

The Inglenook.

Grandmother's Turn.

ZELIA M. WALTERS

"It's my turn to have a party now," said Alice, "but I do not care the least bit about it. I haven't any new ideas, and it's such a bother and no satisfaction to get up just a common party."

"You lazy girl," cried Clare, "I wish it were my turn. I have some splendid ideas."

Mrs. Egbert, with her family of four lively girls and two livelier boys, had to limit the number of parties, and allowed each to give one in turn, with a fixed interval between.

"Girls," said Hilda, suddenly, "let's let grandma have her turn this time." Hilda was the thoughtful one of the family.

"Why, do you think grandma would care for a party?" said Alice.

"I believe she would if we managed it right, and didn't give her a lot of worry and trouble," said Hilda. "Grandma is getting very old, and sometimes she looks tired and homesick. Perhaps we won't have a chance to do things for her much longer."

The girls all looked serious by this time, and Alice exclaimed: "Why, of course, grandma shall have a party, if you think she would care for it. I'm sure I shall be very glad to do all I can, and she is quite welcome to my turn!"

After some consultation with their mother, the girls decided that the party should be a small one, and invitations were sent to six of grandma's old friends. The china and silver that had been great-grandfather's gift to grandma when she was a bride, were unpacked and got ready for service. There was an old, yellow note-book filled with recipes copied in grandma's neat handwriting before the day when printed cook-books were common. With great diplomacy, Hilda borrowed the treasure-book of grandma, and the girls practiced on some of the recipes before the day set for the party.

They were not going to serve a fashionable luncheon, but an old-fashioned tea such as grandma used to serve to her guests. Hot buttermilk biscuits, cold roast chicken, sliced ham, pound cake and drop cakes, and, of course, preserves and plenty of tea.

The work was divided. Hilda undertook to learn to make tea to grandma's taste. Alice was to practice until she attained perfection in the making of biscuits. Clare knew she could roast the chicken properly, but to poor Maud fell the hardest task. She was to make the cakes, and the pound cake, at least, was too expensive to practice on.

It was to be a surprise to grandma. It really was not necessary for her to make any preparations. Her room was always in company order, and grandma herself always looked like an old-fashioned picture. So, there was no suggestion to make, and grandma sat placidly knitting on the afternoon of her party.

When the first visitor came, Maud took her to grandma's room. Grandma was in a flutter of pleased excitement, for her friends did not come often. When the second old lady arrived, grandma was plainly very much surprised.

"How fortunate that you happened to come to day, Mrs. Lane," she said. "There are three of us now, quite a little party."

But when two more guests were ushered in, grandma looked about so helplessly that

Maud felt it was time for explanations.

"We thought it was your turn to have a party grandma," she said, "so we planned one for you to day." Then she hurried from the room.

The old ladies were left to enjoy the afternoon in their own way. Mrs. Egbert went in to add her cordial welcome to grandma's, guests but she remained only a few minutes.

"It's just too lovely to see them," Hilda reported. "They are sitting there so cozy and comfortable. Some of them brought their knitting along, and they are telling funny stories and laughing just as we girls do. I would like to have stayed, if we had not agreed to relieve them of our presence."

When it was time to serve the five o'clock tea, the girls surveyed the results of their labor with justifiable pride. And grandma and her guests declared that it was just like old times.

"I congratulate you, young ladies," said stately old Madam St. Clair. "If this is a sample of your skill, you will be as notable housewives as your grandmother was."

And grandma beamed her delight at this. In the evening, when the company was all gone, Mrs. Egbert came downstairs and told the girls that grandma wanted to see them before she went to bed. They found her sitting before the fire with a happy smile on her face.

"I want to tell you how happy you made me this afternoon," she said. "The party was delightful, just what I would have wished, and all the arrangements were perfect. But that was not the best part. I know now that my girls think of grandma, for they took the time to plan and work for me. It has done my heart good, and I think we shall understand each other better after this."

They sat down and talked with grandma for a half hour, and then went downstairs.

"I'm very much ashamed that we never thought of it before," said Hilda.

"And to think that she cared for our company all the time," said Maud; "I thought we would only annoy her if we went to her room very often."

"Well, at any rate, we won't be so stupid again said Clare.

And the others echoed, "No, indeed."—Christian Standard.

Dorothy's Missionary Offering.

BY REV. GEORGE SANDERSON.

They had been given to Dorothy by her Uncle Reuben when they were tiny little fellows, and she had named them Lion and Lamb, because, as she explained, each of the twins so much resembled, in its nature and acts, the animal for which it was named. Lion would bark fiercely and make a dreadful time if a stranger came nigh him. While Lamb, on the contrary, was friendly and would wag his little tail and lick your hand in the most neighborly sort of a way. Then, too didn't Lion and Lamb always lie down together, and didn't a little child lead them? So, of course they were appropriately named. Dorothy had come to love her little pets, and her attachment was so great that to give them up would amount to an act of real sacrifice on her part.

But the minister had said in his sermon

that the Missionary Board needed money, and that if the people had the true missionary spirit they would make real sacrifices to supply the need.

Now Dorothy had the true missionary spirit, but no money, and therefore was unable to give.

What could she do? She thought over the matter as she sat on the veranda after Sunday-school. Just then Lion and Lamb came running up the steps.

Both doggies were delighted to see their young mistress. Suddenly as Dorothy patted their heads and stroked their fleecy coats the impulse came to her—why not donate Lion and Lamb to the missionary cause? She had heard her papa say that the doggies were valuable and that Elder Brown had offered to give forty dollars for them. But could she part with them?—and Dorothy paused at the thought of separation, for it gave her pain to think of giving up her pets. But then that would be a real sacrifice, and if she helped at all, it must be through giving up something.

The next morning a little girl might have been seen sauntering forth from a shed door with a comical looking little puppy under each arm.

Fifteen minutes later the same little girl stood in Elder Brown's parlor telling the story of her desire to get money to help the missionary cause by selling her little pets to him. As the good man listened his eyes filled with a suspicious looking moisture.

"Bless the little dear," said he, as he took the little girl, dogs and all into his arms and kissed her.

Then he sat her down, and talking out his pocket-book he counted out the money, and then the little girl and the bankbills disappeared, but the dogs remained.

Not long after this, Dorothy, with the bankbills, appeared in the home of the faithful minister and recited to the astonished servant of God her efforts and result in behalf of the missionary cause. The good man had scarcely recovered from the amazement before the story had been told, the money left on his table, and the little girl had disappeared.

That night, just as Dorothy was about to go to bed, a man came to the street door and handed in a large basket, and when the cover was removed it revealed Lion and Lamb nestling up close to each other.

On the basket was a card, and written thereon Dorothy's papa read:

"Little Miss Dorothy: The dogs are lonesome and want to visit you.

"Please keep them until I call for them. J. Brown."

He never called.—Record of Christian Work.

A Recipe for Simple Living.

The following excellent morsels of advice, whose author calls them "four rules of sincerity," are well worth committing to memory. We can all mark, read, and inwardly digest them with profit. The rules in brief are these:—

We should never buy things that we do not want.

We should never willingly, or through mere indifference buy things that are not genuine.

We should never try to do things that we know we cannot do, or have not time to do.

And we should never do things that we do not want to do, just because other people do them and ask us to do them.

If we all observed these four rules of sincerity, we should discover that simplicity of life is, after all, an attainable ideal.—C. E. World.