

very sorry;" and with that Charley fairly ran out of the barn and down the road. But not home; he turned off into the woods, and it was a full hour before he reached the village.

Sadly and slowly Charley walked around the house, and finally passed before the little hutch which was to have held his pets. But what was it that made him start back, rub his eyes, and look again? Yes, there was no mistake; there, in the hutch, were the prettiest pair from Farmer Gray's barn; and on a bit of paper thrust between the bars were these words: "For Charley, with Farmer Gray's respects." Nor was that all. The next day, to everybody's surprise, who should walk into church but Farmer Gray himself.

And when the minister came and welcomed him after the service, he said:

"I kinder thought I'd like to know what your preaching was like to turn out a boy like that one of yours; and I guess I like it well enough to come again."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1902.

JACK'S BOOMERANG.

Aunt Flora was making some walnut creams that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shells were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the coal-hod.

"O, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with to-morrow. Aunt Flo, I'll stick 'em together, and he'll think they're regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flora. "He is such a little boy, and he will be so disappointed: I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells

enough to make three walnuts; then he got the glue bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag, and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts until he came home from school next day at noon. Aunt Flora had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining-room closet, in a paper bag," said she.

Jack's face had a sober look. He thought, perhaps, Aunt Flora didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take 'em out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled to-day, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flora did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining-room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" he said, "have some nuts?"

"O, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At this Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little bit ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright new dime! It didn't take long to crack the other two, you may be sure; and there were thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"O! O!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but, looking up, he saw Aunt Flora smiling in the doorway, and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

"I guess I'm like the story you told about the man that threw the boomerang. Aunt Flo, and it came back and hit him," said he. "But I'm glad of it, just the same."—*Youth's Companion.*

USE YOUR BEST VOICE AT HOME.

You often hear the boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often

speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tones than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would have the best cakes and pies for guests and all sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys: Use your best voice at home.—*Anon.*

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL.

It was the first of April's days,
But still the wind would flow;
The sun with all its sharpest rays
Had barely slain the snow.
A yellow crocus raised its head—
It thought to find a row;
But shivering by itself it said,
"Alas! how can I grow?
Though March went out so like a lamb,
The air is strangely cool;
Alas! I am, indeed I am,
A little April fool!"

Maid Bessie down the doorsteps skips,
And quick the flower she sees,
And through the little yard she trips
With merry words like these:
"T'would serve you right, you silly elf,
If I should let you freeze;
You think you'll stay all by yourself,
And do just as you please;
But no! you little shiny star,
I'll take you straight to school;
You'll find you are—oh yes, you are—
A little April fool!"

With dancing eyes brimful of tricks
Wee Bessie took her way
Where all the kindergarten chicks
Were met for work and play.
"Teacher," she said, while struck the
hour,
"What would you truly say
If in my yard one little flower
Bloomed just for you to-day?"
The teacher looked too keen by half—
She'd learned it keeping school;
"I'd say," she answered with a laugh,
"I'm not an April fool!"

Then slowly from its hiding-place
The crocus came in sight,
But Bessie wore a puzzled face
That wondered what was right;
To call the teacher names—mayhap
It would not be polite.
She dropped it in her teacher's lap—
The golden blossom bright;
She looked the gravest little maid
That ever kept a rule,
And very, very shyly said,
"Who is an April fool?"

—*Well Spring.*

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