

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Melbourne? What sort of a one, sir?" clamored the boys. For the session was over, and they were just crowding around the teacher for the easy five-minutes' after-school talk they all liked.

"Oh! I must leave that for you to decide. John Hancock didn't ask his Sunday-school teacher what to write."

And that was all Mr. Melbourne would say. It was a way he had, leaving the boys to find out for themselves.

"What in the world did he mean?" they asked one another on the way home. They thought over the little unpleasantness with Chili, when the black headlines in the newspaper had induced them to form a militia company, which disbanded in warrior-like disgust on receipt of the news of that doughty little republic's dignified apology.

The Behring Sea dispute had raised their hopes again: but unfortunately England and America were too civilized to go to war over a drove of seals. Everything at Washington looked particularly peaceful.

"I've got it!" shouted Fred Russell, suddenly. "He means a sort of a moral independence, I guess."

"H'm! I knew 't would turn into something like that," said Tom Marden, indignantly. "Might know."

After the first feeling of disappointment, however, the boys became rather interested in the idea of a declaration, and during the week Fred, encumbered by much advice from a volunteer "congress" of his classmates, produced the following document, with its heading neatly printed in Old English text, and his own signature below, leading the rest:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. July 4, 1892.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to dissolve the bonds which have kept a fellow in the habit of doing things he ought not to, and to assume among his fellow-citizens that condition of freedom from bad habits of all sorts to which he is entitled, it then becomes proper that such a fellow, and all the rest that want to join in with him, should declare themselves FREE AND INDEPENDENT BOYS. We hereby declare that we will not be servants to any wrong thing that shall hinder us from living the best and happiest and noblest life that we have a right to. We will throw off all allegiance to untruth, idleness, impurity, intemperance, and cigarettes. In witness whereof, we hereby affix our names and pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

"That cigarette business is a dig at me," complained Tom. "I don't care, though. Mother hates to have me smoke 'em any way. Here goes." And down went Tom's name, in big, scrawly letters, under the rest.

On Sunday, July 3, the "Work and Win" class presented the declaration, neatly framed, to Mr. Melbourne. It was signed by every member of the class, and nearly twenty outsiders, who had so entered into the spirit of the thing that the "Workers and Winners" had to let them join.

As he read the document, and glanced around at the eager, half-laughing, half-serious, boyish faces looking into his, Mr. Melbourne was silent for a moment. Perhaps he was too much touched to speak. When he did, it was not in his own words: "Now, being made free from sin, and become

servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." And, after another pause, he added, solemnly: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

Boston, Mass.

Grandpa's Way.

My grandpa is the strangest man!

Of course I love him dearly;

But really it does seem to me

He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day

Is right, no matter whether

It rains or snows, or shines or blows,

Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by

A heavy shower provoking,

He pats my head and says, "You see

The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm

For any kind of pleasure,

He says, "The corn has grown an inch—

I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind

Has set my things all whirling,

He looks at me, and says "Tut! tut!

This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,

And fence-posts scarcely peeping,

"How warm beneath their blanket white

The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face

His sweet smile shines so clearly,

It would be nice if every one

Could see things just so queerly.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Little Minnie's Prayer.

Let me tell you about the fruit yielded by the prayer of a little child. Her home used to be a very happy one; but her father had taken to drinking. This had brought them to great poverty, and almost broken her poor mother's heart. One evening he came home just as Minnie had knelt down to say her prayers. Hearing her little voice, he stood still a moment, as he entered the room and listened. The dear child was praying thus: "O God! make father leave off his evil ways; make him my own dear father once again. Make dear mother's sad looks go away, and make her old smile come back; but thy will be done!" Minnie's mother burst into tears, as she threw her arms around her husband's neck, and said "Oh, my husband, for the sake of that dear child let us all be happy again!" The poor man bowed his head and wept. Then, clasping his hands, said, "By the help of God, you shall have no more sorrow on my account." And he kept his word. Dear little Minnie's prayer saved her father from going down to a drunkard's grave.

Jumps at the conclusion—The sleepy man in church.