

Young People's Department.

A VACATION REMEMBRANCE.

(From the Young Christian Soldier.)

NED WALKER was delighted; the prospect of two whole weeks in the country passed his highest dreams of happiness. He was to go, and—as he 'd his playmates, with the worldly wisdom so soon gained in the city life of the poor—"The best part of it is, I won't have to pay nothing"; for Ned was one of the beneficiaries of the great fresh-air fund which every year gives pleasure and health to so many.

"Do you s'pose I'll find any boys up there?" he asked his mother, who knowing nothing of his destination except that she had been promised his safe transportation to and from the vacation place and his care by responsible people while he was there, only smiled and answered, "I hope so," as she went on with her work of patching and mending his clothes for the important journey.

A sailor suit, discarded by some richer boy, and bought very cheap at the charitable clothing bureau, looking very well when washed, pressed and mended, and the slight shrinkage from the process made it fit Ned all the better. A sailor hat to match had also been purchased, and Ned felt very fine as he started from the station with the other children.

He enjoyed the novelty of the journey, though after a while he felt restless, and, having eaten the cookies his mother had provided, finally fell asleep with the cherished sailor hat as a pillow. He was awakened by the necessity of a change from the train to a trolley-car, which sped along the country road, past green fields and running brooks.

At last the end of the trolley-line was reached, and several waiting wagons were seen, ready

to convey the children to their vacation quarters; for the owners of the wagons were the ones who had signified their willingness to give shelter and care to the children and be responsible for their safety.

There was a bustle of apportioning and parting injunction; then Ned found himself in a comfortable, stage-like wagon, perched beside a benign-looking man, of whom he felt rather afraid at first, the other seats being occupied by several young people, Farmer Whitely's boarders, who had come with him for the drive and "to see the fresh-air child."

The drive was a beautiful one, even to Ned's tired eyes, and he soon forgot to be afraid, in listening to Mr. Whitely's kind voice, and answering his questions, in response to which he said his name was Ned Walker; his father worked in the city; "and mother works for us," he explained. "I'm the oldest, and I'm eight; Susie is six; Joe and Josie, the twins, are four-'n'-a-half; Teddy is two, and then there's the baby."

"How old is the baby?" asked Mr. Whitely, feeling a sympathy for the overworked mother.

"Oh, I don't know; just a baby!" Ned answered. "She's ever so

cunning. She creeps all over the floor, an' gets into everything, but we help take care of her an' Teddy, Susie and I do," he added. "Susie'll have a lot of work while I'm away, but she said she didn't mind. Maybe she'll go some day, an' then I'll look after her work for her. She can't do *all* mine though, for Ma won't let her sell papers."

Mr. Whitely made up his mind then, that if the eldest member of this interesting family proved not to be troublesome, Susie should be the next one to partake of his hospitality. Ned knew nothing of this, however, and did

