



SUNDAY MORNING.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn and say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah! if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive, with all my might,
To be so true, so brave, so lithe,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old;
'Twould be a joy

To hear one, looking at me say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Independent.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The village church is probably a long way for the old lady in our picture to walk, and so when the other members of the household have gone her little grandchild places a comfortable arm-chair in front of the porch and makes her grandmother nice and comfortable with a pillow. Then she brings a stool for herself, and taking on her lap the old family Bible, their most precious book, she reads aloud some of the passages the old grandmother knows so well and yet loves to hear over and over again. Her life has been a long one, and in her troubles and difficulties she has many a time sought comfort from its golden pages and is never weary of listening to the same old story. What a pretty pic-

ture it makes, with the little girl reading reverently and the old lady listening thoughtfully, and the old-fashioned cottage-window behind them, with the child climbing up the wall. A thoughtful grandchild can do a great deal to make his grandmother happy and save her trouble in her old age, if she only tries.

FAIRY GIRLS.

Rachel was poor. She had nothing to play with excepting a few broken dishes. In these she mixed her mud cakes and then put them on the shelves of her cupboard. This was made of two boards with bricks between.

Lelia and Myra had a play kitchen in their nursery. They mixed biscuits with their little dishes, and baked them in their toy stove.

As soon as the biscuits were done, Lelia said, "Let's put our biscuits and our cakes on the shelves of Rachel's mud house to surprise her."

"Yes," said Myra, "and let's give her our tea-set to go with the nice things we eat—that is, if mother is willing."

"Oh, the fairies must have been here," cried Rachel, as she saw her rough cupboard filled with beautiful china dishes and a little biscuit or cake on every plate. "And here's a card that says, 'A present to Rachel from Lelia and Myra.'"

How happy Rachel was! She knew then that little girls can be good fairies whenever they wish.

WHICH?

Dear me, which shall I play with? Here's pussy pulling at my back, dolly my arms, and now Fido wants to get into the carriage with me. It is such a trouble to have so many nice things at once, especially dogs and cats, for pussy is sticking out her tongue now, and I am afraid she and Fido will fight. Oh! dear! I wish nurse would come."

Nurse had rolled Master Charlie and the carriage under a bush, while she went to have a chat with a friend. A very unkind thing, but one which many nurses do to and again.

Robin sang overhead on the branch, knowing that he was safe from Miss P., whose attention was centred upon Fido. Fortunately, nurse came back in time to save the two from having a battle in the carriage, and what would have happened to Master Charlie in such a case, I should not dare to say.

He concluded to play with his doll, and was more happy than when he had three to play with; so you see that happiness and contentment does not consist in the abundance of the things we possess, but what does it consist of?