

HOUSEHOLD.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.
—'Little's Living Age.'

The Sky Road.

Some time since a lover of children told a touching story of meeting three little urchins in a city suburb who, ragged, hatless, and shoeless, but quite unconscious of any deficiencies, were bubbling over with bits of knowledge picked up at the public school, from which fragmentary lore their busy brains had wrought quaint deductions. They had been hearing scraps of Grecian mythology, and were full of the wonderful story of Pegasus, the winged horse, who, as the legend runs, first touched the earth on the Acropolis in Corinth, and finally flew back to heaven. The smallest of the trio explained that Pegasus couldn't travel on the dirt road because he was made for the sky road. Looking up at the lady, he said with a sly little nod: 'We are made for the sky road.' Dear little, ragged fellow! One cannot help wondering if he realized the marvelous, far-reaching truth of his own words.

The sky road! Another little one caught a glimpse of the beautiful, upper realm of living where child souls, in their sweet innocence, ought to be especially at home. A group was happily playing on the broad door stone, under protecting shade trees.

'I'm the mother,' cried the largest little girl. 'There always has to be a mother, and I'm it.'

Black-eyed Ned sat next. 'I'm the father,' he asserted, sturdily. 'Nellie and Rob can be the children, but I'll be the father, and, of course, I'll see to things.'

A little blue-eyed tot of a girl saw a very good chance of being left out in this pretty family game.

'What am I?' she asked, a little pitifully.

'There has to be servants,' said the self-elected father and mother. 'That's all that's left that we can see.'

'Well,' remarked the wee girlie very sweetly, 'I'll be a real nice one, then. Somebody has to do something for the rest, and it's just as good as anything if you do it nice.'—Selected.

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