



THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow we're going to Aunt Mary's—if it doesn't rain!" and the children danced around the room, for if there was any place they loved to go it was to Aunt Mary's.

But, alas! when to-morrow came, it was dark, dismal and rainy. And the day opened in the house dark, dismal and rainy, too, for every one of the children cried except Willie.

After breakfast he said, "I'm going to take photographs. I'm going to photograph Tommy and Mary and Susie, and everybody."

"Oh!" cried the children, "that's splendid!" and with the tears still on their cheeks, they began to laugh.

Then Willie made a group of Tommy and Mary and Susie, and, putting a piece of black cloth over his face, he pretended to take the picture of the little group. When he was through with the three, every one of them said:

"I want to see the pictures you made?"

"Just wait," answered Willie. "I must go into my dark room before I can show the picture."

With a mysterious air, the little boy went into the next room. Now among the books given the children to do what they pleased with was a book containing the styles and fashions of the last summer. And there were in it pictures of little boys and girls, as well as grown-up people.

Some of these Willie carefully cut out and, arranging them in a nice group, pasted them on square pieces of cardboard. He made one for each of the children. Then he came out and delivered the pictures, and of course the pictures were much admired.

"But you haven't paid me," said Willie. "Photographers are always paid."

"Oh," said the three, "we left our

purses at home, and will go and get them."

So out of the room they marched, and presently returned with any number of silver and gold dollars, all cut neatly out of white and yellow paper; and the photographer was paid.

It rained outside all day, but the dismalness inside had gone, and when the children went to bed they vowed they had had a splendid time.

As mother tucked Willie in his bed, she whispered to him, "I'm so glad my Willie got over his disappointment so well. He made sunshine in the house all day."

IN HIS CARE.

The German soldiers were trying to take the city of Paris. For a long time the people in the city had suffered from hunger, and now the great cannon-balls and shot poured into the place, and all who had cellars took refuge in them. In one—a dark, damp place—was a little Canadian girl named Hester, with her father, mother and big brother. Hester was very much frightened. She crept close to her father.

"I don't feel half so afraid when you hold me, father," she said.

"That is the way I feel with my Father," he answered, as he kissed his little girl.

"Do you mean God?" asked Hester.

"Yes," her father said. "I feel sure that he will do the very best thing for us."

"Are you sure he will keep us from being killed?" asked Hester.

"If it is best; but if not, he will take us home to himself, with sister Annie and dear grandmother," her father said, calmly.

The child lay there with the crashing noise over and about her, but her father's words quieted her. God was so strong;

they were in his care; and at last tired, hungry little Hester fell asleep.

The very next day it was all over; the Germans came into Paris; the firing stopped, and those who were spared came out into the upper world of light and sunshine. Among them were Hester and her family, safe and sound. How pleasant it was to be out of the damp, gloomy cellar, and see the daylight once more? The streets were very empty, and every one looked sad, but the danger was over.

Hester was soon eating good fresh bread again. "But, after all," she said, "God seemed so near to us in the cellar, nearer than out here in the daylight, somehow."

"We must be very careful not to forget him, now that we have come back to our busy lives," said Hester's mother. "He is always our refuge."

THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

When Napoleon led his army to Cairo he inspired their enthusiasm by the stirring words, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon us." It is a wonderfully impressive thought that these stupendous structures were already two thousand years old when Mary and Joseph, with the young Child, fled from the face of Herod, that they were centuries old when the children of Israel toiled in the brick-yards of Egypt, when Moses the deliverer rose, and that they were also centuries old when Joseph was sold into bondage by his brethren, and even when Abraham went down into Egypt.

Such a scene as is pictured here we saw over and over again in our ride through Egypt. We saw many plodding fellahs, many a peasant mother with her babe riding on just such an animal through such a scene as is shown in the picture. Indeed, we were shown in an old church near Cairo the grotto in which it is said that the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the young Child took refuge; and we were even shown the place where tradition avers that Moses was found in the bulrushes, but as to the truth of these traditions of the sacred sites we are a good deal sceptical. The white hills as seen in the picture are the yellow sand-dunes of the desert which ever greet the vision as one passes.

Willie's mother had been reading aloud the poem, "We Are Seven," and after some reflection, he said: "Mamma, it's a pity there weren't two more of them." "Why?" "Because then they could have organized a baseball team."