

'and I were spoiling Georgie. You see, we didn't mean to; but I had got into the habit of giving him everything, and then he got into the habit of—of—'

'Expecting everything,' put in her grandma, with a little smile.

'Ye-es,' said Nellie slowly; 'and I am afraid that is why mother wished me to come on this visit. She said she never used to let me cry for things, nor get them, either if I did, and she wants Georgie to be the same—'

'You may be sure she is wise,' whispered her grandmother.

'Ye-es,' again assented the little girl, 'I know that, of course; only I wish there had been some other way—'

'Well, dearie,' said her grandmother, in a more cheery tone, 'let us believe that it is the very best thing for everybody. You will go back, stronger and brighter; Georgie will have learned to do for a little while without his darling slave; and mother is a little better, and will be able to have baby more with her, so that everybody will have a change! I've often seen, Nellie, that there is a silver lining to many of God's blackest clouds!'

So the little girl rose up comforted, and sat down and wrote the letter to her mother which had been impossible before.—'Our Darlings.'

Mopsy's Good Time.

By Ernest Gilmore.

The face of Mopsy was very long; you would hardly believe she could smile, looking at the doleful blue grey eyes which she wrathfully raised to Dolly's face.

'I think it was awful mean of Tom to take mamma off to drive while I was asleep. Why didn't they call me? I guess I need a good time as well as mamma and Tom,' Mopsy complained.

'They thought it would be better to let you have your nap out, seein' you ain't got your strength yet,' answered Dolly, 'But I agree with you about yer needin' a good time as well as the others. You won't get it that way, though—no use hopin'.'

'Won't get it what way?'

'By mopin' and complainin', and callin' folks awful mean. Supposin' fer a change you think less about your havin' a good time and more about somebody else havin' a good

time. Then, in the end, you'll be sure of havin' a rare good time.'

'What do you mean, Dolly?'

'Supposin' you try to do somebody some good.'

'I do somebody some good! Who, Dolly? What good?'

'Well, you might begin by helpin' me,' laughed Dolly; 'I've an awful pile of work to wade through to-day.'

'I'll help you,' Mopsy said, the frowns all gone from her face. 'What shall I do first?'

'Stone that cup of raisins, and then chop 'em fine with that cup o' blanch'd almonds.'

Mopsy stoned and chopped faithfully until the job was done, and then she asked, 'What next?'

'Stir that white of egg stiff with sugar, please.'

'What is it for—candy?'

'Yes, candy for Thanksgiving. I made two platters-full yesterday, but your mamma wants more.'

The outer door opened and closed, letting in a sad-faced woman.

'I can't come to help you to-morrow,' she said regretfully to Dolly; 'the baby's that restless I can't hardly put him out of my arms, and Nathan seems weaker than he was yesterday.'

'I'm sorry you can't help us—sorry for you that you have got such a load to carry,' Dolly said, kindly. 'Wait a bit, while I run to my room for the two little dresses I made for the baby.'

'Bless you, Dolly,' the woman said, as she received the gift; 'I don't know what the baby would do without you.'

'What kind of dresses were they?' Mopsy asked, as soon as the burdened mother had gone.

'Nothin' very nice; they were made out of the best parts of my old blue gingham dress; they were stout, though, an' will do for the poor little babies.'

'How good of you to think of making things for them when you have to work so hard,' Mopsy said, appreciatively.

'Not very good,' Dolly answered, as she sewed up a fat chicken; 'I've got to do the best I can under the circumstances, or my Master will be grieved. I shouldn't want to grieve the Saviour who died for us—should you?'

'I don't know. I guess not. I've never thought about it,' Mopsy stammered, tears in her eyes. 'I don't believe though, that I've ever

done anything for him. I'd like to, now—oh, Dolly!'

'So you shall, dear, so you shall; it's a good time to begin, too. You'll have a happier Thanksgivin'. You needn't give Mrs. Drake's baby anything, but she has a dear little girl who can't walk a step. You might remember her.'

'Oh, Dolly! not walk a step?'

'No, dear, not a step, nor ever will. Supposin' you make her a plate of candy; I'll show you how.'

Mopsy became so interested in the candy-making that she forgot all about her mother and Tom out driving. When they returned she displayed the fruit of her labor to their admiring eyes.

'English walnuts! Cocanuts Almonds! All for me; how good of you!' laughed Tom.

Mopsy explained who they were for, and her mother looked surprised, then suddenly bent her head and kissed her.

'I am glad you have remembered Him, my child,' she whispered. 'I must rub up my memory, too.'

Were there tears in her mother's eyes? Mopsy thought so.

'I never had such a good time in all my life before,' said the child, the next day after her return from her loving errand. 'The little sick girl cried for joy; she kissed my hands, which were wet with her tears. And, oh, mamma, my wrapper just fitted her and she looked so sweet! When the poor woman unpacked the basket, and found the chicken, and celery, and biscuits, and jelly, she said, "Bless those dear feet that are walking in the Way," and the sick man—Nathan the woman called him—said "I was sick, and ye visited me." They'll get their reward, mother, from Him!—' Good Words.'

Don't.

Don't complain about the weather,
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather,
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain about the sermon,
And show your lack of wit,
For, like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain about your neighbor,
For in your neighbor's view,
His neighbor is not faultless,
That neighbor being you!
—Waif.