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As she lifted him up, and he nestled his little head against her, he lisped, "Muvver, I dad ou tome! I so tired huntin' wabbits!"

Tray, fortunately, got on another rabbit track, which led them directly out of the woods, and the happy mother, with her sleeping boy clasped tightly to her breast, reached the front gate just as her husband was

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untying her note from the door-knob.—Young Churchman.

GOOD STILTS.

For most of the day Saturday, Peter had been working on his stilts. Late in the afternoon he tried them. It was a little hard at first to keep his balance on them, but, as we all know, it does not take a lively boy long to master such things.

So, early on Monday morning, mother heard an unusual noise in the back yard. "Stump, stump, stump," it went, along the porch.

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Mother opened the kitchen door and Peter laughed in great glee as she had to look up instead of down, to see his face.

"Ho, mother! I'm ready for work and I guess it's just in time. Look!" He pointed out at the paths. A great deal of snow was on the ground and a sudden thaw had come. Slush and water lay everywhere. Peter proudly stumped and splashed about to show how well he could go.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I was just wondering how I could get the chickens' breakfast out to them. The water's over shoe for everybody."

"Not for me," said Peter. "Give me the stuff."

He fed the chickens and then looked about to see what else he could do. He piled his sled with wood and kindling and drew it to the kitchen door. It was hard work. If Peter had been made to work as hard at anything else he would have thought himself ill-used.

Mother was pleased and said so. She generally spoke of it when she was pleased, which, perhaps, may be a reason why Peter liked to please her. As, after clearing a way for the water to run off the paths, and hauling a box which he later intended to use for a hot-bed, he went in to breakfast, mother said:

"I like it when boys make use of their fun and their plays to be helpful instead of making them an annoyance as some boys do."

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Her words set Peter to thinking how pleasant it was, although he had not given much thought to it. But now he could recall times when he had been tricky and annoying to others. And he argued with himself that doing the helpful things was much pleasanter to himself as to the others.

His little sister Bessie watched him as he started to school, and he waved his hand in good-bye. He found that the streets were full of water and half-melted snow, the sidewalk being built high enough to be just above it. As he, disdainful of the walk, tramped happily through the slush and rounded a corner, some girls on the walk began screaming at him: "Oh, go away! Go away! Don't come near us!"

Peter stopped in surprise. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because of those stilts. They are hateful things. When our cousin was

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here last fall and it was rainy and muddy he used to come around with his stilts and splash us. Now—you keep away!"

"But," said Peter, "I'm not going to splash you. Not a drop. You see if I do."

He walked along beside them so quietly that very soon the girls became interested in his stilts.

"You walk well on them" said one. "Better than my cousin did." And they laughed when he walked into the deepest puddles he could find, and made a great splashing when he was sure it could not reach them.

A little farther on they heard a pitiful call. A small girl stood on the porch of a house which was surrounded by slush, the walk to the gate being so low as to be quite out of sight.

"I can't go to school," she whimpered.

"O, Patty—that's too bad! Can't you get out any way?"

Patty shook her head despairingly.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare!" cried Patty.

And even Peter, though so proud of his stilts, felt that he would scarcely dare it himself. "But, wait a minute." Peter splashed around the house. He was gone for a few minutes and came back drawing a sled.

"Get on Patty," he said, "and I'll see you dry to the sidewalk."

With many little squeals and giggles from all the girls Patty was soon safely landed where she could skip along to school, calling behind her: "Peter, you're the very best!"

And Peter more and more agreed with his mother as to the pleasure of doing pleasant things. He kept it up during the day, more than once finding opportunity to lend helpful steps, as well as hands, where opportunity came in his way.

He waited for Patty as she reached home in the afternoon, again drawing her on the sled to her door. As he came back a grocer's wagon was drawn up to the sidewalk. A boy with a basket got out of it and was gazing with perplexity at the place where the path should have been.

"How am I to get this in?" he was grumbling as the boy on stilts came near.

"I'll carry it in for you," said Peter. "No, I won't drop it. I've

carried lots of things to-day. See—I'll put it on Patty's sled."

The groceries went safely, and as the basket came back the boy took a handful of nuts from inside the wagon.

"Here, Peter, don't you like nuts? I do. These are fine mixed. I'll make it right with Mr. Ware when I get back."

Peter's mother stood to welcome him as he reached home. He said to her:

"These are jolly good stilts." "And it's a jolly good boy on the top of them" she said.

Peter laid them on the porch and went in to give the nuts to Bessie.—Sidney Dayre, in the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

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