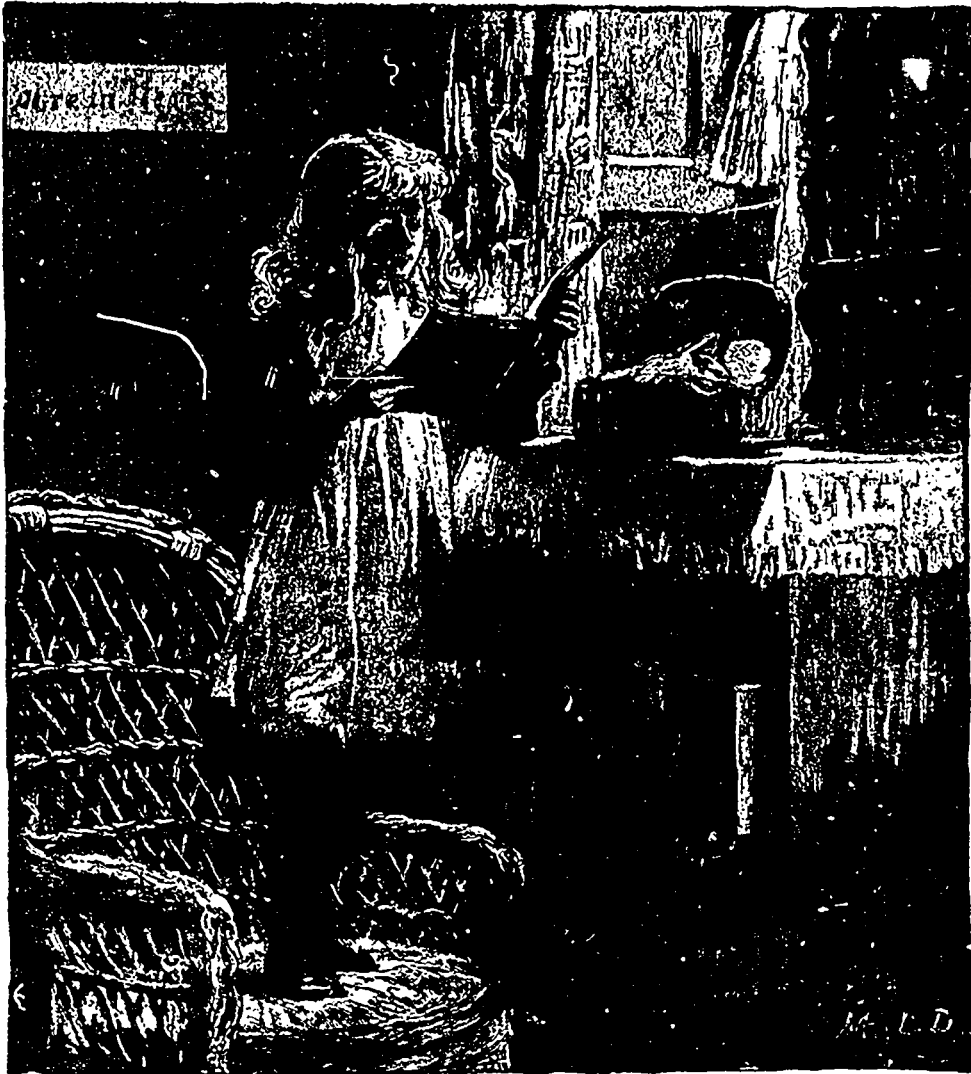


Young People's Department.



"CLIMBING UPON A CHAIR, WHERE SHE COULD HAVE THE LIGHT FALL UPON HER BOOK, SHE FOUND HER CHAPTER AND BEGAN TO READ."

MARJORIE'S ADVENT PARABLE.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

LYING upon her little bed, in one of the daintiest rooms that any little girl's heart could wish for, Marjorie was sobbing until it seemed as if the rivers of tears would surely wash away her blue eyes, while her curls were dripping and tumbled, she had been weeping so long and so bitterly.

If you had glanced within the room, perhaps you would have thought that Marjorie must be a very discontented little girl to find anything to be so sorrowful about, when she had everything apparently, that heart could wish, to make her happy. It was such a dainty nest of a room.

The walls are a dull blue, and, painted by Marjorie's mother, beautiful trailing morning glory vines run down from the frieze and look