



WHICH WOULD THEY CHOOSE?

MOTHER had come back from her trip down town, and Arthur and Joe were glad of it, somehow the house always seemed lonesome when mother was away. Both little boys hung around until they saw the long pins come out of her bonnet, her best gloves folded up and the plush coat hung up in the wardrobe. Now they were ready for a good time.

"Well?" said Arthur, leaning his elbow on mother's lap. Joe came and leaned his elbow on her other knee.

"Well, rowdies," said mother, smiling. "I haven't been to a circus, what do you expect me to tell you?"

"Tell us what you saw, muz," said Arthur.

"Did you see any little boys?" prompted Joe.

"Oh, yes, I saw little boys. There are little boys everywhere. I saw one little boy selling matches; his clothes were dirty and ragged, his eyes were sharp, his face was pinched. He didn't look as if anybody was kind to him, nor as if he had any good times. I bought some of his matches and asked him to come to our Sunday-school, so maybe you will see that little boy yourself next Sunday."

This sober tale made Arthur and Joe look very grave indeed. But mother was not through:

"Afterward I saw a handsome, well-dressed boy, about as big as you two put together, riding on a bicycle. He was ro-y and well kept, he looked as if he had kind friends to care and provide for him, and I was just thinking, 'There goes a happy boy, when accidentally my poor little match-boy got in his way, and the well-dressed boy swore a dreadful oath at him. Oh, no, my fine fellow,' said I, 'you are not a happy boy if you can take your dear heavenly Father's name in vain that way.'"

And the two little listeners looked grave.

"Then, said mamma, 'I saw two little boys; they were lugging a bucket of coal up from the cellar to make mother's fire burn brighter. Presently they spilled some. Did they say anything ugly?' Oh, no, they! 'Hello, Mr. Coal,' said one,

'mind your business.' 'It don't matter,' said the other; 'I'll come back and pick it up.' Now, rowdies, which of these boys would you rather be?"

"Why, mother," they cried, laughing aloud, "we can't choose; we have to be the last ones, 'cause that was us—you know it was, mother."

"Yes," said mother, "I thank God that he chose for me, and gave me the last little boys for mine."

AH, TOM!

"Tom, I want old Mooley to eat the grass on the lawn. I want you to watch her, and see that she doesn't go near the flower borders."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Tom.

Tom watched very carefully for awhile, driving patient old Mooley away whenever she went near the borders. But at length he heard a voice:

"Tom, come and play marbles."

"I can't," said Tom. "I've got to watch this old cow."

"Just come outside the fence. You can watch her from there."

Tom knew he ought to stay inside, but he wanted very much to play marbles, so he said:

"I'll just come for a few minutes," and before the few minutes were passed he had forgotten all about old Mooley.

The fresh green grass was surely good enough for a cow. But perhaps she wanted something for desert, for very soon she was taking a taste of pansies and geraniums.

After awhile Tom saw his papa coming, and ran in to see half the beautiful flowers spoiled.

"Ho! get out there, you mean old cow!" he cried. He took a stick and drove her to the barn.

Papa looked at the flowers, then at the naughty boy.

"I only left her a little while," whimpered Tom.

"But if you had been faithful to your duty for that little while the mischief would not have been done."

I hope Tom will learn to be "faithful in a few things."

TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A GOOD resolution made, and kept for a single week, will do its maker and keeper some good. The objection to making good resolutions, and not keeping them lies in the fact that the first failure makes it easy to fail again and again. A boy of our acquaintance became very good on New Year's Day. He withdrew to his room, and appeared after an hour or two, with a sheet of foolscap paper held up before him. At the top of the sheet was written, "Good Resolutions for 1922." Then came the following somewhat amusing preamble and resolves:

I, Tommy Dean, knowing that I am not as good as I ought to be, and thinking that I should try to be better, on account of my friends, do agree to keep the follow-

ing resolutions for one year, at the very least:

I will get up when called at once, instead of after I've been called four times.

I will keep the back of my hair combed and tidy.

I will run on errands, even if I don't get anything for it.

I will surprise my teacher at school by studying hard 'most all of the time, and not whisper half as much as I did last year.

I will brush my clothes every day to save ma from scolding, for it is wicked to scold.

I will never be late at the table, and save pa from saying things that hurt my feelings.

I will not be saucy, and won't quarrel with any of the boys.

If I break any of these resolutions, I will draw a blue mark over it and I'm sorry.

TWO LITTLE BOYS AND TWO LITTLE SLEDS.

Two little boys had two little sleds,
But neither enjoyed his treasure
For each one thought that his brother's
sled
Would be much more to his pleasure.

They exchanged their sleds, changed back
again,
And quarrelled for days together,
Till on Christmas morning the sleds were
gone—
And all in the snowiest weather.

Then the two little boys grow grave and
sad,
When papa said, "I have sent them,
By Santa Claus, to some boys so good
That the simplest things content them."

The lesson was hard but they learned it
well,
And Santa Claus brings a present,
This year, of two fine sleds to the boys
Who have grown to be kind and pleasant.

THE BLIND INDIAN MISSIONARY

A BLIND Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said: "I want a bell and a hymn book and a God book." When asked why he wished them he said: "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends, they will, perhaps believe what I tell them they contain, and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me."

He went away, and after a while a message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tall of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the "old, old story" as well as he could. Some of the hearers believed, and they wished to know more of Jesus.