



THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT

THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

When Napoleon led his army to Cairo he inspired their enthusiasm by the stirring words, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look upon us." It is a wonderfully impressive thought that these stupendous structures were already two thousand years old when Mary and Joseph, with the young Child, fled from the face of Herod, that they were centuries old when the children of Israel toiled in the brick-yards of Egypt, when Moses the deliverer rose, and that they were also centuries old when Joseph was sold into bondage by his brethren, and even when Abraham went down into Egypt.

Such a scene as is pictured here we saw over and over again in our ride through Egypt. We saw many plodding fellahs, many a peasant mother with her babe riding on just such an animal through such a scene as is shown in the picture. Indeed, we were shown in an old church near Cairo the grotto in which it is said that the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the young Child took refuge and we were even shown the place where tradition avers that Moses was found in the bulrushes, but as to the truth of these traditions of the sacred sites we are a good deal sceptical. The white hills as seen in the picture are the yellow sand-dunes of the desert which ever greet the vision as one passes.

ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it, and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings-bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick,

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think that I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

TOMMY AND THE PARADE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Uncle John," said Tommy, "if I see a parade every year, how many will it make in all my life? I've seen two."

"Well," said Uncle John, "you are six now. Take six from an average lifetime and add the two, and it makes twenty-nine."

"Will Jacky Stiles, the cripple, have that kind of a lifetime,—an average one?"

"Poor little chap, I doubt it. But life is uncertain for us all, my boy."

"Aunt Kate," said Tommy, upstairs in his aunt's room, "how many is twenty-nine?"

Aunt Kate threw him her button bag. "Make a row of buttons on the rug and count."

So Tommy stretched the buttons out in line until they were twenty-nine. What a long line it was! There was a big white button at the end. Tommy took it in his hand, and then he looked at the others.

"Aunt Kate," he said, "if you take one

away from twenty-nine it doesn't count much, does it?"

"That depends upon what it is."

"If it is parades?" said Tommy, and scampered off downstairs before she could answer. At the foot of the stairs he sat down and began to empty out his pockets.

Once Aunt Kate had given Tommy a beautiful little card which she had painted herself, with the words of Jesus on it—"Follow me." Tommy had straightway put it in his pocket, along with tacks and marbles and slate-pencils and many other things. He was looking for it now. At last it turned up, and he laid it and the button side by side on the lowest step.

"I think it would be 'following' to let Jacky ride to the parade in my place. He's

littler than me. And Jesus always watched out for the little weak ones, Aunt Kate said."

So it was Jacky who went to see the parade. Tommy stayed at home; and the afternoon was getting to be pretty long when he thought that he would lie down on Aunt Kate's divan, and "'magine the horses and uniforms" for a while. And after that the afternoon was very short indeed—but Tommy saw wonderful processions in his sleep!

KISS AND AGREE.

Have you quarrelled in angry haste?

Kiss and agree.

Of remorse had bitter taste?

Kiss and agree.

Angels will look down and smile,

Kiss and agree.

If you're reconciled, the while,

Kiss and agree.

DOROTHY'S OPINION.

Mamma has bought a calendar,
And every single page
Has pictures on of little girls,
'Most just about my age.

And when she bought it yesterday,
Down at the big bazaar,
She said, "What lovely little girls!
How true to life they are!"

But I don't think they're true to life,
And I'll just tell you why:
They never have a rumpled frock,
Or ribbon bow awry.

And though they play with cats and dogs
And rabbits and white mice,
And sail their boats and fly their kites,
They always look so nice.

And I am sure no little girl
That ever I have seen,
Could play with dogs or sail a boat,
And keep her frock so clean.