



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS.

Travellers frequently visit the celebrated mountains in South America, and go up to their tops after the manner shown in the picture. Those mountains are so high that they are always covered with snow, and they are so steep and rugged that horses and waggons cannot climb them. The ignorant and poor people who live there fasten a kind of chair on their backs by means of stout straps. A traveller takes a seat in the chair, and the poor native lugs him up the mountain, over rocks, across ugly streams and gulches on logs, and through almost every kind of danger. It is a tiresome climb for the poor fellow who carries the load, but I have long thought I would as soon take his place as to risk my chances on his back in the chair. If his foot should slip as he crosses a gulch on a log, it would be Good-bye, Mr. Traveller. But I suppose a man would feel as safe riding in a chair on another man's back, after he gets used to it, as in a saddle on a horse's back. To those who were never on horseback it does not look at all safe to see a man go prancing over the country on a rollicking steed. But those who are accustomed to it never think of there being any danger in it.

THE LOST BABY.

Oh, dear, dear! What a fright we all had! Baby was lost. Our sweet, wee Baby Belle, with her pretty, yellow, short curls, her bright, brown eyes, and two rosy lips so sweet to kiss.

We all ran as fast as we could to look for her. Mamma opened all the closets, looked under the beds and sofas, and even in the big trunks.

Nell ran to the barn, and peeped into

every dark corner, and climbed the ladder up into the hay-loft. As if our Baby could climb a ladder, when she could only just creep up-stairs! But Nell never thought of that.

Will looked into the cellar, down the well, upon the roof, and into the trees, as if she had wings, and had flown into the robin's nest. Nora looked under the sink, and in the big oven. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy. I went out to the garden, and looked behind the rose bushes, and in every spot that

could hide a wee girlie. The gates were both shut, and Baby could not open them. By and by I saw a loose board in the fence at the end of the garden. Could she have crept through into the field? I saw something down in the tall grass. It moved. Yes, it was the lost baby! Naughty Baby Belle!

When I caught her she was standing in a big bunch of daisies and clover, and two butterflies were flying around her. She called to me. "See, auntie, me catch pitty f'yaways." And I said: "I have caught a pretty runaway."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Jane and Mary started out for a walk one Saturday afternoon. They were schoolmates and were often together, for their parents were old friends. The two children were very different in disposition, in spite of their intimacy, for Jane was inclined to be very haughty, while Mary was sweet and gentle.

The two little girls were walking along, wondering what they would buy with their pocket money, of which they had a generous allowance, as their fathers could afford to give it to them.

While they were walking they came to a poor little girl sitting upon the curbstone trying to sell dolls. Mary stopped to speak to her, she looked so pale and tired.

"Oh! come on, Mary," said Jane. "Don't waste your time over beggars;" but Mary would not go until she had found out where the little girl lived and something about her. Then she took her allowance from her pocket and gave it to her. The poor child could hardly thank her and wanted her to take her dolls, but Mary said: "No, I do not want the dolls,

sell them and buy something for yourself with the money I gave you."

"Well," said Jane, walking haughtily off, "you are very silly, Mary, to believe the story of every beggar you see, and besides you needn't have given all your money."

"I couldn't help it, Jane, she is so sick and needy," said Mary.

When Mary went home, she told her parents about the little girl and where she lived. Mamma went to see her and soon made her more comfortable.

Whom do you think was the happier, Jane, who bought something to please herself, or Mary?

YOU PROMISED.

A little boy, after having performed his allotted task, comes to his father for his promised reward. His father is busy and puts him off first with this excuse and then with that, and finally speaks in a way that almost silences his loved child. The little fellow, looking up to his father, the tears starting in his eyes, replies: "But father, you promised."

The father cannot refuse that plea.

So our heavenly Father will hear his children if they will do his work and plead his promises.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick
You can make the sunshine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

The new pair of shoes came home to a little five-year old. He tried them on and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."