

'Oh, yes, it's easy to say, "keep cool," but how am I to do it? Here I am covered with sweat and with hay seed and nearly choked; keep cool, eh? h'm? And Larry's tone was fiery, indeed.

'Just as if you couldn't bear a little discomfort for the sake of a holiday? I'll never plan anything for you again.' And now Lulu was indignant.

'I hope you won't, Lulu. Such planning!'

But now the two in desperate case drew near together and began a whispered game, just to while away the weary time. They did not enjoy it, but it was better than sitting silent or quarrelling.

A half hour passed, and then to their dismay they heard Mr. Henry say to Israel: 'Here, boy, go up to the haymow and bring me that new bottle of lamp black. You told me you left it up there in one of the ledges, did you not?'

'Yes, sir!' and Israel commenced the ascent of the ladder.

The truants exchanged frightened glances. Larry whispered, 'Here's a fix!' and motioned to Lulu to lie down as quickly as possible. The girl was not slow to obey, and she was at once covered with hay, but before Larry could conceal himself, Israel had reached the mow, and was gazing with astonishment at the guilty boy.

'What in wonder!' cried the farm lad. 'Why, Larry, what are you doing here? We thought you were in school!'

'It's not—very—very—late, is it?' stammered the culprit, his face as red as scarlet, both from heat of the place and from shame.

'Late! I should think it was! What are you hiding here for, eh?'

At this juncture Lulu was obliged to cough, which led to her discovery.

'Moses!' cried Israel, as he uncovered her from the hay. 'Another one!' he added. 'Come up here after lamp black, but found something better! Never did see such red faces in my life!' and the great boy was delighted at the discomfort of the children.

The two uncomfortable, guilty-feeling youngsters begged Israel not to tell of them, but he stoutly said he should tell as soon as he went down, so there was nothing for the pair to do but to descend

to the floor and be confronted by Mr. Henry. Down they went and with shame of face admitted their fault and were taken by Mr. Henry to the school room. The good governess was bidden to have them study some extra lessons, and they were deprived of the usual afternoon ride. Besides this they were openly disgraced before the family.

Thus 'the way of transgressors was hard.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Lesson by Heart.

'Say, Dan, take me on?'

Jamie asked it in such a pleading voice that you could hardly think of any boy refusing, but Dan did. He was not a kind boy. Big, tall, strong, with the best sled in town and the best way of steering and pushing it, I wonder what he thought he was made for! Some boys, with so many good things to be glad about, would have thought they were meant to go shares with some of them. But this was not Dan's style. He thought his strength and health, and so forth, were all to enjoy himself with.

'Give the little fellow a chance,' said two or three at once, seeing Dan go selfishly off on the 'Rover' leaving his little crippled brother looking after him. Poor Jamie wouldn't have had many coasts down that splendid hill if it had depended on Dan, I'm afraid. The other boys were sorry, but they were having a good time, and besides some of them had their own brothers to look after.

'Mother,' said Jack Everett, looking out of the window as he tried (or thought he tried) to study his Sunday-school lesson, 'let me off half an hour, won't you, and I'll study twice as good when I come in. I want to do something out there—ought to be done—and right off this minute.'

'Why, you only just came in, Jack,' said his mother. 'And you said you wouldn't go out again till you had that lesson. I don't believe you know the Golden Text, to say nothing about the rest of it.'

'Well, I don't,' confessed Jack, laughing. 'But I tell you I will, mother. It's something about Samaria, and the reason the city was so glad about something. I'll learn it all by heart when I come in. I want to go first and give that little

Jamie Stimson a ride on my new sled.'

'The lame boy?' said mother, looking out. 'Well, you may! Give him two or three—good ones.'

It's worth everything to have a mother that understands you. Jack couldn't have told her the thoughts that stirred in him and made him want to help somebody. The truth is, Jack's heart was like the city of Samaria. He had begun to believe Jesus and love him, and you know 'there was great joy in that city.' And love always finds something to do for somebody to show it's alive and growing. Mother nodded in a pleased way over her mending.

'I guess he will have that lesson by heart all the better for beginning with the practice end of it,' she said, looking out to see how happy Jamie looked tucked up on the sled in front of him.—'Little Pilgrim.'

If You're Good.

(James Courtney Challiss.)

Santa Claus 'll come to-night,
If you're good.
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;—
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good.
With a wind-up bird that sings
'And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny things—
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that 'go,'
If you're good.
And a rocking-horse—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says 'Mama!' when you
squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year
'If you're good.