

## THE LOST DREAM.

I FOUND our baby one evening,  
With her eyes all full of tears,  
Grieving, I thought, o'er dolly,  
Or perhaps some childish fears.

"What is it, little Blue-eyes?"  
I asked her with a smile,  
"I've lost my dream," she answered,  
"I'm thinking all the while."

"'Twas so much nicer, Aunty,  
Than any you've ever told;  
Full of angels, and flowers and fairies,  
And palaces all of gold."

"I'm thinking of it always,  
But I can't remember yet,  
And I s'pose the nicest, Aunty,  
I always shall forget."

Ah! dear little blue-eyed baby,  
We all must lose our dreams;  
And just the "losing" of them  
Is harder than it seems.

We strive hard to remember,  
We only catch a gleam;  
The best and grandest of it  
Is always in a dream.

—The Golden Rule

## GOD'S MESSENGER.

INTO a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children, one a baby in arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. But it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots."

A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course."

He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an imposter."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and I don't need a lunch. The woman looks hungry, auntie, and so tired too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind

word to the 'least of these' when I meet them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eyes after the boy left her, and said, audibly, "Just like his mother."

About five minutes later, as a lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the tempting fruit-basket stood open.

The oldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, as a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "not now; but he will be on the other side, bless his dear heart!"

And we, too, said, "Bless his heart!"

## A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlour though it was; and when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable: the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year and sent to the cannibals or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Katie and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for Missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And O! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides Foreign Missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is Secretary, and I'm Treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd, I sup-

pose you can; but he is a graduate of College, and a Theological Seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for Foreign Missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus, sharply. After the girls ran away he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up. I thought these two were children, and here they are with the Mission Bands, and their long words about 'Secretaries and Treasurers'."

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "The girls have the best of the argument, Rufus, and then he, too, laughed.—The Pansy.

## THE BABY IN THE STORM.

AFTER a great wind-storm in Texas—a storm that carried off roofs of houses, trees out of the ground, and did a great deal of damage—some men started out to see if anybody was hurt. This is what one of them tells: It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listened. They heard the cry again and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree. "It's a panther," said one. "Stand off; I will shoot it." "No; stop," said another; "it is not a panther, I will climb up and see what it is." Up he went; and what do you think he found lodged in the tree? A cradle with a dear little baby in it. The wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle and all. The cradle was caught by the branch of a high tree. Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down. There was the dear baby, all safe and sound in its cradle nest. You may be sure baby's mamma was glad enough to find the little one, as she did the next day.—Examiner.

## THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

WHATEVER cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as the little treasure goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years of your certain future, may be like Bethlehem star to the weary, travelling shepherd, and looming up in the heart will rise the sweet memory of mamma's and papa's good-night kiss. Never send the little ones to bed with a scold; possibly before morning you may regret the harsh reprimand. Kiss the little bud before it goes to sleep, and part for the night with a tribute of love.