

## Poetry.

## EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

When weariness with life's spirit fills,  
When deep disgust consumes me with my lot,  
I draw some store of comfort from the ill  
I haven't got.

To find that fortune at my coming lies,  
To bankrupt be in health, in fame, in purse,  
Is bad enough; but I philosophize—  
It might be worse.

Incessantly we make a great ado,  
The mouth of misery is wide agape;  
But happier we, I fancy, if we knew  
What we escape.

The common woes of life are bad enough;  
Misfortunes fall as easy as the dew,  
And still, for every morning steak that's tough  
There might be two.

This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out  
Against the leech, the calomel, the bed.  
O, inhuman pain, cease to pout—  
You might be dead.

And this one hath the mitten; he has woeed.  
Vainly, lack, his woeing it has sped,  
Well—'tis in this there's comfort, rightly viewed—  
He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is woe.  
Away in panic; he has had to "fail."  
He should, I think, be cheerful that he's kept  
Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a twenty-dollar bill—  
And did I wring my hands that I had blundered?  
Not I, indeed! I'm very thankful still  
'Twas not a hundred.

Sooth, should I ever capsize when walks are bad,  
And my good cleave involve in wreck,  
Serenely, I should say, How very glad  
It's not my neck.

O trust me—better not to make ado  
At the few miseries of our common lot,  
There's millions of 'em, if we only knew!  
We haven't got.

—J. F. P., in *The Manhattan*.

## The Fireside.

## A TALK TO SHY BOYS.

One of my boy friends came to see me a while ago; a very little boy, he is only six years old, but he said something which set me thinking. He is such a shy little fellow that he reminds me of nothing so much as a little turtle shut up in his shell. When he is all alone with me, however, he sometimes opens his shell, and gives me a glimpse of what is going on inside. He did so on this occasion. He was seated on the edge of the big rocking-chair with his small hands thrust into the pockets of first knickerbockers. His brow was wrinkled, and he looked very unhappy. Being such a little fellow he could not express himself with much fluency, but to me his blunders were eloquent.

"I've got to go visiting," he remarked gloomily. "I've got to go with mamma to see my grandpa. Do you know I have a grandpa? I have, and I've got aunts—I've got uncles—and I've got—folks. He enumerated his relations as if each particular class were an especial affliction. He continued: "There's an awful lot of people at my grandpa's house." Here he left his chair and nestled close to me. "I'll tell you something," he said mysteriously, "I'm afraid of them. Last time I went there I shivered—I didn't say anything, but I shivered."

And I thought of dozens of boys whom I know who are a great deal older than my little turtle, to whom the hours which they are forced to spend in society are so many hours of silent agony. Like little Jack, they don't "say anything, but they shiver."

A while ago, too, I was present at an examination in one of the most thorough private schools in the city. When the class in French conversation was examined, two brothers whom I knew were in it. The elder was the more thorough French scholar of the two, but the younger carried off the honors solely on account of his superior coolness and composure. He was quite ready to chat with his teacher, and even made a bright little joke in French which delighted the audience. But when it was his brother's turn, every idea forsook him; he started, blushed, and could only stammer out "Foolish Monsieur," and sat covered with confusion as with a garment.

"I knew how it would be," he said hopelessly, afterward. "I always go to sleep on oral examinations."

I felt so sorry for Hal, that when I went home I told Mrs. Experience about it. Mrs. Experience is a wise woman who lives in our family, and whom I often consult on my own and other people's difficulties.

"I wish," said I to her, "that I could do something to help shy boys."

"I'll tell you a little story that perhaps may assist you," she said smiling.

"When I taught school, twenty years ago, in Wisconsin, I had a scholar named Sam B.—. He was eighteen years old, and was exceedingly tall and awkward. He was backward in his studies, for his educational advantages had been limited; but he was very contented with his defects, and feared ridicule. I think he was the most bashful fellow I have ever known. Notwithstanding all this, he was bent on gaining an education, and was determined, as he expressed it, to 'make a man of himself.'"

"Of course I was ready to help him, and as he had a fine mind he went forward rapidly in his studies."

"Now, it was a rule of mine that my pupils should each prepare either a dissertation or a composition for every Friday. This Sam had hitherto been excused from. When I thought him sufficiently advanced, however, I told him to be prepared with a dissertation on the following Friday."

"Oh! Miss Grace," he objected, "I can't; anything but that! I never could speak a piece. All the fellows would laugh at the very idea."

"But Sam," I urged, "it will be the best thing in the world for you. What you lack is confidence in yourself, and that would help you win it."

"I should certainly feel, he answered.

"Sam," said I, "you won't fail if you make up your mind to succeed. At all events, you must recite some selection before the school on Friday next."

"What will you do if I refuse?" asked he.

"You would be obliged to leave the school," I answered promptly. "I can have no scholar in my school who refuses to recite to his classmates."

"Well," he replied, "that's fair. I'll make up my mind that I can speak, if course I'll leave."

"I watched for Friday with a good deal of anxiety. In about the middle of the exercises, I said, 'We will now have a recitation by Samuel B.—.'

"Sam turned all sorts of colors, but he walked forward to the platform, made his bow and essayed to speak, but he shook all over, and the words would not come. Fifty pairs of curious eyes seemed boring into his very soul, and his voice died away in a hoarse whisper. He walked stiffly to the water-pail, took a drink and came back to the platform; just then he heard a suppressed titter, and that struck him. Grasping a shaking knee in each hand he thus apostrophized his recitant limbs:

"Keep still, he cried, 'keep still, I tell you, for I will speak.'"

"That lesson his tongue, and the famous old periods came rolling out."

"Not many generations ago, where we now sit, encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civil-

ized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild dog dug his hole unscared, and so on.

"That boy," concluded Mrs. Experience, fanning herself complacently, "became a member of Congress from his native State, and a very eloquent speaker he is too."

I thanked Mrs. Experience for her kindness in telling me this story, and went on thinking, but it seemed to me that I saw a glimmer of daylight.

That very evening Charles Axtell dropped into the sitting-room, just home from his first trip West as a commercial traveller. Now, Charles is a very domestic, home-loving fellow, modest and unobtrusive, with but a small opinion of himself, and such being the case I feared he had not enjoyed his Western experiences very much.

"Oh!" said he, in answer to my questions, "at the start it was awful. I walked up and down in front of my first customer's door for fully half an hour without the courage to go in, and when I did get in the store I had to say a word to say for myself, and precious few for my firm. How I did it I don't know, but I managed to make a small sale, so my first effort was not an absolute failure; but the first two weeks were terrible. I wasn't going to let my self be beaten, though, so I persevered, and take it all in all, I have made a very successful trip."

One little sentence of Charles's stuck in my head. "I wasn't going to let myself be beaten," said he. Ah! that was it. The boy who is deterred from doing anything by shyness lets himself be beaten. His shyness conquers him when he should conquer the shyness.

One of our most noted humorous lecturers once asked Mr. Beecher what he should do to overcome a certain nervous trembling which always attended him whenever he faced an audience.

"My boy," said the wise old veteran, "I don't think that you ever will get over it; you had best not make it."

This habit of shyness if nursed and yielded to, may come to dominate a man's whole career, and may so fetter his actions that his native powers may never be fully developed; but if fought with, it can be conquered and put down and kept in its proper place. Sam did it when he resolved that he would speak. Charles did it when he determined not to be beaten, and every boy can do so if he will exert his own courage and self-control.—*Christian at Work*.

## WHAT OUR GIRLS SHOULD KNOW.

I think there can be no question that the education of our girls falls lamentably short in fitting them for their natural sphere as capable and efficient wives and mothers. Physiology I know is taught to some extent, but as so much of many a wife's and mother's time is spent by the sick-bed, it is not a simple neglect of duty not to prepare the girl for what is inevitably before her? Could not this be done by adding a thorough medical and nursing course to the regular school course? This would prolong the girl's life, but would be an undoubted advantage to her, since as a rule girls take up the joys and cares of widowhood and motherhood too early an age. Should not the mother be able to judge intelligently of the symptoms of disease, the remedies required, and know what to do in sickness and when and how to do it? Am I visionary or not?

The tendencies of the present time are in the direction of prolonging the girl's school life and delaying marriage until a thorough course of culture has been gone through. But, however long a girl may study, she can never learn all she should know; all she needs to know, when she is a wife and mother. Marriage is itself a long apprenticeship, a school which one must enter before one can even begin to learn some important lessons. The newly-made wife soon perceives that however much she has learned, the ocean of knowledge is still before her.

But our girls may learn and should learn right methods of living, of acting, of thinking and feeling. They should be well grounded in all the underlying principles of morality, physical, social and spiritual. They may learn to be accurate, painstaking, thorough, industrious and patient. They may learn not to cry over misfortune and disappointment and annoyances, but to devise means of overcoming all these things. Boys learn this, and little boys are as ready to cry over trifles as are little girls. If it were considered well and unwomanly to cry, girls would learn to choke back their tears, as boys do, and turn the force of their feeling into action rather than let it dribble away in mere salt water.

A certain curriculum cannot be prescribed for girls any more than it can be for boys. In our colleges for young men there are various courses suited to various needs—classical course, scientific, literary, etc. It is presumed, however, that each student who faithfully goes through the studies in any one of these courses is prepared in his measure, for the work of life. He learns to use the faculties he possesses, and how to apply them to the mastery of the tasks given him. He is held up by his professors to certain high standards of attainment, and his greater or less success marks the degree of his proficiency. When he goes out into active, business life, he has everything to learn, perhaps, in the application of acquired habits and information to the work in hand, whatever it may be. The same is true of girls.

It would be impossible for thousands of girls to take a course in medicine or in nursing that would fit them to take charge of cases of severe sickness—such cases should be entrusted to professional practitioners—but they can learn a great deal about diseases, their symptoms and treatment, if they use the opportunities for doing so thrown almost every day in their way. They can learn hygienic ways of living, which, introduced into their home households, will prevent sickness and drive it away. They can acquire such habits of adapting themselves to work, needed, of observation and attention to details, as will make them quick to do in emergencies what should be done. The girl who in her quiet home is habitually systematic, methodical, faithful, conscientious in the work assigned her, and brings to it all the intelligence she can command, when called to higher duties and larger spheres of influence can not fail to exemplify the same qualities and virtues—and these always insure success.

Some mothers are so situated that they cannot have their daughters taught general housework and sewing, but if right habits are wrought in them, and right methods are used in what they are taught, the final results will be satisfactory. Said a mother, "I was afraid that Mary would not make a good seamstress, as I couldn't teach her when she was a little girl, but at last when she had a chance to learn she brought to her work the same painstaking, fidelity and taste she had shown in her music and drawing, and in the care of her person, and she is now a thorough and beautiful seamstress, doing well whatever she does."

It may be that many of the domestic arts practised in most families at the present time will, in the near future, be relegated to parties outside the household, as are the arts of carding, spinning, weaving, dying, etc., like that. But our grandmothers were so familiar with them, and the conditions necessary to happiness and success in our households do not change with its industries.

## TWO ENDS.

When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I was a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointing towards pleasure, and he does not know that the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah, yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

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## STORIES.

## SIGNED WITH BLOOD.

"Father, won't you be a Christian? Won't you give your heart to Jesus now?"

So pleaded a handsome, gallant lad of seventeen, as with a husky break in his voice he buckled on his knapsack and prepared to bid a long farewell to his home beneath the green hills of Maryland. Often before had he uttered the same prayer, but without avail. Now it is for the last time, and the father's heart is touched; but sin's hold on him is very strong, and he answers:

"Not now, my boy; time enough for that when you come back from the war."

"When you come back from the war?" Vain hope! One short month later, on a hard pallet in a hospital tent, lies the brave lad, wounded unto death. No fear for his own soul clouds his brow. No, thank God! he knows he is going home. But his father—

He hurriedly seizes paper and pencil, scrawls a few lines with the old request; tries to sign it; but his trembling fingers fail, and instead of his name, appears one great blot of blood.

When the father looked on that paper, his hard heart was broken, and he groaned forth:

"Oh, I can't refuse it, I can't refuse it! It is signed with his blood!"

Children, the Lord Jesus is pleading with you now to turn to Him; and—oh, solemn truth!—He has signed the request with His blood. Will you, can you, refuse it? Oh trust Him now, love Him now, and you will be His forever.—*Home and School*.

## THE MYSTERY.

No. 133.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.  
—o—o—o—d—e—t—w—y—n—n—  
—o—m—n—y—u—l—b—r—  
—e—f—e—s—t—e—i—w—e—t—  
—e—l—o—r—e—d—e—g—b—u—r—  
Central Hampstead, Queens.

No. 134.—BIBLICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
My whole, consisting of 11 letters, is the name of an Assyrian King.  
My 6, 5, 10, 3 was a wicked man.  
My 10, 1, 5, 10, 7 was the son of Amoz.  
My 8, 11, 2, 9 was a priest in the time of Josiah.  
My 7, 5, 3, 4, 5, 7 the mother of Israel's last judge.  
Sussex, Kings.

No. 135.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.  
1. What does Solomon say of a man that is hasty in his words?  
2. Where are the words, "We spend our years as a tale that is told?"  
Frederickton.

No. 136.—PIED QUOTATION.  
Huttr is sa pomebital of eb lodeci yb may wudrot cohtu sa eh nubmaba. "BIBLICAL."  
Hampstead, Queens.

No. 137.—ALLITERATION.  
1. —ve—lightens—about.  
2. —et—o—ly—lilies—line—e—s—only—  
—me.  
Ed.

No. 138.—AN OLD PUZZLE REPHRASED.  
"In times of old, when Scripture doth record,  
There lived one who never did offend the Lord;  
She spake the truth and ne'er did sin commit—  
Yet in Christ's Kingdom she shall never sit."  
By request.—C. B. A.  
Detroit, Michigan.

No. 139.—SQUARE WORD.  
\*\*\* One of the sons of Jacob.  
\*\*\* A place remarkable for its beauty.  
\*\*\* Part of the temple when Jesus was crucified.  
A word used by poets for within.  
"MARIANNE."  
Oak Point, Kings.

No. 140.—BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.  
1. A famous military man.  
2. A son of Bela.  
3. An Israelitish King.  
4. A disciple.  
5. A high priest.  
My initials name a wicked man.  
Frederickton. No NAME.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.  
(June 6th.)  
No. 113.—P  
NET  
PETER  
R

No. 114.—Romans xii. 21. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."  
No. 115.—O  
N  
A  
S  
A  
P  
H  
T  
H  
A  
N  
A

No. 116.—Seir. (Deut. ii. 5.) Rise. Sire.  
No. 117.—Exodus xx. 12.  
No. 118.—Matthew xxiv. 44.  
No. 119.—Sunday.  
No. 120.—Jer. xvii. 1.

CH. A. T.  
LOTTE R. STEVENS, Carleton, St. John.—You have correctly solved Nos. 113, 114, 115 (partly), 116, 117, 118 and 120. Thanks for kindness.

ANNE M. NEWCOMB, Carleton, St. John.—You are correct in your answer to No. 120. We are glad to see such persevering toil. You will be richly rewarded.

BERTHA I. BURNETT, Sussex Vale, Kings.—Nos. 114, 117, and 123 are correct. Write to us again, and send us some original Scripture Puzzles. Search the Scriptures.

"V. A.," Lower Prince William, York.—We have received the Puzzle, etc. We will offer the same in next issue. Thank you for your interest. The puzzle is not very difficult, but we will give your careful studying of God's Word.

HOME HINTS.  
Dissolve some alum in the whitewash to keep it from rubbing off.

A WRITER in *Hypocrite's* states that boots and shoes may be rendered water-proof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty skin within the leather and makes it impervious to water.

GRAHAM BEARD.—Three cups of Graham flour, two cups of wheat flour, sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, adding enough cold water to make a soft dough. It will require a longer time to bake than wheat bread.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, whites of four eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder, mix in a little flour, mix to a smooth, medium-thick batter, flavor with rose-water or lemon. Forcing, nine heaping teaspoons of powdered sugar, the white of one egg.

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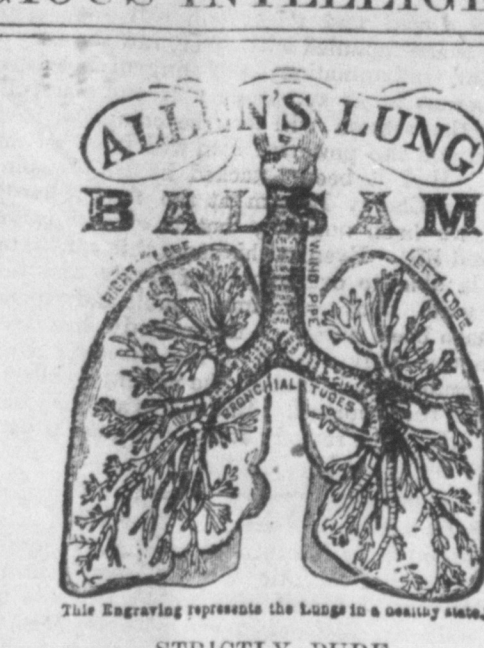
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