

DEAN'S  
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**DOING GOOD.**



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46

## DOING GOOD.



- LITTLE ALICE arose one bright May morning just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little chamber, and after offering a simple

morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she prepared herself for breakfast. How beautiful the earth looked, all sparkling with dew drops, and how merrily the birds sang in the tops of the apple-trees ! Alice's heart grew happier still as she looked out upon them, and listened to their sweet hymnings. All was astir in the yard below. The speckled hen bustled about her ten chickens, anxious to pick them up a breakfast of stray worms and slugs ; the big Shanghai stood on a stone and poured forth a blast from his clarion, which might have awakened an army. Alice laughed at his pompous, ungainly figure, which seemed still more uncouth by contrast with the stately peacock, which just then swept down the carriage walk. It was, indeed, a lovely morning, and the little girl had arisen just in time to appreciate its beauties. It always makes us happier and better to sympathize with the lovely and beautiful in nature. It brings us nearer to God, the source of all true loveliness,

and makes us love more dearly all the creatures He has made.

“ I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day,” said Alice. “ I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something ;” and with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room, just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby worried and cried, and would not sit on the carpet as usual, and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was plain her head ached badly.

“ Please let me take Willie, mother ?” said Alice. “ I would just as soon wait, and I know he will be quiet with me.”

“ I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice ; he is cutting his teeth, and has worried all the night. Poor little fellow !”

“ Alice borrowed Frank’s marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-hued balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gathered



them up, when they rolled beyond his

reach, and thus the mealtime passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her dear, kind mother, was a hundred times more satisfactory. The influence of a good example is often contagious, and after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not conclude now that she had done enough for one day, but after baby had drank his cup of new milk she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of her gayest toys, and then sang a sweet lulling song which presently soothed the weary, restless little one into a quiet refreshing slumber. It more than repaid her for all her trouble to hear her mother say, "Dear Allie, you have helped me a great deal this morning; and your little brother will feel much better for a good sleep."

Just then grandpa entered, leaning on his staff, and walking feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side, assisted him to

cross the room, where his easy chair was placed beside his favourite window.

“ I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandpa, as soon as Margaret makes them,” she said, cheerily.

“ Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them ; I have but little appetite to-day.”

“ Just try a little,” she added, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray, and placing it before him, broke the egg ready for him, and poured out a cup of tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man’s heart warmed as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which shone pleasantly upon all around her. Not even the old cat, nor the chickens, were left without her efforts and sympathies. When she went to rest that night, her heart was full of sunshine, and with

a thankful spirit he renewed her good resolution for the coming day.

Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as did little Alice?

