



DEATH OF JACOB.

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The above picture shows the death scene as the venerable patriarch Jacob calls his sons around him to give them the blessing as recorded in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis. These blessings had a wonderful significance, describing the characteristics of the twelve tribes as they settled in the land of promise four hundred years afterwards.

## DOLLY'S GIANT STORY.

Once there was a giant.  
But I must begin at the other end of the story. Once there was a great mountain. The mountain was full of gold.  
Now, you know gold is the most precious thing in the world, some people think.  
It is a real Aladdin's lamp, and with it in your hand you can do and have and be almost anything in the world.  
When people found that this great mountain was full of gold, the next thing was to break open this wonderful bank and get it.

That was not easy to do.  
They picked away at the locks here and there—that is, they dug little holes and tunnels in the red, clayey earth, and they took up panfuls of the loose soil, and washed out the little yellow specks in it.  
But the gold lay down deep in the dark heart of the mountain, and the people grew discouraged about ever getting at it.  
One day a man came along, and said: "Why don't you get a giant to help you?"

I know one strong enough to break this old mountain all in pieces, and carry it off on his shoulders."

How the men stared at that! "Why," they said, "bring us your giant, and you shall have gold and plenty of it."

But when he brought the giant they laughed at him.

Giant, indeed! He was no bigger than a candle, and looked much like one.

"Never you mind his looks!" said the man. "Just drill a little hole for him to lie in among the rocks of this mountain, and give him some fire to eat, and see what he will do."

The man was right after all.

They made a deep hole in the rock for him, and they gave him "fire to eat"—that is, touched a match to the long fuse he liked to carry around with him—and, presto! the rocks flew, the mountain gates were open, and the glittering gold specks gleamed in every fragment of rock.

Since that nobody has despised little Giant Powder.—*Youth's Companion*.

## HIS RIGHTS.

"I will have my rights!" said Tom Bell, as he walked off the playground.

"Oh, his rights! those everlasting old rights! I wish he'd take them, and be done with it!" cried Hal Hale, half laughing, and very much in earnest, too.

Tom was a trial to all his friends on account of these same "rights." He was

always on the lookout to see that he had his full share of everything that was going. He was very quick to see a slight; so quick, indeed, that he could often see one where none was intended. Of course he was not a popular boy. How could he be? He kept himself at the front all the time. The boys had to keep a sharp watch to see that Tom's feelings were not hurt, and it was a weight on their minds, you may be sure; and then, in spite of all their care, he was always feeling that he did not have his rights.

Do not take Tom for a model, boys, if you want to have friends and go through life pleasantly; and, girls, watch against the selfishness which is often called by the pretty name of "sensitiveness."

Here is a secret: The one who thinks least of self will get the most kind consideration from others, and the sure way to lose your rights is to be always trying to get and keep them.—*Sunday School Advocate*.

## EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.

This singular looking cut is an illustration of the mummy cases or coffins of the Egyptians. They were made of wood, covered with a sort of papiermache plaster, and brilliantly decorated with pictures in red, blue, yellow, green, and other primary colours. You will remember that both Jacob and Joseph were embalmed and carried up with the people of Israel into Canaan. Jacob was buried in the cave of Machpelah, where his body still rests, and Joseph, according to the Scripture narrative, in a lonely tomb near Jacob's Well, though the Moslems say his body was afterwards removed to the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron.



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