

steadied her voice. "But it doesn't seem so terrible now. It isn't just the beautiful room, but it's the thinking about me—to know that somebody cares," and she smiled through her tears. Tom ought to have been there to see the graven image then!—Congregationalist.

Violet's Tooth.

By NELLIE R. CARROLL.

Violet was getting ready for school with tears in her eyes and distress in her heart. The family all looked troubled too. And the cause of it was Violet's tooth,—a tiny tooth so loose that it was held in place only by a wee thread, but she could not get up the courage to have it taken out.

Papa and mamma had tried to buy the privilege of taking it out. They had offered a new doll-carriage and countless other things dear to Violet's heart, but she did not even open her mouth.

So she started off for school, a forlorn little figure with her burden of sorrow, so small to grown-up folks, but so real and heavy to little ones.

"Miss Carey will be sorry for me," thought poor Violet. "I'll tell her just as soon as I get to school."

Now Miss Carey was the nicest kind of a teacher. Sometimes she could find a way out of troubles when even mothers had given up.

It was a very sad, tear-stained little face that Violet lifted to Miss Carey. "O teacher! I've got a loose tooth," she said.

"Let me see it, dear," said she, taking Violet on her lap. "Why, Violet, it's the cutest little tooth! And you haven't even seen it! Wait just a minute, and I'll get it for you." And in an instant Miss Carey was holding it up in her fingers.

"Isn't it cunning?" went on the teacher, opening her desk. "I'll wrap it up in this silver paper, and after it teaches us a lesson this morning, you shall take it home in this little round box."

"How interesting it seemed! Violet felt quite grand that her tooth was so important.

After school began, Miss Carey held up the tiny tooth and told a funny story of the little white workers who live in a red prison, and how they want to get out and make room for bigger ones.

At noon Violet hurried home with her little box, eager to tell how her tooth had helped teach school.

"Why, why, were you brave enough to let Miss Carey pull it out when you didn't want me to touch it?" said mamma.

Violet looked puzzled.

"Why, she did pull it out, didn't she?" she said slowly. "I never thought of that. Miss Carey said it was so cunning that I wanted to see it, and she got it, and I never thought that it was really out till now. Oh, how glad I am!"—Youth's Companion.

The Last Straw.

Mr. Harriman would have liked to employ the half-hour spent in the last train to Paradise Corner in reading the evening news, but behind him sat a pair of giggling girls.

"Father thinks the Russians haven't the ghost of a chance," he heard.

"Really!" said the second voice.

"M-m; that's what he thinks, and father knows a lot. He's a splendid weather prophet, you know."

"Really!"

"Yes, and he's pretty generous to me, too. He gave me the money for one of those new long coats today."

"Really!"

"Yes. And oh, did you know Helen's cousin is awfully ill—that handsome one—and hardly expected to live?"

"Really!"

"My dear," said Mr. Harriman, as he wearily submitted to his wife's evening salutation and fell into the near chair, "I am worn out. There was a girl behind me in the car who said 'Really!' somewhere near a thousand times."

Mrs. Harriman laid a cool and soothing hand on his brow.

"Oh, not really!" she said, as she smoothed the wrinkle between his eye-brows.—Western Recorder.

The Young People

"Right Resolute."

By MARY HUBBARD HOWELL.

"Please, sir, don't you want a boy?"

The timid but earnest little voice found its way through the thick fur cap drawn down over Farmer Brownlow's ears and, with his horses half untied, he turned and looked with curious but kind eyes at the owner of the voice,—a poorly clothed and shivering little fellow, who was standing a few steps from him, and waiting with an anxious face for his answer.

"Hey!—what's that,—don't I want a boy? Well, I don't know. I've never been conscious that I wanted one. Boys are apt to be pretty troublesome helps I think. But wait a moment,"—for, with a disappointed air, the little fellow was turning away,——"do you know a boy who wants to live with me? Who is he?"

"Me, sir." And, as he spoke, the little boy drew nearer, and looked at Mr. Brownlow with eyes as pleading as his voice.

"Me, is it? Well, what can 'Me' do?"

The small half bare feet shuffled nervously in the cold snow, but the answer came at once:

"I believe—when I'm right resolute—that I can do most things that any boy can."

The odd, old-fashioned expression, that he had often heard his mother use, pleased Mr. Brownlow.

"When you are right resolute?" he repeated. "Who taught you to say that?"

"Aunt Susan taught me. It's part of her rule,—'Trust in God, and be right resolute.'"

"And you are a 'right resolute' boy—are you? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"It means when I try, and try, and keep trying. That's the way to do hard things. Aunt Susan told me."

"And you are willing to do hard things,—are you? And you want a place,—do you? Well, what is your name, and where do you live, and how old are you?"

"My name is John Power, I am eleven years old. I used to live with Aunt Susan; but she died last week, and now I don't live nowhere. And oh,"—and the young voice trembled in its earnestness,——"I do want a place so much!"

Mr. Brownlow looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, but then he turned, finished untying his horses, and took up the reins. Then he placed one foot on the wheel of his wagon, hesitated, and looked once more at the shivering little fellow on the cold pavement.

"Does any one in town know you?" he asked.

"Most of the folks know me. Dr. Dawes does, an' he's coming now."

"Dr. Dawes, hey? Well, he is a good man, and his word can be believed. Doctor,"—and Mr. Brownlow raised his voice,——"do you know this boy?"

"Do I know Johnny?" Dr. Dawes answered as he stopped and with one quick glance read the hesitation in Mr. Brownlow's face, and the longing in the boy's. "Yes, he and I have been good friends for a long time."

"Hm m!" Mr. Brownlow said in a thoughtful tone. "Well, suppose I was to drive off with him, who would have any right to complain?"

"No one," Dr. Dawes answered. "The boy is alone in the world, Mr. Brownlow. He has not a relation, save as a common humanity makes us all relations. You have never in your life needed anything as he needs a home. Can't you give him one in your family? I'll vouch for his character."

"Well," Mr. Brownlow said, in a slow, considerate voice, "boys are a good deal like clocks; it's pretty hard to make them go right. And me an' Sabrina,—that's my sister, you know,—we've never felt willing to take a boy, and be responsible for his bringing up. Sabrina says she doesn't want to speculate either in boys or stocks; and, to own the truth, I don't know what she'll say to me if I speculate now. But," the good man added, as the icy wind pierced through even his warm wrappings, "I do believe I'll have to take this little fellow. It looks as if I'll be going directly against the leadings of Providence if I don't. So jump in the wagon, my boy, and snuggle down under the robes."

"I've brought you a present you've never thought of wanting, Sabrina," Mr. Brownlow said an hour later, as with the little boy beside him, he stepped into his warm kitchen and spoke to the middle-aged woman who was hurrying about preparing supper.

With a loaf of bread in one hand, and a knife in the other, Miss Sabrina stopped and looked sharply at John.

"Stephen, you don't mean that you've gone and took a boy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of strong disapproval. "Why, what will he be good for?"

"Good to make a man of, I hope," Mr. Brownlow answered dryly. "Come, Sabrina," he continued, in a kind and decided voice, "you mustn't manufacture clouds when there are none in the sky. The boy is a 'right resolute' little fellow, and I don't believe we ever shall be sorry that, when he was homeless, we took him in. Any way, we will try him."

It was a bright cold day, just a month since little John

Power—or 'Right Resolute,' as Mr. Brownlow was fond of calling him—came to his new home. In that month he had sawd wood, brought water, kindled fires, and made himself useful in so many ways that even Miss Sabrina was pleased with him, and acknowledged that, like the hammer and the gimlet, 'he was pretty handy to have in the house.' He had never been left alone before; but on this sunshiny day both Mr. Brownlow and Miss Sabrina were called from house for a few hours, and it was decided—though not without misgivings on Miss Sabrina's part—to leave John alone in the house.

The little boy felt very important as he watched his kind friends drive away, and it was with a delightful sense of responsibility that he visited the barn, the stable, and the hen-house, and satisfied himself that everything was safe and in good order. With his cap full of fresh eggs he went back to the house, singing softly the words of a child's prayer Aunt Susan had taught him:

"Jesus, give me strength, I pray,
Just to do my work to day."

As he opened the kitchen door, he noticed a peculiar odor. The low sweet singing ceased.

"Whew!" he said, in his boyish way. "I do believe something's burning."

He glanced about the kitchen. Everything there seemed safe, and he went quickly on into the sitting-room. There, too, everything was in order, but the unmistakable odor of burning cloth was stronger. He opened the door and stepped in Miss Sabrina's room. It was black with smoke. The calico working-dress Miss Sabrina had taken off when she dressed for her visit was already destroyed; the chair on which it had been flung was crackling and blazing, and the fire had reached the widow close by, and was slowly but surely stealing along the window-sill. In one instant the little boy saw it all, and he knew that in a very short time the fate of the house would be decided. There were no neighbors to call upon, for the nearest were three quarters of a mile away. Whatever was done John must do, and do quickly.

A number of papers lay on a table near the window. The little boy snatched them up, and threw them into the sitting-room.

"There isn't any need of leaving any kindlings for this fire," he said, wisely; and then he closed the door to keep out the air, and rushed into the kitchen.

Two pails full of water were standing there. He seized them, one in each hand; and though he staggered under their weight, he ran with them to the fire.

Dash went the water over the chair and window, and in another minute, with the fleetness of a deer, the little boy was at the pump. Again the pails were filled; again dash went the water, and now the blazing chair began to blacken, and the fire in the widow sill, though it still burned slowly, was checked in its progress. Back and forth between the kitchen and the room the brave boy ran with his pails, and dash, dash, dash, again and again, and yet again went the water on to the hungry fire. It was a fierce struggle, but the little boy won; and when in the afternoon Mr. Brownlow and his sister returned, only the charred wood in Miss Sabrina's room told of the danger that had threatened their home.

That evening Mr. Brownlow left his paper unread, and sat for a long time silent and thoughtful. But just at bedtime, as he stooped to cover the glowing coals in the fireplace, he said suddenly:

"Sabrina, I've been thinking."

"I hope so," Miss Sabrina retorted, "for I can testify that you've done nothing else this evening."

"Yes, I've been thinking," Mr. Brownlow repeated, "and I have about made up my mind that a boy as 'right resolute' as little John ought to be given a chance in the world. And now, Sabrina, I want to know what you would say if I should decide to educate him, and treat him as my own son."

Miss Sabrina was 'toeing off' a stocking. She finished out her needle, and then she folded her hands and looked at her brother.

"Stephen," she said, "I do expect—from what the Testament says—that it is just as much our duty to help others shine as it is to try to shine ourselves; and if you spend money in educating John, it's my belief there will come a time when you will say it was the best investment you ever made."

On through many changes the years that neither haste nor rest carried little John. With the resolute spirit of his childhood he worked and studied, and humble duties well done were the steps by which he rose to great tasks and high honors.

Mr. Brownlow watched his course with the pride and interest of a father. His old age was made happy by John's devotion, and often in quiet hours he would say, slowly to himself:

"Trust in God, and be right resolute,—that is the rule, is it? Well, it is a good one. It has made John a grand man."—Sunday School Times.