

Children's Department.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless cares
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayers,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

THE KING'S DREAM.

ONCE upon a time there lived a great and famous King, who, though he had everything that he could possibly desire, still found a cause for dissatisfaction and unhappiness. He was not content with possessing the love and admiration of his people in the present, but wished to be remembered by them long after, when he should be dead.

"'Tis true," said he, "just now my subjects love me, and my name is known and feared in many lands; but in a few short years I shall be gone, and who will then remember me?"

At last he joyfully thought of a plan by which his memory would always remain fresh and green. He would build a church! and one so magnificent and vast that in all the world there would be none equal to it.

In order, therefore, that the glory should be all his own, he gave strict commands that no one should contribute towards the erection of the building.

So in time a splendid cathedral arose, and the King looked upon it with feelings of pride and pleasure, for was it not a fitting monument?

When the gorgeous edifice was completed he caused his name to be inscribed upon its walls in golden letters upon a marble tablet, and that night he laid his head upon his pillow, content at last.

As the King slept he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he saw an angel come and rub out his name upon the marble and write another there in its stead. Three times that night he had the same dream. When morning came he summoned his court and bade them seek throughout the kingdom for the owner of the name the angel had written.

Very soon the messengers returned, having found a poor widow of that name, who awaited in fear the King's commands. "Bid her enter," said the King in a loud tone of voice. And then the trembling woman was brought before the throne.

"Now," said the monarch, "what