

is so glad you have come, for it is one of his bad days, when he feels too weak to go out of doors." "And, boys," continued Miss White, "if you had seen his pale face light up with pleasure as I entered the room, you would understand how little he has to make him happy. When I looked around the room, living-room, dining-room and kitchen in one, with the large cook-stove—making the room so hot and disagreeable—a pine table, and one hard-bottom chair, and an old worn-out lounge. I wondered what Jimmy amused himself with when he could not go out of doors. And so I asked him what he did all-day long when his mother was away and his little sisters at school; and what do you think he said? "I sit by the window, and watch the teams go by." Think of that, boys! No books to read! No toys to play with, such long dull days to spend alone, with only a glimpse of the horses and carriages that passed the house, far down at the bottom of the hill.

"Jimmy is such a good boy," said his mother, "rarely complaining, and so kind to his little sisters, but what can I do? It takes all the money I can earn, and what Jane gets at the mill, too, to get the food and clothes we must have and there is not a cent left to spend on play things for Jimmy."

"Boys, do you know what I want you to do?" said Miss White, as she finished her story and as she looked into the earnest bright faces before her, she thought that they did know. And then how many questions were asked and plans suggested about the present all wanted to get for Jimmy. First one boy talking, and then another, and sometimes two or three speaking at once, until Miss White said, "I think we all agree that Jimmy shall have a present, but as no two boys decide on the same thing to get for him, we must let him decide it himself." And a committee was appointed, consisting of Miss White and Ralph, to see Jimmy the next day and find out just what he wanted most. And it did not take long to find out, when the committee went to the little house on the hill, what the desire of his heart was, for he said—as soon as the question was asked—"I want a tool chest. I had a little one once, but all the tools got broken; and if I could only have a real good set of tools I would be so happy."

After Sunday-school the next week, Miss White and her class waited until the others had gone out and then she told them of Jimmy's wish for a tool chest and added, "You are interested in this poor little cripple and are pleased at the thought of the pleasure your gift will give him, but your pleasure will be truer and better if you deny yourselves and spend the money instead for the tool chest. Remember this: 'The greatest pleasure any one can have in this world, is the pleasure of doing something for some one else.'"

When Miss White met her class next she knew that now they understood about self-sacrifice and were happier and better boys for denying themselves as they had done; for as each boy gave her his money—and asked her to get the best tool chest she could find—he told her how it had been saved and she knew that every cent of it meant something that had been given up for Jimmy's sake. And what a tool chest she did get! It was a big one, sure enough, almost too long to get into the carriage, as they found when she and Ralph took it to Jimmy; and when Ralph told the other boys of Jimmy's joy and of his words of thankfulness when he received his beautiful gift, they felt fully repaid for what they had done and decided on the spot to adopt Jimmy, and do what they could to brighten his life by

going to see him often and making him feel they were his real, true friends.

Miss White never regretted taking her Sunday-school class, but has it still, and is proud of the boys who have learned the secret of true happiness—doing good to others.

Miss Fanny.

(M. B. Manwell, in 'Children's Friend'.)

"Hi, you chaps, come over here. Make a back Little Dabbs, this moment, for your betters."

It was the luncheon quarter of an hour, and over the play-fields rushed some two hundred boys, the scholars of St. Margaret's. The football season was past, and cricket was 'on,' for it was early May, and the weather was gloriously warm. But to-day was

Eade, there never was such an unfortunate boy sent to public school.

"Poor little chap, he is so horribly pretty and girlish!" even the kindest of his school-mates said pityingly. The rest led him a terrible life because of his crisp, curly, golden hair, his pink cheeks, and his large blue eyes. They didn't know the boy—yet. So he was just 'Miss Fanny' to the whole school; even the masters, catching up the nickname, secretly agreed among themselves that the cap fitted.

Both Little Dabbs and 'Miss Fanny' were wild to win the special prize for the junior boys under thirteen—a belt with a wonderfully carved Indian silver clasp. They had entered themselves and practiced jumping assiduously, particularly Little Dabbs.

The luncheon quarter of an hour was over,



A GAME AT LEAP-FROG.

to be given up to a jumping competition; there would be no cricket.

The head master's uncle, a rich Indian civilian, had come on a brief visit to the old school where he himself had been educated. He brought some handsome prizes—Indian curiosities—and offered them for a jumping competition. The boys of every form were wildly excited over the event; none more so than a couple of chums about the same age—twelve—Little Dabbs and 'Miss Fanny.'

Why Dabbs went as 'Little,' seeing he was the only Dabbs at St. Margaret's, nobody knew.

'He must have been born little Dabbs!' supposed the boys.

As for 'Miss Fanny,' otherwise Francis

and the boys bolsterously charged into school, all but two boys, who lagged behind.

'What's up?' whispered 'Miss Fanny,' for Little Dabbs's face was all puckered and drawn.

'Brown Major gave me an awful kick on the shin with his heel when I made a back for him, that's all!' faltered Little Dabbs, and 'Miss Fanny's' face lengthened.

A kick on the shin and the jumping competition that very afternoon! 'Miss Fanny' was strangely quiet for the rest of the morning.

As for Little Dabbs, his hurt shin grew hourly more painful. The sixth-form boy whose fag he was, good-naturedly anointed the inflamed part, with a private remedy,