

DEAN'S  
Illustrated Farning Books.

BRINGING  
THE MIND TO IT.



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## BRINGING THE MIND TO IT.



“ IF you can only bring your mind to it.” Daisy was going through the kitchen to get some fresh water for Clover, her canary bird, and heard her father say this sentence to some one. She did not hear what they were talking about, but she kept thinking over these words. They were not new to

her; she had heard her father use them before, but she never had thought what he meant till then. "It is not just bringing the *body* to do a thing," she said to herself, "and it is not just keeping all the cross feelings out of sight of other people. I mean to try to remember it all day."

It was not long before she had occasion to practice it.

There was an iron rod with a hook by one of the windows in the dining-room, where she usually hung Clover's cage after he had taken his morning bath. Then, as the bright sun dried his yellow feathers, he would hop from one perch to another, pull at the long sprays of chickweed hanging from the wires of his cage, crack a seed with his sharp bill, give a peck at his piece of bread, take a sip of water, then turning his head cunningly to one side, fill the room with his joyous song. This made Daisy very happy as she was busied about putting the plates and cups on the breakfast table, stopping occasionally to watch her tiny pet, and say sweet bits of nonsense to him.

But it happened this morning, Miss Betsy was sitting close under Clover's hook by the window, and when Daisy came with the cage, and said, "Please, Miss Betsy, will you move a little, so that I can hang up Clover's cage?" she said,



fretfully, "Take the dirty, noisy thing away; I don't want him here right over my head." Miss Betsy did not really mean to be disobliging, but she was not

pleasant tempered when a little girl, and as she did not try *very hard* to give up speaking cross when she felt angry, or feeling cross when anything did not quite suit her, she became more selfish and disagreeable as she grew older. *Now* she was an old lady, and as she had no home, she used to live about with her acquaintances, who were sorry for her loneliness and unhappiness, though they could not love her as they would if she had not been thinking of her own feelings and her own comfort all the time.

“But, Miss Betsey,” said Daisy, very politely, “this is Clover’s place; can you not sit by the other window?”

“No, I cannot,” returned the old lady; “I’ve just settled here with my work, and I won’t be at the beck and call of every little girl either.”

“She never learned to bring her mind to things she does not like,” thought Daisy; “but we do not want to be like her, do we, birdy?” she whispered, as she good-naturedly carried the cage to the kitchen.

Daisy was rather apt to go away by

herself and cry, when anyone spoke unkindly, but now she would not think about Miss Betsy's words at all, and diverted herself by wondering whether Mary Ellis would wear her new "cloak" at school that day, and trying to decide whether she would have hers knit of cherry or blue yarn. It was a very simple thing, but she found she forgot her little trial much easier by not allowing it in her mind at all.

Breakfast was soon ready, and baby Harold began teasing for his high chair to be put in its accustomed place by his father. He could not see the connection between the *statement* that it had been sent to be repaired, and the *fact* that a common dining-chair, with a foot-stool in it, was placed for him. "Me don't want to sit in that chair! Me want Harry's own best chair, me do!" and he began to cry uproariously, greatly to the disgust of Miss Betsy.

"There, now! Harold is not big enough to understand about bringing his mind to things; I must help him," thought Daisy,

and she said aloud, "O Harry! just see the black pussy walking on the wall!" The little boy was attracted by her eager voice, and stopped crying, running to the window to watch the cat, as she stepped cautiously from one stone to another, and finally jumped into a bed of withered leaves, which almost hid her from sight. Then he laughed with delight, and Daisy promised to catch the kitty for him after he had eaten his nice buckwheat cakes, with treacle on them. She went on, in an animated way, to tell him how Harry's chair was all sick, and gone to the man's to be cured, and he might sit on grandma's beautiful footstool, that had a picture of a bird on it, and Harry could sit right on the bird's back, and eat his breakfast up in a pretty chair like sister's.

By this time he was as ready to take the seat arranged for him, as he had been to cry about it. Before the day was done, Daisy had a very hard trial, that her new motto helped her to bear bravely. She had a handsome wax doll, named Laura Virginia, that could open and shut its

eyes, and had real hair, and a pink satin dress.

After school was done, her cousin Gertrude came to stay an hour with her, and she brought out her favourite doll for her visitor to play with. Gertrude was a kind-hearted, rough child, and managed somehow to pull the string that opened and shut the eyes of Miss Laura Virginia so violently that it broke, and the ill-fated eyes opened never to close again. She was very sorry for the mischief, and Daisy could hardly keep from crying, but she resolutely put the unfortunate doll away, saying: "Only think how much better than if it had been your eyes or mine! Come, Gertrude, let's paint pictures a little while."

Daisy had discovered the secret of being *cheerful* as well as patient, and she will find, as she grows older, that it will be "better than diamonds" to her.