

## FIRE PICTURES.

THEY sit in the ruddy firelight—  
Three lads with faces brown—  
And bright scenes grow  
In the warm, red glow,  
As the coals drop softly down.

"I see a field, and a farmer  
Driving his team," says Nate;  
"And a little house  
Behind orchard boughs,  
With a rose-bush at the gate.

"And some one stands beside it—  
'Tis the farmer's wife, I guess."  
"I don't like chaff,"  
Cries Jack—a laugh—  
"But, say, does she look like Bess?"

"Now I see a mighty ruler,  
With a sceptre in his hand;  
He sits in state,  
And courtiers wait  
To fly at his command."

"O there's a ship!" cries Willie;  
"A vessel staunch and brave;  
With broad, white sails  
To catch the gales  
Which speed her o'er the wave.

"And on her deck's a sailor—  
A lad in jacket blue."  
Nate smiles at Jack;  
The smile flies back,  
For the ship and sailor true.

So each lad sees the fortune  
Which he hopes his own may be:  
For Nate, the farm;  
For Jack, the palm;  
And for Will, the rolling sea.  
—Ruth Hollingsworth.

## THE QUEEN'S KNITTING.

"WHAT can I get my papa for a birthday present?" asked Alice Manly, looking up at the ceiling as if she could find an answer there.

Alice lived in a beautiful home and had more money to spend than most little girls.

"If you would ask me instead of the ceiling," said dear old grandma, "may be I could tell you."

Alice jumped up from her cushion and went over to grandma's knee. Grandma was busy sewing on a pretty quilt that she meant to give away to somebody. She was one of the busy people.

"If I were you, Alice," she said, "I wouldn't get papa anything; I'd make him something."

"Oh dear! I can't make anything," said lazy little Alice.

"No," said grandma; "and I heard your papa say yesterday that he was much afraid his little daughter was not growing up to be a true lady."

Alice looked at her dainty white dress, her silk stockings, her pretty low shoes, and opened her eyes wide. She thought she was a little lady now.

"Nobody is a true lady," said grandma, "who is idle and does not know how to use her hands."

"You forget the queens, grandma," said Alice, laughing.

"Queens, indeed!" cried the old lady; "don't you know that the Queen of England used to knit while her tea was cooling?"

The next time Alice went out walking she persuaded papa to stay at the store-door while she and mamma had a great whispering and buying of something.

Then there came many visits to grandma's room, with the door locked, for fear papa would come in. Alice did not tell me what was going on, but once I saw something in her basket that looked very much like a pair of socks.

And I believe Alice remembers grandma's lesson, for she said to me very earnestly one day last week, "Auntie, did you know queens worked?"

"Do they?" said I.

"Yes, indeed," said little Alice; "Queen Victoria used to be so busy that she took her knitting to breakfast."

## OPENING THE HEART.

I KNEW a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious:

"Robert, what would you say to any one that knocked at the door of your heart, if you wish him to come in?"

He answered:

"I would say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him:

"Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and joy about Robert's face that made my father ask:

"Robert, what makes you look so bright and joyful to-day?"

He replied joyfully.

"I awoke in the night, and felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance. I said to him, 'Lord Jesus, come in.' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him waiting outside so long!"

## LITTLE WOMEN.

THE seven-year old daughter of a very busy mother, who, in consequence of her husband's death, was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply in all seriousness; but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her. As years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's wing" or that of some trusty and reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among currants, stoning the raisins, buttering the cake-tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste that may be over, when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a glass. And what a crowning joy it is when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make into a dumpling for her own dinner or a nursery-feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work the world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—*Oassel's Family Magazine*.

## THE BIGGEST PIECE.

LITTLE Jimmie, who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter, was given two pieces of candy. When he returned, his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't. You told me to give the biggest piece to company, and I was the company over there."

Do you think Jimmie did right?

## HUMILITY.

"LOOK, papa," said a boy one morning, as he and his father walked through a wheat-field, "see how nice and straight some of these stems hold up their heads. I think that those which hang down so low cannot be worth much." The father said nothing, but pulled a stalk of each kind, and showed him that the heads which hung down were full of grains, while those which stood up so straight had little in them but chaff.