

LITTLE FOLKS

A Boy's Resolution.

(N. Gurney Callier in 'Early Days.')

'Late again to-day,' exclaimed his sister Mary, as Jack rushed in from school, when all had finished tea. 'Please don't bother, Mary. I'm too hungry to talk. Give me some tea instead.'

Mary was the only daughter of Dr. Ewing. Mrs. Ewing had died suddenly a year ago, leaving her two boys in Mary's charge. Mary, a girl of fifteen, found her position difficult sometimes, for Dr. Ewing

first, Jack,' asked Mary. 'It's such a pity to be kept in every day. If father hears of it he will be so angry.'

'Well, Mary, I must go to the choir practice to-night, and I promised Jones to run over and see his pigeons. I'll learn the lessons tomorrow morning before breakfast.' And he went out again.

For some time after her brother had gone Mary sat thinking. 'I wish I knew what to do,' she sighed. 'I feel that I ought to tell father,

she had written. 'He is every inch a boy. I wish I could have been always near him, but I shall leave him in God's hands. Give him my best love, and tell him to meet me in heaven.' Jack dashed aside his tears.

'O mother, I wish you were here,' he murmured. 'It's hard work for a boy without you.' And Jack cried himself to sleep.

The next morning Mary found the letter on his table. Jack said nothing, and he was late from school as usual.

Sunday morning came round. Jack and Bertie were choristers; it had been their mother's wish. In church Jack thought of his mother's letter. The sun, which was streaming through the windows, seemed to be coming straight from heaven—from his mother. The preacher gave out the hymn, 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' the mother's favorite hymn. Jack fancied he could hear her voice mingling with theirs as they sang the Holy! Holy! Holy!

All through the sermon he could hear her speaking to him just as she used to do. Then he remembered how many resolutions he had made to please her, and how easily he had broken them. 'I'll try not to disappoint her again,' he said to himself, as he walked home.

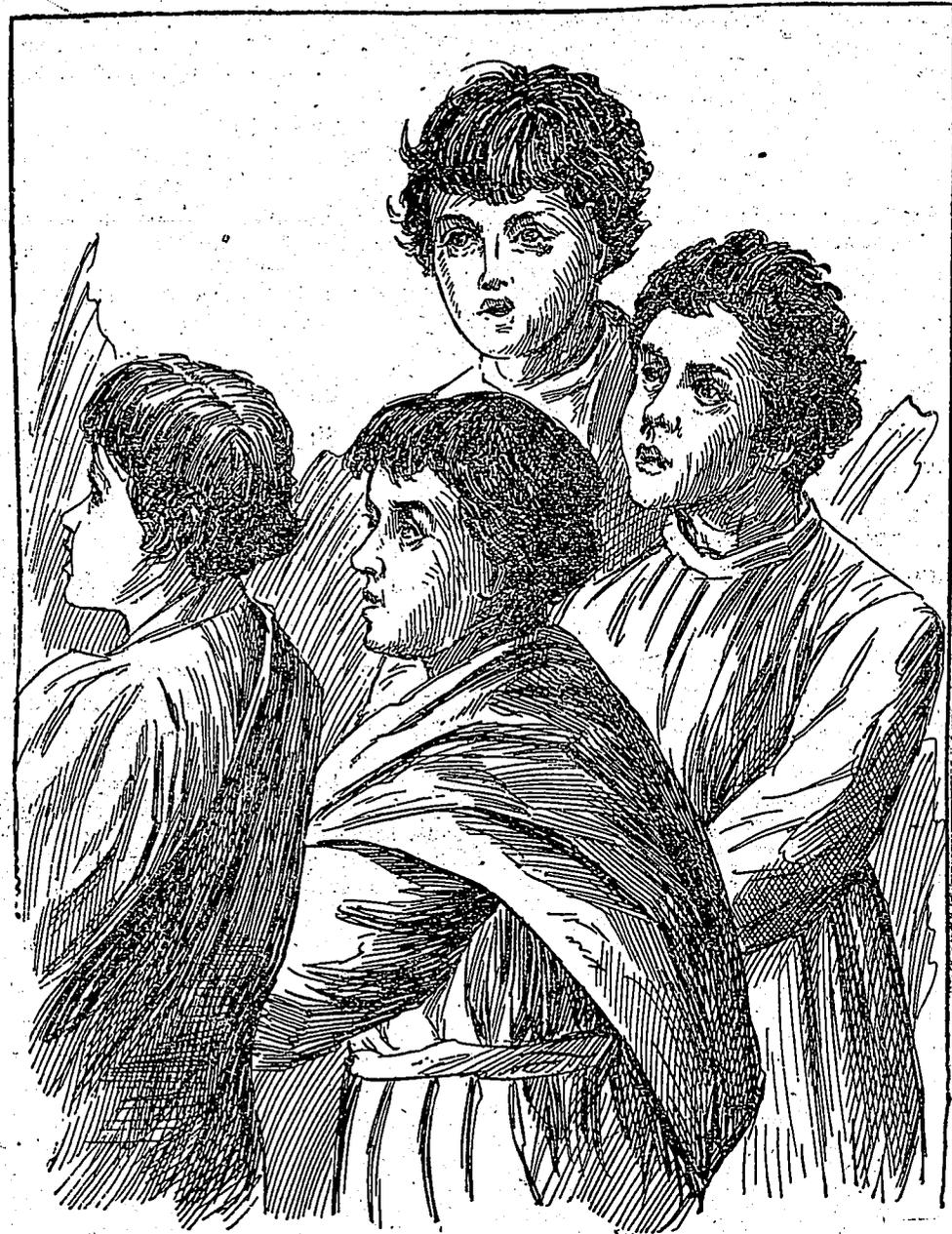
As the days wore on Jack kept his resolve. His lessons were always learnt, and he was soon at the top of his form. And in a few years Jack found himself head of the school, the favorite of the masters and of all his schoolfellows.

The Difference.

When the winds of winter beat
Little Bunny's hollow tree,
For a blanket round his feet
Close his bushy tail tucks he.
Never mind how loud the storm,
Sound he sleeps and snug, and warm.

When the little honey-bees
See the snow come powdering down
On their roof beneath the trees
In the pleasant Beehive Town,
Then away to bed they creep,
All the winter long they sleep.

But when little busy Ned
Hears the noisy north wind blow,
Out he rushes with his sled,
For he loves the whirling snow.
Bees and bunnies, sleepy things!
Lose the fun that winter brings.
—'Youth's Companion.'



had little time to devote to his motherless children.

Bertie, the youngest, was a quiet lad of ten, who spent most of his time in reading, and never gave his sister anxiety. But Jack, who was two years older, was ever in mischief. At school he was always being punished for breaking rules or playing tricks; besides which, he seldom took the trouble to prepare a lesson.

To-day, as soon as he had finished tea, he took up his cap to go out again.

'I wish you would do your lessons

but it might not do any good. If only mother were near to help me! I wonder whether it would be of any use to show Jack mother's last letter.'

As Jack was going to bed that evening, Mary gave him the letter. 'I thought you might like to see it, Jack,' she said.

When Jack opened the letter he found it dated June 3, 1884, the day before his mother's death. With tears in his eyes, he read her parting words to Mary to look after the boys. 'Jack is so full of mischief,'