

you'll think it's just squeezed out of the apples."

"Good for you," said Archie, while several boys clapped their hands. "Get out your chink."

Georgie had already taken seven cents out of his pocket, five that his mother had given him that morning for bringing a basket of shavings, and two that had been in his pocket several days. He thought the peanuts a good idea; but when the cider was mentioned he hesitated, for he had signed the pledge too, and, looking at the cents rather doubtfully, he put his hand slowly back into his pocket. He wished heartily that he had not come into the store, for Archie was the largest boy in the class, and one that all the boys stood in some fear of.

"Where's your's?" said Archie, coming up to Georgie in his collecting tour around the fire. "I saw it in your hand."

"I don't want any cider," said Georgie.

"Why not?" asked Archie, rather crossly.

The boys all stopped talking and looked at Georgie, and Mr. Royal stopped and looked around, as he was walking by with a pitcher in his hand. Two or three men who were in the back part of the store came up to see what was the matter.

"Come, hurry up," said Archie, as Georgie hesitated a little. "We won't have any stinky fellow on the ice with us, will we, boys?"

"I would be ashamed to hold on to my cents that way," said one of the boys.

"So would I," "and I," echoed two or three.

"Never mind, boy," said a rather good natured looking man, patting Georgie on the shoulder; "hold on by your money as long as you can; you'll lose it soon enough in here;" and the men all laughed in a way Georgie did not understand.

"It isn't that," said Georgie, flushing a little, but looking very resolute. "I was going to give my cents towards the peanuts; but I belong to the temperance society, and I shan't drink old cider, nor buy it either."

"You needn't try to humbug me that

way," said Archie, very angrily, at the same time giving him a violent push towards the door. "You can go home as soon as you've a mind to, and if you come near the pond you'll see a snow ball in your eye."

The truth was Archie had signed the pledge too, but was trying very hard to forget it; and Georgie's reminding him of it made him very angry.

Georgie looked rather sober as he went out of the door, for he was sorry to lose the skating. "I don't care," he thought as he started down the hill, "I'd rather not skate for six weeks than tell a lie; and if I break the pledge it is telling a lie of the worst kind," and he whistled cheerily as he set out for home.

That evening, as he was giving his father his usual account of what he had done at school that day, he told him of his disappointment about skating, and how glad he was when he did not break his pledge.

"My dear Georgie," said his father, after he had heard his story, "I don't think Daniel would have done any better."

"Why, papa, what do you mean?" said Georgie, very much astonished.

"I mean," said his father, that it was the same spirit that made you stick to your pledge to-day, that made Daniel kneel down and pray three times a day after the king's decree. It may take as much courage for my little boy to stand by the flag of the cross in his every day life at school," he continued, "as it did for Daniel to pray by his window. It is the every day life, my son; a man's or a boy's every day life that makes him great. Daniel's every day life in the palace at Babylon made him a greater hero than his being thrown into the lions' den.—*Congregationalist*.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This nursery rhyme so familiar to our childhood's years is another illustration of the truth of Solomon's axiom there is nothing new under the sun. The original is in the Chaldee language, and was a hymn sung at the feast of the passover by the Jews as commemorative of the principal events of their history