



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

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AND Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.—Genesis xxi. 14-20.

KEEP QUIET, NOW.

BY AUNT FRANCES.

Now, do be still, you good-for-nothing little thing. Don't you see I'm busy? Here's dinner to get, potatoes to peel, and pies to bake. And who can do anything with you bothering one all the time? There, don't cry now, if I do scold you. I have to scold you just like my mamma scolds me. I am your mamma, you know.

Now you are at it again. I just can't have peace, not even one minute. How in the world am I to get on with the dinner? There! just look on the floor! All those dishes broken, just because you annoy the life out of me with your whimpering. I do wish you would go to sleep, or go out and play, or go somewhere where you won't bother me. I'm just sure my pies are going to be burnt, and all the dinner will be spoiled.

Well, well, then don't cry any more. You are my little dear, anyway. Come here to the window, and hear the birdies sing. And see, there come the horses. Now be quiet a little bit, and dinner will soon be ready. Papa will be here now in just a minute. Now wipe your eyes, and laugh, and don't let papa see that you have been crying.

THE WEST WIND.

"SEE, mamma, I'm the wind!" said Charley as he puffed out his cheeks and blew his little boat across the great Sea of Dishpan.

"Well," said busy mamma, "if you are going to be a wind, I hope you will be the clear, bright west wind, blowing away the clouds and fogs. Never be a chilly, rainy east wind."

Charlie liked the fancy; and now when the east wind is blowing out of doors, and people are dull and a little cross, he tries to make sunshine indoors. He likes to hear mamma say, "What bright weather my dear West Wind is making here in the house!"

OUR DOG BOUNCE.

HAVE you seen our dog, Bounce? I think he's one of the finest dogs out. Why, you can trust him to do almost anything. He can take the horse to water as well as any body. Just give him the end of the halter in his mouth, and he'll start off toward the water-trough, and walk along as if he knew we were trusting him with the care of the horse.

One day father left him in the field and said to him, "The Bounce, take care of my coat for me until I come back." But when he came to the house, he was detained and did not return to the field that night. He forgot about Bounce. Nobody knew what had become of him. We called and called, but no dog came. When he went out to the field next day there was a very hungry looking dog watching his coat. I call the

being a pretty good dog; don't you?

POLLY'S PICTURE.

"THEY brought me down town for a picture
And they smoothed and they straightened
my hair,

And my aunts talked a long time together
About which new dress I should wear.

"The picture's for mamma's next birthday
But the trouble you surely must see:
It never could be a good likeness
Unless 'twas *exactly* like me.

"And my hair never looks smooth
minute,
But they've wet it to make it 'more
shine;
And my dress hasn't even one wrinkle—
It don't look the least bit like mine.

"I'll just wait until the man's ready,
Then I'll muss up at least one front curl
And crease just one place in my apron,
So mamma may know it's her girl."

A BAD MARK

"I've got a boy for you, sir."

"Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"I don't want him," said the master workman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? What?"

"I have met him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smoking boys."