

with a rising inflection of her voice, 'Isn't she a dear?' And now she was going to school with a woe-begone face to tell the same girls of her disappointment and that she could not understand why Miss Delinda should have gone and got a felon on her thimble-finger just when she needed that new dress so much.

As soon as school was out Chloe went to see Miss Delinda about her dress.

'O, I'm so sorry, so sorry, that I can't finish that dress for you, as I promised, Chloe Bradley,' Miss Delinda said, with the tears running down her cheeks. 'It will be an awful disappointment to you, I know. If it was only some other finger I'd try to bear the pain and get it done for you.'

'Of course I shall have to give up going, that is all there is of it,' replied the young girl in an aggrieved tone of voice, and I shall never, never get the chance again in my life; could not Mary Sturgis finish the dress off?'

'O no, she has only been here learning the trade three or four months; she couldn't hang a skirt fit to be seen, and she would get the trimming crooked and the whole thing would be spoiled. Maybe my finger will get well in a week or two and I can finish it.'

'That will be too late, my friends will have gone then. I may as well make up my mind that I can't go,' and with a very unpleasant look and manner Chloe went out of the house.

'O, if she only knew the terrible pain I am suffering she would not talk so,' said Miss Delinda to her neighbor who had come in to care for her. 'But she is young, and so anxious to go to the seashore that I s'pose I ought not to blame her.'

'That girl doesn't seem to have any feeling at all,' the neighbor said as she put a fresh poultice on Miss Delinda's swollen aching finger. 'Girls are not what they used to be in my day. We thought something about other folks, but the girls of this age are all for themselves and having a good time. Chloe isn't much like her grandmother. She is one of the salt of the earth.'

The letter to the friends who had proposed Chloe's joining them in their outing had to be written that night. In it Chloe told the exact truth that she could not go without a new dress and the one dressmaker in the village had a felon on her thimble-finger and could not finish it, so with great regret the outing, so far as she was concerned, would have to be given up, and all for the want of a new dress.

After she had written the letter and read it to her grandmother, she burst into tears. 'It was just horrid; such a turn of events. Miss Delinda had a felon just because she wanted to go so very much. If it had been anyone else who was to have the outing it would not have happened.'

'Chloe, dear,' said her grandmother, 'did you ever read the sweet poem about our disappointments oftentimes being God's appointments for us? I have noticed many times in my life that the things that did not go my way after I had set my heart on them, often turned out to be not the best way for me and I saw that my father in heaven knew better what to withhold from me and what to give me.' But Chloe cried herself to sleep.

This all happened in the long bright June days when the daylight comes early,

and at break of the next morning Chloe's grandmother came to her bedside.

'I have to go to Miss Delinda's immediately,' she said to Chloe. 'Mr. Barton has come for me. Miss Delinda is delirious and is talking all the time about your dress. She is most burned up with a fever, and Dr. Gamwell has sent to town for another doctor. He says it is more than a felon that ails Miss Delinda.'

'O, I'm so dreadfully sorry I acted so and talked so to her, grandma. Do you think Miss Delinda will die. I want to go right over and ask her to forgive me.'

Chloe got up and dressed herself and went with her grandmother. 'I hope I can make the poor thing understand that I want her to forgive me.'

When Chloe went to Miss Delinda's bedside and the suffering dressmaker cried out, 'Have you come for your dress? It isn't done. It isn't done. I can't get it done for you to go away with and I'm so sorry. I could not help it, Chloe, I could not help it.'

'I don't want the dress, dear Miss Delinda. Don't worry about it, please. I'm not going to the seashore. I don't want to go and leave you, I'm going to stay home this vacation and help take care of you,' and Chloe put her cool hand on Miss Delinda's hot forehead.

'You called me "dear," didn't you?' asked Miss Delinda. 'Nobody has called me "dear" since my mother died years and years ago.'

'I was very thoughtless and unkind, and I hope you will forgive me.'

'O, I couldn't blame you, Chloe,' spoke Miss Delinda. 'You see I've worked at dressmaking over twenty-five years. I always made a point to do as I agreed. I know folks want their dresses when they're promised, and I don't blame them for being upset when they don't get them, but things come sometimes to hinder that you can't help.'

The doctor found his patient's temperature some degrees less when he came again and felt encouraged.

When Chloe went to school that morning she told the girls how sorry she was that she had talked so unkindly about poor Miss Delinda and made such a fuss about not getting the new dress. It was of so little consideration in view of the suffering of the faithful dressmaker.

All the weeks that followed the close of the school were weeks of suffering to Miss Delinda. The trouble with her finger proved of such a serious nature that it had to be amputated. The thimble-finger that had done such good service had done its work forever. Through all this trying ordeal Chloe was, as Miss Delinda said, 'a veritable angel of mercy' to her.

'Grandma,' said Chloe one evening, 'I believe what you said some weeks ago, that our disappointments are often God's appointments for us. If I had gone away as I wished and planned I should not have learned the beautiful lesson of putting aside self to think and do for others. I am sure this sweet lesson will help me all through life and make me a blessing to those with whom I come in contact.'

It is not easy for us to give up our daily life work for years, but when the new dressmaker came to take Miss Delinda's place, and finish off the unfinished work, the one who handed it over thought,

'This giving up would be so much harder to bear, if it was not for dear, good Chloe Bradley.'

My Dead.

(Frederick Lucian Hosmer.)

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

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