

## FALLING TO SLEEP.

EVENING is falling to sleep in the west,  
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;  
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the  
skies,  
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes;  
Sweetly sleep: Jesus doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his beloved ones  
sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,  
Closed are the sweet caps of lily and rose;  
Blossoms rocked lightly on  
evening's mild breeze,  
Drowsily, dreamily swing-  
ing the trees.  
Sweetly sleep, Jesus  
doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his  
beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall  
open once more;  
Sleep till the lark in the  
morning shall soar;  
Sleep till the morning sun,  
lighting the skies.  
Bids thee from sweet repose  
joyfully rise.  
Sweetly sleep, Jesus  
doth keep,  
And Jesus will give his  
beloved ones sleep.

LITTLE ELSIE'S VIC-  
TORY.

A LITTLE maiden, when  
bidding her mother good-  
bye as she was about to  
join a gay little party upon  
one of her neighbours'  
lawns, had whispered in  
her ear by her mother:  
"Try to be unselfish to-  
day, dear, and make some  
one else happy."

"Yes, mamma," she re-  
plied, "I'll try; good-bye."  
And off she skipped.

Just as she reached the  
bottom of the hill, and  
could see Mabel's house at  
the top, a little bareheaded  
child toddled around the  
corner and came up to her.  
She knew the washer-  
woman's baby at once,  
and she exclaimed:

"Why, Johnny Murphy! are you running  
away?"

"Doin' walk," said Johnny, gleefully.

"Where is your mother?" asked Elsie

"Doin' walk," said Johnny again; and  
off he started.

Elsie looked up the hill and saw chil-  
dren running on the lawn. Her heart  
beat fast as she thought, "The party has  
begun."

But Johnny—what would become of  
him if she left him? She ran out into  
the street, brought him back to the side-  
walk, and turned down the street leading  
to the washerwoman's.

"Doin' to walk wid oo," said Johnny,  
as he trotted along by her side, holding  
her hand.

It was a long distance, but she thought,  
with a little sob, "If I run back, I sha'n't  
be very late."

When she reached the house the door was  
open, but nobody was there. Johnny was  
tired and cross, and wanted a "drink." She  
got him some water in a tin dipper, but as  
he raised his head he bumped it against  
the dipper, and the water was spilled over

## CARRY A LADY TO LONDON.

MAMMA had been very sick, and now  
that she was getting better, the doctor  
said that every one must be careful not to  
startle her, or worry her about anything,  
for fear that she would become ill again.

Papa had carried her in his arms out  
under the great oak tree, and put her in  
the hammock. The three children had  
gone to the post-office to look for letters,  
and were on their way home, when little  
Dora tripped and fell, and rolled into a  
dry ditch. The child  
screamed dreadfully, and  
when Ethel and Frank  
lifted her out they found  
that she was badly hurt.  
The little foot was turned  
under when she fell, and  
she could not stand.

"Oh, what shall we  
do?" said Ethel. "We  
must carry Dora home,  
and if she screams like  
this, it will frighten mother,  
and if she is sick again she  
will die; the doctor said  
so."

"I won't cry," sobbed  
Dora, shutting her teeth  
very tight to keep back  
the screams.

"That's a brick!" said  
Frank.

"Sister's brave little  
girlie!" said Ethel, "We  
will carry you home like  
a little queen, and as care-  
fully as we can."

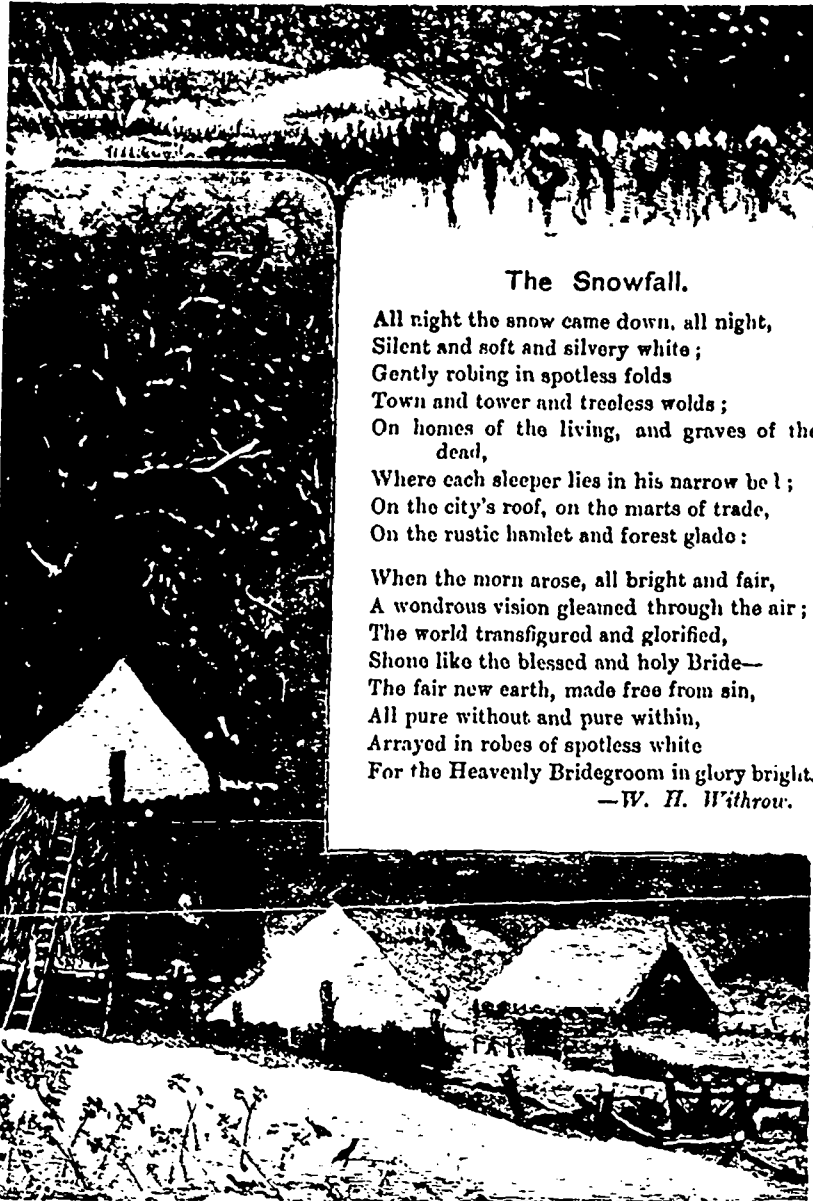
So Frank and Ethel  
made a chair of their  
crossed hands, Dora put  
her arms around their  
necks, and home they went.  
When they reached the  
gate, Ethel whispered,  
"Now, darling, smile up  
your face just for a few  
minutes."

In they came, and  
marched past mamma in  
the hammock, gaily sing-  
ing, "Carry a lady to Lon-  
don, so merrily."

In a few moments, Dora  
was softly sobbing in  
father's arms, while nurse  
was bringing hot water  
for the poor little ankle;

and the loving words whispered by father  
fully paid the dear little girl for her noble  
self-control.

ANNA JANE has formed the naughty  
habit of peeping through the keyhole.  
When some persons are talking in the next  
room she thinks they are saying something  
that she would like to hear. Then she  
goes to the door, looks through the key-  
hole, and then she puts her ear close up  
and listens. Persons who do this are called  
eaves-droppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has  
fallen into such a naughty practice.



## The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,  
Silent and soft and silvery white;  
Gently robing in spotless folds  
Town and tower and treeless wolds;  
On homes of the living, and graves of the  
dead,  
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed;  
On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,  
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade:

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,  
A wondrous vision gleaned through the air;  
The world transfigured and glorified,  
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—  
The fair new earth, made free from sin,  
All pure without and pure within,  
Arrayed in robes of spotless white  
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

Elsie's fresh white gown, drenching the  
front of it.

They both cried, but Johnny's tears were  
soon forgotten in a nap. Dear, patient  
Elsie sat and watched till his mother came  
home, worn and wearied with her long  
search for the little runaway.

Elsie left the party, but after she had  
sobbed out her disappointment in her  
mother's arms, mamma said: "Repeat  
your Bible verse for to-day, darling."

With a trembling voice Elsie repeated:  
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one  
of the least of these my brethren, ye have  
done it unto me."