

resolution itself, faithfully carried out, that made the great change in their life and character.

"But," says some one, "good resolutions, are not kept." If good resolutions, whenever or however formed, were never kept, Wilberforce and Scott and Clarke and Doddridge and Moffat and a host of others, would never have become distinguished.

And now, if any young reader has not only the desire but the determination to do better, he should definitely fix in his own mind the defects he wishes to cure, the excellence he wishes to attain, the work he desires to accomplish, and should courageously and continuously bend his energies to the accomplishment of the work he has undertaken. The Christian boy or girl will not fail to ask God's help and guidance in commencing and continuing the work of self-improvement.

ONE LITTLE GIRL.

She was a little girl not more than ten years old. A faded calico dress, not over clean, a pair of shoes with more buttons missing than were present, made up by a no means fashionable toilet. Her eyes were not "large and dark;" in fact, she was a very commonplace looking little girl. If you met her on the street, it is quite certain that you would not look at her twice, for in New York there are many little girls not so clean, and with clothes more ragged than Rose's.

She came into a court room in New York one day two or three days since, leading by the hand a little boy with bare feet, ragged clothes, and a hat with a torn crown. He was crying very hard, and once in a while would say, between his sobs:

"I won't do it again, Rosie; I won't do it again."

But Rosie shut her lips tight, and walked through the little iron gate and stood on the platform before the judge. She was not afraid of the good-natured looking man who was the judge that morning.

"Please, sir, will you please take care of Johnny? he is too much for me. I can mind the baby all right, but Johnny runs away."

"I won't do it again," wailed Johnny.

"Where is your mother," said the judge.

A crimson wave flashed over the face of the lit-

tle woman, and with eyes looking on the ground she said:

"On the Island."

"Why?"

"She got drunk."

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know; and please, will you take care of Johnny?"

After much questioning the story was told.

Little Rose for eight weeks had been taking care of a baby sister eight months old and Johnny.

Now Johnny would not stay at home, and Rose had heard that there was a big house up town where he could not run away, and she came to the judge to have him sent to that place.

Rose really took care of Johnny and the baby. She earned money by selling papers and "minding" the babies of two or three mothers who lived in a big tenement-house in which she lived, who had to go away from home to earn money. She paid the rent of the one room she called home, and was father and mother to her brother and sister.

The judge did send Johnny to the place up town where Rose wanted him sent. How he cried when the big policeman took him away from Rose. And Rose cried; the great tears rolled down her cheeks as she went out on the street, and she waited around the door, with the baby in her arms, till it was almost dark, to see Johnny go away. Perhaps it was best that Johnny went out by another door while she was waiting.

Now Johnny plays on a big lawn with a lot of other little boys. His face and clothes are clean, and when Rose goes up to see him she will be surprised to see how fat and happy he is.

Some people went down to see Rose, and tried to persuade her to put the baby in a home and go to another home herself. But Rose said "No;" she must keep the house and the baby until her mother got back, and she could not be separated from the baby. She was so womanly, so motherly in her determination, that she was permitted to do as she wished.

To day, if you should go into the tenement houses near that gloomy building called the Tombs, you would find Rose living with the baby, and if it was the afternoon you would find three other babies with her, to whom she proves a good nurse.