



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

QUEER.

It's queer when the world seems steady
It really is whirling so:
It's queer that the plants get larger
When no one can see them grow:
It's queer that the fountain's water
Leaps high in the sunshine bright,
And queer that the moon can never
Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white, and another red
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed
It's queer that of all those wonders
We take so little heed,
And that as for feeling thankful
We seldom see the need.

We scold if the weather's chilly,
And fret at the hot sunlight:
Don't like to get up in the morning,
Hang back from the bed at night:
Yes, queerest of all the queerness
Are surely those girls and boys
Who live in the world of beauty,
And rather see woes than joys.

MARY'S DOLL.

"Sit right down there, Miss Dolly," said Mary: "now you must let me read to you."

Mary put her doll in papa's easy chair and she sat down in another chair and began to read a story to her. Before long Mary thought of something else she wanted to do.

"Oh," she said, "I see you are getting sleepy, Miss Dolly. I will let you take a nap," then she ran away.

At night when papa came home he was obliged to call Mary to take care of her doll.

"Oh," said Mary, "I forgot."
"That is just what you should not do," said papa, "you should remember."
Careless habits will grow upon us and win affect the comfort of all around us. Try to be careful even with your dolls and toys.

JOHNNY'S PICTURE.

JOHNNY was not quite five years old when his mamma said to him one morning, "My dear, if you will be a good boy all the forenoon, and do not disturb me while I am at work, you may go over to Aunt Jane's after dinner, and have your picture taken."

Aunt Jane was a photographer, and Johnny knew what that meant.

He thought it over, and after a while said, "Mamma, may I have it taken just as I want it? I mean, may I stand just as I please?"

"Yes," said mamma, "you may stand just as you like."

"I am afraid," said Johnny, "that auntie will not want me to do that."

They then agreed that mamma should write a note, telling Aunt Jane to allow him to take whatever position he desired.

Everybody laughed when they saw the picture.

I do not believe you could guess how Johnny had his picture taken. He just stood straight up with his back to the camera.

There was the picture, but no one could tell whether it was Johnny or some other little boy.

He said he could see his face in a looking-glass, and he had often wondered how he looked when he turned his back.

It was a long time before this little boy heard the last of his queer picture.

It was shown to so many people that he finally said, "Mamma, suppose we hide that back picture."

"All right," said mamma, "it is yours and you may do whatever you like with it."

He then put it where it could not easily be found, but did not destroy it.

THE CHAMOIS MOTHER.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

A HUNTER on the mountains of Austria saw a chamois with her two little ones. He made his way toward them as fast as he could, climbing the steep and perilous rocks.

The mother chamois saw him. At first she rushed toward him with her head lowered, as if she meant to push him off the rocks with her horns. But she soon saw it was useless. She turned back, and tried to show her little ones how to leap across a chasm to another rock. But they were too young for this. They were not strong enough to follow her.

Poor mother! The hunter came nearer and nearer. He thought he was sure of them. She seemed powerless to shield them or get them out of his reach.

But she would not flee without them. She tried again. She lay down and reached her forefoot across the chasm to the rock beyond. She looked back to her little ones in an anxious, entreating way.

They understood her; they knew there was danger. They sprang on her back. She leaped with them,—the swift, sure-footed chamois.

The hunter had come almost up to them; but she made the leap, and once across, the little ones ran by her side. Away she fled with them, bounding from rock to rock. Soon they were far beyond the hunter's rifle.

Are you not glad they escaped?

PLAYING PUSS.

MARY and Ruthie were standing and watching kittie drink her milk. Suddenly Ruthie took another saucer, filled it with milk and put it on the floor.

"Go 'way, pussy. I'm a cat, now. You go and be a little girl." And down she went on her hands and knees, and tried to lap milk like pussy.

After a few moments she lost her balance, and fell with her face in the saucer of milk. She choked, sneezed, and sputtered, and jumped up and down. As soon as she could speak, she called out, "Pussy, I'm a girl again. I'd rather drink out of my silver cup. You haven't got a long nose, and I have."

You have seen drunken men lying by the street-way, or perhaps in the gutter. Did you ever wish the poor sot were your own dear father? or did you ever wish that you might grow up a drunkard, and take a curb-stone for your pillow and the filth of the gutter for your mantle? Touch no liquor, boys, if you wish to steer clear of the drunkard's doom.