



### BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

WHAT a happy little girl. Nothing to do but twine daisies and buttercups into chains and crowns and beautiful wreaths. Out in the woods from morning till night listening to the birds sing and chasing butterflies over the grassy slopes. But this little girl doesn't always have so little to do; she has to go to school and study her lessons the same as other little girls. But this is holiday-time and she is making the most of it while it lasts, for it will soon be over and she will have to go back to school and study.

### PAUL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

ONCE there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight and it would be "just like truly camping." So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent; a pair of blankets and a sofa cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, and some ginger bread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears—to keep out little bugs and things. She had the hired man

help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumb cloth over them. The hired man of his own accord brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt and his big sister good-bye, and shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the "Rocky Mountains," as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catchpins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still; but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard, the brave cross-bow, with its pin pointed arrows, promised safety, while the blankets, sofa cushion and the soft hay were

all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made out-doors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out wasn't delightful in every way.

It was nearly half-past eight. Mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary, rehearsing her elocution exercise. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall door open and the tiny feet go stealing up stairs. When the elocution exercise was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went up stairs; but before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There, in the starlight, she saw the brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back, "Kind of lonesome—and I heard something swallowing, very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?"

Faithful mamma didn't "tell"—not until long afterward, when Paul had grown

to be so old and so big that he went "truly camping" far away to the Rocky mountains.

And what was the "swallowing" that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imagined noise. Don't you?—*St. Nicholas.*

### "THE LORD'S PART."

NANNIE had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part of it."

And when she got it in smaller coins she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday."

And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule and dropped in—two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord?"

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own. So, if you give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

### HONOUR IN OUR BOYS.

THERE is great confusion in boys' notions of honour. You should not go to your teacher with tales of your school mates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did the mischief, or broke a rule, no matter what the result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honour which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustices among boys goes unchecked and the weaker are abused and bullied in every way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate, or keep silence to screen the guilty. Teachers and parents ought to put down this ignorant, pet "sense of honour" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong and responsible for the original meaness. It is a pity that boys and grown up people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and fraud into points of genuine honour and courage.