

LITTLE FOLKS

Aunt Isabel's Plan.

(By Emma C. Hewitt.)

Harry Williams didn't feel very pleasant, for two reasons. One was that he had a badly sprained knee and had to stay in bed. The other was that his Aunt Isabel had sent his mother to lie down, saying that she would attend to Master Harry.

Mrs. Williams had hesitated at first, saying that Harry required a great deal of attention.

'So I see,' answered Aunt Isabel, somewhat grimly.

Harry did not quite like the expression of Aunt Isabel's face, so he objected. But Aunt Isabel was a

'Then why didn't you give me a drink when I asked you for it?'

'You didn't ask me for it.'

'I did!' he answered crossly; 'I hollered as loud as I could — 'I — want—a—drink!'

'Do you call that asking for a drink? I do not. Ask me for one and I'll cheerfully give you one.'

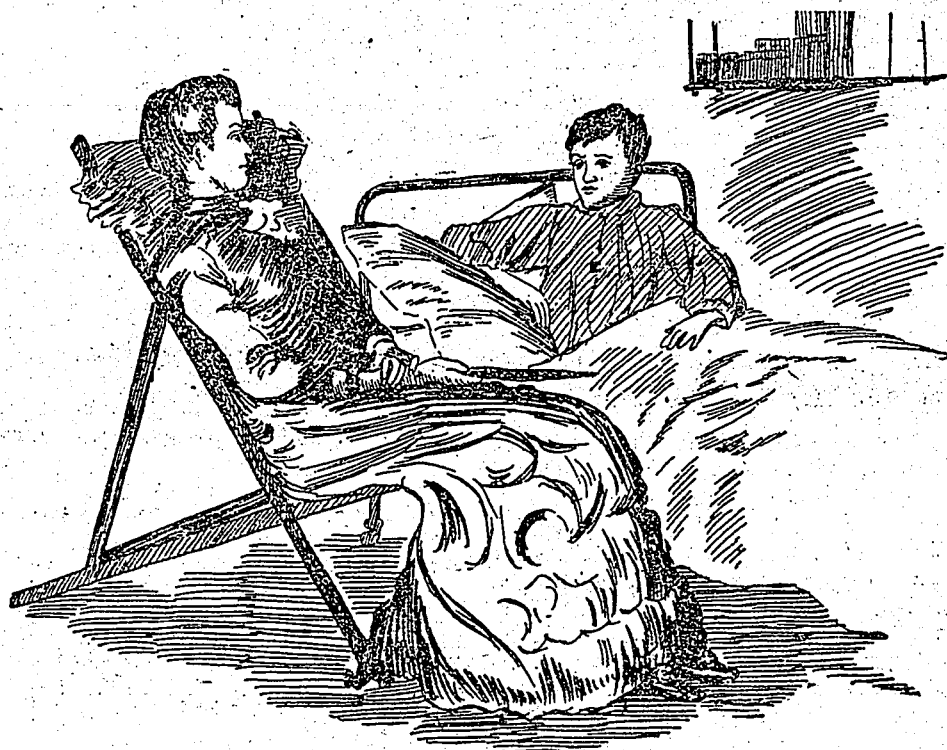
'Please, Aunt Isabel, give me a drink?' said he, in a shamefaced way, and then added resentfully, 'Mamma let's me ask that way; 'cause I'm sick.'

'I do not think that being sick need prevent your being a gentleman, do you? Suppose when mamma was sick she should scream at you and say, "Shut—that—door!"

every time you see mamma called away from your side to do something for some one else, by night count up the marks.'

Harry was interested in the plan, and as soon as Aunt Isabel left his side he began. He wanted a book, but concluded that it was not of vital importance, and so put that down in the second row, etc.

The consequence was, that he counted up at the end of the next day, three hundred things his mother had done, with fifty that he had not asked her to do at once. You may be sure he was a little surprised to see how selfish he had been; for, if it had not been for Aunt Isabel's plan, he would have insisted on her doing the other fifty, right at the moment. After this Harry was a little more thoughtful of his tired mother, and helped her all he could by his patience. — 'Morning Star.'



'DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?' ASKED HARRY.

woman who was accustomed to have her own way. She was always very pleasant about it, but people generally gave in to her. So it ended in her sending her weary sister-in-law to lie down for a much needed rest, and establishing herself in the chair beside Harry's bed as nurse-in-chief.

'Aunt Isabel, I want a drink,' said my young gentleman, imperiously, a moment later. Miss Williams apparently did not hear.

'Aunt Isabel, I — want — a — drink,' he said louder and more emphatically than before.

Still Aunt Isabel gazed at him serenely, as though entirely deaf.

Harry looked at her curiously.

'Didn't you hear me?' he asked a moment later.

'Yes; I heard you,' answered his aunty, calmly.

at the top of her voice, instead of the way she always does: "Harry, dear, won't you close the door, gently." What would you think of her, any way?

This was a new view of the case. It had never occurred to Harry that grown people and children could be measured by the same rules,

'Now I am going to ask you to do something that I think you will find interesting. Here is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. Put two rows of strokes, this way. When you want anything, and feel inclined to ask mamma to go for it, think over it for a moment, and if you must have it, put a stroke here; and if you can wait a while, put your mark, and ask her where she's going, or something else. Then, under the first mark, put another for

The Stone Ezel.

I. Samuel xx., 19.

(By the Rev. Marmaduke Riggall.)

'I, "the stone Ezel," am a way-mark for lonely men going to and fro. And many pilgrims, young and old, have I seen, as here I stand "to show the way." Sometimes friends have walked together holding sweet counsel as they passed me; and sometimes I have seen the flashing eyes and hot cheeks of men of war going forth to battle.

One day, as I stood here patient and alone, humbly trying to do my duty without even wishing to move or stir, I saw two young men, upon a hill not far away, talking together earnestly. And I saw that they loved each other much.

One was tall and dark, with long black hair and eyes deep set, through which the soul seemed to look forth upon his friend, as if he thought that friend the noblest and best of men. And he was a noble youth, and worthy to be loved! His cheeks and lips were rosy red, his hair was bright as sunshine; and he was as comely to look upon as the other, though not, I think, nearly as tall. They both were strong, and could "run, and not be weary; and walk, and not faint."

And as I looked upon them, I saw that they loved each other with a rare strength and tenderness of love. But great trouble and pain of heart were with them, as they