

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

Eddy Lee's Likeness.

'What are you going to paint next, Uncle?' said Eddy Lee one day, as a large picture was taken away from his uncle's studio.

'What next, my boy?' said Uncle Bob; 'well, do you know, I was thinking of painting you.'

'Me!' said the little fellow, 'oh, my!' then added, 'But don't you make pictures for money, and I can't give you any. I have only ninepence, and I'm gathering up to buy a pair of rabbits.'

'Yes, but never mind that, this is to be "all for love, and nothing for reward." I had a letter from your mother, this morning, in which she says, "You must tell me all about Eddy, I would so like to see him." Now, I mean you to tell her all about yourself.'

'Oh, but you know, Uncle dear,' said Eddy, 'I can't write.'

'Yes, my child; but, if I paint your likeness, and it goes to your mother, she will be able to read from it what kind of a boy you are.'

Eddy's parents lived in India, and he had been sent home some time before, but his mother's heart was very much with him, and often she wished she could know exactly how he was getting on.

Well, it was arranged that next day Eddy should give his uncle a 'sitting.' So, punctual to the moment, he got himself ready for the occasion, with well-brushed hair and spotless collar; but, running along to his uncle's room, his foot struck on a housemaid's box, and down he fell. Fortunately he was not much hurt, but none the less he stamped and fumed and scolded the absent Mary for leaving her box. As you may suppose, he was rather a forbidding-looking little object when he got into the room.

'Eddy, Eddy! what are you thinking of?' said his uncle. 'Is this the little boy that is to be sent to his mother? Why, you look quite dangerous.'

'Oh, Uncle,' cried Eddy, bursting into tears; 'I forgot, and I will try not to be rough again,' but the passionate look still lingered on his face.

'No, Eddy,' returned his uncle, 'this will never do; your mother would think you were in a bad way. By the by,' he continued, 'when are you to get your rabbits?'

Instantly, as Mr. Lee intended, an expression of delight flashed across the face of the little sitter, and he cried, 'Oh! Jim Walker promised me them to-day.'

'Then what would you say,' returned Uncle Bob, 'to have them in the picture?'

'Oh, Uncle! You don't mean it?' gasped Eddy, with incredulous delight.

'Certainly I mean it; bring them up and I will put them in.'

You may be sure Eddy did not let

At this moment a woman in a neighboring cottage said, 'Deed, Mary, it's jist the auld story; his faither cam hame last nicht blin' fou, an' stumblin' at the back door, he ca'ed owre the wee rabbit-house, an' ivery yin o' them's away.'

What a disappointment for Eddy! His tears mingled with Jim's; but, child as he was, he soon saw what a sad case Jim's was with such a father. The idea of the rabbits in the picture had to be abandoned, but as Uncle Bob painted and talked with Eddy about what



the grass grow under his feet, as he sped off to Jim Walker's; indeed, Mary who was sent to help carry the rabbits, could scarcely keep pace with him.

On arriving they found poor Jim Walker sitting on the door-step sobbing as if his heart would break.

'What's the matter, Jim?' said Mary; but the question was answered only by another outburst of sobs.

they could do for Jim's father, and the expression of interested benevolence in Eddy's face came out on the canvas, you could not but feel how good the advice is to think on those things that are pure and lovely and of good report. To do so, makes not only a beautiful character, but a beautiful countenance.

I need hardly say the portrait gave great pleasure and was highly prized, when it reached its destination.—'Adviser.'