

••LITTLE FOLKS••

Alice's Punishment.

'Do stop talking for a little, Maudie,' said Alice Paton crossly to her little sister one bright summer evening. 'Don't you see I am busy, and cannot be bothered with you?'

Maudie stooped over her doll to hide the quick tears that rose to her blue eyes at her sister's words. She was a fragile little girl of five, with yellow curls, and a soft baby-face. Alice was fourteen, and assumed the airs of a young lady.

if Maudie should get ill? What would mama say when she learned that it was by her orders that Jane had taken her out? She felt as if she must run after them and bring Maudie back, but she was too proud to do so. She began to wish she had not been so cross with her little sister, and could not settle to do her lessons for looking out at the window, in hopes that she would see them returning. In about an hour she did so, and heard Jane take Maudie upstairs.



She was very fond of her little sister, but was often impatient with her, and Maudie sometimes felt very lonely and sad, with nobody but her doll to talk to. Her papa and mama were a great deal out visiting and driving, and little Maudie was left under the care of her nurse most of the day.

'Jane!' Alice called to the nurse, who was in the next room. 'Take Miss Maud out for a walk. I can't do my lessons while she is chattering here.'

'It is too cold for her, miss,' Jane ventured to remonstrate. 'The sun will soon be down, and she has a cold already.'

'Do as I tell you,' retorted Alice, going on with her lessons.

But when they had gone, Alice felt unhappy and restless. What

That night after she had gone to bed Maudie's cold increased to a fever. Jane called Mrs. Paton about midnight, and Maudie clung to her mama with hot little hands.

'How could you be so foolish as to take her out when she had a cold, Jane?' asked mama clasping her child closely in her arms.

'It was all my fault, mama,' sobbed Alice, who had stolen into the room. 'I was so cross and impatient with her. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Paton, gently, as she wrote a note to the doctor. 'Give that to Peter, Jane, and let him go quickly.'

When the doctor arrived, he shook his head gravely. Little Maudie was fast sinking, he feared. All that night mama sat by her

child's little cot, and Alice remained unnoticed and despairing behind the curtains. She felt that if Maudie died she would die too, for had she not been the cause of her illness? How then could she endure life if Maudie was dead?

In the early morning the sick child opened her blue eyes and looked round the room.

'Alice,' she whispered, and Alice stole from her hiding-place and knelt down beside her mother. Maudie stretched out her weak little arms to her, and with a sob Alice clasped her to her breast. At that moment she felt that she would gladly have died instead of her little sister.

But little Maudie did not die, though for many weeks she lay, hovering between life and death. Alice hardly ever left her bedside, and in the long weary days that followed, the two sisters learned to love each other as they had never done before; and Maudie felt almost glad that she had been ill, for she had found out how much papa and mama loved her; and in the years that followed she never had cause to feel lonely or neglected again.—
'The Adviser.'

A Boy's Victory.

As the evening shadows were gathering, a father sat rocking his little babe. Four-year-old Johnnie, becoming weary of his play, bethought himself of the apple-barrel, with its fine red apples, in the cellar, and came running to his papa and said, 'Papa, I want an apple. Won't you get me one?'

'But, Johnnie,' said the father, 'papa is rocking sister. You run down and get us each one.'

'No, papa,' said Johnnie, 'it is too dark, and I'm afraid.'

'Oh, no,' said the father, 'there is nothing to hurt you. The dark never injured anybody. Run along now and get us two nice big apples. Papa's little man is not afraid.'

After thinking some time without saying anything, Johnnie's face brightened up, and he said: 'Papa, I'll do it if you will keep talking to me.'

'All right, my boy,' said his father. 'Go on now, and I'll talk to you.'

Johnnie, with a little hesitancy,