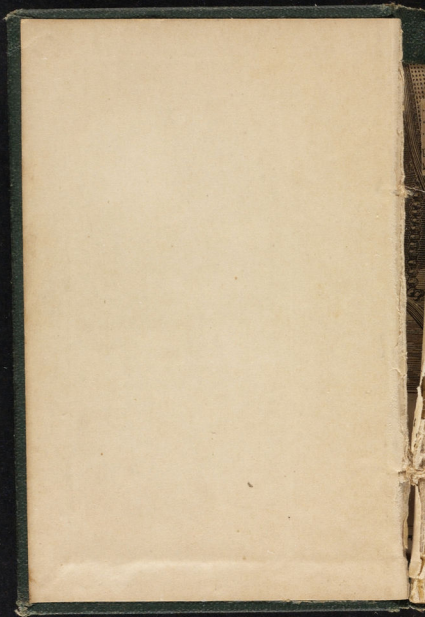
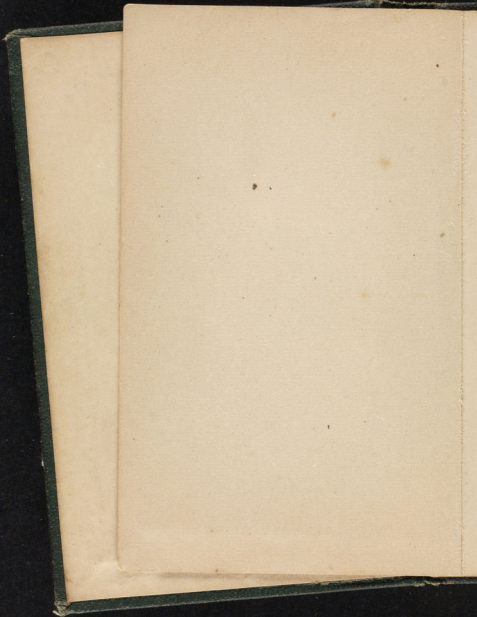


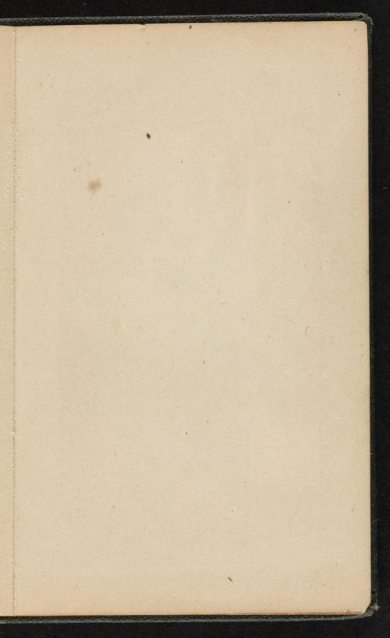
GRANDMA  
BERRY'S  
SECRET













"MADGE OPENS THE WRONG DRAWER." P. 31.

GRANDMA BERRY'S

SECRET.

BY MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

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# GRANDMA BERRY'S SECRET.

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## I.

MADGE LINTON was a little girl, just six years old, at the time of which I am about to write.

How old are you, little reader? Five? Six? Well, even if you are seven or eight years old, you will understand just how Madge felt about some things that

happened to her. So sit right down here, and listen to my story.

Madge lived in the city; except in the hot summer time, when she and her brothers and sisters went away to their grandpa's home in the country.

But now it was winter time, and Madge was at her city home; with her father and mother, her brother Ben, who was older than she, and her brother Archie, who was younger.

Then she had a sister, little blue-eyed Edie, just three years old ; and another sister, older than any of them, who was away at school.

The children all missed sister Fanny very much, when she was gone. Archie said he "should think Fanny might study books enough at home, 'thout going away off to find some more !"

And as for Edie, she declared that "when sissy Fanny got home, she would get a string and tie her toe fast

to the bed-post, so she could not go back to school, not a bit!"

Edie did not think that if she made Fanny a prisoner in this uncomfortable style, she could not do much to amuse her little sister, while she stayed.

But I must not forget to tell you whose room was the large pleasant bed-room over the back parlor: that was Grandma Berry's room.

Have you a grandma, living at your house? If you

have, I need not tell you what a nice place grandma's room is, and how all the children like to get into it.

Now Grandma Berry was one of the best of grandmas, and her room was one of the pleasantest rooms that you ever did see.

I will try to tell you how it looked. First then, there was an open fire-place ; for Grandma Berry liked to see a little blaze, especially when she did not feel very well, and kept her room.

Then, in a closet near by, there were some of the funniest little cooking utensils that you ever saw, outside of a doll's house.

Where Grandma Berry got hold of such a set of little pots and pans, I am sure I cannot tell. But there they were, and they were the admiration of all the little granddaughters. The boys did not see much to admire in them.

There was a little dinner pot, just about big enough to

hold two or three potatoes ; a little tin sauce-pan, still smaller ; a gridiron that would hold one bird, or a wee little steak ; and an iron skillet, that made all the girls want to poach an egg or two in it, just for fun.

Of course there was a coffee-pot, and a tea-pot to match. And on the shelf above was an odd little old-fashioned sugar-bowl, and other crockery of the same sort.

Did Grandma Berry play

baby-house with these things?  
you will say.

Not exactly ; but this was  
the way she came to get them.

For some years the good  
old lady was in poor health,  
and hardly ever left her room  
in the winter time. Then,  
somehow, things did not taste  
quite right to her, when they  
were brought up stairs, and  
she liked to cook her little  
breakfast or dinner for her-  
self, sometimes. It amused  
her when she was shut up in  
her room.



Grandma Berry was better now, and able to go about the house, and to go to church, but she still kept her little housekeeping things, and liked to use them once in a while.

Well, then there was the large bed, with its white hangings, always as nice and smooth as could be.

And the big easy chair, which would hold three or four of the children at once.

Madge never forgot how, one day, when she went into

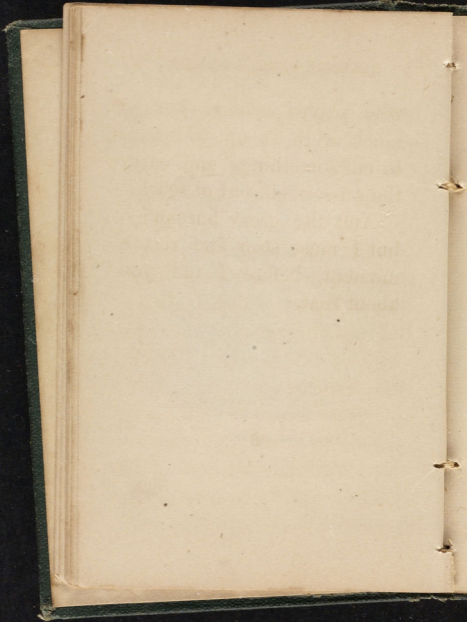
her grandma's room, she found the dear old lady fast asleep in her chair, with her hands clasped upon the Bible which lay on her lap.

The little girl did not know then what made the picture so pleasant to her, but she loved to think of it afterward.

And grandma's little sewing-chair, drawn up near the window, where she used to sit and work, with her scissors hanging by a tape at her side, because the little folks



GRANDMA ASLEEP.



who played around her so much, were so apt to "want to cut something," and carry the scissors off, out of reach.

And the great bureau ;—  
but I must stop and rest a moment, before I tell you about that.

## II.

---

THAT great bureau, about twice as large as any you see in your houses now, was full of unknown wonders to the children.

The older ones could remember, when dear old Grandpa Berry was alive, how he used to keep a store of goodies in the top drawer of that bureau, and how de-

lighted he was when the baby learned to stretch out his little hands to that drawer, as soon as he was brought into the room. Archie was the baby then; and Madge was not much more than a baby, so she did not remember this, for her grandpa died when Archie was a year old.

Then grandma's things looked so nice, when the drawers were opened, and there were so many things wrapped up in white papers, and so many mysterious little

boxes, which the children were always coaxing grandma to open, that they might see what was inside.

Grandma would say, "Pshaw, child! that is nothing you care to see!"

But, unless she was in a wonderful hurry, she would be pretty sure to stop and open the box or parcel; and there would be some old ornament, or picture, or bit of silver, or other relic, which would not fail to draw out one of grandma's nice stories



of the old time—so *far* back, it seemed to the little ones—when their mamma was a little child.

The top drawer of the bureau was large enough to hold Madge, I think; big girl as she thought she was.

I must tell you how that drawer saved Archie's life once.

There was something on top of the bureau that he wanted; or he thought there was; and what did the careless little monkey do but pull

out the lowest drawer, far enough for him to stand on it, so he might see.

The old bureau could not stand such a weight on its lowest drawer, and over it came!

Full of heavy things as it was, little Archie would have been badly hurt, if not killed, had not the big top drawer slipped out just far enough to rest on the floor, and make a little cuddy, in which mamma found the boy, when she heard his frightened cry, and ran to him.

It was just as if that big drawer had said :

“ Dear me ! I cannot let that little chap be killed, right under me here, when I have fed him so many times with sugar-plums. I must just tumble out and save him ! ”

But we know very well that old bureau drawers cannot think or speak.

And I know, and you know too, I hope, who it is that saved little Archie at that time : the same kind Friend,

of whom we sing, in church :

“Who saveth thy life from destruction,  
And crowneth thee with mercy and lov-  
ing kindness.”

Indeed, it is very wonderful how many times little children's lives are “saved from destruction,” in very strange ways. If we will think of it, it will show us that God and His holy angels must be watching near, to keep them in their ways.

There are so many dangers about us, all the time, so many things that may hurt

our bodies,—or our *souls*, which would be worse,—that we ought never to forget to pray to God, each day, to keep us by His mighty power; and we ought not to forget to *thank* Him, for each day and each night that we have been kept safe from all harm. Will you remember this?

I said my story was to be about the winter time.

So it is; and about the pleasantest part of the winter, too: when it was almost Christmas.

### III.

---

I SAID my story was to be about the winter time.

So it is; and about the pleasantest part of the winter, too: when it was almost Christmas.

In fact, it was only three weeks to Christmas: and you may be sure not a single day of those three weeks could get away without the chil-

dren knowing it, for they counted the days, every morning, to see how many more there must be before sister Fanny would come home, and how many before Christmas came, itself.

Fanny was coming home, you must know, to spend the Christmas vacation. That was what made Edie say she would tie her so fast when she came; it was because they told her Fanny was coming home, but she would only stay ten days.

Well, it happened about this time, when it only wanted three weeks to Christmas, that Madge was up in Grandma Berry's room one morning.

Grandma had such a funny way of dusting ; she had just been dusting her room with great care, and Madge had been laughing to see her.

The dear old lady always made a funny little puff with her mouth, as she went to dust any thing, as if she meant to blow the dust away ;



but she did not really blow hard enough to move the dust, it was only a way she had.

“What *are* you laughing at, child?” said grandma, at last, and she looked at Madge, very gravely, over her spectacles.

“Oh, grandma, 'scuse me!” said Madge; “but I had to laugh because you say ‘Whoo, whoo,’ all the time!”

Madge tried to make the same little blowing noise that her grandma did, but she

couldn't do it exactly, because she was laughing so; you cannot pucker up your mouth to blow, or whistle; when you are laughing.

Grandma laughed too, and said, "I do not know when I am doing it. But when you have fought dust as long as I have, *you* will want to blow it away, too!"

Then grandma put up her duster, and sat down in her big easy chair to rest.

"Oh, little Madge," said she, "cannot you run out

and get me a skein of black linen thread?"

"Yes ma'am!" said Madge, "I'll go get my hood and coat."

"Stay a moment," said grandma; "hand me my purse from that drawer, and I'll give you the change.—Not *that* drawer, child! the next above."

Madge shut up the *wrong* drawer quickly, and opened the right one.

But in that little minute, when the lower drawer was

half open, she had caught a glimpse of something which made her heart beat so fast with pleasure, that she could hardly stand still to hear grandma's errand.

She went 'hippity hop,' as the children say, round the corner to Brent's thread and needle store, got the black thread and paid for it, and then ran home, hugging her secret all the time. Two ladies, whom she met, looked back after her, and said to each other, as she passed,

“What a happy face that child has!”

When Madge gave her grandma the thread and the two cents change, she gave her a good hug and kiss at the same time.

Grandma smiled at her and called her “a nice little messenger,” and wondered to herself what made the little girl so full of glee.

“What could Madge have seen in the drawer?” you will want to know; so I will tell you.

Through the crack she had espied a large beautiful china doll's head ; and a nice new body with kid arms, all ready to have the head sewed 'on.

This was what Madge saw, and quick as a flash the thought crossed her mind, "That must be for me ! Grandma is getting it ready for my Christmas !"

You must know that Madge loved to play with dolls dearly. And she had not any nice doll then ; her old rubber one was cracked,

so that it looked as if it was making ugly faces all the time. It had a hole torn in the top of its head, too ; and Archie would stuff bits of bread and cake in there, and say she had eaten them, and then Madge had to turn the doll up-side down to shake them out. Its clothes were forlorn, too.

She had a nice china doll once, but the head got broken, and it had only a rag-head on now, that Fanny made when she was last at

home ; and Madge was ashamed to show it to the little girls who came to see her, though she played with it herself a good deal.

When Madge left her grandma's room she ran up into the nursery and play-room to enjoy her happy thoughts.

First she jumped on one foot all round the room ; then she took her old rubber-headed baby, and tossed it to the ceiling.

“ Ah ha ! Miss Louisa,



you will have to go up garret now, I guess. There's such a fine lady coming here, and she will want your bed and your chair.—But no, I wont send you off, you poor old thing, if she *does* come ; for you have been a nice good child ; yes, you have !”

And Madge gave the poor distressed looking object a loving hug.

“ But you must be kind to your new sister, and give up your place to her ; and you musn't be put out, because

she is so much prettier than you!"

Just then Madge heard Archie and Edie coming, and she put her finger on her lip, and said to herself, "I must not let anybody know what I have seen, 'cause, of course, it's grandma's secret!"

## IV.

---

BUT was the doll meant for Madge? No, it was not.

Poor little Madge never dreamed it could be for any one else; it was too handsome a doll for little Edie; and besides, mamma had told her, in a whisper, that she had seen a capital kind of doll's head, made of leather, and painted; and she was

going to get one for Edie, for her Christmas present.

True, the doll in Grandma Berry's drawer was not for Edie, but I will tell you whom it was for.

Madge, and Ben, and Archie, and Edie, had a little cousin whose mother was dead. Her name was Daisy ; at least, she was called so ; her real name was the same as Madge's ; Margaret. The two little girls were named after the same person.

But as their mothers had

thought, and hoped, that they would be a great deal together, they called one Madge, and the other Daisy.

Daisy was a little younger than Madge, just a few months.

She was less than three years old when her mother died, and then Grandma Berry took care of her, and loved her very, very dearly.

Grandma loved all her grandchildren, of course ; but very likely she loved Daisy more than the rest, for her

dead mother's sake, and because she had the care of her when she was so little.

When Grandma Berry broke up housekeeping, and came to live with Mrs. Linton, she brought little Daisy with her.

But now she had been gone, for some time, to stay with another aunt, who wished to have the little girl live with her a part of the winter-time.

This other aunt was her father's sister, and Grandma

Berry did not know her very well. .

She felt sure this lady was very kind to little Daisy ; but still she longed to have her back again, and thought of her a great deal.

So, when it came near the happy Christmas time, and the little ones in the house began to talk about their carols, and their Christmas texts, and the pretty gifts they hoped for, grandma thought sadly of her absent darling, and said to herself,

“Daisy will miss her old grandma now, more than ever!”

All at once she thought of a nice plan. She would get up a Christmas box for Daisy, and send it to her by the express.

And what should she put in it?

Oh, a really nice doll was the best thing, for Daisy was as badly off for dolls as Madge was; and she, too, loved to play with them.

Mrs. Linton said she would



like to put something in the box for little Daisy, too.

So Grandma Berry went out, one day, and bought as nice a doll's head as she could find, and a body, too ; and a picture-book, that she meant to put in the box.

She put them in her drawer ; but she had been very busy since, and had not had time to begin work on the dolly.

Grandma had forgotten that the doll was in that drawer ; and so she never

guessed that little Madge had caught sight of it.

If she had, she would have showed it to her, for she had no idea of keeping it a secret, as you will see.

I am sure I cannot guess why Madge did not think that the doll might be for her cousin Daisy.

I suppose, as Daisy was so many miles away, it did not enter her head that grandma could give her a Christmas present.

All that day, and all the

next day, Madge could hardly keep from jumping up and down, or cutting *some* caper, every time she thought of the lovely dolly in the bureau drawer.

“Ben!” said she, “*aren't* you glad that it is most Christmas?”

“Of course!” said Ben, and he went on whittling; “I’ll tell you, I wish I could give Santa-Claus a hint to give me a new knife; this old thing is just about played out; it has only got one blade, and *that's*

broken at the point ; and it's as dull as a hoe !”

“ Oh, Ben ! I know something !” cried Madge, dancing round the room.

“ *What*, Madge ? Am I going to have a new knife ? Tell me, wont you ? I'll not tell anybody !”

Oh, I don't know ; I didn't mean that, and I can't tell you what I know : I wouldn't for all the world !”

Ben tried to coax her to tell him ; but at last he said, “ Pooh ! I don't believe you

know anything ; you only guess ! And you can't guess what you are going to have ; *can* she, mamma ?”

Mrs. Linton had just come into the room ; and Ben turned to her, as he said this.

She shook her head at him, to keep him from saying too much, and smiled.

“ Oh, but,” thought little Madge, “ I don't believe *mamma* knows what I know !” and she hugged her arms close together, as if she had the precious doll already in them :

or else she was afraid she should let the secret out; I don't know which.

## V.

---

THE children, Ben and Madge, had their lessons to do, every morning, except Saturday.

On Saturday morning of that week, after breakfast, Grandma Berry said :

“ Madge, dear, I am going to do some work to-day that you will like to help me about ; do you want to ? ”

“What is it, grandma? Yes, I'm sure I shall like to help you!”

“Well, you do what mamma told you to first, and I'll put my room to rights, and then we will be all ready to work, and we shall see what we shall see!”

Madge looked after her grandma, as she went upstairs, with wondering eyes.

“What *can* grandma be going to do?” she thought. “I'm *sure* she would not let me help about the doll;



unless,"—and at this thought, poor little Madge's heart sunk away down,—unless it is not for me, after all!"

Madge was in a great hurry to get up to grandma's room; but mamma had told her to find Edie's shoe, and it did seem as if the shoe were playing hide and seek with her, or as if Edie must have chewed it up for her supper. At last, Ben came into the room, and took up his sack to put on, and there was the truant shoe, under it.

Madge had felt in such a hurry that she had not stopped to lift things, and look carefully; she had just flown around the room, "like a chicken with its head cut off," as Ben said, calling out, "Where can that plaguey shoe be hid!"

Then, when the shoe was safely on the little foot, mamma called again:

"Go into the sitting-room, Madge, dear; and put away your dissected picture, carefully; and the chess-men

that I let you and Archie play with ; you left things about very carelessly, last night."

Madge felt cross, and whispered to herself, "I think mamma might let Ann put them up, when I am in such a hurry!"

But then *conscience*, that little voice that speaks to us from within, said : "You knew you *ought* to put them up, last night, but you ran off to see which could get up-stairs first!"

So Madge felt that her mamma did just right to make her go and put them up: and she *did* try to put off her cross look, and go about her little task pleasantly.

At last she ran up to her grandma's room, half afraid of what she should see and hear.

Sure enough, there was the doll body and head laid out on grandma's work-stand, and a lot of rolls of pieces with them.

Grandma Berry looked up with a pleasant smile, as little Madge drew near.

"Well, Madge dear, I am going to get up a Christmas-box to send to our poor little Daisy, who cannot be here to have a good time with us: don't you think it will be a nice plan?"

"Yes, grandma," replied Madge, very quietly, for she knew what was coming:

"Well, how do you think she will like such a doll as this?" said grandma, taking

up the pretty head ; “ do you think this will please Daisy ? ”

The good old lady was looking with pleasure at the pretty toy, and smiling to think how her absent darling's eyes would shine, when she saw it, and so she did not notice how Madge's lip quivered, as she said again :

“ Yes, grandma.”

“ Well, my dear, what is the matter ? Take it and look at it, if you want to ; you need not be afraid, it will not break easily.

"Now, you see, I thought my little Madge would like to do a bit of sewing for this doll, so that I can write and tell Daisy that you helped to dress it; I think you can hem this little petticoat very nicely, if I baste it for you: do you want to try?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Madge; "I will go and find my thimble."

And away she ran, as fast as she could, that grandma might not see the tears which she could not keep back.

Grandma Berry thought she scampered off so because she was in a hurry to begin the pretty work.

It was a very kind thought, to let the little girl help her dress the doll for Daisy.

Madge was quite a nice little sewer for a young child, but still, it would have been easier for her grandma to do the hemming herself than to fit it for Madge to do ; but she thought it would please Madge so much to be allowed to help with Daisy's Christ-



mas gift; and so it would, if it had not been for her disappointment.

## VI

---

POOR little Madge! She ran up-stairs into a third-story spare room, and shut the door tight; then she threw herself down on the floor to have a real good cry.

She had felt so sure that the pretty doll was for her; and she did so want a real nice doll, such as the other girls had;—Mollie Strong,

and Netty Ames had such beauties!

“Sob, sob, sob!” It was too bad!

So far the little girl was not to blame: it was very natural that she should imagine the doll was meant for her: and it was a hard disappointment to find it was not. Her mamma and grandma would have felt very sorry for poor little Madge if they had known of her trouble.

But then came naughty thoughts.

Now, dear little children, you who go to Church every Sunday, think a moment.

Do you remember, in the long prayer, or Litany, as it is called, how the minister says :

“From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,”—

and the people, on their knees, respond :

“Good Lord, deliver us.”

What do those words mean? Do you think you ever have anything to do

with such feelings as envy, hatred, or malice, or uncharitableness?

Little Madge did. They crept into her heart as she lay there on the floor, sobbing to think that she was to have no new beautiful dolly, after all.

First came envy. That is, she was vexed to think that Daisy should have such a lovely doll, when she was to have none.

Then came hatred: that is, she did not exactly hate Daisy, but there came an

ugly feeling towards her cousin, into her little heart, and it almost crowded out the love she usually felt for her.

Then came *uncharitableness*. She began to think hard thoughts of her good grandma, and to whisper to herself:

“Grandma loves Daisy better than me: I don't believe she cares for me a bit!”

Ah, poor little Madge! These naughty thoughts and feelings hurt her a great deal more than her sorrow did.

Such naughty feelings al-

ways hurt us. That is why we pray: "Good Lord, deliver us" from them.

And we need to ask God to deliver us; for they get into our hearts so very easily, and we cannot keep them out of ourselves.

Just then Madge heard her mamma's voice below, at Grandma Berry's door. She could hear what they said:

"Where is Madge? I thought she was here."

And grandma answered:

"I am sure I don't know

where she is. She ran off to get her thimble, but she has been gone some time."

"Her thimble is in her little basket on my dressing-table; where can the child be?"

Madge was glad to hear her mamma go *down* stairs instead of *up*, after this.

She jumped up, and wiped her eyes: and then she thought:

"What would grandma say, if she knew I was naughty



'cause Daisy is going to have the doll!"

Madge stood still a moment, and then another thought came:

"What does God think of me?"

Madge was but a little girl, but her mamma had taught her that God sees all we do, and knows all our thoughts.

Madge wanted to be God's own dear child, and this made her sorry that she had been so naughty.

She stood a moment more,

and then she dropped down on her knees, and said :

“ O God, please forgive me, because I have been so cross; and make me *love* every body. Amen.”

Then Madge felt better. When she prayed to God to put loving thoughts into her heart, then envy, and hatred, and malice, and uncharitableness,—the whole ugly troop, began to take themselves off.

Little Madge opened the door softly, and ran downstairs; found her thimble,

and then went in to her grandma's room.

“ Now I'm all ready to hem the petticoat, grandma,” said she.

Grandma looked up, and was going to say, “ Why, what has kept you so long, child ?”

But she saw that Madge had been crying, because her eyes were so red : the little girl did not think that her eyes would tell tales ;—and grandma suspected that she had been feeling a little envi-

ous, and she said nothing just then, but gave her the little skirt, nicely basted.

Of course Grandma did not know of the peep into the drawer, or of the happy hopes which had sprung up, from that peep.

If she had, she would not have wondered so much at the red eyes.

## VII.

---

LITTLE MADGE worked away with all her might, stopping once in a while to see how Grandma was getting on with her part of the work.

She pricked her finger two or three times, but she wiped the blood-drop off quickly, and did not mind, for she was getting to feel very glad that Daisy was to have such a nice

present, and she was quite anxious to see it done.

Only *once* that ugly troop, with Envy at their head, came knocking at her heart, trying to get in.

Grandma had got the head sewed on all safely, and the little undergarments, ornamented with their pretty lace edge, all finished and put on, when suddenly she exclaimed :

“Why, deary me! I forgot all about the shoes! I do wonder, now, where I

could get some bits of pretty morocco!"

Madge looked up, but her grandma was not looking at *her*; it was plain that the good old lady did not guess that Madge had some among her treasures.

"Had she?" Yes. Mollie Strong's uncle kept a large shoe-store, and one day he gave Mollie a roll of pieces of fine morocco, blue, and red, and black, and bronze. And Mollie was so generous as to give Madge some of each

color, as much as the little girls thought would be needed to make a pair of doll's shoes.

Madge had laid them carefully away, determined that, if she ever *did* have a real nice doll again, she would get Fanny, or somebody, to make a pair of dear little shoes of each color, so she would have a match for any dress she might wear.

Now the little girl thought to herself, "I don't want to give my pretty pieces to



Daisy's doll: I shall want them myself, some time!"

But Madge *knew* this was selfish. So when her grandma went on saying that she couldn't finish the doll that day, after all; Madge exclaimed, "Wait a moment, grandma!" and ran out of the room.

"See, grandma!" she said, coming back with her treasure, "you can have some of these pieces for Daisy's dolly's shoes!"

Grandma was very much

pleased. "These are very pretty patterns, dear," said she; "how did you come by them?"

Madge told her, and what she had been keeping them for.

"And so you want to give some to Daisy. Well, you are my good dear little girl, and I shall tell Daisy that you gave her the shoes, because you love her so much; shall I?"

Madge smiled, and nodded. Her heart was full of love to

Daisy then ; the selfish, cross feelings were all gone.

So the doll was finished, and it was very pretty, indeed.

Madge held it in her arms, and kissed it, when it was all dressed : and she said,

“ Won't Daisy be *delighted*, grandma ? ”

Mrs. Linton went out that afternoon, and bought some little gifts to put in the box for Daisy, and it was all packed, ready to start Monday morning.

Grandma Berry wrote to Daisy's aunt, that she was not to have the box until Christmas, so they did not hear, until after Christmas, how much pleased the little girl was with her grandma's gift.

But in the mean time the children at the parsonage were very busy and very happy: for, though I have not told you before, the father of little Madge was a clergyman, and so her home was the parsonage, next to the Church.

Sister Fanny came home, four days before Christmas; and such a merry greeting as there was!

It seemed as if the little ones would pull her to pieces, amongst them: but she was quite glad to be hauled around by their little hands once more: she thought it was pleasanter exercise than gymnastics at school.

The day before Christmas Madge was telling this dear sister about Daisy's doll, and how she had seen it, in grand-

ma's drawer, and thought it was for her.

"Do you want a doll very much?" said Fanny.

"Yes, I do, *ever* so much; but I know I shall not have one now;" said Madge. with a wise look; "for mamma has got one for Edith, and she told me about it; she wouldn't have told me, if I was to have one too."

Fanny smiled, and turned away. She happened to know a secret.

There had been a Fair for

some charitable purpose that week: and among other things which were left, after the sale was over, was a large and very pretty doll.

One of the ladies who managed the Fair, wanted to buy it up; and thought of her little friend Madge, whom she loved for her father's sake, because he was her good minister.

So she bought the doll, and took it to Madge's mamma, to keep for her till Christmas.

And so it came about, that on the very same bright happy morning, when little Daisy was rejoicing over her grandma's gift, Madge was clasping in her arms one quite as pretty, nicely dressed, shoes and all!

Don't *you* know just how happy she felt, little reader? And do you suppose she would have felt as happy as she did then, if she had kept those naughty feelings in her heart, towards her little cousin, envying her because of



her pretty present? No, indeed!

A few weeks after Christmas, little Daisy's father thought best to take her back to her Grandma Berry and Auntie Linton for the rest of the winter.

*So* glad as the little girl was to get back to her own grandma, and among her little cousins again!

And such nice times as she and Madge had, playing with their beautiful dolls, you must

imagine, for I cannot take space to tell you.

Dear little Edie was of the party too, with her "own pity baby," as she called it.

Dear, happy little ones!

Happy, not because they had pretty toys, but because they had kind and loving hearts.

