a girl I know," said Bessie, in a very shamed voice.

"It is too bad to spoil a morning so," said mother. "Now it is just noon, and what do you think you had better do with this cross girl."

"I think, said Bessie, "that she had better eat her lunch all alone in the kitchen, and then I guess I will go and hide her in the dark closet."

"I do hope you will succeed," said mother, "I would like to have a nice girl about this afternoon."

So Bessie ate her lunch quite alone. It was rather disagreeable, but mother put an extra amount of jam on her bread, and sugar on her berries, and gave her a smile that sweetened it more than all else. Then, after lunch, she went in the closet and pulled the door shut and really stayed twelve minutes and a half. When she came out her face was beaming with smiles.

"Is that naughty girl quite hidden," asked mother, with a kiss.

"Yes," said Bessie, "away down deep in the rag-bag, and when the man comes you can sell her, I guess. Now I'm going to play croquet with Will as soon as I give kitty a saucer of milk, and I think I will go over and ask Lulu to come and play with us, and she may dress my doll if she wants to."

"Oh, I think you found a kind little girl in the closet," said mother, "after you hid the bad one."—*Christian Standard.*

 AN ACORN FOR A TEXT.

"Here is my text," said the speaker, as he held up an acorn with its carved cup and smooth ball.

The children laughed.

"Listen," said he, putting the acorn to his ear. "It says to me," he whispered, "By and by, when I'm a tree, birds will come and nest in me; I will furnish shade for cattle; I will make a pleasant fire for the home; I will be a roof and shelter from the storm."

"Now, children," taking the acorn away from his ear, "I look into your faces, and what do I hear? By and by I will be a blessing to many. I will speak the words of Christ's salvation to the lost; I will shine in beauty among Christ's redeemed ones.

"Do your little lives whisper that promise? Yes, if you let Christ work in and by you, as God works in and through the willing little acorn."—*Sunbeam.*

