

"No, no, habchen! Do not cry! Pray to the dear God. He will surely help us. But come! we must not stand still."

Himself almost sinking with cold and fatigue, the brave boy drew his little charge along as best he could through the deepening drifts.

The ground grew steep and rugged, and a rocky ledge arose on one side of them. But, all at once, at the foot of this almost perpendicular wall, an opening appeared. Hans peered into the darkness, and cried out with relief.

"It is a cave, Greta, and it is quite dry. Let me help you in! We must stay here till the storm is over. Did I not say that God would help us?"

"But it is so dark in there!"

"But God can see us in the dark as well as in the light. Do you not remember what our father read? Come, dear Greta, quickly, and do not be afraid!"

He gently lifted the little girl and then clambered in after her. The rocky passage seemed to wind into the side of the hill. Hans groped along, holding Greta tightly by the hand, until they came to a place which seemed quite warm and sheltered, where the cold air from the entrance no longer reached them. Here, too, they found a broad shelf of rock covered with something which felt like dry moss. Utterly weary, the two children lay down upon this strange bed, and, closely locked in each other's embrace, were soon fast asleep.

Meanwhile, as the storm increased, and the early darkness began to fall, the mother at home had been half-wild with anxiety. Unable to leave her baby to go in search of the children, she could only await her husband's return from his work.

"Are they not come?" were his first words, as he saw her standing with a pallid face upon the threshold.

"No no! O Martin! I fear they have perished!"

Night came on apace, while with shovels and lanterns, the kindly neighbors assisted the despairing father in his vain search. The hill-side resounded with the names of the lost children, yet no sound disturbed their sleep. The snow drifted quietly across the cave's mouth, shutting them in as if by an unseen hand.

It was almost dawn when Hans suddenly sat up, and drew his hand across his eyes. For a moment he could not tell where he was, but as a prolonged call fell upon his ears, he remembered all.

"Greta, Greta," he cried, tugging at the little sleeper beside him; "get up! It must be father come for us!"

"Here! here!"

The father heard the shrill, answering shout, and almost at the same moment he saw by the light of the torch which he carried, two heads emerging from a shower of crumbling snow, while the dearest of voices called him in accents which he had feared might never gladden his ears again.

When the reunited family sat once more together beside their glowing fire—the mother with baby Agnes on her lap, and Hans and Greta upon either side—the father opened the worn Bible at the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

"Dear children," he said, "the Lord has always a place of refuge for those who trust him. The hills are his, and the deep places of the earth."

"For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret

of his tabernacle shall He hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock."

Who are the Richest?

"I am really very sorry for you," said a Devoniensis that grew on the sunny side of a peach-house, to a wild rose that had clambered over the garden wall.

"I don't know why you should be," said the wild rose, "I am quite as well off as you."

"As well off as I am!" cried the Devoniensis, scornfully, "why the gardener takes no notice of you at all. I don't believe he even knows you are there."

"I don't suppose he does," said the wild rose, "but what then?"

"Why, he comes and looks at me every day," said the Devoniensis, "and gives me water if I want, and covers me up at night so that the frost can't get to me; and examines me every morning to see that I have no blight. I haven't a single want that he doesn't attend to."

"Ah, well, no doubt it is a fine thing to be you," said the wild rose, "but after all I am quite as well off."

"I don't know how you make that out," said the Devoniensis, in an offended tone, "you have no one to see to your wants."

"True; but I haven't got the wants, so it comes to the same thing. The frost doesn't hurt me, so I don't need covering; and the blight never troubles me, so I don't need washing; and as to water, I get as much as I want of that from the sky. So I think after all I am better off than you: surely those are the richest that have the fewest wants."

The Precious and the Trivial.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear lest I had made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret. The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought, but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. Teach me to number my days. An hour-glass to turn me, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

Through Childhood's Eyes.

I wonder if we wouldn't like to go back again and see how it feels to be five years old! To feel the dance in our feet and the morning in our faces; to look at the big world again with baby eyes! Some of us have forgotten all about it and are gold-plated so heavily that our souls can't get out to get a breath of air. But some of us remember.

We remember how we looked out of life's east window and saw the dawn angels pull back the curtains of pink and gold to wake up the sun. We listened wide-eyed and wondering when the brook told us about the water sprites that emptied their pitchers away up on the hillside. Why we knew all that the birds said to each other then. How is it we cannot understand now? We knew just as well when Mrs. Robin went down into the garden to do some shopping and left her husband to keep house, because we heard him

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scolding about it all to himself up in the pear tree.

And there used to be fairies then. Why, once I knew where fairyland was! It was in the corner of the old rail fence. An apple tree stretched its long, knotted arms over it; the grass stood about with its long, delicate ears pricked up to listen.

There were many little bowers in fairyland, winding walks and groves of cedar and evergreen twigs, bits of flower beds and choice clumps of moss. In the midst was a lovely lake, and only the grown-up people imagined it to be a piece of looking glass. That was because they couldn't see. And on moon-light nights the fairies came, for there used to be fairies then.

The Coming Man.

We hear a great deal about "the coming man," and what he will do. Do you know what the coming man is? Well, I will tell you; he is a boy now. He thinks manhood is a long way off, and some older people seem to think that boyhood will last forever, but it will only be a few days before that little boy will be taller than his mother, stronger than his father, and perhaps will think he knows more than both of them!

What kind of a man will the coming man be? That depends on what kind of a boy he is now. If he is dirty, and crooked, and mean, and tricky, and greedy, and quarrelsome, and dishonest, and disobedient, he will make a poor kind of a man. But if he is sober, and temperate, and honest, and trusty, and studious, and obedient, and truthful, and frank, and kind, and clean, and diligent, and faithful, then the coming man will be worth seeing and waiting for.

Fathers and mothers are looking after the coming man. He is "a little man" now, but he may soon be a great man, and they are hoping and working to give him all the chance they can, that he may be a good man.

What are the boys and girls doing to help on the coming man? to be what he may be, and what he should be, and what they want him to be?

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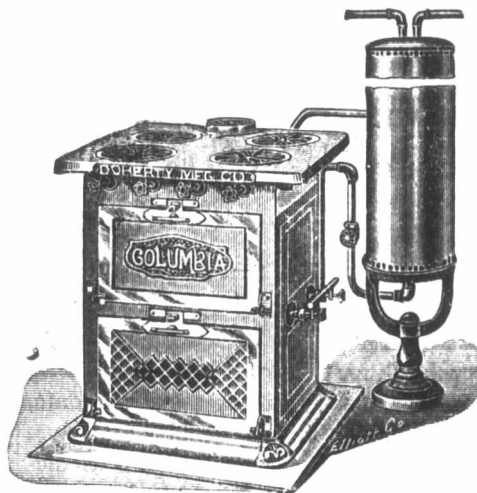
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