

KEEPING COOL.

Who does not like to keep cool on a hot day? But who can have some one by them to fan them all the time? Not many of us, I guess, unless we happen to live where there is a boy like Gordon Snow. He says that because he has such a nice cool name he does not get hot. So he spends his time in fanning other people to keep them cool. He is a very generous little man, and I believe he would be willing to fan other folks most even if he was warm himself. He seems to think more of other people's comfort than of his own:



CONFESSING.

One day, when auntie was out of the room, Charlie and Frankie tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

"Don't tell her!" whispered Charlie. "We'll shut the door and run away, and she'll never know who did it."

"Oh, we ought to tell her," urged Frankie, "and say we are sorry."

"No, don't tell; it's ever so much easier not to," whispered Charlie.

"I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder," said brave little Frankie.

"When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spots that it had made on the carpet. "I'm so glad that you told me at once," she said; "for if it had dried in, it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't think that it will show at all."

"It is just like God's forgiving us, isn't it?" asked Frankie. "If we tell him about our sins right away, and say that we are sorry, and ask him to forgive us, he does; and it makes our hearts clean again."