

"Do I say it all right, mother?"

"Yes, little daughter, you do say it all right, but I want you to remember to practise what you preach, as our Dick says. Now, come, boys, it is time we were starting for Sunday School," said the good woman.

"Mother!" whispered Dick, as they went their way to Sunday School. "Mother, may I ask Ben to come back to supper with us? His home is so noisy on Sunday. They play cards for money; and poor Ben is really trying to be a good boy. His step-mother is not a good woman. May I ask him, mother?"

"Yes, Dick, you may. I must speak to Mr. Young about him. I should like him to learn a trade. Yes, ask him to come and spend every Sunday with us, where he can eat his dinner in peace and quietness."

"Thank you, mother; you never forget to practise the 'golden rule.'"

"I am afraid I do sometimes, my son. Molly, child, give mother your hand going up the steps, they are a little slippery. Now, try to be a good girl in church, my dear."

SLIDE 18.—DICK DELIVERING THE "DAILY POSTER."

Monday morning came, and Dick and his mother were up and dressed by six o'clock. The stove was raked out, new coal poured in, and the ashes removed by Dick, who then hurried away to the office of the *Daily Poster*. On procuring his parcel for delivery, he rushed through many streets, dropping the newspapers into the letter-boxes of the many subscribers of the *Daily Poster*. After doing his work cheerfully and promptly, Dick ran through the dusk of early morning to his home, whistling merrily and catching the December snow-flakes in the palms of his hands as he ran. The city clocks were ringing, striking and chiming in a musical tangle the hour of eight o'clock as Dick reached the corner of Spruce Street, ran along to No. 15, and entered the door of his cottage home.

"Well, mother dear, here I am. Are any of the clothes ready for me to hang out on the line before we sit down to our breakfast?"

"Indeed, no, Dick," replied his mother, bustling about, "my hands can't fly at the wash-tub, as your feet do in running around delivering the *Daily Poster*. But breakfast is ready; so come, my son, before the porridge gets cold; you'll be hungry, as usual, after your run; there is no tonic like honest toil in the frosty air."

"That's so, mother," said the boy, "and our tonic is no patent medicine swallowed down in pill form, eh, mother?"

When breakfast was over Dick went out to the stable to feed and water Nobby, pet and talk to him, make his stable clean and tidy, see that the window-hole at the floor was open to let in the fresh air, and the