

## Poetry.

## THE PARADOX OF TIME.

Time goes, you say! Ah no!  
Alas, Time stays, we go;  
Or else, were this not so,  
What need to chain the hours,  
For Youth were always ours!  
Time goes, you say! Ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit  
Of men whose lying feet  
Lead through some landscape low;  
We pass, and think we go;  
The earth's fixed surface lies—  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old,  
Your locks were curling gold,  
And mine had shamed the crow;  
Now, in the self-same stage,  
We've reached the silver age!  
Time goes, you say! Ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,  
I filled the woods with song;  
To praise your "rose" and "snow";  
My bird, that sang, is dead;  
Where are your roses dead?  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,  
What backward Fate delays  
The hopes we used to know;  
Where are our old desires—  
Ah, where those vanished fires—  
Time goes, you say! Ah no!

How far, how far, O Sweet,  
The path beyond our feet  
Lies in the even-glow!  
Now, on the forward way,  
Let us fold hands, and pray;  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

—Old World Idylls, Austin Dobson.

## OUR FATHER AND FRIEND IS HE.

"The great, the mighty God; great in counsel and mighty in work."—Jer. 32: 18, 19.

Has He not written it plainly  
On the earth, the sea, the sky!  
Boast not of reading my purpose,  
Of knowing my counsels high.  
Broad as the universe are they,  
Deep as the fathomless sea,  
How can the thoughts of the Infinite  
Be comprehended by thee?

Scientists, confine me,  
Measure my plans for the spheres,  
Mark out the path for my working  
On through the cone of years.  
But my cyclones mark their wisdom,  
My floods sweep over their might,  
That I rule!—they read it only  
By my storm-clouds' lurid light.

Yet not 'mid storms lies his pathway,  
Our Father and Friend is He;  
In the "still small voice" He speaketh  
To the loving heart and free.  
He calls us chosen and cherished,  
The blessed He gives guidance and sight.  
When all earth's glories have perished  
Our God will be glory and light.

## The Fireside.

## BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

THE GRATITUDE OF A STATE FOR A GIRL'S HEROIC DEED.

The Iowa Legislature has presented Kate Shelley with an elegant medal and a purse of \$200 for saving a train from destruction on the Chicago and North-western Railroad, on the night of July 6, 1881.

The following is an account of her heroic deed:

Just before midnight, on July 6, 1881, a storm of wind and rain of unusual severity descended upon the region around River View. In an hour's time the Des Moines River rose about six feet. So great was the velocity of the wind that many buildings were destroyed. Looking from her window, Kate Shelley saw through the darkness and storm a locomotive headlight. A second later it dropped from sight, and she knew that the Honey Creek bridge was gone, and that the train had fallen into the abyss. There was no one at home except her mother, her little brother and sister, and the girl knew that if the express train, soon due, was warned of the dreadful danger, she must undertake the task alone. She hurried from the house into the storm; she gained the railroad track, and made her way toward Morningside, a station about a mile from Honey Creek, as fast as she could struggle against the terrible wind. To reach Morningside it was necessary for her to cross the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines River, which was exposed to the full force of the storm and about five hundred feet in length. She stepped upon the structure; the wind, the rain, the howling, the lightning were appalling. She nearly lost her balance, and just escaped falling into the swollen stream. She could not see a foot ahead of her. The darkness was intense, except when the dazzling lightning revealed the timbers and the surging and seething waters below. Knowing that not a moment must be lost, she crept from tie to tie, across the high trestle. Having gained the ground on the further side, she ran to the station, told her story in breathless haste, and fell unconscious at the feet of the station keeper. Telegrams were sent flying up and down the line, notifying all of the loss of the Honey Creek bridge. The express train came thundering along with many passengers on board, and was stopped.

Miss Shelley is now about eighteen years of age. The medal is very handsome. The work was done by Tiffany, of New York, and is beautiful and artistic. In form, it is round, and it is a little less than three inches in diameter, and weighs nearly five ounces, and is made of pure gold.

On both sides the medal is sunk below the edges so as to bring out the engraving in total relief and yet afford protection. On the face is a figure emblematic of Kate Shelley's daring exploit, crossing the railroad bridge in the storm and darkness, and on the reverse is the following inscription:

Presented by  
THE STATE OF IOWA  
TO  
KATE SHELLEY

With the thanks of the General Assembly in recognition of the courage and devotion of a child of fifteen years whose timely action saved the lives of the elements nor the fear of death could impede her efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines Valley on the night of July 6, 1881.

The figure on the face of the medal is in strong alto-relievo, and represents a young girl with a lantern in her hand and her hair streaming in the storm and tempest. The coming of the engraver has set forth the figure and timbers of the bridge with almost the distinctness of paint, while about the figure the medal has been polished to represent the drenching rain, while the rubbed cuts show the zigzag lightning in glittering lines.—Our Dumb Animals.

## OPENING THE GATE.

The following article contains a hint which many boys may profit by. There are too many youths who sit down and wait for others to "open the gate" for them when they meet with any difficulty, instead of using their own hands and strength to remove the obstacle:

"I wish you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a well-grown boy of ten to his mother as he paused with his satchel upon his head and surveyed its clasped fastenings.

"Why, John, can't you open the gate for your-

self?" said Mrs. Easy. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me, just as well. Pray, what is the use of having servants if they are not to wait upon us?"

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy he drew from his satchel his arithmetic, and began to inspect his sums.

"I cannot do these," he whispered to his seat-mate; "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know that I can," said John, "but it's too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Professor Helpwell."

Alas! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful science, "the laws of which are the mode in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands"—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone, and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously led him over to the idea that it is as well to have the gates opened for us to exert our strength. The result was, her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no "genius" for mathematics, and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns, and the conjugations of the verbs, as well as other boys of his age, but his estimate very kindly volunteered to "tell him in class," and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language when another would do it for him? Oh, no! John Easy had no ideas of trying his mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honor—to riches, gates to happiness! Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.

## THE FOUR TRIALS.

There was once an old monk walking through the forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength, and use both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But to! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them, the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."

"For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."

## "NO USE."

"I don't believe there is any use in doing all these exercises in house division. I have done two or three of them, and I know how just as well as though I had worked them all out on my slate."

"But practice makes perfect, Fred," was the answer of a schoolmate.

"I am as perfect as I want to be in long division, anyhow," the boy said in reply.

When examination day came, Fred failed in coming up to the required standard of "passing" in all his studies. He failed in long division.

"There is no use studying every moment of time; I must rest occasionally," he said later in the winter.

So he failed again, and this time it was in all his studies. In two or three years Fred went away from home to learn a trade. For a little time he did well, but one day he said to himself:

"There is no use in my working every moment."

And from that time he began to lose the confidence of his employer.

"I don't think you are the right boy for me, or else you are not learning the right trade," his employer said to him one day; and so Fred was discharged.

Fred went into business for himself, and for a while he prospered. But, as before, he said:

"There is no use in applying myself so closely to my business," and the result was that he failed utterly of succeeding in it.

So it was all through life; he failed in everything he undertook, and his "no use" reasoning ruined him.

Don't reason that way, boys, for there is use in doing everything well, and in sticking to it.

## LIFE'S CONTRAST.

Some find work where some find rest,  
And so the weary world goes on;  
I sometimes wonder what is best;  
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when eyes wake;  
And so the dreary night hours go;  
Some hearts beat where some hearts break.  
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold when other hands  
Are lifted bravely in the strife;  
And so they'ave and thro' lands  
Move on the extremes of life.

Some feet halt while some feet tread,  
In tireless march, a thorny way;  
Some struggle on where some have fled;  
Some seek, where others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep  
The vigils of the true and brave;  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their names above a grave.

## THE PRIZE.

Some sleep on while others keep  
The vigils of the true and brave;  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their names above a grave.

## LOST.

1. That young man who has drifted away from the moorings of childhood, and from the authority of his conscience.  
2. That young man who drinks a little liquor for his social cheer.  
3. That young man who visits the enchantress.  
4. That young man who abuses confidence for gain.  
5. That young man who gambles to accommodate three other fools.  
6. That young man who substitutes wit for work, when his wit is so small that it must be helped by trickery.

## HOME HINTS.

FOR FLECK.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap, and brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

THERE is no use in cleaning your poultry houses unless you burn the old nests. They will harbour

more of the various kinds of poultry parasites than you can ever exterminate with a whitewash brush.

ONE-EGG TEA CAKE.—A little more than half a cup of butter, one cup and a half of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted with the flour; one cup of raisins chopped very fine.

STEAMED POTATOES.—Steam or boil dry a quart of soaked potatoes; then peel and mash in a saucepan, and mix an ounce of butter; set over the fire, pouring in slowly nearly one-half a pint of milk; stir to prevent scorching; dish into a common earthen dish; scallop and put in a quick oven to brown; set on table in same dish. This is the most palatable way of cooking potatoes, especially in spring.

WATER ROLLERS.—This is commonly called "soft bread." It is made by pouring boiling water over wheat meal, and stirring with a strong spoon to a stiff dough; then kneaded quickly and rolled out into any desired form. "rolls" and "diamonds" are the best forms for this kind of bread. This bread has a very sweet flavor, and "new bakers" are very fond of it.

WHOLESALE GINGERBREAD.—One pound of oatmeal, one-half of a pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, (moist), one-half pound of treacle. The three last named ingredients must be put in a pan and left to boil a few minutes, taking care they do not burn; pour the mixture over the flour and meal, and mix very well together, adding a good quantity of ginger. It is the best plan to make it in the morning, so that it gives the meal time to swell. Roll it out the thickness of your finger, and cut in lengths and bake in a slow oven. Keep them in a tin box.

## YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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## STORIES.

## GLADNESS OF HEART.

"Well, darling, you have given your heart to Jesus!" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma, was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt that she had no power to advance towards Christ; that she could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more:

"And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad—so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalm occurred to the mother:

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many sources of joy in the world. Some children are glad simply because the sun shines, the birds sing, and the air smells full of gladness. Some rejoice in other pleasures, and the blessings of home. Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a child in whose life there is no joy. Others are made enough to rejoice in "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But this little girl had learned the only secret of lasting joy in being able to say, "Jesus is mine and I am His."

Dear young readers, enjoy the blessings God has given you as much as ever you can; but fail not to seek first his favour and forgiveness in Christ Jesus.

## THE MYSTERY.

NO. 100.—HIDDEN IDENTITY.

1. Give Joseph all, unless he goes away.  
2. Little vines spoil the man.  
3. Did they call a band to furnish music?  
4. Oh! advise me not to stay.  
5. Did he carry the berries for you?

Central Harpstedt, Queens.

## NO. 101.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 11, 16, 22, 14, 15, 23, 13, 18 is a number.  
My 9, 19, 17, 7, 18 is part of the head.  
My 17, 12, 16, 10, 18, 24 is a face.  
My 18, 5, 8, 10 is part of the body.  
My whole, consisting of 24 letters, is a well-known proverb.

IDA AND MINNIE.  
Frederickton.

## NO. 102.—ENIGMA.

1. One of the disciples.  
2. One of David's sons.  
3. A very wise King.  
4. A city which was destroyed in the time of Abraham.  
5. The name of David's grandfather.  
6. Something which no person should be.  
7. The father of the oldest man.  
8. A book of the Bible.  
My initials spell one of the Jewish feasts.

IDA MCLEOD.  
Frederickton.

## NO. 103.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1 and 5. Consonants. 2. A fiery serpent. 3. A prophet in the time of Paul. 4. A word of denial.  
Lower Prince William, York.

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(July 4th.)  
No. 141.—Puzzle Query. See Rev. xxi. 20.  
No. 142.—David. 2. Solomon. 3. Omri.  
No. 143.—Ecclesiastes. 1. Solomon.  
No. 144.—Prov. xvi. 18.  
No. 145.—Samson.  
No. 146.—Come unto me. Matt. xi. 28.  
No. 147.—Give to the winds thy fears.  
Hope and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy  
God shall lift up thy head."

The prize has been awarded to ALMA E. CHASE, ("Pay Now.") Upper Brighton, Carleton. It was the first to comply with the "conditions of Award." The prize has been forwarded her by mail.

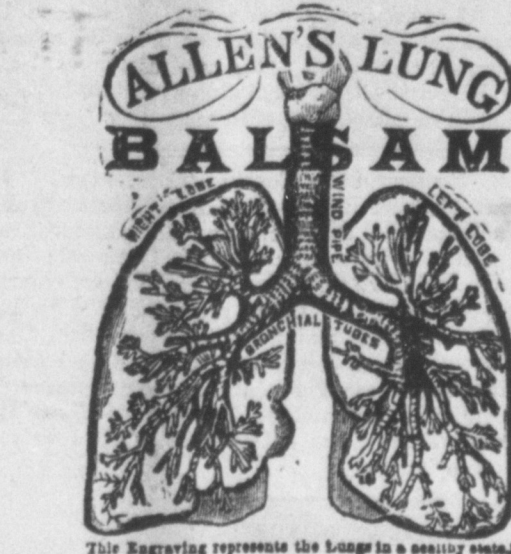
## CHAT.

We are sorry that a slight error occurred in No. 147.  
"Pec Noe," Upper Brighton, Carleton.—See above!  
ANNIE M. NEWCOMB, Carleton, St. John.—You have correctly solved the Prize Query, but you have omitted to send other solutions. You should have read the note under the Query carefully. Thank you for the puzzle.

M. ANNE MACHON, Jerusalem, Queens.—Query, etc., correct, but too late for the prize. Try again! Thank you for the puzzle.

LOTTIE R. STEVENS, St. John.—Puzzle Query and all the Mystery Query. No. 142 correct. Sorry you did not solve it. Would like to reward you for your patient toil. Persevere! Thank you for your nice batch of puzzles. You have correctly solved The Mystery of July 11th. We hope you will not lose your interest in the column. Your work is neat, and it shows careful study.

"Scars," St. Mary's, York.—Nos. 134, 136, 137, 139 are correct; also Nos. 143, 144, 145 and 146. Thanks for puzzles.



## THE WAY IT WILL AFFECT YOU.

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