

THE DOLL'S PHOTOGRAPH.

We wanted the little girl's picture ;
But when she came to sit
In front of the artist's camera,
She was afraid of it
And quite unlike herself, she cried,
Would not be coaxed or pacified ;
So for that day
We gave it up, and came away.

And, after that, if mention
Was made of her photograph,
Upon that dimpled face the look
Of terror made us laugh,
'Tis plain we must contrive some plan
To cheat our timid little Nan,
So some one said :
"But, Nannie, the doll is not afraid !
Suppose, if you don't like it
Yourself, we have her stand,
And you need only to sit by
And hold her little hand."
This pleased Nan very much indeed,
Dear little girl, and she agreed ;
And not one word
Of further doubt or fear was heard.

Dolly behaved so nicely,
Quite as a doll should do,
No trouble anywhere this time ;
And here they are, the two.
And this was the little girl's report
When we got home: "We had such sport!
They took my doll,
But I don't think I got tokened at all!"

FOLLOWING IN THE DARK.

"MAMMA," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark."

Her mother did not say a word, but went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little way and said: "Come dear, it is your bed-time. Take hold of my hand and I will lead you up stairs." So Bessie put her hand in her mother's and trotted bravely up-stairs in the dark. After she had said "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said; "You were not afraid coming up, were you, Bessie?"

"Oh, no, mamma," she answered, "I couldn't be, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well," said her mother, "then you need not be afraid of death, for Jesus is holding his hand to you, and you have only to put your own in his and he will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of his hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day, and praying to him to help you; he loves little children so well that they need not be afraid to follow him anywhere."

KITTY'S VISITOR.

MAMMA had gone out, nurse was sick with headache, and sister Grace was reading a story-book and taking care of Kittie. Kittie had company though she didn't know it. Was not that queer? She thought she was all alone as she sat on the nursery floor putting together her sliced birds. She had put the last strip on the peacock's tail, and had found all the pieces of the long legs of the crane. Then she looked about for something else to do.

"Let's come into mamma's room. It is nice in there," said the visitor.

Kittie stole away like a little thief.

"Scissors are very nice to play with. They are in the basket."

Kittie put her hands behind her, and shook her head.

"Just take them out of the case and see how pretty they are."

"O Kittie, Kittie!" The little hands unclasp. They reach up and take the red case. They draw out the bright scissors. The little heart beats hard, but the ears listen for the next whisper.

"Nothing very nice to cut here. Lace is pretty to cut. The curtains in the parlor are very long."

Naughty little feet! They steal down the stairs into the great parlor.

"Kittie! Kittie!" calls Grace; but Kittie does not hear.

"Snip! snip!" go the scissors.

"A hole looks more pretty than just a net. Auntie makes holes in her fancy work."

Gracie hears the soft little voice in the parlor, and runs in. "O Kittie! naughty, naughty Kittie!" she cries.

"Not naughty 't all!" screams Kittie, trying to get free.

Then both little sisters scream together, for the scissors in angry Kittie's hand make a long scratch on Gracie's cheek. The blood runs, and poor sick nurse comes in, and carries both little girls to the nursery.

When the blood was all washed away and a long strip of court-plaster put over the cheek, mamma came home. She listened to the whole story, and then took Kittie on her lap. She told her how the heavenly Father sends every morning a good spirit to stay with his little ones. But sometimes these little ones are naughty, and open their hearts to bad spirits. Then the Father is very sorry. "Which spirit did my little girl let in this morning?" asked mamma.

And Kittie put her head on mamma's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break, for she knew she had driven away the good spirit and taken in the naughty one.

"MAKE ME GOODER."

LITTLE Alice McMaster, who has just left us for 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' was a sweet girl of eight summers, who lost her mother when very young, but who was blest with a true, loving, Christian father, in whose heart she lived, and who combined in his tender thoughtfulness a woman's gentleness with a man's strength. Alice for some time had been loving Christ, and had frequently conversed with her faithful Sunday-school teacher about her love for him. She seemed to come into the Christian life as a plant blooms. Only a few days before her death, she went with her father into a store where little books were for sale, and seeing one with the title, "Make Me Gooder," she asked her father to buy it for her. It seemed to represent just what she was praying to be.

Dear little child! Christ has answered her prayer, and she is now spotless with the angels. But her wish still speaks to us; "Make Me Gooder." How many ways God has of making us better! Sometimes, as with little Alice, he takes us out of this world of sin to grow in the holy atmosphere of heaven; and hard as it is to part with young hearts opening in beauty, it is a great comfort to feel that they go to grow in all that is true, good and beautiful. They are but transplanted lives. Sometimes he sends great burdens, by which our souls are to become enlarged, mellowed and transformed into the image of our Lord. Responsibilities, when taken up in the love of Christ, bring out his character in us. Sometimes it is by disappointments, tears and burdens of sorrow, that we are purified, self is crucified and we are prepared to receive him in all his fulness.

Sometimes, also, he sends great joys which so fill and lift our souls that we seem to see his truth and love as never before; but whatever the way he chooses with which to perfect us, may our daily prayer be, "Make me gooder." O Lord, 'Make me gooder.'"

DISPUTES OF CHRISTIANS.

IN whale fishing, when a whale is struck with the harpoon and feels the smart, it sometimes makes for the boat, and would probably dash it to pieces. To prevent this, the seamen throw a cask overboard; and when it is staved to pieces, they throw over another. The whale spends his strength on these, and soon becomes harmless to the men. So when Satan fears that Christians united, would become too powerful for him, he throws overboard a tub—some non-essential point of doctrine or polity, and lets them spend in angry disputation over this, the strength that ought to be used in defeating him.