

met her at the door. It brightened up at the sight of her.

"O Mollie!" cried Janet, "she's come! She really has!"

It was pleasant to see how glad they were. Without seeming to notice things in an impolite way, Gertie could not help seeing how bare was the little room in which Mollie had to stay all day.

They looked at the pictures in the magazine. They found puzzles in it, and worked them out together. Gertie told them a story, and then played cat's cradle with Mollie.

How merrily they laughed—how easily they were pleased—these two whom very few people took much trouble to please; for Gertie learned that their mother was dead, poor little things.

It was delightful to see how kind they thought it of her to come. Where she might have quarreled more than once with the other girls, there was nothing but kindness and gentleness here.

Late in the afternoon they had a feast with the fruit. She left her magazine for Mollie to read when she was gone.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you have to go," they both said. "The afternoon has been so short. How good you were to come."

"O Aunt Amy, I've had a perfectly splendid time!" she cried, on meeting her aunt.

"And," she added, after telling her story, "I'm just as you said—glad; glad to think of it now it is over."—*Sydney Dayre, in S. S. Advocate.*

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," said good old farmer Gray, "Put on your things, 'tis market day—And we'll be off to the nearest town, There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggish mind To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face; "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm awful glad he's left at home; He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot, The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started homeward after dark, Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree— "Your money or else your life," said he, The moon was up, but he didn't see The dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined; But quickly caught the thief behind; He dragged him down in the mire and dirt, And tore his coat and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground; The robber uttered not a sound— While his hands and feet the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; And now a hero grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; Among his friends, among his foes, And everywhere his master goes, He follows on his horny toes, The dog under the wagon.

—Selected.

KEEPING STILL.

"Robbie, how is it that you never get into any scrapes? All the other boys do."

"O, it's my plan not to talk back!" answered Robbie. "When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still."

There is a good deal of wisdom in this way of doing things, and many people whose lives are vexed and tormented and trou-

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bled would save themselves no end of sorrow if they would just keep still. When a man has said his say, and there is no answer to it, that's the end of it; but if you answer back, then you never know what will be the result. It is not the first word that makes a quarrel; it is the answer. —Selected.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song;
But the boy worth while is the one who
will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
—Exchange.

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