



ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

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Poor little Rosie! while the beautiful summer days glide by, she has to lie in bed in the hospital, weary and tired, and longing to be able to go out and enjoy herself like other little girls. She is probably in bed with some wasting fever that needs great care and good nursing. In our illustration she lies there sound asleep, with her thin little hands on the counterpane and her hair flowing loosely over the pillow. Outside the sun is just setting behind the farmhouse in the distance, and everything is looking so lovely that it does, indeed, seem a pity that little Rosie cannot be out too, and enjoy it all. On the window-sill by the bedside is a jar with a lovely bunch of roses in it which have been brought, perhaps, by some kind friend. It is a great trial for a little person to be in bed with illness during the beautiful summer months, and we hope our friend, little Rosie, will soon be well again and out in the fresh air with her companions.

GRANDMOTHER'S QUEER DOLLS.

BY SARAH TOWNSEND.

"When I was a little girl," said grandmother, in tones rather louder than usual—and then she smiled, for she had done just what she had planned—she had cleared the air and averted a domestic storm. The scowl disappeared from Jim's forehead and Lucy stopped whining at him for stepping upon Mehitabel Eliza, who lay in a rather too prominent position upon the floor. Grandmother was so gentle and loving that the children were really ashamed to quarrel before her; only sometimes they forgot and needed to be reminded.

"When I was a little girl," grandmother

continued, "I had some very queer dolls. You never had any like them, Lucy. Father planted them in the spring; that is, he planted the seeds for them."

"Why, grandmother!" exclaimed Lucy, her eyes big with amazement.

"Yes," went on grandmother, quietly. "I told you they were very queer dolls, you know. Father planted the seeds, and by and by they sprouted and grew and blossomed; then my dolls began to grow. I watched them a long time before they were large enough to be taken from the vines. But finally, one day, mother picked them off. Then it occurred to me that they would look a great deal better if they had some clothes, so I began to plan some."

"But they were such queerly-shaped children that I found it more satisfactory to pin shawls and handkerchiefs about them than to try to fit them with clothes like my own. Their complexions, too, were rather yellow; but that was a small matter, and they were my very obedient and much-loved children, for one week. Then, one morning, I came down early to get them for the day—I had planned a little picnic for them out under the walnut tree—but they were gone. I couldn't find them anywhere, though their clothes were neatly folded and lay in a little pile upon the kitchen table."

"Where are my children, mother?" I asked. "I want my dolls."

"They were spoiling, dear," she said, "and it seemed best to cook them."

Lucy looked horrified at this, and hugged the lately abused Mehitabel Eliza protectingly, but Jim's eyes began to twinkle.

"I know," he said; "squashes! I saw some up at grandfather's last summer. They are queer-looking things, with their

long crooked necks; but they are good," and he smiled in happy memory. "I should think they would make funny dolls," he added.

"Were they really, grandmother," said Lucy, "really truly squashes?"

"Yes," said grandmother; "two little crooknecked squashes. Mother cooked them, and we had them for dinner. That is, she and father did, but I wouldn't touch them; or perhaps I would better say 'it,' for the vegetable as it was served on the table didn't look the least bit like my children, and I wouldn't have known what it was if my mother hadn't told me."

"Grandfather laughed and said I was a goosie; but when Christmas time came, he sent to the city and bought me the very finest doll I had ever seen; my little friends on the next farm, three miles away, had only rag babies. It was my treasure for many years, until long after I grew too big for dolls. It was the only real doll I ever had."

TO SERVE THE KING.

Remember the command in these words, "Seek first the kingdom of God." This is the command of your king.

God wants boys' lives, not only their souls. It is for active service that soldiers are drilled and trained, and fed and armed. That is why you and I are in the world at all—not to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God actively in it now. Every hour a kingdom is coming in your heart, in your home, in the world near you, be it a kingdom of darkness or a kingdom of light. You are placed where you are, in a particular business, in a particular street, to help on there the kingdom of God. You cannot do that when you are old and ready to die. By that time your companions will have fought their fight, and lost or won. If they lose, will you not be sorry that you did not help them?

Perhaps some boys are deserters; they began once before to serve Christ, and they deserted. Come back again, come back again to-day. Others have never enlisted at all. Will you not do it now?"

You are old enough to decide. The grandest moment of a boy's life is that moment when he decides to "seek first the kingdom of God."

A WISE HABIT.

Wise and far-sighted young people are they who begin early to store their memories with the words of Scripture. The exact knowledge of Bible texts is a means to intellectual growth, to social culture, to improvement of language, to the forming of right purposes and habits, and to the cultivation of the soul. No one was ever sorry for having memorized portions of God's word.