

unhappy state of mind to be in, and should not be encouraged by old or young. Let me tell you how she overcame one very severe attack.

One pleasant summer morning her mother said:

"I must go to the village to-day, and as it is going to be very warm, I must start early and leave my work until I get back."

"Oh let me go! Mayn't I go too?" exclaimed Ella and Etta to the same breath.

"No, I cannot take you both," said their mother. "If any one goes it must be Etta, for I want Ella to wash the dishes and be my nice little housekeeper."

Ella began to cry and scold, but did not succeed in changing her mother's mind. As her mother got into the carriage she said:

"I am going to buy you something to-day, Ella; now be a good girl, and obey me if you wish to please me."

"I think it is real mean!" whined Ella. "I wish I was forty miles from this old place;" and then she turned and ran to one of her old retreats to enjoy a "fit of the blues." She thought that her parents were unkind, her home unpleasant, and that she had nothing to be thankful for. She even felt vexed with the little birds, because they were singing so sweetly; but as they were happy and did not stop their warbling, she was obliged to listen, until her better nature triumphed and she thought: "I ought to be ashamed of myself for acting so when everything around me is so happy and gay. I guess I will get the work all done up nice, and show them what a little girl *can do*." Away she ran to the house, and soon commenced a lively rattling among the breakfast dishes, while she sang:

"These are the farmer's girls;
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Making the beds up stairs,
Tra la la la la la,
These are the farmer's girls."

It was a long hard job to sweep, dust, and put things to rights, but she persevered and had just finished when one of her little schoolmates came running in saying:

"Oh, I am so glad you are at home. I am going to stay all the afternoon."

They had a merry time, and when the mother and sister came home, two happy faces greeted them at the door. When Ella saw the approving smile of her mother and the nice things she had brought her, she was very happy, and thought she would never murmur again—no never! But she did!—*The Little Christian*.