

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, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take 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 we stay:
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.—Selected.

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,
Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Birds below them sailing high,
Church-spires pointing to the sky,
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream.
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
Quick! and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the Sun.—Little Folk Lyrics.

Each tree has wrapped her baby buds
In little coats of down,
And over this a rain coat strong
Of some soft shade of brown;
And thus she can all winter sleep,
Without fear or alarm,
Since all her leaf and flower buds
Are wrapped away from harm.—Sel.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little soft feet all bare and rosy?—
Open the door, though the wild winds blow;
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in, and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and use him kindly;
For you must carry him, yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
But whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him! God sends him—this good New Year.
—Mrs. Mulock Craik.

Our Queer English Tongue.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few"?
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose"?
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb"
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.—St. Nicholas.

Eight fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes,
And one nose,
Baby said;
When she smelt the rose,
"Oh what a pity
I've only one nose."

Twelve teeth,
In even rows,
Lots of dimples,
And one nose,
Baby said;
When she smelt the snuff,
"Deary me!
One nose is enough!"
—School Entertainment.

The holiest author—Pope.
The fastest author—Swift.
The happiest author—Gay.
The meekest author—Lamb.
The noisiest author—Howells.
The most fiery author—Burns.
The tallest author—Longfellow.
The most amusing author—Tickell.
The most cheerful author—Smiles.
The most talkative author—Chatterton.
The most distressed author—Akenside.
The most troublesome author—Bunyan.
The most flowery author.—Hawthorn.
The most desirable author for breakfast—Bacon.
—Selected.