



THE HOLY FAMILY DURING THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

LITTLE GIRLS.

I KNOW a little girl
 (You? Oh, no!)
 Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
 Does just so:
 She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
 And takes the dimples in;
 She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then does she begin—
 "Oh, dear me! I don't see why
 All the others sit up late,
 And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
 Who says, "When I'm a great big girl,
 I'll sit up late;
 But mamma says 'twill make me grow
 To be an early bird."
 So she and dollie trot away
 Without another word.
 Oh, the sunny smile, and the eyes so blue!
 And—and, why, yes, now I think of it,
 She looks like you.

BED-TIME.

ONE night Rose said, "O, mamma! mayn't I stay up just a little longer, this once?"

Mamma looked down, and saw two blue eyes pleading so earnestly that she smiled, and said, "Yes, just this once."

But that made bed-time later for Maude and Ruth, too, for the three little ones always wanted a story at that time.

The next night Rose begged once more, and this time, when mamma said "No," the blue eyes filled with tears. But she went along without complaint.

Now you would not think a little girl would keep on asking, would you? But Rose did. At last, one night, to her surprise and delight, mamma said "Yes." But she

rose immediately and led Maude and Ruth away.

Rose thought it was very lonely in the parlor. Papa was reading the evening paper, and Kitty was asleep on the rug before the fire, birdie had tucked his head under his wing and chirped a sleepy good-night an hour before.

She tried to enjoy the pictures she was looking at, but they were not nearly so interesting when Ruth and Maude were not there to see. At last she slipped away to the nursery, and O, dear! mamma was just closing the story-book, and little Ruth was saying, "What a lovely 'tory!"

That was the last time Rose asked to stay up after eight o'clock.

A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

How often do people, when they are weary and disappointed, wish themselves alone on some beautiful island! This sounds very well; but imagine the loneliness that would in time come, the silence that one would give anything to break, but cannot! The flowers, so lovely by day, might give out poisonous breath by night. With the closing of day venomous reptiles might glide out, and dangers lurk on every hand. Then one would long to be back in the old sphere, and to be crossed and vexed in the old way.

The fact is, our own humble little niche is the best place for us, and there is absolutely no charmed spot, no magical island, where we could be happier than we are now. Go where you may, we must find this true. We make things harder for ourselves by meeting our vexations with a poor front.

In the diary of a quaint writer the following entry was made: "Went down town

this morning, and came home covered with burs; every little irritating speech made to me by an acquaintance seemed to stick to me as burs stick to a garment. Pray Heaven, I may have better sense another time!"

Be contented; make the best of things; bear and forbear; be charitable and loving, and things will come out right. This poor old world is good enough, but by pitching straw and mud at it, it soon presents to us an ugly appearance.

There are a great many beautiful islands over the world, visits to which would give us great delight, but it was never intended that we should withdraw ourselves to live upon any of them.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

WHAT do you ever do for the sick? I will tell you what Lillie Stone did for me one day. Lillie is a Christian child; I call her my "little friend." She is never so happy as when she is making some one else happy. She came over to see me one lovely morning, and what do you think she brought?

The first was a letter from the post-office, for as I am a "shut-in," I cannot go to get my letters. Do you know what a "shut-in" is? It means one who is not well enough to go out and so is obliged to stay in the house always. So Lillie goes for my letters every day.

This day she brought me besides my letter some fruit, nuts, and candy that she had saved from what was given her at a birthday party she had attended the day before. She asked the lady if she might take what she did not wish to eat to a sick friend. The lady said, "Yes, indeed," and gave her some more.

Last, but not least, Lillie brought the weekly paper, and said she had permission to stay and read it to me. Lillie is a very good reader, and gladly I listened to her pleasant voice as she read page after page. Then a caller came in and Lillie said she would go home and come another time.

Lillie is a sweet child, useful and happy. She is happy because she is useful and unselfish. I wish there were more like her.

LITTLE Johnny's papa is forgetful. One day his wife asked him the name of a cough medicine she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare, I cannot remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago." Little Johnny spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, papa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."