

her feet "I wonder if it would make much difference to Mr. Flynn, if I wait till noon." She started along, but very slowly. She was still thinking.

"Mamma said there were extra bed-clothes in the bundle. P'raps he hasn't enough now to keep him warm, even if he is in bed." Maysie remembered how cold she had been in bed one night, when there had come a sudden change in the weather. And there had been a pair of blankets on her bed. "I don't s'pose Mrs. Flynn has any blankets," Maysie said thoughtfully, and that settled the question for her.

Her face looked like one of those shiny red snow-apples by the time she got to Mrs. Flynn's, and she was a good deal out of breath. But it did not take her long to tell her errand.

"Ah, but that's good news, Miss Maysie!" Mrs. Flynn said joyfully. "He's always a wee bit cowl'd under the thin quilts. An' he's hungerin' fer somethin' nice an' tasty to eat. Shure, it was mighty kind o' ye to come round this cowl'd mornin', an' Johnny shall go right away."

"Ugh!" Maysie said for the second time, as she faced the cold wind again. "I b'lieve I never did see such a horrid wind. But I'm glad I didn't wait till noon, 'cause if I had, Mr. Flynn couldn't have had his warm quilts, an' his nice things to eat, till afternoon. An' he'd have been kind of cold and hungry all the mornin', while I'd be warm an' comf'table. When you have something like that to do that's goin' to make people happy, I think it's nice to do it as soon as ever you can, an' then the folks can begin to be happy just so much sooner."

It is not only grown-up people who think wise thoughts. This one of Maysie's was both wise and kind, and if we would all put it into practice, as she did, the world would be a brighter and happier place.

JOEY HAD A LITTLE DOG.

The teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that reminds me of Mary and her little lamb, only it is of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about eight years old, and was devoted to a small lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

"Joe," she said, firmly, "you must take that dog out."

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup, and, with his head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door; then, giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said slowly: "And he's named for you!"

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE.

A villager, one frosty day in the depth of winter, found a snake under a hedge almost dead with the cold. Having pity on the poor creature, he brought it home, and laid it on the hearth near the fire. Revived by the heat, it reared up, and with dreadful hissings attacked the wife and children of its benefactor. The man, hearing their cries, rushed in, and with a mattock, which he brought in his hand, soon cut the snake in pieces. "Vile wretch!" said he; "is this the reward you make to him who saved your life? Die, as you deserve; but a single death is too good for you."

WHAT HAPPENED TO JIMSEY.

There was no place where Robbie liked better to visit than at Aunt Mary's house. In the first place, there was dear Aunt Mary herself, who was fond of all boys, and particularly fond of Robbie. In the next place, there was the cooky-jar, which had a wonderful way of never being empty no matter how often he visited it; and, last of all, there were the birds. Rinkum was a parrot that always made Robbie laugh by exclaiming, in odd imitation of Aunt Mary, "Mercy, how you've grown!"

He liked Rinkum, but he liked the mocking-bird, Jimsey, too, though Jimsey couldn't talk; but he would hold his head on one side and peer at Robbie with his bright eyes to make sure it was he, and then hop gaily about his cage, as if glad that the boy had come again.

Now, one day, something happened. Aunt Mary washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, set her bread by the stove to rise; and, telling Jimsey and Rinkum, who had been let out of their cages, to behave themselves, went up-stairs, never dreaming that two such well-behaved birds would get into trouble while she was gone. But pretty soon she heard Rinkum's loud screeches, which told her something was the matter.

"Fire! fire! throw on water!" cried Polly, as she entered.

"Where are you, Rinkum, and where's Jimsey?"

"Mercy, how you've grown! Fire! Fire!" screamed Rinkum, from a dark corner of the room under the table, where she had retreated as if in fear. But Jimsey was not with her, and Aunt Mary grew alarmed as she saw, what had escaped her notice when she went upstairs, that the side window was open several inches. "Some cat has got him, or else he has flown away." She started to-



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ward the window to look out, but as she went she noticed a strange heaving of the napkin over her bread. She whisked it off, and there was poor Jimsey up to his neck in soft sponge, vainly struggling to free himself, but sinking deeper and deeper. Rinkum had watched him fly down to the edge of the pan, pick up a corner of the napkin in his bill, peck at the dough daintily to see if it were good, and then hop down into the sticky stuff, which held him fast. She did all she could by giving the alarm, and Aunt Mary soon had the bird out of his queer bath; but Jimsey's feathers had to be cut, and he was never quite so lively again, so that Robbie, when he came again, said:

"Aunt Mary, it seems to me that Jimsey's getting old; he acts like an old man. And I'm getting old, too. Do you know, I'll be six years old to-morrow!"

"Mercy, how you've grown!" said the parrot.

SORRY ENOUGH TO QUIT.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday school what was meant by the word "repentance." A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?" "Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit." That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

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