

Little By Little.

How does the spring come? With many mischances.
Now the frost-pinketh sore, then the sun glances;
Now the rain-batheth down, then the snow falleth;
Nothing the cheery, brave spring-time appalleth;
Bravely she smiles through the sombre, chill weather,
Smiles on the bright and the promise together;
And at the end of the long suffering
All the world over is ruled by the spring.

How does the tide come? Not all in one rising,
Dumpling the land and the heavens surprising;
Here a wave, there a wave, rising and falling,
Billow to billow still beckoning and calling,
Heaving, receding, now farther, now nigher,
Now it is lower, and now it is higher;
Now it seems spent and tired; then, with insistence,
Gaily and strongly it comes from the distance;
Till, at the end of the plunge and the roar,
It is full tide, and the sea rules the shore.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
Now it may lose ground, and now it may win it;
Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;
Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;
Now it walks sunnily, now gropes benighted;
Feel by discouragements, taught by disaster,
So goes it forward, now slower, now faster,
Till, all the pain past, and failures made whole,
It is full grown, and the Lord rules the soul.
—Susan Coolidge.

A Twenty-Minute Society.

'Where are you going, mamma?' said Lulu.
'Down to Mrs. Ray's to give her these 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 very much to do, and, during the long vacation, sometimes found it rather hard to know how to keep her little self busy.

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

'Is the baby sick?' asked Lulu's mother, turning toward him after she had spoken about the work. 'He doesn't look well.'

'Well, ma'am; he's rather weakly, I'm afraid,' said his mother. 'He frets and frets all the time to be took up, but there's no one to take him, so he has to fret on.'

'Poor little fellow.'

Mrs. Bell raised him very tenderly, for she had not long before laid a little one in the Saviour's gentle arms, and while knowing that he could never more fret or suffer, her heart was very sore with the pain of the parting.

'He ought to be out in the fresh air,' 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.'

The air of the little house was heavy and damp with the bad-smelling soap-suds, and Mrs. Bell looked as though she did not like to lay the baby back in his cradle.

'Mamma,' said Lulu, eagerly, 'couldn't I watch him for awhile? Couldn't Mrs. Ray carry the cradle out into a corner of the meadow under the trees? I'll stay there with him.'

'Mrs. Ray was glad enough to do it. She carried the cradle while Mrs. Bell carried the baby, and he was soon in the pleasant shade of the trees, where the soft wind fanned his hot little cheeks and the sunshine peeped at him through the branches. He looked a little inclined to cry, as his mother left him to go back to her washing, but no baby of any sense would have cried at being left in the care of such a bright-eyed little lassie as Lulu. Very soon Jamie proved his good sense, for he began to smile as Lulu played bo-peep from behind a tree-trunk, and was soon laughing as merrily as though he had always lived in the sunshine. The birds came and chirped at him, and a squirrel chattered up among the branches. But the lassie came, too, almost alighting on the cradle. Lulu brought daisies and buttercups to Jamie and played with him until, on coming to him with a fresh handful, she found that the pretty head had sunk back upon the pillow and the great blue eyes were closed. As she sat quietly beside him she saw two little girls, whom she knew coming into the meadow.

'That's Elsie and May,' she said. She beckoned for them to come to her, making motions that they were not to awaken the baby.

'What are you doing here?' Elsie asked, after they had smiled at the little sleeper.

'I came out here to watch Jamie,' said Lulu, 'but I've thought of a splendid thing, girls. The poor little fellow has to stay all day in the room where his mother washes, and it smells horridly; and mamma says that's what makes him look so pale. Now I'm going to spend my twenty minutes every day taking care of Jamie.'

The little girls had formed a twenty-minute society—that is, a little society of which every member promised to spend twenty minutes every day in doing something to help somebody else.

'Twenty minutes isn't long to take care of a baby,' said Elsie.

'But I can stay longer than that, and I mean to.'

'I tell you what, girls,' said May, after another look at the pale little face on the pillow, 'if some more of us should come for twenty minutes every day, it would keep Jamie out a long time.'

So it would, said Elsie. 'Some of the other girls would like to come, too, I know.'

'So it came that on every fine morning Jamie would be carried 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. Bell came one morning and talked to them about the blessed privilege which each little child may enjoy, in being able to show, 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.

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 it 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 took little brother's carriage that's up in the garret—but no—not if it makes you cry, mamma, dear.'

Tears had come into mamma's eyes at the thought of the dainty little carriage, which had belonged to the darling who would need no more care. But she said, patting Lulu's head, 'I think it is a good idea, my little girl. I think we will be wrong to keep the carriage standing idle, when it might be doing good to another child.'

What a delight it was, when Jamie was settled in the beautiful carriage for a ride over the meadow and through the quiet streets. The twenty minutes' society gained more members, and through all the summer days Jamie never lacked fresh air. Did it never 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 looked upon the service as a duty, not a whim, did not trundle the little carriage, holding now not a pale, fretful child, but a pretty-faced, rollicking boy, who showed in his rosy cheeks and bright eyes the benefit of the pure air on which he lived.

'But what are we going to do for Jamie, when school begins?' asked Lulu one day with a very grave face. 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 sled-ride, and, as spring again was coming near, his friends began talking of the time when he might again be out of doors all day.

When March had blown all his winds and April poured all her showers, and beautiful May had come, lo and behold there was a great surprise. When the carriage was again taken from the garret, it was found that Jamie had grown to be such a great, sturdy, strapping stump of a boy that he kicked and scolded at being fastened in it, and showed plainly that he would much rather trot about on his own stout little legs than ride in the finest carriage in the world.

'But the carriage shall still belong with your twenty-minute mission,' said Mrs. Bell. 'I think you will be sure to find some other little child who will need it.—Interior.'

I HAD a severe cold, for which I took Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

A Hint for Little Tapers.

Remember that every one—not almost every one, but every one—is shining upon somebody, dimly or brightly, every day. If you are followers of Christ, so much the more are you, young or old, the "light of the world."

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away, high up," said the man, "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is," said the man; "for we stand at the entrance to a harbor, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper; "it is so very small."

"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 little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the 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 Widdowings.

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 purse; but she was rich in joy, he richer than Gould in making his mother happy. I shall forget many wonderful things I saw at the Fair, but never forget the little old woman in black resting so cozily in that rolling chair, her joy-lit face under the aureole of white hair, as her stalwart son bent over and told her some new wonder they were coming to. 'Are we almost there, son?' she asked in eagerness. 'Yes, mother,' he said, smiling at her child-like enjoyment, 'and it will take your breath away this time sure.' And she laughed like a girl and he chuckled like a delighted boy as they passed on, not knowing that anybody noticed them. Perhaps no one else saw their 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 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 monotony, than spend it chiselling the epitaph death wins from human selfishness.—Binghampton Republican.

The First Wrong Button.

'Dear me!' said little Janet, 'I buttoned 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 mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong.—The Picture World.

A Seaside Incident.

An editor of a comic paper whose wife, daughter, and sister-in-law were at the seaside, went by the husband's train to join them on a Saturday. Before going, he had bought himself a fashionable pair of trousers. On trying them on, they proved to be several inches too long. When he arrived at B., he took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut off about six inches and hem them over. The good lady, who was not very well pleased with the loud pattern, brusque

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 her unfilial conduct, took the trousers, and, cutting off eight inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday, the crowd around the 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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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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(REV.) JOSEPH HOGG, Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Aug. 16, 1893. Winnipeg, Man.

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