



TRYING THE ICE.

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These two little girls and their brother have come out to see if the pond will bear. There, all across the field, you can see their tracks right up to the fence, which they managed to get over, until they reached the ice. And now the little brother is cautiously trying if the ice will bear his weight, and if it is not strong enough his sister, no doubt, will hold him tight enough to prevent an accident.

PENNY TELLS HIS STORY.

First I was born in a great big house where the machines were turning out lots of pennies, just like me. I was bright and shiny.

Well, I didn't stay shiny long. A man put me in his pocket, and left the bank one day, and then my adventures began. First I was given to the car conductor with four other dinky old pennies, and the conductor took a ten-cent silver piece from a woman with a basket, and gave five of us back to her. I

was then the prettiest. The old woman took me home in her old purse, and gave me to Peter, who lived near, for bringing milk.

"Hello! How bright you are! I'll take you to Sunday School next week," said Peter.

When I went to Sunday School there was a row of boys looking as I was handed to the teacher, and I was very proud. A man came and put me in a big bag with some others, and when he reached home he dumped us on the table, and put a twenty-five-cent silver piece in the bag.

"Hello! see the bright penny," said his son, Jim. "Can't I have it?"

"Yes," said his father. So I rested awhile in Jimmy's pocket. He put his hand in and held me every few minutes, and then he went to walk with his father.

Pretty soon I found I was pushing through a little hole in Jimmy's pocket. Whrr! In a minute I had dropped out of Jimmy's trousers, and was

rolling on the ground. Jimmy didn't see me. I rolled right under a little blue violet. Pretty soon it began to rain, and it rained all night. I knew I wasn't as bright in the morning, but I couldn't help it. A little girl, going to school, stopped to pick the violet, and then she saw me. "Oh-h-ee! here's a penny!" she said. She took me to the store, and said she wanted a "bull's-eye." I thought that was a queer thing to want; but I was left with the store-keeper.

Well, after that I went everywhere. I have lived in workmen's pockets, and ladies' silver purses, and have been handed around by butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, and now I am not pretty nor bright. One little girl polished me up just for fun. I wish more people would do that. I should feel so much more respectable. You see, as I haven't any hands, I cannot brighten myself. But one thing I notice, I pass for just as much now as when I was young and pretty. You see, I am worth a penny—no more, no less, and people don't mind so much just how I look. How much are you worth? And are you good for just as much in old clothes as new clothes?—The Mayflower.

THE COLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, in the empire of the Czar of the Russians. It is the great commercial centre of Eastern Siberia and the capital of the Province of Yakutsk, which, in most of its area of one million five hundred and seventeen thousand and sixty-three square miles, is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about four hundred houses of European structure, standing apart.

The intervening spaces are occupied by winter voorts, or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides, and windows of ice. Caravans with Chinese and European goods collect the produce of the whole line of coast on the Polar Sea between the parallels of seventy degrees and seventy-four degrees, from the mouth of the river Lena to the farthest point inhabited by the Chookchees.

Last year a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society made a tour of eleven weeks down the Lena, which is three thousand miles long, visiting Yakutsk and selling gospels in their own language to the Yakuts in the villages along the banks.—Leslie's Weekly.

Little Rosa's family had just moved to town, some miles away from the old home; and when night came, and her father and mother were busy downstairs Rosa began to feel sleepy. The bell of the church rang out, for it was prayer meeting night, and Rosa counted the strokes till she reached sixteen. "Sixteen o'clock!" said Rosa. "Dear me, I was never up so late before."—Ex.