

Dorrie's Waiting Time.

(Julia H. Johnson in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Dorrie Blake had the measles. This was uncomfortable enough, to begin with, but when you hear that this trouble did not come alone, but brought a disappointment with it, you will be sorry for the little girl, I am sure.

'In just one more week it will be vacation, and I was to go to grandma's then, where Cousin Edith is now,' Dorrie explained to the kind doctor, who had found her much cast down, and had said that it wasn't the hardest thing in the world to have the measles, when one had such a good place in which to be sick.

'You shall go in good time,' said the doctor. 'It will be after vacation, but school books may wait, for you must grow quite strong before you begin to study again. The waiting-time will soon pass, little girl.'

Yet it seemed very long to Dorrie, and when grandma wrote that she must not come till she was certain not to bring the measles to Cousin Edith, who was not strong enough to bear any illness just now, it seemed harder still. Then, when little brother Ned came down with the disease, or rather, came out, for the big red spots popped out all over, Dorrie thought she could not bear the long waiting for the good time coming.

'I wouldn't give Edith the measles, mamma,' she said, 'no, not a single one. Why can't I go to grandma's now?'

'If you could have gone before Ned was broken out, it might have been well enough, but you must wait a little longer now.'

'But I wouldn't take any of Ned's measles, mamma. Oh, dear! It seems like years and years to wait.'

'Do you remember, little daughter, how we waited in the big department store one day before you were taken sick?'

'Oh, yes, mamma, while my little own umbrella was covered. It seemed a pretty long time too.'

'Yes, but while we were waiting, and thought we had not much to do somebody was doing something for us, and the next time it rained you were glad of your little own umbrella to take to school. Then, dear, you surely remember the little lost child that came into the room where we were.'

'Yes, mamma, the poor little girl that had lost her mamma. I don't know what she would have done if you hadn't been there. How glad she was when you found her mamma for her.'

'You see, Dorrie, that while we were waiting, there was something for us to do for others, as well as something to have done for ourselves, and the waiting-time wasn't lost. It did not seem long to you, I know, while we were hunting for the mother, watching the gladness of that mother and child when they met again.'

'I guess not, mamma. I most felt as if I had been lost and found, too, I was so glad.'

'Well, Dorrie, let us see what can be done to make this waiting-time easier for you and better for others. Remember that while you are waiting, the good time at grandma's is getting ready for you, so the time is not wasted. Then, suppose you see what you can do for others while you wait for your own good time.'

'But I'll give them the measles, if I try to do things for other bodies,' said Dorrie, dolefully.

'There are different ways of doing things, and we'll find a safe way. What would you think of writing some little letters to your friends who are sick too? Ada, Madge, and Florence have the measles, you know, and are not yet well enough to do much. You might make three homes a little brighter by cheery letters.'

Dorrie was delighted with this plan. She could write very well for so small a girl, but not very fast, so the letters, on the dear little sheets, took almost a day to get ready for their pretty envelopes.

When to-morrow came, mamma said: 'Suppose you make some books out of your Sunday-school papers by tying together a number of them with ribbons. I know some children who have no such things who would enjoy such books.'

This, too, was a capital plan, and kept Dorrie happily busy another day. On the evening of that day came three answers to her letters, written by the little girls' mammas, telling how happy Dorrie had made them by writing, and this made the small writer happier still.

'There's a good time coming, mamma,' she cried, 'but this is a good time, too.'

Helping cook in the kitchen, saving her steps by running for her to pantry and store-room, and doing various small errands, made the time pass for another day or two.

When little brother was well enough to be amused by his sister, allowing mamma to do something else, there was plenty for Dorrie to do, you may depend. She did it so busily that she forgot about looking at the clock and wishing that the time would pass.

And so the waiting-time went by, as it was certain to do, but it went happily, because it was not wasted in wishing, but spent in doing. Thus Dorrie learned the wise and helpful lesson that to work for others while waiting for one's own good time, is the very best way to spend the days.

Christmas Thoughts.

(Rev. A. M. Hubley in Presbyterian Banner.)

The inn-keeper stood on his threshold,
The night-shades were gathering low,
When Joseph and Mary approached him,
Their footsteps were weary and slow.

For food and for shelter they pleaded,
The inn-keeper heard their requests;
But his heart was filled with his business,
For his inn was crowded with guests.

'No room in the inn,' he made answer,
'No, no room in the inn to-day,
You must seek from some other quarter
Food and shelter for which you pray.'

The inn-keeper felt some compassion,
Yet with scorn he turned away,
His thoughts were a tumult within him,
His business would brook no delay.

There are merchants, and priests, and princes,
These take my resources to-day;
My servants are all now too busy,
With guests that are able to pay.

These poor, toiling Nazarene peasants,
They require but humble fare;
No doubt there is near by a stable,
The cattle its shelter will share.

God will provide them a resting-place,
And though it may be with the kine,
Their lowly abode will be honored
With guests of a lordlier line.

The stable will echo with music,
Heavenly strains, such as angels sing,
And wise men, led by the star of peace,
Will gladly serve Jesus our King.