



THE PRINCESS OF AN HOUR.

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A proud little princess is Mabel, with Teddy and Frank as her careful pages. A shawl pinned to her shoulders makes a beautiful train. One feather in her hair serves as a coronet, and the bouquet she carries is made up of very choice "sun-flowers." It is a fine thing, indeed, to be such a princess as Mabel is, for just as soon as she grows weary of being a great princess and walking slowly in that stately way, all she has to do is to unfasten the shawl, throw away the flowers, take away the gay feather and she will become simple little Mabel Hopkins. Teddy and Frank make gay young pages, each carrying a wooden sword over his shoulder and wearing a proud goose-feather in his cap. They think it great fun to wait upon their sister, the princess, but they will grow tired of it after a while, and then they will run away and play something else. They will be glad to be Frank and Teddy Hopkins once more, playing hide-and-seek with their merry little sister.

## A VOICE FROM THE CAMEL.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

ALMOST everyone has heard about a camel's three stomachs, and the water cells in them, but all people cannot remember that in an Arabian camel like myself, the cells will hold a whole gallon and a half of water. Sometimes it is very unfortunate for us to have such stomachs, for on long marches across the desert, the Arabs, when without water, will occasionally kill some camels to get at their cells.

But, besides our queer stomachs, our noses are made in a strange way. You know it is very unpleasant indeed to have sand blown up your nose. Now I am going to relate a most singular fact. We camels are so made that when the sand-blasts come, we

can shut up our noses with some little valves inside.

Our feet are made so they are just right too, for we have very thick soles, so that the hot sand of the deserts cannot burn us. Altogether, I think we camels ought to be very thankful that we are made so beautifully. Some of the old Jewish rabbis did not think we were very thankful though, for they had a saying, "The camel desired horns, and his ears were taken from him." I think, though, that the rabbis made up that saying to tell people who were grumbling, and who

ought to have remembered how much worse off they would have been if the good they had were taken away from them. Most people are not nearly thankful enough for their good things. It is so much easier to grumble than to be thankful.

## UNSELFISH.

THERE are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity, "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."

## MY TWO HORSES.

SOME years ago I owned a horse, with which I undertook to drive to a neighbouring town over the hills in winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs; and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm.

On another occasion my pet Morgan called me, while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent

calls, that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables, I found the cows had broken down a door, and were capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached, the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating very quietly.

## "CAN I GO HOME?"

BESS went to church one sultry day  
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,  
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then moments into hours grew  
Oh dear! Oh dear! what should she do?  
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,  
On some absorbing mission bent  
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said in plaintive tone,  
With hand uplifted toward the dome,  
"Please, preacher-maa, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,  
Disturbed a sermon most profound:  
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread:  
He paused and bent his stately head;  
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

## "THE LORD'S PART."

NANNIE had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got it in smaller coins, she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

It was one of the days when little Katie seemed to be possessed by a spirit of mischief, and before the afternoon was over she had tired herself and pretty well exhausted her mother's patience. At last she did something so naughty that her mother said: "There, Katie; I shall have to punish you for that." The child looked at her a moment in silence, and then without warning, burst into tempestuous weeping. Just at this crisis her father came into the room, and Katie sobbed the louder, perhaps in order that he might the more surely notice her. "Why, little one, what is this?" he asked. "What are you crying for?" Katie thought a moment, and then, remembering that the manner of her punishment had not been announced, she answered amid her sobs: "I don't know, papa; mamma hasn't told me yet."