



OUR BABY-BROTHER.

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SEE him, our darling, our own baby-brother!
Where will you find in the whole world
another
So pretty, so playful, so gentle, so cheery?—
Our own little brother, our treasure, our
dearie!

The summer has come, you dear little
fellow,
With violets purple, and buttercups yellow:
Just hear the birds singing, as if they were
trying
To tell all the pleasure of loving and flying.

We'll take you to look at the calf in the
stable;
We'll show you the pussy that comes to
the table;
You shall see all the hens and the chickens
together;
And we'll pluck from the rooster a fine
showy feather.

To the pond we will go, where the water is
drimring,
And then we will see all the little ducks
swimming;
And baby shall see all the bright garden-
flowers
That help to make lovely these mild summer
hours.

THE KIND HAND.

LITTLE Ella had a bad fall, and cut an
ugly place in her cheek. The doctor came
and said it must be sewed up. Ella did
not want any one to touch it. She screamed
and pushed the good doctor away when he
was trying to do all he could to make her
well. Then she wanted mamma to take
her. "Mamma loves me," she sobbed,
"and she won't hurt me." Mamma took
her dear little girl in her arms, and said,
"Ella, mamma loves you, and that is why
she has to hurt you. You will have to be
hurt a little before you can be all whole
and well again."

God has to hurt his children very often,
so as to cure them of sin.

SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO.

"SIR," said a boy, addressing a man, "do
you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man; "I have no
such want." The boy looked disappointed
—at least the man thought so, and he
asked, "Can't you succeed in getting a
place?"

"I have asked at a good many places,"
said the boy. "A woman told me you had
been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in
a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy cheerfully.
"I still hope on, because this is a very big
world, and I feel certain God has something
for me to do in it. I am only trying to
find it."

"Just so, just so!" said a gentleman
who overheard the talk. "Come with me,
my boy; I am in want of somebody like
you."

He was a doctor, and thought that a boy
so anxious to find his work would be likely
to do it faithfully when he found it, so he
took the boy into his employ, and found to
his satisfaction that he was all that he
desired.

GRANDPAPA AND LITTLE FLO.

Down the shady lane they go,
Grandpapa and little Flo,
Hand in hand;
Happier man was never seen,
Nor a happier child, I ween,
In all the land.

See! those locks all snowy white
Falling on his shoulders light
Tell his age;
Four score years—aye, even more.
God has added to his store
Another page.

Little Flo, a fairy child,
With great eyes, so blue and mild,
Leads the way,
Seeks the smoothest place of all
For his feet, lest he should fall!
By the way.

Down the lane they always go,
Grandpapa and little Flo,
When 'tis bright;
And the birdies in the trees,
Flitting light among the leaves,
Bless the sight.

HOUSE BUILDING.

THE ant family must have a new house,
and so the carpenters have all gone to
work with hearty good-will. Naughty
Ned, to try to stop them with his long
stick! They think he is an ugly giant,
who wants to do all the mischief he can,
but he isn't. He is only a thoughtless boy,
who doesn't remember that these little peo-
ple have as good a right to be happy as he
has. But after all he can't do much harm,
for each little ant has six legs, and, of
course, can run very fast!

See how they hurry! they want to get
into that new house. One is carrying a
straw, another a bit of wood, and another
an old dead leaf. They take almost any
thing to stick into the walls of their houses.
It doesn't make much difference, you see,
because the houses are all covered up.
Isn't it queer that they like to live in the
dark? There are no windows in their
houses, and the doors are all in the roof!
That's another queer thing. Only think,
how dark it must be on a rainy day, when
the doors have to be shut tight!