

So she went on pouring, until the great number of vessels that the sons had borrowed were all filled. Then she stopped only because she had no more vessels; and the woman and her two sons stood in their little room and gazed at all the oil which, at the word of God's prophet, had been poured from their one small jar and which had been increased in this wonderful way.

The grateful mother then hurried away to the prophet, to tell him the good news. He said to her, "Now, go and sell your oil and pay your debt, and there will be enough left over for you and your children to live on for some time." So the woman paid her debt, and her sons were saved from being made slaves.

What was the prophet's name?

Time Flies

Sixty seconds make a minute,

So my father used to say:

What you've got to do, begin it,

Or 'twill not be done to-day :

For so fast the seconds fly,

You can't catch one—nor can I.

Sixty minutes make an hour,

So my mother used to tell :

While you've got the strength and power,

Do your work and do it well;

Or at night you'll have to say,

"I've done nothing all the day."

Twelve fast hours make the daytime,

So, my child, I say to you :

Some is work-time, some is play-time;

Do what you have got to do;

For though fast you run down hill,

Time is running faster still.

How Little Indian Girls Play

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who lives on a reservation in the far West. Her grandfather is the loved and honored chief of his tribe, and Lucy is his favorite grandchild. She is a sweet little girl, with willing hands and feet ready to do the bidding of the teachers at the mission school where she lives for over eight months of the year. She speaks English with a pretty accent.

On cold or stormy days, after the school hours are over and household tasks are done, Lucy turns with a happy heart to the playroom, where she amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny babies or making dresses for them from bits of bright calico, which perhaps some child in the far-away East had put in the missionary bale.

When tired of the babies, she gets her pebble tops, of which she has a number hidden away in the pocket of her dress, tucked away in a corner of her pigeonhole in the row of boxes in the playroom, or buried safely under the steps. It is only a common pebble with smooth sides, and a little white child would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little whirl of the fingers which sends it spinning away with a dizzy rush, and she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to its sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is a pretty play, and never loses its fascination for the little brown children.

When at her own home, Lucy goes coasting sometimes, and what do you think she has for a sled? You would never guess, so I will tell you. A buffalo skin is spread on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairie from the river bottom. Lucy and her sister find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, the child in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on tight and fast as those behind give a starting push, and away they go down the steep slopes and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of tousled heads and twisted shawls.

Little Servants

"Oh, what an untidy room! Skip about, little ones, and set it in order."

"I don't like to tidy rooms," said Elsie, with a pucker on her forehead, as she turned the pieces of dissected map this way and that.

"I think it must be ever so nice to keep plenty of servants," said Ruth. "I was reading the other day about the little king