

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."

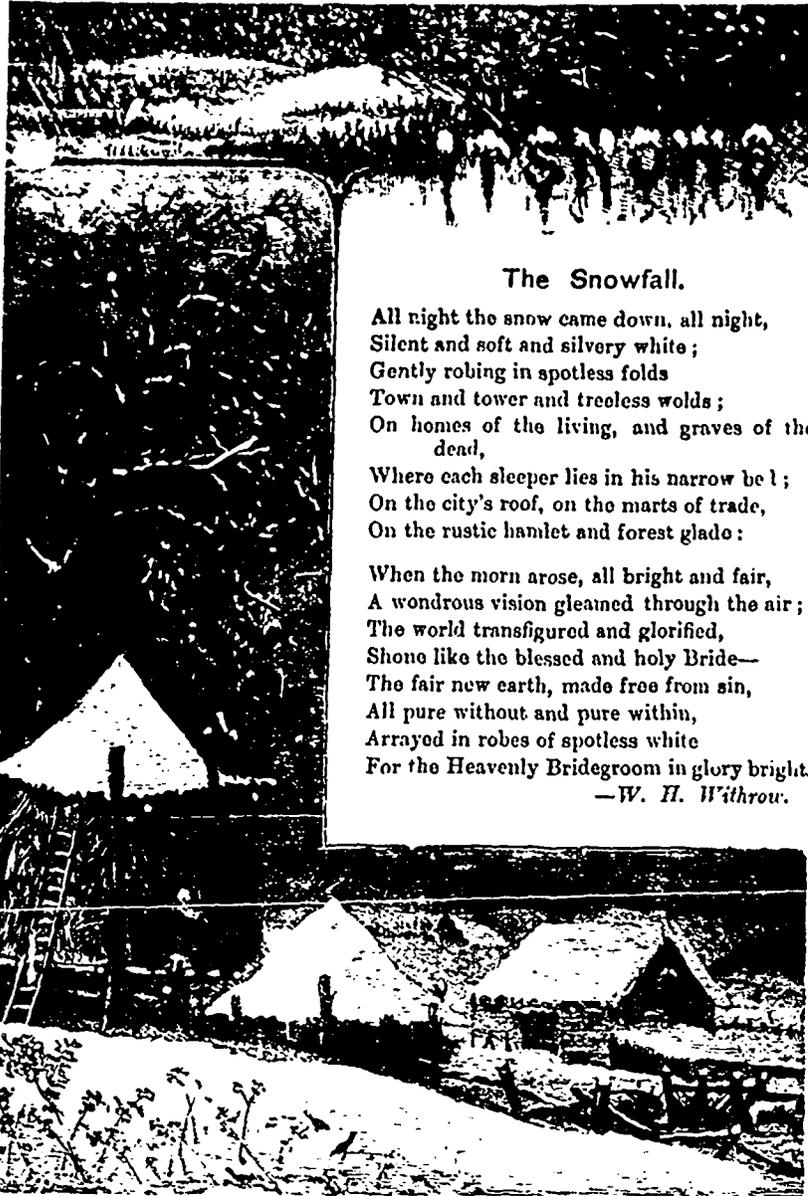
So Frank and Ethel
made a chair of their
crossed hands, Dora put
her arms around their
necks, and home they went.
When they reached the
gate, Ethel whispered,
"Now, darling, smile up
your face just for a few
minutes."

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."