

'Africa, and on entering the cathedral at Cape Town, the first thing he heard was a march from Ouseley's oratorio, 'St. Polycarp,' played as a voluntary. How the familiar sounds must have brought back to his mind memories of his early friend!

His college boys all looked on Sir Frederick as a personal friend, and anyone in sickness or trouble, on appealing to him, might always be sure of a ready hand and a tender heart. His sudden death caused heartfelt grief among all who knew him.—'Child's Companion.'

Tiny's Alarm Clock.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Tom came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.

'O Tom, what is it?' she asked, curiously. 'Anything for me?'

'No,' said Tom. 'Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising;' and he untied the strings and opened the package.

'Why, it's a clock!' said Tiny, disappointed. 'We've got three clocks now, Tom. What made you bring another?'

Tom began winding the little clock. 'You just listen,' he said.

'Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle?'

'Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle! to strike!'

'It's an alarm clock,' exclaimed Tom, smiling at Tiny's wonder. 'We can set it so the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes'—for Tom was on the railway.

'How very, very funny!' said Tiny, with sparkling eyes. 'Goes off all itself, without anyone touching it! O how I wish I had one!'

'There's another funny thing about it,' went on Tom. 'If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it does not make any impression at all!'

Tiny considered. 'I wish I could have one all my own,' she said again. 'It must be such fun to hear it go off.'

'You have one,' said Tom, gravely.

'I? An alarm clock?'

Tom nodded.

'Where?'

'Right in there,' said Tom, with his hand over Tiny's heart.

'Well, I don't believe it ever went off,' laughed Tiny.

'Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, "Whirr! Tiny, don't!" You see if it doesn't.'

Tiny laughed and went back to her lessons. Soon a call came from the kitchen: 'Tiny, dear, I want you.'

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, 'Yes, mamma,' and danced out of the room, looking back to say, 'It went off then, Tom, good and loud.'

Tom nodded and smiled. 'I thought it would,' he said.

And all you little folks with alarm clocks want to be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.—'Great Thoughts.'

Faith.

The apostles were always talking about faith, because Jesus had always said so much about it. Now, you cannot see faith, any more than you can see the air that stirs the leaves in summer. How, then, do you know there is any air? Why, by the way the leaves stir! Look at leaves or straws or any other thing and you can very soon tell 'which way the wind blows.'

That is just the way with faith. When people came around to James saying that they had faith, he looked to see where the faith was. They say whenever anybody used to praise a man to Napoleon, he would turn sharply and ask, 'What has he done?' James asked that about faith. What has it done? What good works can it show for itself? What good is it, he asks, to say you have faith if your faith never did anything for you?

Even love has to show itself by works usually. Of course words and looks go for something, but then they are a kind of sweet love-blossom in themselves. They have their time, and then the fruit begins to grow and ripen! An apple tree that never bears any fruit isn't a real apple tree. It is only a kind of wood, no better than any other kind as far as apples go. Suppose you had a garden and you called it a flower garden, but nobody ever saw any flowers in it. Wouldn't people be likely to say it wasn't a flower garden? 'Oh,' you say, 'it is a garden, for I planted the roots myself,' or 'I dropped the seeds

in!' 'They are all dead then!' would be the answer. 'If they weren't, you would see some flowers growing!' So with faith.

'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. Matt. x., 42.—'Little Pilgrim.'

When Sophie Was Well.

(By Daisy R. Campbell.)

Sophie had been sick for four weeks, but she was well again, and was back in her place in 'Miss Jennie's' kindergarten. Sophie was very happy. It seemed so nice to sing the pretty songs with the rest, and to play the games, and to cut out the pretty paper things. And then there was something new the children had learned while she was sick. This was making all kinds of things out of clay. Sophie was delighted to find that she could shape the soft clay and make 'pretty things.' She knew what a square and a cube and a circle were, and now she put them into clay instead of paper.

Bob Lee gave her arm a jerk and pushed her so she couldn't work.

Sophie felt very angry. Then she remembered how 'Miss Jennie' wanted them all to help each other when they 'forgot' and were naughty.

She made herself turn and look at teasing Bob.

'I don't know as much as you, Bob, 'cause I've been sick; so I know you'll make it easy for me to work,' she said brightly.

And Bob turned a little red, 'Pshay!' he said, 'I forgot that. Take some of my clay, Sophie.'

Don't you think that was better than pushing Bob, or 'telling 'Miss Jennie'?—'Mayflower.'

May Days.

When March has gone with his cruel wind,
That frightens back the swallow,
And the pleasant April sun has shined
Out through her showery clouds, we find
Pale blooms in the wood and the hollow.

But after the darling May awakes,
Bedecked with flowers like a fairy;
About the meadows, the streams, and lakes,
She drops them every step she takes,
For she has too many to carry.
—Phoebe Cary.