



A PATIENT MOTHER.

PATIENT MOTHER.

We wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing? Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she, of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

LATIN OR ROMAN?

"Charley," asked little Lotty the other day, when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley, grandly; "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed. Soon she looked up from her dolly again: "Charley, I should think they would 'a' spoken Roman in Rome. Why didn't they?"

"Because they didn't want to," answered Charley.

"Oh! But—Charley!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was what, little chatter-box?"

"Why, Lat, where they talked Latin."

"Oh, go downstairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the puzzled young gentleman. "Don't you see I'm trying to study my lesson? Run down and play with Jenny."

Lotty went, like a dutiful little sister. But that evening Master Charles, who had had a talk with his teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lotty quickly.

"Yes, I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes; so I did."

"Well, Lotty, it was originally spoken by the Latins, a people of ancient Latium, in Italy, and afterward introduced into the Roman Empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good-night.

Noble Charles! Well, both of them had learned something that day, so there was no harm done; but the teacher did not know that it was Lotty's inquiring young mind he was admiring when he patted Master Charley's head.—St. Nicholas.

LUCY'S DEFECT.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—

She's straight, and strong, and pretty,

We think her so;—we know her mind

Is clear, and quick, and witty.

And Lucy is a pleasant child;

Her grandmamma says of her,

"In warp or woof you'll not a trace
Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has

A goodly share conceded,

Yet something is amiss: her friends

All see how much 'tis needed.

Grandpa allows she's true and good,

And owns he loves her dearly;

And were it not for this defect

He'd think her perfect,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,

There isn't much the matter:

But Lucy's ever busy tongue

Will chatter, chatter, chatter.

Her brother Bert, this very day,

With a boy's bluntness told her,

My little sis, the thing you lack

Is just a good tongue-holder."

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

To the poor wanderer upon the snowy moor, how welcome is the light which leads him at last to his own cottage door. The Editor of the "Happy Days" was once lost on the ice, on Rice Lake, a mile from shore. His horse broke through the ice, and in the rain and fog he could not tell where the landing was. At last he caught a gleam of light in a window, and keeping it in view, got safe to shore, and got help to rescue his poor and drowning horse. Let us keep a light in the window of our lives, by shining deeds of love that may lead others to home and happiness, and heaven. "Let your light so shine before men," says the Saviour, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A WEARY LITTLE MONKEY.

Poor little monkeys! They get hungry and tired and sleepy just like children. Here is a story of one who lives in Buffalo. He belongs to an organ grinder who stopped in front of a veranda where a kind-hearted gentleman sat. When he came up and held out his little cap for a bit of money, the gentleman, who is very fond of animals, gave him a red-cheeked apple. The monkey jumped upon his lap and ate the apple, and after every bite he fixed his bright eyes on the face of his new friend. He must have made up his mind that he could trust him, for, as he finished the apple, he laid his head against the gentleman's arm and fell asleep. The kind friend of animals paid the organ grinder to play a long time, so that the tired little monkey could have his nap. When he awoke, his master pulled the chain, and he followed the organ again, much brighter and happier for the kindness that had been shown him.—Picture Lesson Paper.