



JACOB GOING INTO EGYPT.

BE PROMPT.

"WHY is Fred like the cat's tail?"

The whole family—father and mother, brother and sisters, all except Fred—stood waiting, muffled and gloved, for him to be ready to go with them to the lecture. (Hardy Fred had been loitering about, doing nothing in particular, in a dreamy aimless fashion, and had yet to brush his hair, don his boots, overcoat, cap, muffler, and mittens, when roguish sister Mary propounded this conundrum, as the sedate old family cat walked across the floor, and took possession of the cushioned chair.

"Don't you see? Because he is always behind."

Fred turned from the glass with cheeks a little flushed by the laugh which Mary had raised, hurried into his outer clothes, and by the time the rest had waited for him full five minutes, he was ready.

"Always behind." Yes, that is his failing. He is as quick-motoned as other

boys; can run as fast, jump as far, and can skate as well; but he is always the late one. He is seldom ever ready to sit down to his meals when the rest are; perhaps will get absorbed in a book, and forget to wash or brush his hair, till the rest are taking their seats. I should be sorry to tell you how often black marks stand against his name on the school register, such a habit he has fallen into of waiting till the last minute before he starts. And on Sunday morning he will sit reading, or dreaming over something, and never seems to think of getting ready for Sunday-school till it is almost time to go. Then he is in a great flutter, and can't find this, that and the other thing; the whole family have to help him.

Well, it is only a habit; but it is a very bad one. Fred must leave off dreaming, and fall to doing instead. Promptness in action has done untold good and saved multitudes of lives, while tardiness has destroyed myriads.

TWENTY TIMES A DAY.

TWENTY times a day, my dear,
Twenty times a day,
Your mother thinks about you,
At school or else at play.

She's busy in the kitchen,
Or she's busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within
Her love to you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you to do.
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,
Now mind, I tell it you.

Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say,
"I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.

You could make the mother happy
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

THE PANSY PREACHER.

If anything was missing, we laid it on the Jenk family that lived around the corner, who would take anything from silver spoon carelessly shaken out from the table-cloth, to the lawn mower or the waggon. The safest way was to run 'em off the premises with a stern hand; yet when a bright little face looked over the fence at me seated on the ground weeding my pansies, I didn't have the heart to look stern and order her off. "Say," said my unwelcome visitor, "ain't they pretty? They've all got little faces. Give me one. Thinks I, a child that will see a face in a flower, there is some hops for; and I'll give 'em if they won't be "pansy preachers" and give a little lesson. So I took a pot, and in two of my prettiest plants, and gave them into the dirty little hand, saying, "You must look into their lovely faces every day when you are good, but when you are naughty you musn't go near them. A few days after, I missed my new scissors and thought they must have been snatched out with the table spread; and as Polly Jenk was hovering around, I suspected her, and thought my pansies didn't "preach a little preach," after all.

That evening I was called down to one of those miserable Jenks that refused to leave the back gate until she had spoken with me. Polly held up the scissors and said: "I took 'em up off the ground, was goin' to keep 'em; but my pansy wouldn't look at me, so I brought 'em back." How glad I was that my little lesson was not in vain! Flowers were the key to the child's heart. I occasionally gave her plants after that. She didn't "preach good" all at once, but years after was a trustworthy woman.