

RISE OAP

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Some of the little folks have asked me...

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I saw no letters in the corner so I thought I would write one...

I remain, yours truly,

JOHANNAH M.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written you a letter for such a long time, I thought I would write you one...

Your little niece,

BEATRICE D.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written a letter for a long time I thought I would write you one...

From your little nephew,

ERNEST D.

THE BAD BOY.

She knelt beside the bed where lay the boy...

And then she prayed till hope came back to her...

How like her God she seemed while kneeling there...

How like the Christ that nightly comes to me...

LIKE OTHER BOYS.

"Hello, Rusty! Say, can you come fishin'?"

"Oh! I hate that old fence! Did your Aunt Jane say you'd got to go?"

"Rustus! Rustus! If I see you a'iding agin to-day, into the house you'll march and you'll not get out agin soon, sir!"

"Rustus," or to call him by his proper name, Erastus Wheeler...

Through all that long siege, which proved not to be two weeks, but more than two months...

"Aunt Jane, you have been so good to me. How can I ever do enough for you when I get well?"

"When Rusty's companion arrived at the farmhouse door, he knocked timidly in response to a sharp 'Come in'..."

"Go a-what? Fishin'? No, he can't, and if you have no more to do Saturday mornings, that's no sign that other folks haven't; so run right home now like a good boy."

put a wire all through, clean out to its tail."

"Where is it?" asked Henry Blair, cagerly.

"No, you can't go," he announced sadly, to the eager boy at the fence.

"Go right upstairs, you miserable boy, and you needn't show your face again down here to-day."

"Erastus! Erastus! Come down!" It was the fourth time that Aunt Jane had called, and the usually obedient boy had not appeared.

"What can all the boy?" the woman thought, as she mounted the stairs and pushed open Rusty's door.

"Come long, let's run and hide under the hedge."

"Come long, I say," urged Henry; "nobody'll know where we are goin'."

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called for his attention to us!"

"What does this mean, Elizabeth?" Mrs. Hawthorne asked in an aside.

"I did it. I went around and asked a few people in to meet our friend here. I ordered some cake and lemonade too."

heard her name, but I knew her at sight as the intelligent questioner who crows you into idioecy by her faint cleverness.

"So delighted to meet you at last!" she said, seating herself beside him.

But at that moment his wife came up and said that he was wanted outside, and he escaped.

The old farmer died suddenly; so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the funeral.

"Why were you talking in prayer-time, Joseph?" asked the teacher.

"I wasn't talkin', I was—I was—" "Well, Joseph, what were you doin'?"

"I was asking God not to let them two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar...

"The habit of seclusion was a distinct trait in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

Presently Mr. Emerson and his daughter appeared, then Louisa Alcott and her father...

"Her blue eyes glittered with triumph as Mrs. Hawthorne turned away."

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said.

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BREAD.

A Simple Study Which Does Not Perplex Us.

"May I have another slice of bread, papa?" asked the boy...

"There is no more bread!" "Who is that piece for?" asked the boy.

"For mamma!" "And that?" "For your sister!"

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor, gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you."

"I don't know," said the father; "I don't know, my son. Times are hard—there is no work."

"I ask him every morning, as mamma has taught me, 'Give us this day our daily bread, and yet we scarcely get any.'"

"But it is not enough," said the boy, with emphasis, and went once more into a brown study.

"Why don't you ask some rich man for money, papa?" said he, after a while.

"Rich men do not part with their money in that way."

"The father was surprised, and he said: 'I do not know, my son. Why do you ask?'"

Sorrow That Came Too Late.

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