



MOSES, HIS MOTHER, AND MIRIAM.

## WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

We are but minutes, little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares.  
Take patiently the minutes of pain,  
The worst of minutes cannot remain

We are but minutes; when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while yet ye may:  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell.  
Who uses minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

## AFRAID TO WAIT.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Sims, stepping out from Broadbent's store, "why, it's been raining!" She raised her wide sunshade, and hurried to catch the street-car.

It was a long ride, for Mrs. Sims lived away out of town, almost as far as the horse-cars travelled.

And "Dear me!" she said again, for as she drew near her yard fence, there, just outside of the gate, stood her two babies (she called them her babies, though Posie was five and Reuben seven), getting as wet as anything. True, they were wrapped up in the library table-cover, and had sister Lucy's best blue silk sunshade over them, but the gilt fringe of the table-cover was sweeping the ground, and the blue silk sunshade was tilted back until it only sheltered the back rim of their curls.

"What in the name of sense—" exclaimed Mrs. Sims, as she stepped out of the street-car, and then she stood still, right in the rain, to laugh. She ought not to have laughed, for the gilt fringe of the table-cover was fast losing its shine, and Lucy's sunshade was never meant for such use as this. But they looked so comical.

"What are you doing out here in the rain, tramps?" she asked.

"We tum to meet you, mamma," said Posie.

"And why didn't you stay under shelter, in all this rain?"

"We were 'fraid to wait," said Reuben, very soberly. "You see, mamma, we've gone and broke your blue vase that you painted last week; we didn't mean to, but we did, and we thought maybe if we waited, we would feel like not telling you, so we come to meet you, 'cause then we'd have to toll."

"Hurrah for my babies!" said Mrs. Sims, "and whenever you feel afraid you won't do what is right, just start right out to do it."

They never heard the blue vase mentioned again.—E. P. A.

## FRANK AND CARL.

FRANK and Carl live in a big city. Their father died when they were very little fellows, and their mother had to work every day to keep her two boys clothed and at school. As the boys grew larger, she grew paler and thinner. Frank and Carl—who loved her dearly—knew her ill-health was caused by working so hard for them. One night after they had kissed her good-night, they went up to their little room to bed. They both felt sad because they noticed that their mother had been crying, and they put their heads together to see what could be done. At last they made up their minds to sell newspapers. So they agreed to get up early the very next day and go to work. They had just one penny, but they worked so hard and patiently that they took home several pennies, and got back in ample time for school. Upon their return in the afternoon they wrote a pledge for mother to sign, that if she would not work a bit at her sewing in the afternoon they would make one-half enough to support them all. Mother made the promise, and they went ahead working at almost anything that was honourable; and they succeeded too. Mother got stout and well, and when summer came on, and it was hot and uncomfortable in the city, Aunt Jane came and took every one out to the country for the whole summer. Little Cousin Joe thinks his cousins are very smart indeed, and they all have splendid times together. Frank and Carl often think how thankful they ought to be that mother is well again. They feel that God has been good to them. He always helps those who try to help themselves.

## PRIDE REBUKED.

THE life and death of our Lord Jesus are a standing rebuke to every form of pride to which men are liable.

Take for instance:

Pride of birth and rank—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Pride of wealth—"The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Pride of respectability—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Pride of personal appearance—"He had no form of comeliness."

Pride of reputation—"Behold a gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!"

Pride of independence—"Many of them ministered unto him of their own stance."

Pride of learning—"How knoweth man letters, having never learned?"

Pride of superiority—"I am among as he that serveth." "He humbled himself." "Made a curse for us."

Pride of success—"He came to his own and his own received him not." "Neither did his brethren own him." "He was despised and rejected of men."

Pride of self-reliance—"He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Pride of ability—"I can of mine own self do nothing."

Pride of self-will—"I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Pride of intellect—"As my father taught me, I speak of these things."

Pride of bigotry—"Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our side."

Pride of resentment—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Pride of reserve—"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." "Tarry here, and watch with me." "The Son of man must suffer many things and be rejected."

Pride of sanctity—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

## THE MUSIC OF ALPINE CHILDREN.

If it be possible to find a human being that is merely a mirror of nature, nothing more, take those children who spend their years in the uplands of the Alps in Southern Europe, watching flocks of goats and sheep with their tinkling bells, sitting all day in the sun, hearing the shrill cicada and the whisper of the pines, and the eternal babble of the stream saying nothing, playing no game nor game, solemn and silent, with their great eyes looking upon you as you pass without a word of surprise. Put these strange children, who seem as absolutely absorbed in nature as it is possible for man to be, that picture these wilds like the grasshopper, or the anemone, or the turtle-dove, have a note, like the last of the three. They have their little pipe or flute, and at intervals you hear them playing a melody which, however it may vary with the country, is, so far as I know, invariably sad in its tone; and when you hear it, you feel that here is the real, the subtle, the adequate expression of that element in human life, that acid without which the sweetness clogs and becomes a burden. When you hear such a melody—and taking its most simple and perfect expression—you cannot but feel that he who expressed what words cannot tell, we cannot explain to our civilized friends, but what this silent child has felt without conscious effort or theory.