



HARD AT WORK.

The bright boy soon discovers that hard, thorough work is a thing that pays. The happiest boy in the school is usually the one who, as a rule, has a long list of "perfect marks" at the day's close. He is the boy who feels like putting his whole heart into the game of baseball at recess, and can laugh and romp, all free from care, on his way home from school at night. And that dull, gloomy-looking chap, who is he? Oh, he is the school's notorious "shirk-work." His lessons are never prepared, he is foot of the class, he has been punished for "copying," and generally enjoys his recess in the school-room trying to finish some neglected work. The old, old motto, "Work while you work, and play while you play," is a good one.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning enoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain
Work as believing that labor is gain."

HOW JOE HID.

The children were playing hide-and-seek, and baby Joe wanted to play, too. How do you suppose he hid when it came his turn? He buried his face in his mother's lap, and thought because he could not see, others could not see him. Only his face and eyes were hidden, while his plump little body was in plain sight.

"Oh, ho!" laughed grandpa. "You are just like an ostrich."

"How? How, gran'pa?" cried the

children, gathering round the old man, who sat by the fire.

"Well, you know the ostrich is a very large bird, sometimes as tall as a man. It is not easy to hide his large body, yet if the bird gets behind a tree which only keeps its head from view, he thinks no one can see him, because he cannot see anything except the tree. Sometimes when men are hunting an ostrich it will bury its head in the sand, thinking itself hidden and quite safe. It is soon caught, however."

"Show me a picture of an ostrich, won't you, gran'pa?" asked Joe. Then his good grandpa got from the shelf a large book in which was a picture of an ostrich, and its nest on the ground.

It does seem silly for such a large bird to act in this way, yet a boy or a man acts worse sometimes when he wants to hide a bad habit. For instance, when a boy begins to smoke he will do it on the sly; he thinks his mother will not know it, because she does not see him with pipe or cigar: but his clothes tell the story; the odor of the tobacco clings to his clothes and breath.

SNOWING STARS.

"It's snowing stars!" said five-year-old Harry, as he came running into the house.

"Isn't Harry funny?" laughed his sister, Nan. "The idea of its snowing stars!"

"Well, it is," stoutly replied the little fellow. "Here is one on my coat-sleeve. Look, mother."

But before the mother could look the feathery little flake had melted.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nan.

"Never mind, Harry," said his mother; "you may take Nan out and show her the stars yourself. Let the little snowflakes come down on your sleeves, and look at them with this magnifying glass."

"Here they

come!" shouted Harry, holding out his arm to catch them. "Now look, Nan."

Nan looked; then she drew a long breath, and said: "O, it is a star, and so pretty! Look, Harry!"

"It's just beautiful!" said Harry. He did not once say: "I told you so."

When the father came home that evening, he said: "Well, what has my boy learned to-day?"

Harry answered: "O, Nan and I found four different kinds of snowflakes. Some were stars, and they all had six points. They were beautiful!"

"My boy is learning how to use his eyes," said the father. "Now, Nan, what did you learn?"

"I learned," said Nan, "that Harry knows more than I do, and that he is just the dearest little brother in the whole world."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

No other city was ever like Venice. It is built on about eighty islands in the Adriatic Sea, and instead of streets there are canals, and instead of carriages, gondolas. For a thousand years or more this city has ruled itself, and was the proud and haughty queen of the Adriatic. It was governed by fifteen hundred nobles. These chose three hundred senators, the chief of whom was called the doge.

On one side of the canal in the picture was the doge's palace, on the other side the prison. Accused persons were tried, and if found guilty, were led across the Bridge of Sighs and passed into prison and from the sight of mortal men for ever. Here they stayed, if they were not at once put to death, until memory and hope were gone. What sad tales these prison walls could tell!



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.