

of the work, just because she is obliging.

'I will always be pleasant to everybody—'

'Dora, mamma wants you—'

'Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!'

'Mamma wants you to see to Freddie.'

'Oh, dear! Why can't you?'

'I've got to go down to the post-office.'

'Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?'

'All done,' said Agnes, with a little smile that had no trace of superiority in it.

'But I meant to come and wipe them,' said Dora, with a flush.

'Never mind,' said Agnes, 'I knew you were busy.'

Dora followed her sister downstairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting-room were dusted. Dick was eating fresh seed with great relish, and it was ten o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block house, Dora slipped up-stairs and brought down her paper of 'New Year's Resolutions' and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

'I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as Aggie does, and do everything I see that needs to be done, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!'—'Youth's Companion.'

Two Christmas-Trees.

It only wanted a week to Christmas, and Nellie, Frankie and Campbell C. were sitting round the school-room fire, talking of coming holidays and the Christmas-tree.

'O,' said Nellie, 'mother is going to buy the things for our tree to-morrow—such lovely balls and silvery things, and dolls, sweets, everything!'

'Yes,' added Frankie, 'and boys' things, too—knives, tops—'

Just then the door opened, and the children's grown-up sisters came in, bright and fresh after their walk from the Children's Hospital. It had been their visiting day, and, as usual, Nellie and the boys had questions to ask after

the 'cases' in which they were most interested.

'Poor little Charlie is worse,' said sister Janie. 'The doctors say he cannot live long. When we asked him what he would like most for Christmas, he said he should like a Christmas-tree, for he had never seen one, and the ward he is in is the only one that has no promise of a tree.'

'O, mother,' broke in Nellie, as Mrs. C. entered the room, 'won't you give a tree to sisters' poor hospital children?'

'Certainly,' replied her mother; 'but if I do, you children must give all the ornaments. You know I give every child in the hospital a good gift, and though I will gladly give a tree too, I cannot do more.'

Nellie's face was a study; she had very little money—not nearly enough for what was needed.

There was silence for a while, then Mrs. C. said:

'Listen, my children. You know every year I buy so much for our home tree. I will do so again, and you and the boys can give as much as you like, from what I get, to the hospital tree.'

'That's lovely!' said Frankie, 'let's give half!'

The next night the big drawing-room was strewn over with all manner of toys, half of which were duly set aside for the hospital tree. Now and again when there were only three of a kind, there was a debate as to whether one or two should go for the little sufferers, but in the end the bigger share was reserved for the hospital.

On Christmas-Eve, Nellie, and her brothers were allowed to go and help to prepare the hospital tree. There was great excitement in the ward, and much curiosity when the tree was taken in, but still more when two of the doctors carried in two big clothes-horses for screens, while the work of dressing the tree went on. Last of all the lights were fixed on and lit. Then the nurses told the children 'to shut their eyes one minute,' the screens were removed, and there stood the beautiful tree, crowded with all sorts of pretty, glittering things, and by it a table on which Santa Claus had put a nice present for each child.

The children were highly delighted to see 'Father Christmas' dressed like an old man; but it was

not difficult to find out that he was one of the young doctors.

It was hard to say who was happier, Nellie and her brothers, or the dear little sick children; but I do know that when the other tree was lighted on the following night, Nellie whispered to me:

'I think our own tree this year is better than ever, and more like a real tree should be, 'cause it's not all hidden with things, and there was plenty for two.'

Yes, I thought, how many homes would be brighter and better if there were kindly deeds done in them, and something spared for those who have nothing, and whose hearts are sad because nobody cares for them.—'Sunday Scholar's Treasure.'

The Boat for Slumberland.

There's a boat that leaves at half-past six

From the busy port of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland

Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths

And the boatman begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet

(Like a mother's lullaby)

That the travellers smile and close their eyes

To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travellers tarry too long

In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,

And grieves at their delay.

But they come at last to the rocking boat,

Which bears them down the stream,

And drifts them to the slumberland
To rest and sleep and dream.

The name of that boat is Rock-a-bye,

And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the patient boatman, dear,

Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now, what is the fare a traveller pays

On a Rock-a-bye boat like this?

Why, the poorest child can afford the price,

For it's only a good-night kiss.

—'Little Men and Women.'