

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

POLLY PUT-OFF.

Her real name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Put-off. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off everything as long as she possibly could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," her mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," said Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the school-house she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "Oh, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school."

After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said, faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though; and she has nearly lost her old name.—Christian Uplook.

WAITING FOR HER BOY.

A few years ago. In one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that never can be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother, fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair, the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed:

"Why, mother! What are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly looking up into his face, said, "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—Classmate.