

and everybody had somebody else to be with, and nobody knew me: so I just sat still and felt dreadfully lonesome."

"Didn't Amy introduce you to her friends?" asked mamma.

"Yes, mamma, but they just bowed; they didn't care for me, I was a stranger," said Flo, very soberly folding up her sash, and hanging up her best gown in the closet.

"You were a little wall flower, Flo," said mamma, feeling very sorry for her poor little maiden's disappointment. "It isn't a very pleasant experience to be neglected, but I can give you a rule which will prevent you ever being treated so again."

Flo's bright eyes sparkled. She had never yet known one of mamma's rules to fail, and she felt sure that if she took mamma's advice she would always be in the right.

"Are wall flowers anything horrid?" she inquired, anxiously. "Is it a disgrace to be a wall flower?"

"Not in the least, my dear. The disgrace, if there is any, is on the other side; it belongs to the people who invite guests, and then forget to see that they have a good time. I *never* allow any one whom I invite to be a wall flower even for five minutes. But lest you should happen to be one at the next little company to which you are asked in D——, let me give you my recipe."

Then the golden head nestled very close against mamma's bosom, and a charmingly confidential talk ensued, after which Flo said her prayers and her evening hymn, and went to bed.

The Jenners had not lived long in D——, a town which had lumber interests, and which had for this reason attracted Flo's father. Nearly all the older residents wanted to make Mr. and Mrs. Jenner welcome in the place, and the children were told to invite little Flo to the various merry-makings. But the D—— children were clannish, and I am afraid not very polite, as Flo had expressed it, so that she would have suffered more than once from homesickness but for Mrs. Jenner's sensible advice. Let us see if we can guess what it was.

A few days after Amy's party Laura Havens gave one too. She was a neighbour's daughter, and some years older than Flo. I am sorry to say she was rather a patronizing girl, who did not take much trouble to please anybody

except her own very intimate friends.

Flo found herself almost as great a stranger here as she had been before. The company, in groups of two's and three's, got together, whispered, chattered, laughed, and left our little lady out in the cold.

I am not making up this story, children. I am relating a real incident, which happened precisely as I am telling it.

"Look about the room," said mamma in the conversation to which reference has been made, "and see if by chance there is another wall flower present, and if there is, try to cheer her or him up: you can almost always do it if you try."

Flo glanced about her. The only person she saw who seemed in the same position as herself was a young lady in a black dress, sitting in a distant corner with sewing in her hands.

"I should suppose that young lady would speak to me first," said the bashful part of little Flo to the other part of herself which believed that mamma knew everything.

"She's a grown up lady, and she can't possibly be a wall flower, but I'm going over to see her, anyway," and Flo walked boldly the length of the parlour and took a seat by the lady. Almost at the same moment a big gray cat, with a red ribbon around his neck, came strolling in, and as though he knew that Flo adored cats, walked straight to her side, purring loudly by way of beginning an acquaintance.

"What a beauty!" said Flo and the young lady both at once, and with puss to help them talk, they at once plunged into animated conversation. Flo discovered that Mademoiselle was as great a stranger in D—— as she herself was, and that she couldn't speak English very fluently, and was therefore very happy in finding a little girl who had been taught to speak French.

"I have been very homesick," she told the first sympathizing person who had exchanged a word with her since she came to D——, and Flo felt very happy that she helped to make a stranger feel at home.

There was a little lame boy who could not join in the games, and had to be content with looking on. Flo presently asked him to come over to Mademoiselle's corner and lamp, and look over some photographs. Then Laura's father joined the group, and told the

most beautiful stories about the pictures, and finally wound up the music box, and set it to playing some of the most bewitching tunes, so that Flo was very much surprised to be told at last that her mamma had sent for her and it was time to go home.

Now, can any one tell me what was Mrs. Jenner's prescription against being neglected? It was simply this:

"Always make up your mind to be as entertaining yourself as possible, and never wait to be entertained. If you are feeling a little forlorn, see if there isn't some one else who feels forlorn, and try to be cheerful and to forget all about yourself. Then, if you have to be a wall flower, you will be such a sweet one that everybody will declare that the wall flower is as charming as the rose or violet, and you will be sure of a happy time."

The secret of this prescription is in a very old book, "In honour preferring one another."—*Harper's Young People*.

AN OLD PROVERB.

POURING, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is falling,
And drops are blurring the window pane
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together;
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"
—*Wide Awake*.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Street the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the on-lookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity