



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BROTHERS.

## JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

For a description of the event shown in this cut turn to the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and read the beautiful story of Joseph.

## BABES IN HEAVEN.

"Do all babes go to heaven when they die, Aunt Alice?"

"Certainly, Effie; for they are good, never having sinned."

"But who takes them to heaven, and who takes care of them up there?"

"The angels bear them up to heaven, and care kindly for them when up there. A great many of the angels were themselves mothers and older sisters when here, and they could find no sweeter employment than caring for angel babes; even in heaven."

"But if they are angels, I would not think they would want much care. I supposed angels were stronger than giants, and knew almost everything."

"Baby angels are not strong nor wise. They must be led and taught like the children in our homes of earth, and the angels will lead and teach them."

"Does our little Willie have such kind care and attention, with the rest?"

"Yes, and his every want is met in the moment of his wish. He is perfectly happy and is never sick any more. The big tears never stand in his eyes now. His home is more beautiful, too, than any you ever saw on earth."

"Well, I will try and not wish him back any more."

They who seek me early shall find me.

## BRIGHTENING ALL I CAN

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones, "Look! O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa?"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain into the blue of those eyes; only to be happy and good, that's all."

The next day the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; she seemed full of light and love, and when asked why she was so happy, she replied laughingly, "Why, don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can. Try it, children.—*Child at Home.*

## NAUGHTY KATY.

A FIVE-YEAR old tot, who had always closed her eyes at night with, "And, God, help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes at that point, awhile ago and said very decidedly, "I ain't going to say the rest, I don't want to be a good girl; I want to be a bad girl; I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em." Do you want to be like Katy?

## A MERRY RIDE.

Up we go! down we go!  
Swinging, swinging, swinging,  
Just like birdies in the trees—  
Singing, singing, singing.

All the way to Boston-town  
Now we're going, going,  
While the sun is shining bright,  
And the breezes blowing.

Up we go! down we go!  
Like the birdies flying;  
Could we go as high as they  
If we kept on trying?

All the way to Boston-town;  
What a journey this is  
For bonny little girls to take  
To buy mamma some kisses!

Up we go! down we go!  
Swinging, swinging, swinging—  
Just like birdies in the trees,  
Singing, singing, singing.

## DANGER.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't, they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "see his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many.