



JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD GOING TO EGYPT.

JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

This picture is a graphic illustration of a caravan in the desert. Jacob's whole household as they crossed the desert numbered seventy souls. What a contrast between this little band that went down and the great multitude that came out from Egypt, numbering about 3,000,000 souls. Surely the promise made to Jacob was fulfilled, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation; I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will surely bring thee up again." They set out "with their cattle and their goods which they had gotten in the land of Canaan," that they might dwell in Egypt with Joseph, the man next to the king.

THE GERTRUDE BIRD.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

It was bitterly cold. The wind blew a hurricane, whirling and moaning around a little house that stood by itself at the edge of a wood. The snow had covered the trees, the fences, the wood pile, and the cow-shed with a thick white blanket. As the daylight faded and twilight came on, a little old woman in a red cap, who had been watching the storm from the window, turned to the hearth and began to get ready for her supper. She mixed some coarse meal with water, rolled out a cake, and was just putting it to bake when the outer door opened and a stranger entered, bidding her good evening. He was an old man, with long,

flowing beard and piercing eyes. His cloak was powdered with the snowflakes, and he shivered with the cold. He came up to the fire shivering, and begged that he might share her evening meal. Old Gertrude took from the coals the cake she had just made. "'Tis too large to give away," she muttered to herself. She laid it on the shelf, and, turning to her dough, she made a smaller cake; but this too, when baked, seemed too large to give to a stranger, and it was laid on the shelf. Then she took a tiny scrap of dough, rolled it thin as a wafer, and baked it. "My cakes seem small when I eat them myself," she said as she looked at it, "yet they're every one too large to give away." And even this tiny scrap of a cake was placed on the shelf.

Now the stranger grew angry, for he was hungry and faint. "Woman," he said, "you are too selfish to dwell in human form! You deserve not food, nor shelter, nor fire to keep you warm! Henceforth you shall seek your food as the birds do!" With a wave of the stranger's hand the little old woman flew up the chimney and came out at the top a woodpecker; and ever since that day she and her descendants have been flying from tree to tree, boring and boring for their scanty food. You may see her any day, with the little red cap still on her head, although the rest of her clothes were burned black by the flames of the chimney.

Away over in cold Norway, in the long evenings when the children gather around the blazing fires, this is one of the stories

the good old grandmothers tell; and next day, when the boys and girls on their way to school see a woodpecker hopping about the trunk of a tree, boring with its long beak for a worm, they say: "See! there's the Gertrude bird, the stingy old woman who refused a bit of cake to a stranger!"—*Little Folks.*

THE ROADS TO WRINKLE TOWN.

BY IRVIN C. LAMBERT.

Have you ever heard of the many roads
That lead to Wrinkle Town?
Or talked with the people who every day
Travel them up or down?
There are numberless roads, and
wise folk tell
Of some, nor glad nor fair,
Like wearisome paths to the moun-
tain top—
Storm-blighted, cold and bare.

Now, some of these roads are winding,
'tis said,
Some broad, like great highways;
While others are steep and abruptly end
Like showers on April days;
And journeying over these desert
tracks
Throng thousands, old and
young,
The lowly of earth, the wealthy,
the great,
Are found the crowds among.

Name anger and scoffing and cruel hate,
Name naughty, boastful pride,
And count the self-seeking and eager
greed
Of avarice, beside;
'Then reckon the malice and envy
and fret,
That linger through the days—
And you will know how to reach
Wrinkle Town,
For these are constant ways.

But why should you follow these roads so
drear
That lead where sadness broods,
When others are open whose ends invite
To gladsome, happy moods?
Now ponder this truth—be the
willing steps
However cast or led—
The face will discover and show
their trend—
Reflect the paths we tread.

The children of India regard the black-haired dolls with much more favour than the blondes. They look with surprise at the flaxen-haired beauties which excite the admiration of little Americans, and exclaim: "How *old* it must be to have such white hair!"

Let us choose to do right, and fear to do wrong.