

himself with the church
Sunday school concerts

He was always on
and socialles, always
share of the cakes and
his fairs was a great
ea. He was good at
school, as the one
testify, and almost
foundest interest of

which he possessed
unemployed; and,
promoted to the organ-
to a consumptive in-
nearly played out.
on the organ was a
fancied that people
going back very far
ability; and as for
ster;himself. As soon
ared a lad who could
he let himself out
playing.

and extras and trials
and, as Ike was to
r week, he thought
him to expect him
oney. The extras
r service each Sun-
ay while the choir
some fancy pieces

He bore this once;
fter service, there
f lungs and organ
essed no interest
d the organist, and
e extra work. This
e was no strike, and
went on splendid-
t struggle of voices,
tenor, the tenor
alto, and the basso
s in roaring for the
t and most excit-
anging in mid-air,
opped. The voices,
d, fell flat.

" yelled the or-
ng!" shrieked the
een caught out of
stop.

"such a stupid?"

at boy," squealed

below!" growled

the organist again;

l immaculate that

boy, whom he supposed to be waiting there,
when, glancing out of a front window which
opened upon the street, he saw the delin-
quent blower moving along as gradually as
if he were on an errand, and had been told
to make haste. When at a safe distance he
turned, and saw the organist beckoning to
him, but he wouldn't go back; and the basso
had to pump, and sing at the same time
through a little window in front of the organ.

That was Ike's last Sunday as a performer
on the organ; and the reason he gave for
leaving was that so much blowing affected
his lungs. But he never neglected going to
church on Sunday. So much for his mora-
lity.

The wood-rangers came out again as the
spring advanced, and the atmosphere was
soft and delicious. The brooks full of the
melted snow from the hills, the anemones
peeping up among the withered leaves, the
tender buds bursting into flower, the green-
ing of the trees, the varied songs of birds,
and the perfume that filled the air from the
pines, were enjoyed by the rangers with true
poetic feeling. They once more sought their
old haunts, and cut their names again on the
beech trees.

This was the "sliver" season, when the
sap in the pine trees was running up from
the roots, and the bark next the wood was a

delicious sweet pulp, which the boys knew
by instinct how to extract. This was done
by cutting away an oblong section of the
bark, and, stripping it up, the coveted deli-
cacy was left exposed to the knife. The
edge of the knife, slipped up the surface of
the wood without cutting it, released a thin
ribbon of the tender prize, and it was de-
voured with as much gusto as if it had been
on the bill of fare at an alderman's feast—
perhaps more.

Fear of being caught in the act of getting it
added piquancy to its relish; and Ike
had a realizing sense of this once
when he was thus caught, and went
away from the feast with a back ruled
with blue lines like a writing book. This,
however, though a drawback, he placed
among the chances of war, and made up for
it abundantly afterwards.

Thus a single year of a boy's life rounded to
its close, with its joys, failures, accidents,
mischiefs, companionships, and trials—the ups
and downs of the journey towards manhood.
Ike Partington is a fair representative of his
entire class. His is no phenomenal or ex-
ceptional case; and in his adventures and
those of his young friends are found the same
characteristics that distinguish the human
boy all round the world and will become the
greatest manhood.

THE END.