

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

MOTHER stood by her spinning wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel;
As she counted the thread in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang in her own sweet words ere long—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

That night in her dream as she sleeping lay,
Over and over again the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old strain,
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips as she passed along
Rose the tender words of her mother's song—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and lone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom;
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled and her cheeks grew dry,
As she listened to Barbara passing by:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more
As she chanted low at his open door—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Once and again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening-time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend or the carol of birds
Came back to his thoughts those welcome words
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Alike in all hearts as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Perhaps when the labour of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens one by one,
Forgetting forever those days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

HOW TO GET A LESSON, AND NEVER FORGET IT.

The first rule is to be sure that you know what it means. If you can understand it, it will be easy to remember it. If you make a mistake, and get the lesson wrong, and remember it so, you have remembered a mistake, which will be worse than if you did not think you knew it at all.

The second rule is, when you are sure that you know what it means, say over a very little of it until you are sure you know it; then put on a very little more, and go back and repeat the two little parts until you are sure you know them together. And so put on a little more, always going back to the beginning, after you have learned

the last sentence, until you have finished the whole. By that means you will learn it easily, and each part will remind you of the one next to it.

The third rule is to review it often. It will go itself, without much trouble, if you know it; and every time you say it you will fasten it in the memory. I can repeat a great many things that I learned before I was twelve years old, because I had a teacher who taught me to learn them in this way. I still learn them in this way. I still learn things in this easy way.

THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE.

In the National Library at Paris there is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed. It is a great, clumsy affair, in two volumes folio, about six hundred pages in a volume, printed in Latin. The words are very black, and many of them are abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye. But it is a very valuable Bible, worth several thousand dollars at least. It is without the name of printer or publisher, and without date; but it was the work of a poor Dutchman named Gutenberg, who was put to much trouble and suffering through his printing.

The real story of printing began several years before, in 1420, when an old gentleman in the city of Haarlem first conceived the idea. He was walking in the woods one day, when he found a smooth piece of beech-bark, upon which he cut several nice letters; and when he returned home he inked the letters and stamped them upon paper for his little boy to use as a copy. After that he made stamps of all the letters on paper; and this set him to thinking, planning, and finally working.

At that time there were only a few books; and as they had to be written with pens on parchment, they were very expensive, as it was a most tedious affair to write one. Now, this old gentleman, whose name was Lawrence Coster, knew that if books could be printed they would be cheaper and better in every way; so he went on cutting letters on blocks of wood and trying his experiments.

He worked secretly; and as he employed several apprentices, he charged them to say nothing of the trials he was making. One of his apprentices, however, was dishonest; and after awhile he ran off into Germany, carrying with him a lot of his master's blocks and several pages of his manuscript. Thus it was that poor old Lawrence Coster lost the credit of the invention of printing. He did not give up his work, however, and several old, roughly-printed books of his are now in the state house at Haarlem.

About this time Gutenberg began working with letter-blocks too. Some folks think that he was the dishonest apprentice, but there is no proof of it, and I am inclined to think that Gutenberg was honest, for he was cheated himself by a man named Peter Schœffer. Others think that this Peter Schœffer was the same man who robbed Lawrence Coster.

Gutenberg borrowed money from a rich silversmith named Faust; and when Faust wished to be paid Gutenberg was unable to satisfy him, therefore Faust seized his tools, presses, and unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two-thirds com-

pleted. This Faust, with Schœffer's help, finished; and this was the first Bible that was ever printed.

CHILDREN OF THE TYROL.

PERHAPS Canadian children sometimes think they have a hard lot—so much work, so much study, so few toys, so few "good times."

Hear, then, about your little brothers and sisters in the Tyrol, and see if you will ever feel like complaining again.

Early in March the "Schwabenkinder," so called because they are sent into Swabia every spring to work in the farmhouse of that country, begin to gather at different points in the Tyrol. Many of these children are not above eight years of age, and some of the little ones weep bitterly at leaving their poor homes for the first time. The children are poorly clothed, and each one carries a little stick in his hand, and has a little bundle on his back containing a clean garment and a piece of bread and cheese.

A little company is formed, and an old man or woman takes charge of it, and the journey begins. The little ones wander on foot from village to village, living on charity, until at last they reach a large town where a "market" is held. They are tired, foot-sore, and heart-sore; children line the streets, waiting for employers to come and "buy" them! And this is a sad, strange sight. The farmers go picking out the stout, hearty-looking children, and the children eagerly wait their turn, often crying out to a kind-looking man, "Please buy me! please buy me!"

Sometimes brothers and sisters are separated and a little wailing follows, but it cannot be helped; and the market closes, the children go to their new homes, and the work of summer begins.

It is a comfort to know that, as a rule, the children are well treated. Their work generally consists in looking after the cattle, the sheep, pigs, and poultry, and leading the horses or oxen in the ploughing-field.

In the autumn the old man or woman appears again, ready to take the children back to their homes. They return better dressed than when they came, having earned a good suit of clothes, besides a little money, and we can easily believe that the journey home is a much happier one than the first. But at the best, it seems hard and sad that these tender children should be sent away from home, love, and care to "begin the world" among strangers, to suffer from loneliness and homesickness, and sometimes from real sickness, without the touch of a mother's hand, and at last to learn to get along without the sweet ministers of love which makes home a little heaven! —S. S. Advocate.

SIGNS OF NEATNESS.

A LOOK into the chamber of a boy or girl, will give you an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is neat always, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or boots anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way and not be long wanted in any place.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"So slow, so slow," one cried,
"The hours creep by."
"So swift, so swift," one sighed,
"The short years fly."

"So sweet, so sweet," one sang,
"Those days of bloom."
"So brief, so brief," out rang
A voice of doom.

One lifted as she sang
A summer's song,
Gold-crowned and fair and young,
With summer's grace.

One turned a weary head
With backward gaze,
Toward the sunset red
Of dying days.

—Nora Perry.

THE QUEEN'S MERCY.

QUEEN VICTORIA was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender, and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost.

On a bright beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at her palace at Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence, that he be shot dead. The queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view.

"What has this man done!" she asked.

The duke looked at the paper and replied:

"Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible; he has deserted three times."

"And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"Oh, think again, I pray you!"

Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the influence."

"Influence!" the queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with emotion.

"Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good word saved him."

Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word, "Pardoned!"

The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing, also, to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.—Sel.

A BABE, thirteen months old, was sent the other day, by express, from Cincinnati to Vincennes, a distance of 200 miles. This is probably the youngest passenger that ever travelled alone. The infant sat up all the way and never cried.