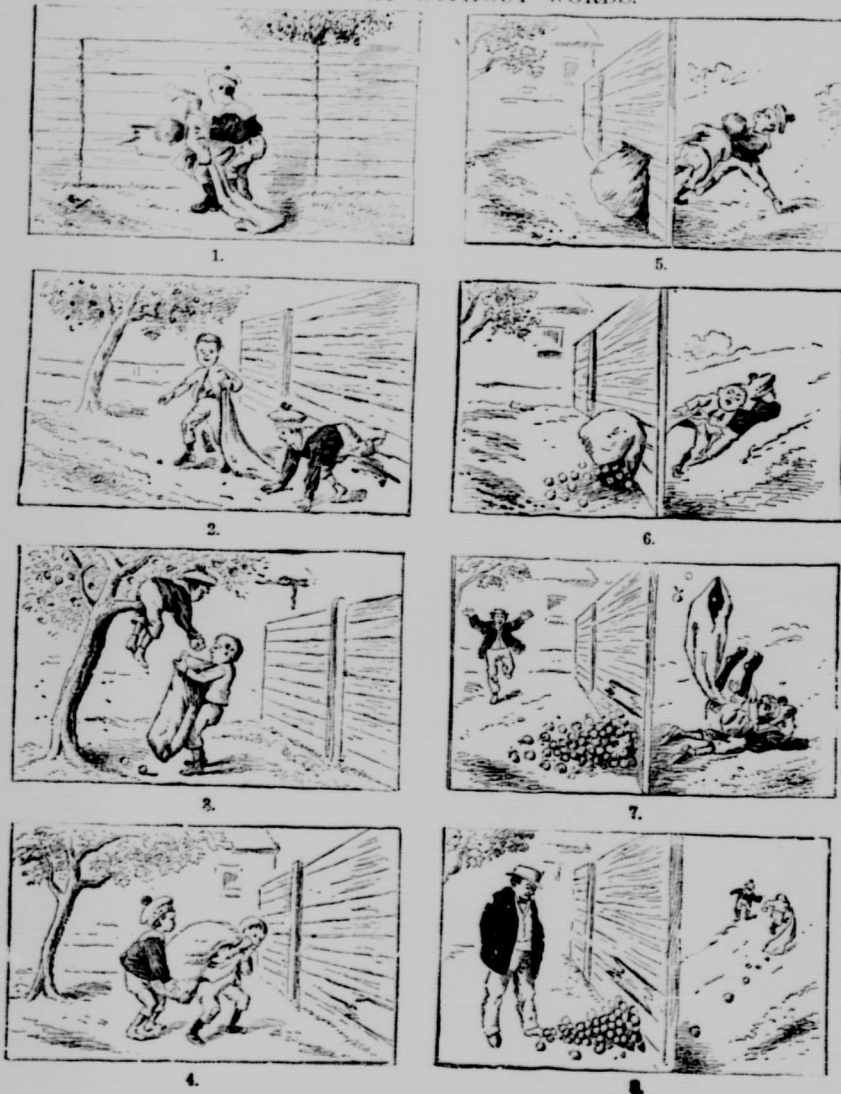


A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



LOVE'S SPELLING BOOK.

Harry found an old spelling book about the house which his grandmother had once used in school, and which had a very curious way of spelling many words. He was laughing over some of the funny spelling, when his mother called him to her.

"How many ways of spelling 'love' have you found, Harry?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied. "It is just the same in this book as it is in my spelling book at school."

"Why," said his mother, "I know of more than one way. I think there must be at least a dozen ways, possibly a hundred or more."

Harry opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"Just now," said his mother, "you gave up part of your dinner that the poor Jackson boy might have a good meal. You did not send a word in the basket, because

you did not want to let your right hand know what your left did; but, nevertheless, there was one word in the basket spelled out in very large letters. Can you guess what that was?"

"Was it 'love'?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered his mother. "And last week, when you put your dime into the missionary bank, you did not say anything; but as it rattled down among the other coins I heard it speak distinctly a word which you did not catch. Do you know what it was?"

"It must have been 'love,'" again answered Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, "that was another way of spelling 'love.' And a little while ago, as I was watching you play your games out in the yard, I saw you step out to make room for James Marshall. Why was that?"

"Why," explained Harry, "that was

because he thought it was his turn, although I was sure it was mine, and so were all the rest of the boys; but I gave up to him just because I wanted him to have a good time."

"And you spelled our word in another way," said his mother.

"Well, I declare," said Harry, "it is such a wonderful word that it ought to have a spelling book all to itself."

"It has," answered his mother. "Our whole lives were intended to be primers of love, in which we should be constantly spelling out the word by kind, thoughtful actions, so as to make the world a beautiful, happy place in which to live.—Our Little Ones.

SOME LONG DAYS.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about. Christmas, for instance, at the equator is very different from Christmas at Tornea, Finland, where the day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg in Germany, and Dantzig in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May twenty-first to June twenty-second without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Heaven bless the little ones,
Beautiful and fair;
Needing all a mother's love
All a father's care.

Ever asking questions hard,
That confuse the wise;
Peering into mysteries,
With their truthful eyes.

Lovers of the beautiful
Found in field or book;
Searching for the pictures there
With the earnest look.

Setting us examples good
Ever, day by day;
Teaching us the way of life,
In their simple way.