

## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Nanny has a hopeful way—  
Bright and busy Nanny,  
When I cracked the cup to-day,  
She cried out in her hopeful way,  
"It's only cracked—don't fret I pray."  
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,  
So good and sweet and canny.  
When I broke the cup to-day,  
She answered in her hopeful way,  
"Well, 'twas cracked, I'm glad to say."  
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way—  
Quite right, little Nanny,  
Cups will crack and break away,  
Fretting doesn't mend or pay.  
Do the best you can, I say,  
Busy, loving Nanny.



BITTER TEARS.

## BITTER TEARS.

The troubles of life begin early, almost sooner than the pleasures. The little man in our cut seems quite overwhelmed with one. He is on his way home from school and is taking his father's dinner to the hay field where he has been working and is now looking out for his son. Probably he is crying because something went wrong at school and his father may be displeased with him. It seems a pity to be unhappy on such a lovely day. The sun is shining brightly and the sweet scent of the fresh mown hay must be delicious. No doubt, when the father comes upon the scene the tears will be dried and all will be bright and happy again; anyhow, we will all hope so.

No man ever lost anything by attending to his own business, and few folks have ever made much by meddling with other people's business.

## HOW WILL FOUND THE TURKEY'S NEST.

In spite of the cold wind that came blowing in from the snow-covered Western plains, Will and Josephina wanted to go down and play at Mr. Blair's with Al and Rosa in the carpenter's shop behind his house. And no wonder, for of all play-places that lads and lassies can find, a carpenter's shop, with its clean wooden blocks, its sweet-smelling sawdust and its long curled shavings, is the nicest.

On the way down Mr. Wind had the impudence to jerk Josephina's little black felt hat from off her head and run off with it. Will spied it under the steps of an old stone cottage that nobody lived in, and ran his arm under to pull it out, when lo and behold, from the other side out rushed an old turkey-cock, cackling and fussing, "almost saying bad words," as Jo said.

We'll have turkey eggs for supper, and surprise mamma!" But when Will got home his big sister Janet pounced on him: "Mamma has gone out, Billy boy," she said, "and she left me word to make you get your Sunday-school lesson for tomorrow before you go out."

Will sat down rather crossly to study his lesson; and what do you think the Golden Text was? Why, that long one in Philippians about "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just," and the rest of the whatsovers. It was a long verse, and Will had time to think over it a good deal before he could say it perfectly. The upshot of it was that Will and Jo didn't have turkey eggs for supper, and the only person surprised was Mr. Clouser, who lived next door to the stone cottage, when Will told him where his turkey had made her nest.

## KIND WORDS.

A very touching incident came to my knowledge a few days ago, and to show the power a good man or woman may have over those with whom they come in contact, even with the little children, I will relate it here:

An old minister, over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before.

"Good-morning, my little child," he said, "what is your name?"

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said:

"O, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you; I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother, who is now in heaven."

The child ran home, and, entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed:

"O auntie, dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and he stopped me on the street to tell me!"

The long silvery hair of the aged messenger of God, and the saintly face, with those kindly spoken words, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.

## KITTY AND POLLY.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

When Kitty had driven "pug" from the chairs,  
And draped the curtains with dainty airs,  
Her work she admired, but said she was tired  
Of having so many household cares.

Polly had washed the dishes all,  
Had dusted the furniture, cleaned the hall,  
And baked the bread. She was glad, she said,  
She could do a little, although she was small.

"You old goose!" cried Will, "if you had just stayed quietly in your dark hole I would never have known you were there."

Will poked his head under the steps and found eight eggs. "Oh, ho, Mrs. Turkey!" he said, "you are in too big a hurry to set up housekeeping; don't you know that your eggs will freeze out here if you don't look out?"

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said Mrs. Turkey, which meant, "I wish you would mind your own business."

"Whose eggs are they, Will?" asked the little sister.

"Whose? Why, mine," answered Will, quickly: "I found 'em, and they are under nobody's steps."

"But the turkey is somebody's," said Josephina.

"Well, goosie, I ain't going to touch the turkey," snapped Will; "you go on to Mr. Blair's, and I'll go back for a basket.