

True Knights.

(Helen A. Hawley in 'New York Observer.')

Louis and Barton were quite young, but they had been to 'the other side,' and knew about castles. Now they were at home on this side. A new piazza was going up. It was heaps of fun to play about it, though the masons and carpenters didn't like it much. The wall was laid, the stone steps were in place, and two loose boards to cross to the front door.

'Let's play that's the donjon keep,' Louis pointed to the circular extension. Down here where there's no floor, is the moat, and these boards are the drawbridge.'

Barton caught the idea quickly.

'I'm going to defend the castle,' said Louis, planting himself in the doorway. 'You charge across the bridge. If I capture you, I'll put you in the dungeon under the keep.'

'All right! I'm coming!' and Barton made a rush.

Louis didn't mean to hurt him, but he made believe the drawbridge was real, and tilted the board. Down went Barton, bumping and scratching in the rubbish. He was pretty mad, and jumped up ready to fight. There were high words, and clinched fists, when papa appeared.

'Playing at knights?' he said. 'True knights play fair, and say they're sorry when they're in the wrong. Who is going to say "sorry" now?'

'I, papa,' said Louis, 'cause I tilted the board.'

'I, papa,' said Barton, 'cause I got mad.'

'That's right! Now shake hands like gentlemen'—and they did.

The Little Girl On the Stairs.

What is the matter with this little girl? She does not look happy, and is sitting on the stairs in the corner. I will tell you all about it.

One day her brother Bennie was sent on an errand a long way off, and Fanny wanted to go with him. But Bennie was a big strong boy, and Fanny was only a very little girl, and could not walk very far.

Mamma said she could not let her little girl go for the road was rough, and she would soon get tired. And so Fanny got very cross, and would not eat her dinner.

'And now you see her picture. I do not like to show you pictures of naughty children; but this is quite true. Perhaps you know a little girl who looks like Fanny sometimes. If you do, show her this little girl on the stairs.

Ask mamma to teach you these

made slaves of them. The Bible tells us a story of one of these slaves, a little girl, who had been brought away from her home and everything that she loved into the land of Syria.

She was happier than many of her fellow-captives, for she had a



FANNY'S PORTRAIT.

pretty verses, and say them over every day:

I am God's little child,
He made me for his own;
I must be good and mild,
And worship him alone.

O Jesus, who hast smiled
On little ones like me,
Look kindly on a child
Who wants to come to thee.
—'Our Little Dots.'

The Children of the Bible.

(By the Author of 'Out of the Way.')

The Kings of Israel and the Kings of Syria were very often at war with each other. Sometimes the Syrian armies came into the land of Israel, and carried away the people who lived in the towns and villages, and

good master and mistress. Her master was a soldier, the chief captain of all the Syrian armies. His name was Naaman. He was very rich and powerful, and the King honored him, because he was very brave and had won great victories. But Naaman had one dreadful trouble, which made his life always unhappy. He suffered from a painful disease called leprosy, which no medicine could cure.

Now the little maid from the land of Israel knew that the God in whom she believed had power to heal the worst diseases, and she felt sorry that Naaman, who was so kind to all his servants, should be suffering so much, and have no one to tell him of the way to be made well. Naaman was a heathen, and