

THE RIVER NILE.

ONCE on a time, long since gone by,
In a small ark of rushes,
A weeping mother placed her child,
Where Nile's clear water gushes.

Ere long, down the river's brink,
Came Pharaoh's royal daughter,
And saw the ark, among the reeds,
Afloat upon the water.

'She bade her maidens bring it forth;
But little dreamed the lady
That 'neath the lid, so oddly hid,
There was a dark-eyed baby.

'The child awoke as from a dream,
Or in the morning early,
And lo, there glittered on his cheek,
A shining tear-drop pearly.

'The princess bowed her jewelled face—
As bee among the clover,
Repeatedly the nectar sips—
She kissed him o'er and over.

She loved and she adopted him,
The history discloses;
And there was not in all the land
A man so wise as Moses.

WHAT JOY REMEMBERS.

"REMEMBER, dears, don't go to the meadow-lot to-day." That is what Joy's mother said as she kissed her and Robert good-bye.

Isn't it queer that as soon as she had gone both these little people wanted to go to that very lot?

They went to the swing in the barn, but they kept thinking what beautiful dandelions grew in the meadow.

Pretty soon Joy said, "I know a lovely way to tell the time with dandelions."

Robert ran to pick some great yellow beauties.

"These are not the kind," said Joy. "You can't do it 'less they are all feathers. There are some right down in the meadow-lot. Maybe there are some on this side of the fence."

When they got to the fence they found all the dandelions as yellow as gold, but on the other side, just out of reach, there were some of the silver balls.

"Robbie, you stay here and I'll just climb through and pick a few. Mamma wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

But Robert wouldn't be left alone, so through the fence they both went.

"Now, watch, Robbie," said Joy when they had picked their hands full. "What time is it? One—" But before she could blow the silver feathers there was a strange

sound. Was it thunder? What made that pounding noise?

The children sprang to their feet and saw a great black creature coming straight toward them. They never knew how they climbed through the fence just in time to escape those cruel horns, nor how they managed to drag their trembling little selves up the long hill.

Joy and Robert are grown up now and have little children of their own, but they remember just what their mother said to them as she tucked them into bed after their bread-and-water supper that night: "Remember, dears, there is always a good reason when there is a 'must not,' whether you know what the reason is or not."

THE NEST OF GOLD.

PERCY DALE was a dear, pink-and-white little boy, with a tangle of gold ringlets so long and silky that strangers often stopped him on the street to admire them. He wouldn't have cared, only they sometimes stroked his head and called him "a sweet little girl." Now Percy loved little girls; but to be called a little girl himself was not to his liking. It always sent him running to his mamma to beg her to cut off the dreadful curls that made people say he was "a little girl-boy."

"O no, no, darling; mamma can't shear her pet lamb," she would answer with a kiss; "but by-and-by we'll ask Miss Olive to do it."

"By-and-by" was slow in coming, and Percy's fourth birthday found him with curls longer and livelier than ever. That morning, as he swung on the gate, an old lady passing said to him smilingly:

"Won't you sell me your beautiful bright curls, little miss? My little granddaughter hasn't any."

"Little miss, indeed!" The words nearly broke Percy's heart. He dragged his apron up over the hated ringlets, and held it close till the lady had gone. Then he hopped down from the gate, his eyes shining with a happy thought. He would stop people from calling him names! He would run across the street all by himself and ask Miss Olive to cut his hair off so short that everybody'd know he wasn't a girl. As it happened, his mamma had lately said to Miss Olive that one of these days his curls must be clipped, so when the little fellow told his errand, Miss Olive at once pinned a towel about his neck, and snip, snip, went her big shears through his wavy mane. She put the longest curls in a paper box for Percy to carry home, and, not being a very tidy man, she threw the rest of them

out of the back window into the yard. These were spied by two yellow birds about to set up house-keeping, and carried off trees by trees to the lilac trees in the garden. There the birds wove them into the daintiest golden nest that ever was seen. In this they reared a thriving little family, and when the cold winds came and they all flitted away to the sunny South, Miss Olive brought the empty nest to Percy's mamma, who has kept it to this day.

DOING ITS BEST

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I AM but a tiny cricket,
Living in a summer thicket—
There I take my rest.
Many songs are gayer, prouder;
Many a voice is sweeter, louder—
But I do my best.

In my song there's no complaining,
Even when the sky is raining;
Birds fly east and west—
Silent hide in leafy cover;
But I chirp till all is over,
Doing still my best!

When the leaves are round us flying,
When the birds and bees are hieing
On their autumn quest,
You will find me in the stubble,
Though the clouds look full of trouble,
Singing still! my best!

Clad in garments dark and sober,
Here I linger till October;
Sunshine warms my breast.
While the wintry days you number,
Sweet and quiet is my slumber,
For I've done my best!

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had only numbered five summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"

The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?"

With a look of surprise the child answered, "I love you; I love my father, my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought.

"And you ought," continued his mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever."