

But Jim stared at the gutter and did not reply.

"What's the matter? What are you thinking of?" asked Ted.

"Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to the mission school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying."

"Nias and Sophia?" asked Ted. "Ananias and Sapphira," corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. "Yes, that's them."

"Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keeping anybody's money back, are we?"

"No, but"—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

"But what?" said Ted, with wondering eyes.

"You see, it's just like this," Jim went on, thoughtfully. "That man down to mission school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done."

"Well, then, let's take up the coal" and Ted started for the shovel.

"All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way, ain't it, Ted?"

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I think that this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing. You are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face.

One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones? —*Our Young Folks.*

JACK'S HAPPY DAY.

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," cried Jack Clavering, "I wish that I lived in a country where there was no such word in the language. It is just 'don't do this,' and 'don't do that,' and 'don't do the other' until I am sick of my life."

"Very well, Jack," said his mother, "if you would like to have your own way in everything, for one day you may do so. To-morrow, I promise you, that no one shall say 'Don't' to you, or take the least care of you, and you may do exactly as you please."

"Oh, goody, goody," cried Jack, "but won't I have a splendid time!"

"We will see," said his mother, smiling.

The next morning, when the rising bell rang, Jack rolled over for another nap. "No one will say, 'Don't be late for breakfast to-day, Jack,'" he said to himself, so he went comfortably to sleep again. He was awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs and many voices under his window.

"Not down yet," he heard them say, "oh, what a shame, oh, what a pity," and as he threw on his dressing gown, and ran to look out, he saw his uncle and two little

cousins in their dog-cart below him.

"Oh Jack," they cried, "there is the loveliest picnic at Red Crag to-day, and papa said that we might call for you to go. We are all to meet at the station at nine o'clock."

"Oh," cried Jack, "I am just up—but I will soon be ready—I won't wait to get breakfast."

"Very sorry," said his uncle, "but I have only ten minutes to make the train in, so we cannot wait for you," and off dashed the gay party, leaving Jack with the tears of disappointment rolling down his cheeks.

When he went into the dining-room he found his breakfast waiting on the table for him, and a sorry breakfast it was: an omelette, a piece of steak, and a plate of rolls, but all stone cold. "I think mamma might have had my breakfast kept warm," he cried angrily, and then he remembered that his mother was not taking care of him that day, and that he was going to manage for himself, so, with a very sour face, he sat down to his unpalatable meal.

As soon as it was over he started for a walk, and before long found himself by the side of a mill-pond where, tied to a stake, was a little boat with the oars lying in it. "Ah, ha," said Jack, "as I am to do as I please to-day, I will have a row in this pretty boat that mamma would never so much as let me look at," and in a few moments the disobedient boy had pushed off from the land. Bitterly did he regret it, however, when in a little while he found the boat was leaking and filling fast with water. Oh how he shouted and cried for help. Fortunately for him, some workmen, near by, heard his screams, and one of them throwing off his coat swam out to the boat and seized Jack just as the boat was going down, or else there would have been a sad end to my story. Cold and miserable and wet, he hurried home to change his clothes, and sorry enough was he when he saw that the pretty little new suit that he had worn was spoiled forever.

At the dinner table he took possession of the dish of pickles, and ate the whole of them, and was helped to three slices of rich pud-