

## “Not As Other Men.”

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THE Sister had been telling all the little girls in her class, who were preparing for their first communion, beautiful stories of child-saints that lived in the olden times, and the little ones had been all duly impressed by these shining examples of infant holiness.

Little Phyllis came home and had a talk with her mother after school about what they had been learning from the Sister.

“And mamma,” she concluded, “I’m just going to see how good I can be for this month before I make my first communion.”

“Well I hope you will, dear,” said her mother approvingly.

After that there was no more trouble in getting the little girl to mind baby, run messages or wash dishes, etc. She was faithfully keeping to her resolve. Now Jack, Phyllis’ brother and senior by one year, was also preparing for his first communion. He was a bright, manly little fellow, full of spirit and good natured, but withal was frequently getting into some kind of trouble.

“Anything that is like work seems to frighten that boy,” complained his mother after waiting nearly half an hour overtime for him to return from some errand on which she had sent him. “He has broken the Fowlers’ window pane too and we will have to pay for it. He will catch it from his father to-night and I’m just sick of begging him out of his whippings. John really thinks that I spoil him. Oh, why should boys be so troublesome!”

Phyllis sat with folded hands by the window. She turned and looked sympathetically at her mother.

“Mamma,” she said, “I wonder Jack isn’t afraid to make his first communion when he acts the way he does. My! I’m sure I would be if I were like him.” And she pulled herself together with a little self-righteous air, unknowingly thinking a version of the Pharisee’s prayer: “Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like Jack, etc.”

At last the unfortunate one came in looking hot and tired.

“Here’s your sewing silk, mamma,” he said.