

riches and fame, and now that I am about to die I can take none of them away with me!"

How far wiser would he have been to use the gifts God bestowed upon him so as to "lay up treasure in heaven." No earthly riches can avail us anything at the last if we have not used them so as to be rich toward God.—*Selected.*

### MAKING PICTURES.

UNCLE HENRY sat reading by the table. At his elbow Bertha's slate was lying, still covered with the pictures which the little girl had been busily drawing earlier in the afternoon. Presently her brother Tom came in and caught sight of it.

"Oh!" he cried, when he had picked it up and examined it. "What wonderful pictures! Can it be that we have an artist in the family? Here's a house, with a boy standing beside it, whose head reaches to the second-story windows, and he's got a hat on as big as the whole roof! There's grass growing around him as long as his arm, and a tree near by that comes up to his shoulder. Look at it, Uncle Henry." Uncle Henry took the slate, and smiled over his little niece's highly-piggled drawings.

"The trouble is that Bertha does not understand proportion. Do you know what that means, my boy?"

Tom looked doubtful.

"That is, she does not know how to make each object the right size, as compared to all the others. Older and wiser folks than our little Bertha have been making just the same mistake all their lives."

Tom balanced himself on the arm of his Uncle's chair, and waited for the rest. He was fond of listening to the old gentleman's talks. "They are like sermons in some things," he used to say. "They've got all the goodness in them you want. But, then, he knows how to make them just the right length for boys, and the right fit, into the bargain. They fit most too well sometimes."

"Do you know, Tom," began Uncle Henry, presently, "we are all of us at Bertha's work of drawing pictures? Every morning a great big slate, fresh and clean, is set up before us, and we begin to mark on it as soon as we open our eyes. We call that slate a day. And it is a wise man and a wise boy who can draw in true proportion the pictures he puts on it. There are some farmers around here who draw their one farm bigger than all the rest of the county, and their bank book bigger than the biggest family Bible you could find. And there are boys, Tom, who draw recess bigger than all the school hours, fun bigger than faithfulness, who draw a baseball field bigger than the kingdom of heaven, and their ten-year-old selves

bigger than all the rest of the world, men, women, and children put together. Do you see how that is?"

Tom's round face was very sober, as he agreed that he did.

"It is not a skilful hand that puts in such wild strokes as those, is it, lad? We ought to learn to do better work. There is an Artist, the grandest Artist in the universe, and the most patient Teacher, who will give us all lessons just for the asking, and help us to make pictures so true and beautiful that it will do everybody around us good to look at them. My nephew Tom has heard about that Artist all his life, hasn't he?"

Tom nodded.

"There is one thing for us to remember," said Uncle Henry, laying the slate down and taking up his book again, "we can't rub our drawings out, as Bertha does hers."—*Morning Star.*

### RED WING.

RED WING was an old Indian. He had a fierce, dark face; and he did not love the white men nor the missionaries very much. But little Ellen, the missionary's child, was never afraid of him. She would run to him, whenever he went by, and would try to talk to him, in her little way, which he could not understand. But he seemed pleased to have such a little friend; and he would even smile, sometimes, when she ran up to him. Ellen's mamma felt a little afraid sometimes when she saw the fierce face of old Red Wing leaning down close to her dear little girl. Yet she wanted the Indians to know that the white people loved them, and were friendly to them. The missionary and his wife had gone there to teach the Indians about Jesus. Red Wing would not listen when the missionary talked. He did not care to know about the true God. He used to look very cross when they asked him to go to church. But one day he was riding past the missionary's house with other Indians. They stopped to speak to the missionary's wife; and out ran little Ellen, to see them. She went up to old Red Wing, and put out her little hand, to pat his horse. "Red Wing," she said, in her broken, way, "I love you. I say 'God bless Red Wing' every night. Red Wing say prayer too?" She asked this so sweetly, that every one wished the old Indian could understand her. One of the other Indians told him what the child said. He smiled and nodded his head at her. The next Sunday Red Wing was at church. He went to say his prayer, as Ellen had asked him. So little Ellen was a missionary for Jesus; and the old Indian learned to love God.—*The Shepherd's Arms.*