

CITY OF BABYLON AND TOWER OF BABEL.

THE BOXES: SMILES AND FROWNS.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
"I would open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street.
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in.

And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea."

A WOODCOCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.

A peculiar habit of the woodcock is that of taking her young to the food, instead of bringing the food to the nestlings as most birds do. She takes them tenderly between her long claws, and carries them safely to the feeding ground, and then back again to the shelter of the woods.

A ROLLING STONE.

"I'm so tired of this old arithmetic lesson! I'd like to sling the book into the fire!"

George Allison's voice was petulant, his face was cross.

"Why, George," said Mrs. Allison, in mild reproof, "you oughtn't to be very weary yet. I only allow a half-hour's study at night, and you haven't been seated more than ten minutes."

"O, it isn't the studying, mamma; it's the arithmetic. I wish I was in algebra."

"It isn't many weeks, my dear, since you were longing to get into higher arithmetic. I'm afraid there will be no higher mathematics for you, unless you have more perseverance now."

Mr. Allison looked up from his paper. It was his habit to give his sons about two hours' manual work on Saturday mornings. Better so than to play all day.

"Now, boys," said he, when that time came, "get to work on that wood-pile. If you don't dilly-dally, you can easily put it in the wood-house. It looks like a long rain, and rain makes it disagreeable to handle."

"O dear! I'm so tired of that wood-pile," said George. "Couldn't Bob get it in by himself? He likes it. I'd like a change"

"See here, sir!" Mr. Allison brought him up pretty sharply. "I've had enough of such talk. You're as keen as can be to begin anything new, studies or work, but you want to leave it next day for something else. Don't you know 'a rolling stone gathers no moss?' A boy of mine must have some 'stick-to-it-iveness.' If he

hasn't it by nature, it'll have to be put into him. I mean kindly, my son, though I seem harsh. You'll never amount to anything unless you learn to keep at it. Now to the wood pile, and briskly!"

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

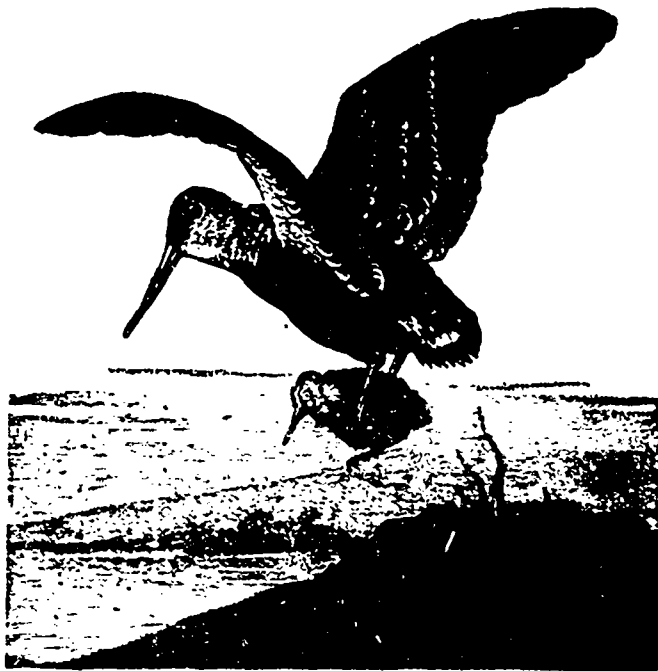
Dick is a sunny boy, always good-natured and full of fun, and nearly always ready to do his share of helping, but he doesn't like his nightly task of getting kindling for the next day's fires, and is pretty sure to shirk it when he can. One day before Christmas, Aunt Nell was lecturing him a little.

"St. Nicholas doesn't like lazy boys," said she. "What should he say if he should put a stick in your stocking?"

Dick's brown eyes twinkled. "I'd say, 'Hello! here's a piece of kindling-wood for Aunt Nell,'" he laughed.

Aunt Nell laughed, too; how could she help it! And Dick didn't get a stick in his stocking; but he found a bright new hatchet, sharp enough to cut kindlings with, hanging up beside it.

"No one among the great missionaries of China," says The Outlook, "has performed nobler work than Dr. Griffith John. No one would be less likely to mistake the signs of the times." Dr. John states, with great emphasis, that the authorities are supporting the missionaries, and that they call upon all the people in strong and vigorous proclamations to respect their rights and privileges, and warns the people that violence against the missionaries will be followed by severest punishment.



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