

A Morning Visit.

'Good morning, Dickie,' said little Bob. Dick put up his wise old head over the gate, and made a noise as if trying to answer.

Sister Nell lifted Bob up that he might stroke Dick's nose.

'You are a good old horse,' said little Bob. Then he turned

'Come play tennis, Elsie,' cried Arthur, running in.

'I am tired,' said Elsie; 'I'd rather read.'

'Such stuff!' cried Arthur, looking over his sister's shoulder. 'I'd be ashamed to be a girl and think such things are true.'

'They're true to me,' said Elsie, her eyes filling with tears.

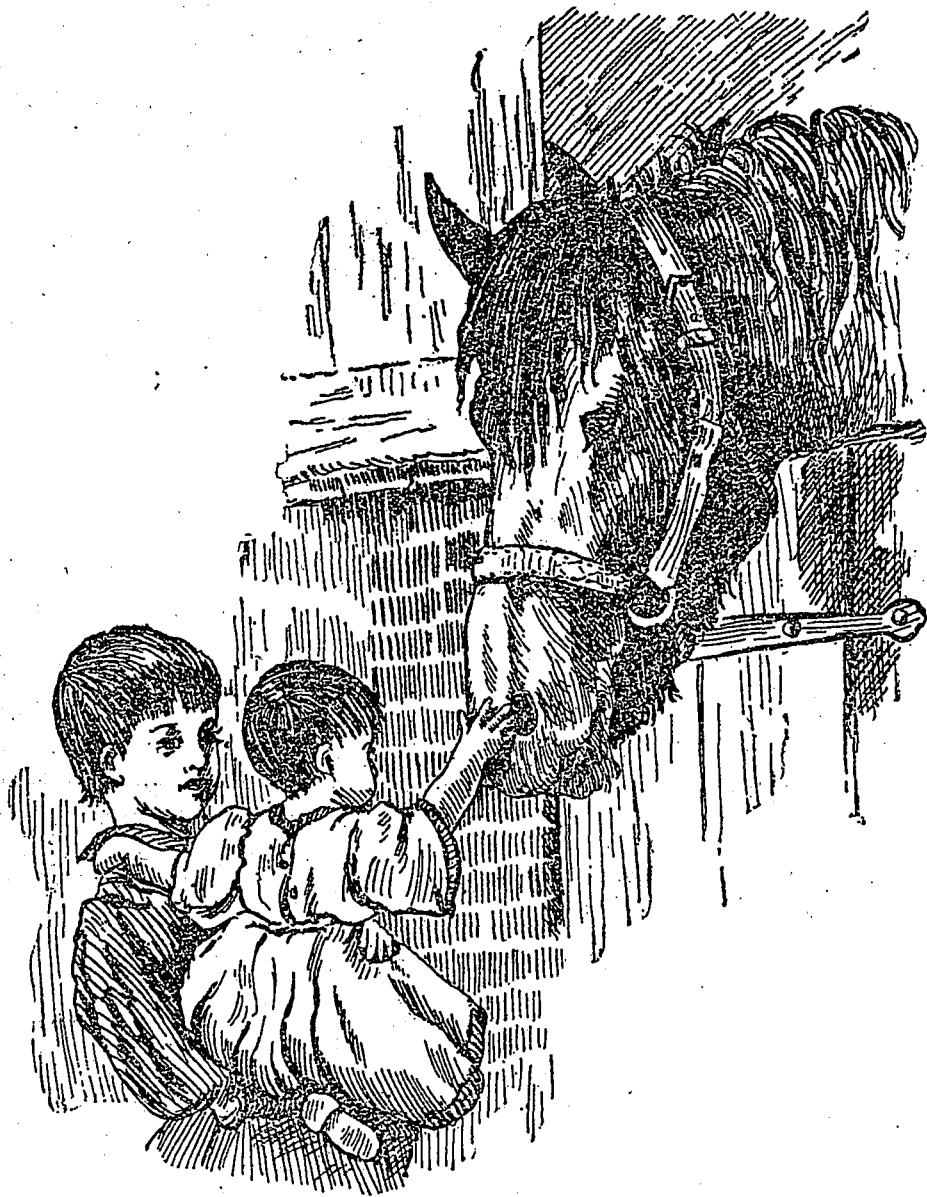
Sprite selfishness have been at work. Their magic is ugly and I know it well.'

'That's just a Sunday-school lesson,' said Arthur.

'Isn't it true?' asked Mamma.

'Too true, I guess,' he admitted.

'Yes,' said Elsie, 'it's truer than these stories. Come on, I'll play tennis, Arthur!'—'Sunbeam.'



to Sister Nell. 'Let us bring dear Bob an apple,' he said.

They asked mother if they might, and she said 'Yes.' So they went to the orchard and fetched one, and Bob put it in Dick's mouth. Dick said nothing, but they could see that he was pleased.—Our Little Dots.

Sins of the Tongue.

Elsie sat reading an old-fashioned fairy story. It was about a beautiful maiden. She was good as she was fair, and from her lips pearls, diamonds and rubies fell when she spoke. But an evil witch got the maiden in her power, and changed the precious stones into frogs and toads and other hideous creatures.

Mamma was listening.

'They're truer than you think, Arthur,' she said.

'That rubbish?' he asked, but a little more respectfully in tone.

'Yes,' said Mamma, 'Of course no little girl or boy believes in witches who can change pearls and diamonds into frogs and lizards. But there are evil spirits that get in children's hearts and work as much mischief.'

'I have two little children myself, and I know.'

'Sometimes their words are like sweet flowers to me. That's when the good fairies, Love, Sunny-temper, and Unselfishness have been working in the gardens of my children's hearts. But sometimes the words change, and make my poor heart sick. Then I know that Bad Temper, Witch Crosspatch and

A Day of Sunshine.

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but
play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every
vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the
West,
Towards yonder Islands of the
blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with
drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all
the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-
blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my
reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is
song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?
—Longfellow.

Let the prospect of a dwelling
'in the house of the Lord for-
ever' reconcile thee to any of
the roughness or difficulties in
thy present path, . . . lead thee
to forget the intervening billows,
or to think of them only as waft-
ing thee nearer and nearer to thy
desired haven.—J. R. MacDuff.