



JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

## MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,  
With loving eyes so blue,  
And lips just made for smiling,  
And heart that's kind and true.  
She wears no dainty dresses,  
No jewels does she own,  
But the greatest of all treasures  
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother Comfort,"  
For all the livelong day  
Her busy little fingers  
Help mother's cares away.  
The sunshine loves to glisten  
And hide in her soft hair,  
And dimples chase each other  
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,  
With the diamonds in her eyes,

Makes in mother's heart a sunshine  
Brighter far than floods the skies,  
But the name that suits her better,  
And makes her glad eyes shine,  
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—  
This little treasure mine.

## JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

Anything about Japan is of much interest just now. Here are two Japanese lady musicians, who play on these strange looking instruments. They sit on the floor to play, just like a tailor would sit at his work. And what lovely dresses they have on! They are made of figured silk, which is thin and gauzy, and is worked all over with beautiful flowers. And what funny things they have on their heads! but they wear these all the time, in the house as well as out of it.

## A HELPFUL DOG.

BY MAY BLOSSOM.

Ned Tracy and his aunt had been down town and when they returned home Ned's dog, Carlo, ran to meet them with a loud bark and a cheerful wag of his tail.

"Nice doggie!" said Ned; "I think you ought to be very glad you live here with us, instead of having to stand on a street corner all day and work for your living."

"He couldn't do that," said his little sister, Belle.

"Yes, he'd have to if he belonged to a man we saw this afternoon. He was a shabby-looking fellow and was playing a violin on the corner; his dog sat by him holding a little basket in his mouth for the pennies people might put in. The dog had bright eyes like Carlo's, but he looked so sad and tired, I felt sorry for him."

"Poor doggie! Auntie, what makes a man choose that way to earn his living? Is he lazy?"

"Perhaps so. I heard of a man who had a good business, but he began to drink and left his business to run itself, and pretty soon he had no business to look after. He was too lazy to work, but he had to eat to keep alive, and food costs money. So he took his violin and went about from door to door, playing his violin and pocketing the pennies that were tossed to him. If he earned enough every day to buy his beer and one good meal he was content. He slept anywhere."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Ned.

"Yes, I think so, but his drinking had robbed him of sense of shame. He had lost his pride and was only a wreck of a man."

## A BEDTIME STORY.

I once heard a German mother telling her little one a bedtime story. It was only a simple little bit of what some would call a fairy tale, but it meant more than that to me. What does it mean to you, you young folks with the quick ears and the far-seeing eyes?

When the sleep angel has made his rounds, and the day is closed, the great white angel who keeps the records of all days comes down to earth to gather the days of the little children and take them to the heavenly Father.

When the angel takes a day that has been full of loving, good deeds, and of kind words, and unselfish thoughts and actions, that day turns into a ball of gold, pure and shining, to put into the Father's treasure-house among his precious things. But when the day has been full of selfish, unloving thoughts and unkind words and deeds that hurt others and make them sad, then those days break like a bubble in the angel's hand, and there is no treasure to bear to the Father in place of the day he has given to his little child.