



MILLY AND HER DOVES.

ONE afternoon Milly's father called to her from the garden, "Milly, little daughter, come here!"

Milly ran fast, as she always did when she heard her father's voice, and found him standing beside a long box.

"O my!" said Milly, as peeping through the box she counted one, two, three, four, pretty doves.

"They are for you, my little daughter."

"For me!" said Milly, and for joy she climbed up into her father's arms and to kissed him.

"Be dove-like, my daughter, gentle, harmless, undefiled," said her father, "and your life will be happy, and will make others be happy too."

THE LOST PAPA.

THE following true story is sent to *Babyhood* by a correspondent in Rhode Island. Three little children rode down to the station with papa, who was going "to town" for family supplies. Papa had always worn heavy whiskers and a moustache. He visited the barber, and came home with closely cropped locks and close-trimmed moustache only. The loss of his luxuriant beard actually transformed him, so that his "best friend" would have scarcely known him. The children, being accustomed to strangers, chatted with him on his return, and nothing strange was noticed until they

began to worry lest papa was not coming home that night.

"Why, papa has come home," said mamma, in wondering tones.

"Why don't he come in the house?"

"Why, he has been in. Don't you remember he brought you some peanuts?"

"That gentleman? That's company!"

In vain mamma explained, and, when papa came into the house again, he was told the children's grief at his non-return. He tried to convince them, but it was not possible. The positive temperament they had inherited from him was not to be argued with successfully. Gravely they noticed that he received all papa's privileges, and seemed scandalized that he put them to bed, and occupied papa's room, and waited on them just as papa used to do. Gradually, they fell in the habit of calling him papa, but to them he was the "new papa;" and they

sadly wondered for months if the "old papa" who "went to town" would never, never come home any more.

PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.

THERE was once a young man who was beginning life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was an industrious young man, of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock the master came in, and seeing the young man sitting in the counting-house, looked very angry at him, supposing the commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

This one act made the young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken. He found him to be a man

of industry, a man of promptness, and he very soon found that he was one that could not be spared, he was necessary to the concerns of that establishment. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death bed was able to leave his children an ample fortune.—*Selected.*

THE SAND-MAN.

BY GEORGE COOPER

He peeps in through the key-hole,
And he bobs up at the pane,
When scarlet firelight dances
On the wall and floor again.
Hush! here he comes—the Sand-man
With his dream-cap he is crowned,
And grains of sleep he scatters,
Going round and round and round—
While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers quaintest fancies,
With a tiny silver thread
He sews up silken eyelids
That ought to be in bed
Each wee head nods acquaintance,
He's known wherever found;
All stay-up-lates he catches,
Going round and round and round—
With a pack of dreams forever, going round.

I see two eyes the brightest;
But I'll not tell whose they are;
They shut up like a lily—
That Sand-man can't be far!
Somebody grows so quiet—
Who comes, without a sound?
He leads one more to dream-land,
Going round and round and round—
And a good-night to the Sand-man, going round.

TEMPERANCE.

A SMALL boy, being delicate, was ordered, much against his will, a dose of brandy each day. He took it a few times, but stuck to his temperance convictions, and pleaded so hard that his mother waived the physician's orders to allow her boy to "stand for the right."

Another boy, not so very small, was sent to the barber's to have his hair cut. This being done the hair-dresser proceeded to apply whiskey to keep him from taking cold. To this Charley refused to submit.

"Did he think," said he, indignantly, "I was going to let him put *that stuff* on my head."—*H. E. G.*

FEAR God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.