



A QUEER PLACE TO READ.

WHERE DID BABY PASS THE NIGHT.

O BABY dear, why look so strange?
Whence come those staring eyes?
Some midnight journey did you take,
That filled you with surprise?

A mystic train of elves you saw
Astride their wisps of grain;
Then watched their weird and dainty dance
Amid the moonbeams rain?

Come, baby dear, with eyes so big,
Bewitched by some strange sight,
Pray, tell us what the matter is,
And where you passed the night?

Ah! now I know, the angels sweet,
They took you in their arms
And bore you back to paradise
To wonder at its charms.

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES."

"You have been stopping on the way, Tom," said a poor widow to her son as he gave her the article he had been sent for. "Why don't you come straight home, when you know my time is so precious?"

"I did so, mother, until I met Charlie Adams," he replied; "and then I staid only five minutes, to show him my new knife."

"Only five minutes," repeated the widow, "mean a great deal, when you come to reckon them all up."

Tom Price looked at his mother as if he had not understood her.

"Just reach down your slate," added the

widow, "and then you'll see what I mean."

Tom had his slate on his knee in a moment. "What am I to put down, mother?"

"Well, begin with five, and then tell me how many minutes you waste in a day."

Tom wrote the figure, scratched his head, and looked in the fire.

"Would thirty be too many?" asked his mother.

Tom did not think so.

"Very well," continued Mrs. Price, "there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; and half an hour each day gives you a total of one hundred and eighty-two and a half hours, or upward of fifteen days of twelve hours each, lost in twelve months."

Tom Price put his pencil between his lips and stared at the sum before him.

"Suppose you put down two hours for each day instead of thirty minutes," added his mother; "that will show a loss of more than sixty days in the year."

Tom Price was a sharp lad, and soon proved the truth of the widow's statement. "So it does, mother," he said.

"But when I send you for anything I want, and you stay loitering in the street, my time has to be reckoned up as well as yours, hasn't it?"

Of course, Tom couldn't deny that.

"Then, try to remember," said the widow, "what a serious loss even five minutes are to me. You know, my boy, how very hard I have to work to pay my rent, buy bread, and keep you at school; so you should endeavour to help rather than to hinder your poor mother."

"I'll run all the way the next time I go, mother," said Tom, with a sudden feeling of eagerness.

"No, no; I don't want you to do that. I only want you to bear in mind that our lives are made up of those same minutes, and that we cannot afford to throw them away just as we please." And the widow gave her son a very tender look.

Like a sensible little fellow, Tom Price took his mother's lesson to heart; and it was a long, long time before he was again heard to use the words, "Only five minutes."

Let our readers also reflect on the value of precious time, so as to improve it to the best advantage. And let them remember that to help us in this, as in every duty, we need God's grace; and this we shall receive if we ask in the name of Christ. He only can "so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

No obstacle can close the kingdom of heaven against him who desires to enter it.

LAP-LAND.

A SUNNY climate I know full well,
Where merry little people dwell,
Its funny name, if I may toll,
Is Lap-land.

And one may read upon one's toes
How this woe pig to market goes,
And that one squealeth out his woes,
In Lap-land.

E'en there the jolly baker-man
Doth pat his cakes as best he can,
And tosseth them into the pan,
In Lap-land.

And there resides good Dr. Bliss—
A very wiseacre, I wis—
Who cures all ailments with a kiss,
In Lap-land.

But I lived there so long ago,
The little folk I scarce should know
Whom once I met, for weal or woe,
In Lap-land.

AN AFRICAN MOTHER.

I WANT to tell the children who have kind fathers and mothers about a heathen father and mother who lived in Africa. The father got angry with the mother and made her drink poison, thinking it would kill her. She did not die, so he sold her to a slave-dealer (for there are men whose business it is to buy the poor Africans for slaves), and she was driven away from her home and her little child. Think how you would feel if your mother were driven off in that way and you could never see her again. Well, that black mother loved her child, and every night watched for a chance to escape. At last it came; the watchman was sleeping, and she managed to get her hands unfastened and stole noiselessly away. She had to walk day and night through the bush, tired, hungry and in danger from the wild beasts; but she reached her home, seized her child and escaped to where the missionaries were. Somehow she felt sure that the people who loved Jesus would take pity upon her; and they did.

SELF-PRAISE

My name is Jack, and I am a good dog. My kennel is right by the chicken-house door, and a part of my work is to see that thieves do not carry off any of our hens or roosters at night.

There is a big dog named Dude living near by, that I do not like very well, and I have had a few pretty bad scrapes with him. I wish that he would move out of our town.