



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

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These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

UNSOBER PEOPLE.

BY PANSY.

Eben had what he called a "truly" watch. It would wind up and "go" for five minutes at a time. Eben wound it very often. He liked his new verse better than any he had learned in a long time because it had the word "watch" in it. He sat thinking about the verse and the watch; then he spoke to his Aunt Helen.

"Auntie, I couldn't be a watch if I should try, could I?"

"Why not?"

"Why, I haven't got any wheels inside of me."

"Oh, yes, you have! Don't you remember the wonderful little machines that I told you about which are in your body?"

"But I can't wind them up?"

"They don't need your winding, little boy; God has wound them for you."

"A watch watches the time every minute, doesn't it, auntie?" said Eben, looking at his watch. "But it can't be 'sober' or unsober, can it?"

"I am not sure of that," said auntie; "some watches are very 'unsober.' They

go too fast or too slow and sometimes they stop. Then we say they are of no use, because we cannot depend on them."

"Then you take them to the watch-maker's to get mended," said Eben.

"Yes, and if he cannot mend them they are thrown away. Nobody wants a watch that cannot be 'sober' all the time."

"Little boys don't have to be sober all the time," said Eben.

"Oh! do you think so? I should not like a little boy who wasn't."

"Why, auntie!" said Eben.

"I shouldn't at all. I don't mean that he mustn't laugh and shout and be merry; he can do that and yet be sober all the time."

Eben laughed. "Aunt Helen," he said, "you are talking criss-cross! How could he?"

"Because 'sober' in your verse means sensible, keeping his wits about him, laughing in the right place and not in the wrong one; being what people call 'sane.' Poor old Sam Bates is 'insane,' you know; he cannot keep himself from doing strange and foolish things."

"Neither can his brother Joe," said Eben.

"No, but there is a great difference between them. Poor Sam has been made insane by illness, and Joe makes himself insane by something that he swallows."

"I know what it is," said Eben, "he swallows whiskey. He doesn't 'watch and be sober,' does he? That's my verse, 'Let us watch and be sober.'"

"No," said Aunt Helen, "he is what you would call 'unsober' most of the time."

"But I never am," said Eben.

"Are you sure?" asked Aunt Helen.

"Only yesterday I saw a little boy no older than you who was intoxicated."

"Aunt Helen!" said Eben, in great excitement. "Who was he?"

"He wasn't intoxicated with whiskey, it is true," said his aunt, "for he has been carefully taught and whiskey doesn't tempt him yet; but he had been made 'unsober' by play. His mother called him three times, but he played right on; he even kicked and cried, when at last he was brought in, and said he didn't want to be washed and dressed! The trouble was play had stolen his good sense, just as whiskey steals from Joe Bates."

"Aunt Helen," said Eben, very gravely, "I know that little boy; it was I."

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? What would it say?
My heart keeps knocking all the night!
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;
Hast thou thought what it means by
knocking so?

No, child; 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well.
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
And by his hand it still is rung.
And he stands without and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer: "Come in! come
in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er.
It will knock itself at heaven's door;
And stand without, and wait and see
Whether within it will welcome be;
And hear Him say: "Come, dearest guest,
I found in thy bosom a holy rest.
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

MARY AND HER DOG.

Such a pretty story I read the other day about a little girl named Mary, who lived in Pennsylvania. In some way she fell and broke her arm, and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond. There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob. He seemed to feel very sorry for his little mistress, and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her. So he thought he would give her a bouquet too. Away he went into the yard, and plucked a mouthful of plantain leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his forepaws on her bed, dropped the leaves and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, "Don't you think my flowers are pretty too?"