

THE LITTLE FOLK.

Uncle Danny's Resolution

It was a few days after Christmas that a rumour prevailed that Uncle Danny had sobered up.

"An nary a revival in town, neither!" said Uncle John Carter, one of the group around the stove that stood in the middle of the store.

This store was the nucleus around which the gossips of the town centered. There were four of them there now. Outside, it was snowing fast, and the stove's glowing heat was far too comfortable a thing to leave in a hurry.

"Uncle Danny calculates to sober up gin'rilly w'en a rousin' evangelist gits in his work; but I ain't never heern tell of his a-doin' it at nary other time before," continued Uncle Jack, splitting with great precision into the midst of a huge box filled with sawdust, and provided for that purpose.

"They's a bang up English family livin' Uncle Danny's way," said the store-keeper, joining the group; "and the young womans

a philanthropist, ef you know what that is. She's got a lot of new fangle notions 'bout churches an' sech.

"Heow do they all come to be hero in the winter?" it was asked.

"I dunno," said the store keeper; "her dad owns a lot o' mines. An' I did hear as how she's a writtin' a book: mebbe we all 'll be in it, boys, like's not. An' she's started a Sunday School. Likely Uncle Danny's kids go, an' she's got in her work on Uncle Danny, jus' now, 'long of New Year's resolutions, an' sech fool nonsense.

"Likely; but it's a 'tarnal pity to get a man to quit 'bout Christmas, w'en they ain't nuthin' else to do."

"Wonder of Uncle Danny will git his ole job av night watchman, now he's sobered up?"

They were soon to see. Little Danny junior, and his little sister Mary both attended Miss Moore's school. She at once became interested in the two pale, thin, half-clad children who were eager to learn, and devoted to each other.

Miss Moore soon found out that their Uncle Danny was responsible largely for their pitiable condition, and as she was a most energetic young woman, who believed in going to the bottom of things, she vigorously attacked Uncle Danny himself. But apparently, it was without avail.

Perhaps it might have continued so, if, on Christmas morning



WINTER.

THE cold winds from the northward roar,
The quivering snowflakes thickly fall,
And cover with a velvet pall
The russet sward of mead and moor;
And standing at his cottage door
The labourer thinks of labour scant,
And sees the haggard hand of want
Throw shadows on his chamber floor.



The children shout for joy, and cry,
"A merry Christmas!" as they see
The whitened cloak of bush and tree,
And the soft feathers in the sky.
They know not why the father's eye
Is sad and heavy through the storm,
They only know the fire is warm,
And that the skating-time is nigh.