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The Unexpressed.

Could all the love within one heart be spoken,
Could all the sorrow of one soul be read,
Or could the joy that hides one joy be broken,
What need that aught again be sung or said?

But ah! we stand when most we would be strong,
Not near the but the barrier be past;
We hide but the deep and struggling thought unsung,
And silence must our language best last.

Hanna Walter Johnson.

Miss Grace's Happy Thought.

BY L. B. COCROFT.

"Oh, Aunt Emily?"

It was cried, an eager breathless voice that Mrs. Girton looked up in alarm as Grace Douglass came into the hall. "Nannie and Sallie Girton were behind her and Will Douglass brought up the rear! I am frightened as to the possibility of an accident. Mrs. Girton smiled at her worried aunt's face, quite sure that Grace had a favor to ask, and quite sure also, that the "favor" was to be shown—do something for somebody else.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

But Grace's first words came as a very decided surprise.

"You know Saturday is my birthday, Auntie."

"The most important day in the year," added Will.

"And I've been thinking that, if you didn't mind, I should like——"

"To celebrate it in a manner benefitting the occasion," put in Will.

Grace slipped her pretty hand over his lips. "Now do be quiet, while I tell Auntie. I want to have a picnic, Auntie, over in Eaden's woods, with all the children—all the little girls that is, that I can gather together in the village. Do say that I may."

"But there are not more than half a dozen children," said Mrs. Girton, doubtfully.

"Oh, but Auntie, I mean all the children. You know the poor little things don't have much fun, and really it's a sad affair. If you'll let Jane bake a lot and make a good supply of bread, I'll work a lot of cookies and plain cake, and buy a few pounds of candy, and that will do well."

"Why yes, last year, when she was eighteen, we needed music and school, and books, and jellies and Chinese lanterns, and a new gown, and other things too little to mention," said Will, pompously. "You see, Aunt Emily, this is decidedly more economical."

Mrs. Girton laughed. "Do as you like, my dears; only leave us enough in the house to last over Sunday. Jane will bake all the bread and cake you want. Only you must see how many children there are. Thirty? Fifty? I haven't the disposition of a mind-reader."

"Well, thirty certainly not more than thirty-five," said Grace, who had made a rapid calculation. "In the first place, the Sears, Nannie and Sallie, and I know Mrs. Merton will let her children come. Then there's the doctor's little daughter, and a child who is staying at the rectory."

"Yes," said Will; "send for nouns and verbs! I suggest that baby at the blacksmith's."

"Long years old? Isn't that rather young?" said Mrs. Girton.

"Will and she are great friends," said Grace, smiling. "We certainly must have her, and for the rest, I'll run over and see Mrs. Merton for a list of names. She knows everybody."

"The very thing," said Mrs. Girton. "I suppose you'd go over there now. You will have time before tea—only she will be sure to want you to stay."

"Of course," said Will. "My dear Grace, how is it of you? Come in, the tea-bell has rung twice," she began cordially, as her guest met the young lady, and drew her into the room to her own table filled with the flowers. "On a begging expedition, you say. Well, we'll discuss it over Sallie's and you can lay it before Mr. Merton."

"Ah," said that gentleman, "how badly it is that I slipped a dime into the charity purse this morning! Perhaps if the cause is very deserving, I may be induced to contribute another sixty-pence. Let us hear what it is, Miss Grace, and let me give you some of these asparagus."

"I only want your children, and some help for my time," said Grace, detailing her plan.

"My children you may have, on condition that you let me fill a corner in one of your hampers," said Mrs. Merton pointedly. "You can use corned-beef and biscuits, I fancy, and hard-boiled eggs. Then doughnuts and some pickles, and, by the way, what can you use for the to drink? Let me send a big urn of coffee over. I'll see that some ice is packed to keep it good. Then you can boil——"

"Oh, Mrs. Merton," fairly put her hands over her ears, "Dear Mrs. Merton, enough! enough! I'm as good as an army."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said the lady, "and I'm sure I think you ought to be, with all the work you call upon them. Well, I'm very much obliged for the favor you have shown us, and I'm very sorry I can't go myself, but I'm—my—something is recalling me home. Good-afternoon, Miss Grace, and I'll think over your plan and see what I can do."

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