

Poetry.

SOME TIME

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned
And suns and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet.

Will flash before us amid life's dark night,
As stars shine north in deeper tints of blue;
And what we see how all God's plans were right,
And what most seemed reproof, was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me—
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;

And in his private quietude
Two much of sweet to craving babyhood;
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sabbal path of death
Concerns the fairest born His love can send;

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans lie little pure and white unrolled;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyx of gold;

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where three feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

—Selected.

The Fireside.

SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A., returned from his country-house to the comfort of a bright coal fire, and warm arm chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back into his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow—what could be the matter with Mr. A.—? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room, the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply—"People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains, no end to the new things to be bought, I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity. There are the bills for the girls and boys—they must have twice as much now as before we came into this house—wonder if I did right in building it!" And Mr. A.—glanced uneasily up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence—he was tired, harassed, and drowsy, his head began to swim and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments conversation with him. Mr. A.—asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A.—presented him with a paper. "It is your last subscription to missions," said he, "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before, but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A.—was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had ever been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the same excuses which appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before. The hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society, have you any thing to add to it. You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would furnish means; do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A.—was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A.—became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate; now the objects increase every day—call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger received back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul:

"One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago, when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed—who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself lost, so helpless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh yes, it was."

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.

There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."

Frank had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass and cut off all his fair locks.

His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way:

When they were at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he were not little Franky, but his brother only shook his head.

He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so, "Well, God knows me anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's. Those who are near and dear to us may no longer own him, but if we are his children, "God knows us"—Eschwege.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.
First, William the Norman; then William the First, Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John.

Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three;

And again, Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary Queen Bess.

Then Jamie, the Scotsman, then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past.

God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

TO THE BOYS.—We copy from the Lewiston Journal the following specimens of juvenile success in business:

"There is a grammar school in this city who has made and saved \$100 the past year in selling fruit, confectionery, etc., on the streets at odd hours. It is now vacation with him and he is clearing his \$120 a day, selling fruit and lemonade on the street. There is a lad who for five or six years has been selling fruit, etc., on the Maine Central Railroad, whose pluck and business tact are quite remarkable. His only anxiety now is lest he may grow too tall and grow old too fast, so that he can't keep on in the old business. He is now perhaps 17 years of age, and owns several small houses and other buildings in Bath, and is worth \$7000 or \$8000. The foundation of fortune is laid in the habits of industry and economy formed in early years, and these indicate that quite a nest-egg may be laid by a lad this side of his twenty-first birthday."

FOUNDATIONS OF THE NILE.—The soil of Egypt is of unsurpassed fertility, and its richness is annually renewed by the inundation of the Nile, which deposits upon the land a coating of mud, rendering needless any other manure. In many parts ploughing is dispensed with, the seed being thrown upon the mud, and sheep, goats, or oxen, turned loose in the fields to trample on the grain; though in other parts agriculture is carried on with considerable labor and care, especially where artificial irrigation can be resorted to. The rise of the Nile begins in Egypt in the latter part of June; but it is perceptible at Gondokoro, lat. 5 degrees north, as early as February, at Khartoum in the latter part of March, and at Dongola in May. The inundation reaches its greatest height between September 20th and 25th, when it is usually twenty feet above the low-water level. It remains at that height fifteen days, and then gradually falls, till it is at its lowest about the middle of May. It rises sometimes thirty feet, when it does great damage. If it rises less than eighteen feet, a famine is the consequence in some districts not under artificial irrigation. The following plants are sown immediately after the inundation begins to subside, and are harvested three or four months later; wheat, barley, beans, peas, lentils, vetches, lupins, clover, flax, lettuce, hemp, cotton, poppy, tobacco, water-melon, and cucumbers.—Appleton's Cyclopaedia.

FREDDIE'S PATCHED CLOTHES.—Freddie Ray was generally a good little boy, but he had one very bad fault, when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed—who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself lost, so helpless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh yes, it was."

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.
There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."
Frank had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass and cut off all his fair locks.

His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way:

When they were at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.
There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."
Frank had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass and cut off all his fair locks.

His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way:

When they were at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he were not little Franky, but his brother only shook his head.

He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so, "Well, God knows me anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's. Those who are near and dear to us may no longer own him, but if we are his children, "God knows us"—Eschwege.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.
First, William the Norman; then William the First, Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John.

Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three;

And again, Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary Queen Bess.

Then Jamie, the Scotsman, then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past.

God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

TO THE BOYS.—We copy from the Lewiston Journal the following specimens of juvenile success in business:

"There is a grammar school in this city who has made and saved \$100 the past year in selling fruit, confectionery, etc., on the streets at odd hours. It is now vacation with him and he is clearing his \$120 a day, selling fruit and lemonade on the street. There is a lad who for five or six years has been selling fruit, etc., on the Maine Central Railroad, whose pluck and business tact are quite remarkable. His only anxiety now is lest he may grow too tall and grow old too fast, so that he can't keep on in the old business. He is now perhaps 17 years of age, and owns several small houses and other buildings in Bath, and is worth \$7000 or \$8000. The foundation of fortune is laid in the habits of industry and economy formed in early years, and these indicate that quite a nest-egg may be laid by a lad this side of his twenty-first birthday."

FOUNDATIONS OF THE NILE.—The soil of Egypt is of unsurpassed fertility, and its richness is annually renewed by the inundation of the Nile, which deposits upon the land a coating of mud, rendering needless any other manure. In many parts ploughing is dispensed with, the seed being thrown upon the mud, and sheep, goats, or oxen, turned loose in the fields to trample on the grain; though in other parts agriculture is carried on with considerable labor and care, especially where artificial irrigation can be resorted to. The rise of the Nile begins in Egypt in the latter part of June; but it is perceptible at Gondokoro, lat. 5 degrees north, as early as February, at Khartoum in the latter part of March, and at Dongola in May. The inundation reaches its greatest height between September 20th and 25th, when it is usually twenty feet above the low-water level. It remains at that height fifteen days, and then gradually falls, till it is at its lowest about the middle of May. It rises sometimes thirty feet, when it does great damage. If it rises less than eighteen feet, a famine is the consequence in some districts not under artificial irrigation. The following plants are sown immediately after the inundation begins to subside, and are harvested three or four months later; wheat, barley, beans, peas, lentils, vetches, lupins, clover, flax, lettuce, hemp, cotton, poppy, tobacco, water-melon, and cucumbers.—Appleton's Cyclopaedia.

FREDDIE'S PATCHED CLOTHES.—Freddie Ray was generally a good little boy, but he had one very bad fault, when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed—who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself lost, so helpless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh yes, it was."

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.
There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."
Frank had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass and cut off all his fair locks.

His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way:

When they were at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he were not little Franky, but his brother only shook his head.

He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so, "Well, God knows me anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's. Those who are near and dear to us may no longer own him, but if we are his children, "God knows us"—Eschwege.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.
First, William the Norman; then William the First, Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John.

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.
There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW."
Frank had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass and cut off all his fair locks.

His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way:

When they were at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he were not little Franky, but his brother only shook his head.

He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so, "Well, God knows me anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's. Those who are near and dear to us may no longer own him, but if we are his children, "God knows us"—Eschwege.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.
First, William the Norman; then William the First, Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John.

Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three;

And again, Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary Queen Bess.

Then Jamie, the Scotsman, then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past.

God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

TO THE BOYS.—We copy from the Lewiston Journal the following specimens of juvenile success in business:

"There is a grammar school in this city who has made and saved \$100 the past year in selling fruit, confectionery, etc., on the streets at odd hours. It is now vacation with him and he is clearing his \$120 a day, selling fruit and lemonade on the street. There is a lad who for five or six years has been selling fruit, etc., on the Maine Central Railroad, whose pluck and business tact are quite remarkable. His only anxiety now is lest he may grow too tall and grow old too fast, so that he can't keep on in the old business. He is now perhaps 17 years of age, and owns several small houses and other buildings in Bath, and is worth \$7000 or \$8000. The foundation of fortune is laid in the habits of industry and economy formed in early years, and these indicate that quite a nest-egg may be laid by a lad this side of his twenty-first birthday."

FOUNDATIONS OF THE NILE.—The soil of Egypt is of unsurpassed fertility, and its richness is annually renewed by the inundation of the Nile, which deposits upon the land a coating of mud, rendering needless any other manure. In many parts ploughing is dispensed with, the seed being thrown upon the mud, and sheep, goats, or oxen, turned loose in the fields to trample on the grain; though in other parts agriculture is carried on with considerable labor and care, especially where artificial irrigation can be resorted to. The rise of the Nile begins in Egypt in the latter part of June; but it is perceptible at Gondokoro, lat. 5 degrees north, as early as February, at Khartoum in the latter part of March, and at Dongola in May. The inundation reaches its greatest height between September 20th and 25th, when it is usually twenty feet above the low-water level. It remains at that height fifteen days, and then gradually falls, till it is at its lowest about the middle of May. It rises sometimes thirty feet, when it does great damage. If it rises less than eighteen feet, a famine is the consequence in some districts not under artificial irrigation. The following plants are sown immediately after the inundation begins to subside, and are harvested three or four months later; wheat, barley, beans, peas, lentils, vetches, lupins, clover, flax, lettuce, hemp, cotton, poppy, tobacco, water-melon, and cucumbers.—Appleton's Cyclopaedia.

FREDDIE'S PATCHED CLOTHES.—Freddie Ray was generally a good little boy, but he had one very bad fault, when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed—who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself lost, so helpless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "Oh yes, it was."

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"What have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything. What is all I have to what thou hast done for me?"—N. Y. Evangelist.

GIRLS, HELP YOURSELVES.
There is real nobility in the power to help one's self. A genuine girl, in these days, ought to be above the accidents of changing circumstances. There may be foolish butterfly girls, who care supremely for dress and admiration, and who float on the sunlit current of to-day, as though no storm could ever come. To them a word of advice and warning may seem as an idle tale. To the girl whose bright eyes have all occupied themselves in looking about her, and seeing the events which befall people every day, it will appear otherwise. You may be living now in elegance and luxury, the petted darling of your father's spacious house, without a visible thorn or briar of care to prick you, but it may not be long before you are called on to face misfortune. The problem of how to live may stare you in the face, as it has stared others. If you are rich and well to do, you have a great advantage over those whose limited means give them no power of choice. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. A poor girl cannot look about her and say, "There is this work which I like to do, which I would like to be congenial. I will take time and prepare myself to enter upon it." She must do what comes first to hand, whether or not it be agreeable, and be content with her wages. On the other hand, the young woman who is comfortably and pleasantly established can take her time and arm herself against the day of necessity by the acquiring of some useful art, trade or accomplishment.