

THAT BOY.



Hurrah for me! I'm "that boy." Grandmother talks about me. She says: "There's that boy again!" I wonder if she wants me to be a girl? Then, whenever I go near the girls playing doll tea-party, they begin to grab up their things and cry: "Oh, there comes that boy!" I would just as soon be some other boy, but I can't. Papa asks, "What is that boy up to now?" just as though a boy didn't have to be up to something or—burst. What's wrong with being a boy? Papa was one, and grandma—she couldn't be.

Papa is always saying, "When I was a boy," but he never asks grandma to tell what she knows about that time. I guess it's all right to be a boy, or God wouldn't make so many: but maybe I'm not the best kind. I could please grandma and the girls better. I guess I'll try. I'm tired of being "that boy."

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CASSIE'S CUP OF COLD WATER.

Cassie's teacher told them in Sabbath-school that if little girls could do no more, they could at least give a cup of cold water to some tired, thirsty person.

Dr. Mills took a long walk to see a sick man. He rested for a while on a log near Cassie's house. She saw him, and said to her mother: "Would he like a cup of cold water, do you think?"

"Yes, or milk, and gingerbread," said her mother.

Cassie ran down to Dr. Mills. and said: "Would you like a cup of water, or milk, and gingerbread?"

"I would like the cold water," said Dr. Mills.

"It's a cup of cold water in Jesus' name," said Cassie as she brought it. "Would you do this for Jesus?"