



CURIOSITY.

## A WISH FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday I wish for eager feet,  
On errands of love to go;

Tuesday I wish for a gentle voice,  
With tone both soft and low;

Wednesday I wish for willing hands,  
Love's duties all to do;

Thursday I wish for open ears,  
Wise words to listen to;

Friday I wish for a smiling face,  
A brightener of home to be;

Saturday I wish for quickened eyes,  
God's beauty all to see;

Sunday I wish for a tranquil heart,  
That may to others joy impart.

—*Children's Friend.*

## CURIOSITY.

What can there be so interesting on the other side of this wall? Probably nothing of importance; but this little maid has heard voices, or something of the sort, and is eager to know what is the matter. So she has brought a basket and climbed up on it to look over, and we hope her curiosity

is satisfied and her trouble made worth while by seeing something really interesting or exciting.

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or any one who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."

## SO SELFISH.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too," cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," exclaimed Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake; and there was only one left, and Jennie—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed.

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie," she said with regret.

"Yes, it was," Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."