

to say that the stage coach was drifted in in the hollow, just above Uncle Jacob's, and the passengers wanted to be shoveled out and to come in and get breakfast. Uncle Jacob and his hired man went out with shovels and cleared the road so the three passengers could get to the house. There were two men and a woman with a baby. I tell you, I was glad to see that baby and I was allowed to take care of it while its mother ate her breakfast. The lady said the baby had a sister my age, and so it took to me at once. I did not feel that lump in my throat any more, because I was making that baby happy. Aunt Lydia had saved all her spools and strung them on a string to amuse the babies the neighbors brought in sometimes. There were red spools and yellow spools, black spools, big spools and little ones, strung on that string and it was a source of great delight to all the babies.

"The snow came down all that day and there was no use to try to clear the roads for the wind blew the snow in just as fast as it was shoveled out; the travellers and I had to stay all night. I dreaded the big spare-room again, but to my delight, my Aunt said that the mother and baby would have to sleep in that room, because it was the warmest sleeping room she had, and she would make me a bed on the floor.

"To sleep on the floor, for some reason, was a child's delight in those far-off days. Many a time when the house was full, mother made up a bed for us children on the floor. Aunt Lydia put two fluffy feather beds in one corner, with woolen blankets, and a thick comforter and I cuddled in and slept as snug as a bug in a rug. It was such a comfort to have that mother and baby so near me.

"The next morning the farmers turned out with their ox teams and bob sleds and broke the roads. The stage coach proceeded to its destination and at dinner time my dear father's sleigh bells made music for me as he drove into the yard. I remember what an extra fine dinner Aunt Lydia had and how good it tasted. You see I was sitting right next to my dear, dear father, and it made me very hungry. Strange, wasn't it? The road down my throat was cleared of all the drifts, too. Uncle Jacob said he was glad to see me eat, that I had not had much appetite before, and he guessed I did not like Aunt Lydia's cooking, but father understood it all.

"We had a fine sleigh ride home together, and mother came to the door and took me right in

her strong, loving arms. It was so good to get home again. I have travelled hundreds of miles from that old home, and those who made it so happy have passed into the skies. But, children, even now sometimes I feel just as that little girl did the first time she went away, seasick for home and mother again.—SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

### MISS ELSA'S VISIT.



OME, Fred, and let me wash that dreadfully dirty little face."

"Oh, mother," whined Fred, "I don't want to be washed. I don't see why boys have to be clean all the time."

Fred's mother was about to tell him something but she stopped and only said: "Very well, Fred; if you would rather be dirty, you may."

So Fred played out in the front yard, and tried to feel glad that his hands were black, and that he wore a soiled waist. After a while he was ashamed to have people look at him, so he went around into the back yard.

His mother came to the door and called him. He followed her into the sitting-room, and there sat Miss Elsa, his Sunday-school teacher. Now when Fred went to Sunday-school he was always clean and tidy, but to-day he looked like a little tramp. He sat down on the edge of a chair, and tried to answer Miss Elsa's questions.

If he could only get those black hands out of sight. But there was the whole front of his waist of a similar hue, and although he could not see it, his face was no better. Miss Elsa stayed quite a long time, and if Fred had been clean he would have enjoyed the visit very much, but as he was, he was really glad when she arose to go.

"Good-bye, Fred," she said, holding out her white hand. Fred started to shake hands, and then he mumbled, "My hands are too dirty," and felt as if he were quite disgraced.

"Mother, will you come and wash me," he said, humbly, a few minutes later.

"Don't you like to be dirty, dear?" said his mother, rising.

"No," said Fred, thoughtfully, "I guess I don't. Anything that you're ashamed of before company isn't nice, so I think I'd better be clean all the time I can. Besides, the minister might come this afternoon; then, I guess everyone would think I was a pig."—*Christian Standard*.