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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

mischances.	has to stay all day in the room where	most every one, but every one-is shin-
Now the frost p. inketh sore, then the sun glances;	his mother washes, and it smells hor-	ing upon somebody, dimly or brightly, every day. If you are followers of
Now the rain brateth down, then the snow falleth;	ridly; and mamma says that's what makes him look so pale. Now I'm	Christ, so much the more are you,
Nothing the cheery, brave spring-time appalleth;	going to spend my twenty minutes every day taking care of Jamie.'	young or old, the "light of the world." One night a man took a little taper
Bravely she smiles through the sombre, chill weather,	The little girls had formed a twenty- minute society—that is, a little society	out of a drawer and lighted it, and be- gan to ascend a long, winding stair.
Smiles on the blight and the promise to- gether;	of which every member promised to	"Where are you going?" said the taper.
And at the end of the long sufferi g	spend twenty minutes every day in doing something to help some.	"Away, high up,' said the man,
All the world over is ruled by the spring.	body else.	"higher than the top of the house
How does the t'de come? Not all in one	'Twenty minutes isn't long to take care of a baby,' said Elsie.	where we sleep." "And what are you going to do
rising, Daunting the land and the heavens sur-		
prising;	and I mean to.'	"I am going to show the ships out at
Here a wave, there a wave, rising and fall-	'I tell you what girls ' said May	

time.

w does the spring come? With many did thing, girls. The poor little fellow

low to billow still beckoning and calling, Heaving, receding, now farther, now nigher Now it is lower, and now it is higher: d Wilmo w it seems spent and tired; then, with insistence,

Little By Little.

Gaily and strongly it comes from the dis D CLAY tance : ill, at the end of : he plunge and the roar, I know.

ow, Scotlan is full tide, and the sea rules the shore

How does the soul grow? Not all in S. NEILI minute: Now it may lose ground, and now it may

nformation g will do win it: Now it resolves, and again the will faileth r Advertisen failed, posta

Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth; Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;

al of inform Fed by discouragements, taught by disas atters pertainising. Addr NG BUREA

So goes it forward, now slower, now faster. Till, all the pain past, and failures mad whole,

It is full grown, and the Lord rules the soul. -Susan Coolidge.

A Twenty-Minute Society.

face on the pillow, 'if some more of us should come for twenty minutes every stormy sea may be looking out for our day, it would keep Jamie out a long light even now." So it would,' said Elsie. 'Some of the other girls would like to come, too, very small." 'So it came that on every fine morning Jamie would be corried out to his place under the trees, and little girls came and went, each one giving him at least twenty minutes, and many of them more. Mrs. Beil came one morning and talked to them abcut the blessed privilege which each little child may enjoy, in being able to show, Now it walks sunnily, now gropes benighted | through loving care for the little ones whom Christ has placed in our midst,

love for Christ himself, and the small girls came to look upon all they did for Jamie as being, in very truth, given to the Lord, who gave himself for them.

'I came out here to watch Jamie,'

aid Lulu, 'but I've thought of a splen-

after another look at the pale little

Lulu came to her mother one day with a look as if she desired to say something, but scarcely knew how "What is it, dear ?" asked her mother. 'Mamma, I have been wondering-'About what, little daughter ? 'Perhaps it would make you feel badly, mamma, and I wouldn't say it for the world if I thought it.' 'I am sure of that, Lulu. But say t and I'll take the chances.' 'Jamie gets tired of staying in one place all the time, and some of us thought if we could give him a little ride and-I thought, mamma, if it wouldn't make you feel badly, if we tage they heard the fretting, wailing took little brother's carriage that's up in the garret-but no-not if it makes purse; but she was rich in joy, he richyou cry, mamma, dear.' Tears had come into mamma's eyestat happy. I shall forget many wonderthe thought of the dainty little carriage, ful things I saw at the Fair, but never 'Is the baby sick ?' asked Lulu's which had belonged to the darling forget the little old woman in black mother, turning toward him after she who would need no more care. But resting so cozily in that rolling chair, had spoken about the work. 'He she said, patting Lulu's head, 'I think her joy-lit face under the aureole of it is a good idea, my little girl. It

ere ?" said the little taper "I am going to show the ships out at where the harbour is," said the man; "for we stand at the entrance to a harbor; and some ship far out on the "Alas ! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper; "it is so

A Hint for Little Tapers.

Remember that every one-not al

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning brightly and leave the rest to me." Well, when the man got up to the

top of the lighthouse-for this was a lighthouse they were in-he took the little taper, and with it he lighted the

great lamps that stood ready with their polished reflectors behind them. And

soon they were burning, steady and clear, throwing a great strong beam of light across the sea. By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the lit-

tle taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the lawyer." means of kindling the great lights in

the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining over the sea, so that ships far out knew by it where they were and were guided safely into the harbor.-The Wellspring.

ly refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and his daughter. But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the bags, and, cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and put them on a chair. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for One night a man took a little taper her unfilial conduct, took the trousers, and, cutting off eight inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-"Where are you going ?" said the in law felt the pange of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional "Away, high up,' said the man, surgical operation on the garment. igher than the top of the house When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday, the crowd around the 'And what are you going to do table thought a highland chieftain had arrived. - Presbyterian Banner.

All Sorts.

Both are a kind of gymnast but there is probably more money in the baseball pitcher than in the ordinary tumbler.

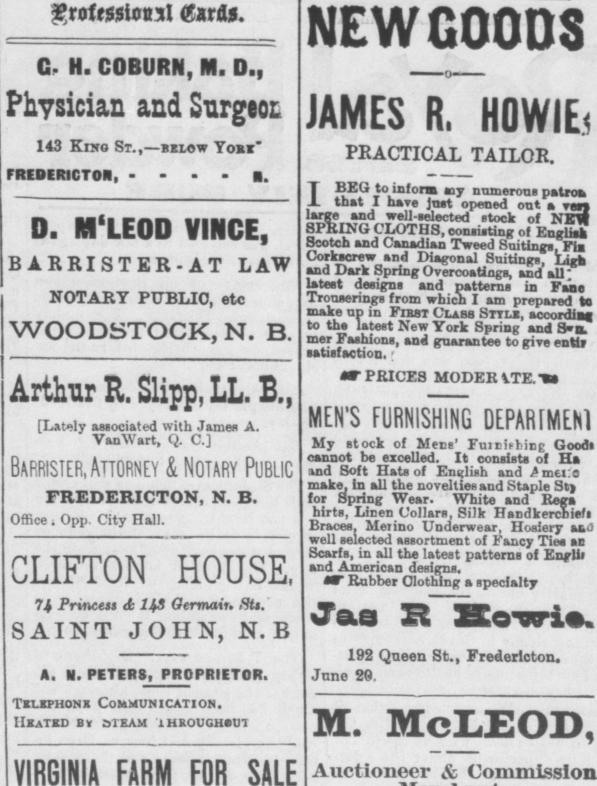
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et of information and ab

Where are you going, mamma aid Lulu. Down to Mrs. Ray's to give her

ese embroideries to wash. 'May I go with you?' Yes, if you wish.'

Lulu skipped along at her mother's side. She was not old enough to have ery much to do, and, during the ong vacation, sometimes found it rather hard to know how to keep her little self busy. funded.

Before they reached Mrs. Ray's cotsound of a baby's voice, and inside the door they found the baby himself lying in a cradle, while his mother stood a wash-tub.

loesn't look well.'

but there's no one to take him, so he has to fret on.'

'Poor little fellow.'

sore with the pain of the parting. ul surround 'He ought to be out in the fresh air,'

ng, nd, fresh and

incipal.

immer Dry

ess Materloths, Rugs, lower than

Well, ma'am; he's rather weakly, would be wrong to keep the carriage over and told her some new wonder 'm afraid,' said his mother. 'He frets standing idle, when it might be doing they were coming to. 'Are we almost and frets all the time to be took up, good to mother child." What a delight it was, when Jamie

more fret or suffer, her heart was very

are BROAD she said 'Yes, ma'am, I know he ought, but you see there's nobody to watch him and see that he doesn't get into harm.'

ong. All de in his cradle.

out into a corner of the meadow under

'Mrs. Ray was glad enough to do it. She carried the cradle while Mrs. Bell arried the baby, and he was soon in he pleasant shade of the trees, where e soft wind fanned his hot little theeks and the sunshine peeped at

him through the branches. He looka little inclined to cry, as his mother left him to go back to her

Mrs. Bell raised him very tenderly, the quiet streets. The twenty minutes' for she had not long before laid a little society gained more members, and like a delighted boy as they passed on, one in the Saviour's gentle arms, and through all the summer days Jamie while knowing that he could never never lacked fresh air. Did it never them. Perhaps no one else saw their become tiresome? Yes, there was many a day when Lulu would have

chosen to do something else than look after Jamie. But not one fine morning passed, in which either she or one or two other faithful little souls, who The air of the little house was heavy a whim, did not trundle the little car-

and damp with the bad-smelling soapriage, holding now not a pale, fretful suds, and Mrs. Bell looked as though child, but a pretty-faced, rollicking the did not like to lay the baby back boy, who showed in his rosy cheeks and bright eyes the benefit of the pure

'Mamma,' said Lulo, eagerly, air on which he lived. couldn't I watch him for awhile? But what are we going to do for Couldn't Mrs. Ray carry the cradle Jamie. when school begins?' asked Lulu one day with a very grave face.

the trees? I'll stay there with him.' The long summer was over, and September had come with two weeks of bright sunshine. But, on the first day of school, came a cold storm, and for a week no one who could stay in the house wanted to go out. After that, Lulu laughingly said that things seemed to fit in just right, for the day was the afternoon, when the girls could always

find a little time for Jamie. Very often, through the winter, he had a A Pretty Incident.

The most beautiful thing I saw at the Fair was an old woman in one of the wheel-chairs, her son pushing it. Her white hair and care-furrowed face showed he had waited more than three-score and ten years for one of the happiest days of her life. The plain dress proved neither was rich in

er than Gould in making his mother

white hair, as her stalwart son bent there, son?' she asked in eagerness.

'Yes, mother,' he said, smiling at her was settled in the beautiful carriage child-like enjoyment, 'and it will take for a ride over the meadow and through your breath away this time sure.' And she laughed like a girl and he chuckled

not knowing that anybody noticed happiness, but he was the one man on the grounds that I envied. Oh, the proud step, as he pushed the chariot of the queen of all the world to him Ah! her proud look as she rode through the throng, attended by the looked upon the service as a duty, not kingliest of men-the man who honors his mother. How much better that money was spent than to wait till mother died in a round of menotony, than spend it chiselling the epitaph death wins from human selfishness.-

Binghampton Republican.

The First Wrong Button.

'Dear me !' said little Janet, 'I but coned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and she tugged and fretted, as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble. 'Patience, patience, my dear,' said

namma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look

great blood purifier. Now is the time to take it. Hood's Cures.

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"There are several young men in the car,' remarked Mrs. Holdstrap with some feeling, 'but they can hardly be classed among the rising generation.'

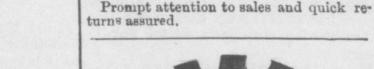
Dean Swift, preaching on "Pride," said: "There are four kinds of pride, pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three. As for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault."

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