



HARRY AND PRINCE.

EASTER DAY.

world itself keeps Easter day,
 or happy birds are singing;
 from the earth so cold and gray
 the tiny blades are springing;
 the seeds that in their graves have lain—
 are silently abiding
 an hour when spring-time's sun and rain
 would call them from their hiding—
 to rise again to bud and bloom,
 and fill the earth with gladness;
 these are the days of wintry gloom;
 for spring is no time for sadness.

the tree and shrub the new life feels
 through every vein warm-glowing;
 the buds burst forth—the promise sure
 of leaves and fruit soon growing;
 the little streams—ice-bound so long—
 flow onward gaily singing;
 and from their fetters, join their song
 with Easter joy-bells ringing.

Christ is risen,—as all things tell:
 when let all hearts warm-glowing,
 all doubts and sorrows rise as well,
 with love and faith o'erflowing,
 hope again rise from the tomb
 of earthly griefs and losses;
 the blossoms spring from dust and gloom,
 and crowns are won by crosses.

IN A MINUTE.

CHILDREN, don't say, "In a minute,"
 when mamma or papa tells you to do some-
 thing.
 It is a very bad habit, and gives
 you a great deal of trouble. It does not
 allow you any longer to pick up a basket of chips
 on your way to the store as soon as you are told
 the first time than it will after you have
 spoken to half a dozen times. And
 remember God, your parents nor yourself will
 be well pleased with work done that way.
 Work that done cheerfully and promptly,
 and promptly means *right off*, you know.

HARRY AND PRINCE.

"WHOA! ho, there! Aunt Amy, see
 how nicely I've got Prince hitched to my
 express waggon! May I go out into the
 street with him?"

"I think it is much nicer in your pleasant
 yard, Harry. There are rough boys and
 quarrelsome dogs in the street, and you
 might get into trouble. Prince looks well
 harnessed up; doesn't he?" she added, see-
 ing that Harry still turned longing eyes
 toward the street, and anxious to divert his
 attention some other way.

"Don't he, though?" exclaimed Harry
 with energy. "Prince is the finest dog in
 the land; he's a regular Newfoundland St.
 Bernard greyhound."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Aunt
 Amy, with a smile at Harry's remarkable
 mixture of dog families.

"Well, not quite, auntie. But it sounds
 big to call him so, and Prince's such a
 splendid fellow no name is too good for him."

"That is true. You may hold to the
 Newfoundland for him, but I would let the
 St. Bernard and the greyhound go. Prince
 is very little like a greyhound, and there
 are very few St. Bernard dogs left in the
 world now, so people might feel inclined to
 doubt his being one."

"Why, Aunt Amy, I thought the St.
 Bernard dogs were very famous dogs."

"So they have been for hundreds of years,
 but they are dying out as a dog race."

"I'd like to train a dog to save people,"
 said Harry thoughtfully as he led Prince
 out; "I know I could do that."

Aunt Amy heard nothing more of going
 out on the street. An hour later she went
 to look for the boy and dog, and saw a rest-
 less pile of dried leaves, the restlessness of
 which she soon perceived to be caused by
 Harry's movements under them. Prince

was frolicking about him, giving short barks
 and sniffs as if greatly enjoying the fun.

"Now, Prince," said Harry's voice from
 under the leaves, "you've found me where
 I was buried, and you must dig the snow
 all off me and lead me up to your home.
 Do you hear, doggie? Prince! Prince!
 stop! Don't you know you're going to be
 a Leonberg dog?"

But Prince had just heard the dinner-
 bell, and with a quick "Wough! wough!"
 he dashed away, leaving the poor traveller
 in the leafy snow to find his way out as he
 best might.—*Selected.*

"THAT BOOK."

"NELLIE, toss me that book," said a boy
 to his little sister.

"It isn't a book," said Miss Three-year-
 old. "It is the Bible, and it isn't to be
 tossed."

That was a lesson in reverence for her
 older brother to learn. Charlie's Latin
 grammar, the stories and histories on the
 centre-table, even the illustrated edition of
 Longfellow's poems—all these were books,
 according to the little maiden's idea; but
 the big volume out of which papa read in
 the morning and the morocco one with gilt
 clasps that mamma carried to Sabbath-
 school were not books—they were Bibles.
 Sometimes, perhaps, when mamma was not
 looking, she might venture to toss a book
 that did not have pretty covers, but the
 Bible never. We like the way this little
 girl revered the book. When we
 receive little presents from our friends, we
 value them very much in proportion as we
 love the givers. So should we value the
 Word of God, his present to us, so highly
 that no matter how simple the covers that
 enclose it, we shall always desire to take
 the best care of it, and allow it to serve
 no ignoble purpose.

A SWIMMING LESSON IN VENICE.

If the day is warm we shall see plenty
 of Venetian boys swimming in the canals,
 wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers,
 and they care so little for our approach
 that we are afraid our gondolas will run
 over some of them. The urchins are very
 quick and active, however, and we might
 as well try to touch a fish as one of them.
 I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen
 years old, who was sitting upon the steps of
 a house teaching her young brother to swim.
 The little fellow was very small, and she
 had tied a cord around his waist, one end of
 which she held in her hand. She would
 let the child get into the water and paddle
 away as well as he could. When he seemed
 tired or when he had gone far enough, she
 pulled him in. She looked very much as
 if she were fishing, with a small boy for
 bait.