

## Poetry.

## DADDY CATOS SERMON.

BY EMILY HANOVER.

De famer plows in cold an' wind,  
He hoes in sun an' rain,  
He's 'bout 'n' late an' year,  
To plant de golden grain.  
De sque'l fall an' chatter,  
An' dance all round de tree.  
He sez, "Dat famer's busy  
A plantin' co'n for me."  
De cow goes sailin' frow de sky  
Wild caw, an' caw, an' caw,  
He caws de cranes in airy bill  
De fo' he stull his crow,  
"One fer de tiffin' blackbird,  
Two fer de ge'man crow,  
One fer de greedy co'n-we'n,  
An' one is 'le' to grow."  
De coon an' 'possum sneak aroun'  
An' lick dere hongrey tongs.  
Dey tink dat dough hit's long to wait,  
Dey'll fess 'w'en plow-time stows.  
De summer days grow long an' hot,  
De co'n gets strong an' high;  
De famer rests de plow at lair,  
An' lets de clay lay dry.  
De 'possum cat a moonlight walk,  
He clam de simmon tree,  
He look aroun' to view de chance,  
An' say, "De fidd' is free,  
I'll go an' bring my chiluns out  
An' guv em all a treat,  
W'en co'n is gettin' in de milk  
His mighty gow an' sweet."  
De coon come creepin' 'fom de swamp  
Ater de moon is down.  
He's mighty keeful fer to see  
Ef any dogs is 'roun'  
He mounts de co'n stalks toof an' nail,  
He tears em 'le' an' right,  
He tink, "Dese co'n's years is fine,  
I'll hab my fill dis night."  
De crow he eat de strickin' bait,  
Blackbird an' w'en is dead,  
De sque'l git so very hot  
He lose his sassy head.  
De yaller dog dem pommies tread  
Tweel exactly one was 'le',  
De cunning coon he grin an' lair,  
An' den get co'tch hiself.  
De famer sets an' smokes his pipe,  
His crib is full o' co'n,  
He says, "I'll tell yo' wa't, my boys,  
Er shure er yo' is bo'n,  
Yo'll fine hit more 'bout w'en 'roun',  
Dat homes' wail will pay.  
De rule dat serbs for yearn an' 'Hoben,  
Is w'o' an' watch, an' pray."

## THE CRY OF FAITH.

Be near—be near, O God!  
Fierce beats the storm! The blinding darkness  
falling  
Shuts out sun, moon and stars from mortal sight;  
Blind howls to blast; deep unto deep in calling;  
One changeless horror rules the dismal night.  
Be near, O Strong to Save!  
'Tis as beneath men's feet the earth were shaken;  
And life's best hopes do fall like withered leaves;  
Blast howls to blast; deep unto deep in calling;  
One changeless horror rules the dismal night.  
Be near, O sovereign Lord!  
All nature cries Thy way, Thy will obeying;  
Beneath the awful shadow of Thy wings,  
No tempest rages, no fiery bolt dismaying,  
Can harm while that sure covert safety brings.  
Be near, O Love divine!  
Thou in thick clouds and darkness hast Thy  
dwelling,  
Yet hast the trembling soul a friend in Thee;  
Overwhelmed and helpless, 'mid huge billows  
swelling  
Thy word, we know, can still the stormy sea.  
Be near, O blessed Christ!  
Thou who on earth hast led the pangs of sorrow;  
Who didst Thyself borne down with anguish  
kneel;  
From Thy sweet pity let us comfort borrow,  
And learn, heart-sounded, how Thy love can heal.  
Be near, O Son of God!  
All power in earth and heaven forever yielding,  
If Thou but speak, the elemental strife  
Dies in a moment, at Thy mandate yielding;  
And tranquil sunshine o'er most flood-life  
—Roy Palmer, in *Congregationalist*.

## The Fireside.

## SHORT SERMONS FOR FARMER-BOYS.

BY RELIABLE.

I was talking recently with a neighbor, an old farmer, who is childless. There are no young feet to run on errands, no young arms to save his waning strength in his old age. His pasture lies at quite a distance from his home, and sometimes when his cows are tardy he has to take long walks in search of them.

"Mr. W.," I said, "you ought to have a well-trained shepherd dog to send for your cows. Why, such a dog would be almost as good as a boy for sending for the cows."

"Yes," said the old farmer slowly and earnestly, "and a good deal more reliable. If I sent a dog after the cows I should expect him soon to return, but if I sent a boy I should not expect him until I saw him."

Now, boys, was not that a hard thing to say, that a dumb-brute is more reliable than a boy? And yet, after a moment's reflection, I could but admit that there was a great deal of truth in it. There are so few boys who are reliable—so few who can be trusted by other parents or employers with any important work or business. They allow themselves to be drawn from their duty at the slightest excuse. And in their thoughtlessness and carelessness they leave work undone, and but poorly perform what they do. They give far more thought to some joke or anticipated sport than they do to the task before them.

I do not mean by this that I would not have boys play and take an interest in their fun. I like to see a fun-loving boy; and there is nothing I enjoy more than to see boys engaged in harmless sport. But I do not believe that a truly reliable boy will abstain his duties of the thought and labor required for their perfect accomplishment for the sake of his enjoyment. I called at a neighbor's one day last winter. The father was confined to the house with rheumatism. During the conversation I asked, "Who takes care of those pretty horses and those nice Jersey cows while you are sick? I did not know that you could trust them to the care of any one but yourself."

"Oh, Harry takes care of the barn," said the farmer. "I am not afraid to trust them with him; for Harry is so reliable. He takes entire care of the horses and cows and does all the milking, and I could take no more interest and pride in the work than he does. I do not have to ask when he comes in, 'Harry, have you fed all the stock? Did you brush down the horses? Did you clean out the barn-door?' I know it is all done."

"What a treasure you have in your boy!" I said. "There are but few boys of Harry's age who can be so trusted."

"Yes, indeed, Harry is a treasure," said his father. "I know that we can trust Harry, and that we can always rely upon his word."

That is the kind of a boy to be, one whose word can be relied upon, and who is faithful to the trust imposed in him. Many a boy has ruined his chance of success in life just because he could not be relied upon. He changes about from one place to another,

staying at only one long enough for this fact to be found out about him.

The character of the boy is a strong indication of what the man will be. If he is careless and unreliable in boyhood, the same evil characteristics are apt to cling to him in manhood. I say evil characteristics; for they will certainly prove an evil all through life. Sometimes a boy will think, "Well, my work is not such work as I like. If it were more congenial to my taste, I would do it better." But the boy who acts on this principle is deceiving himself. He might change his occupation, and his new duties might better suit his fancy; but the old, careless, unreliable principle will almost surely cling to him.

Many boys will be quite faithful to their work, if it is work of much importance; that is, if it is such work as will give prominence to their labor. But they will quite ignore the small duties that they have to perform, neglecting them, and getting through with them in the quickest ways. This very notion of being faithful in small matters has been the cause of success with many a boy.

And, on the other hand, the neglect of little duties has thrown many a one out of employment.

I once heard a wealthy farmer telling of his experience in hiring a boy. He said while working in his barn one morning, a boy about fifteen came in inquiring for work. He was much in need of a boy, and he liked this one's appearance, but being an undue stranger he was much in doubt about hiring him. He said what he wanted to know most was if the boy was faithful in the little duties. The farmer showed the boy through his large, commodious barn, leaving him to pass last through the doors. He stopped and carefully closed every door after him. Two or three told that some one had carelessly left the barn-door, the boy picked up and laid to one side. The farmer said that as unconscious as the boy was that he was doing anything in his favor, those little acts decided the question of doubt in his mind. The boy was hired. He proved to be a careful, faithful workman, which fact was so appreciated by his employer that he assisted the boy in obtaining an education, and remembered him substantially when he started in life.

Boys, be reliable. Whatever your duties are, whether great or small, whether disliked by you or suited to your fancy, discharge them well and faithfully. The boy whose word can be trusted, and who gains the confidence of others by his faithfulness to his duties, has gained two important stepping-stones to success in life.—*Courtesy Gentleman*.

## THE HOOK AND THE BAIT.

He was seated by the little wooden bridge as I came near, his rod and fishing-tackle lying on the grass beside him. He was so intent with his hook and his bait that he did not look up till I said: "Ho, ho! Tommy Tucker. So you're playing truant to-day, are you?"

Tommy looked up, his bright eyes flashing. "No," he said; "we have a holiday to-day, and I came down to the brook to try my luck at fishing. But see!" he went on, holding up his workman's cap with pride; "isn't that a cunning way to put the bait on? Won't that fetch 'em?"

I took the hook in my hand and examined it. "Why," I said, "you have covered the hook with the bait so that you can't see a bit of it! You didn't need to do that, did you?"

Tommy Tucker looked very much as if he doubted my sanity.

"Of course I did," he said. "Fishes know too much to bite if they see the point of the hook sticking out of the bait. You don't know how cunning you must be to catch fish."

The little fisher looked very wise as he said this, and stretched out his hand to take the hook from me.

"Ah, Tommy Tucker!" I said, "there are hooks for men as well as hooks for fishes; and the hook is always hidden by the bait. There isn't any human fisher half so cunning as old Satan; he knows how to dress up the hook with a bait so pleasant to see that foolish people rush right at it, and get caught on the hook before they know it."

Just then a middle-aged man shuffled along the bridge, and went off in the direction of the village. "He's going to the school," said Tommy Tucker. "Is that the kind of a bait that you mean, Mr. Earlson?"

"Yes," I said, "that's one kind. Years ago Drunker Sam, as boys call him, was a bright young man at college. The devil fished for him. The bait he dangled before him was a life of pleasure. Sam began to be persuaded that the Bible was too strict. He wanted to live while he lived, he said. So he neglected his books, and took to drink, and to the theatre, and to other wrong things. Then he felt the hook. He was expelled from college. And now you see him, a drunkard, making for the school as if he couldn't live anywhere else."

"He didn't see the hook, or he wouldn't have taken the bait," said Tommy Tucker. Then, after a pause, "I suppose that bad companions, and bad books, and every thing that draws people away from work, are bits of Satan's bait."

"Yes," I said; "and you'll find lots of Satan's baits dangle before your eyes, too, if you only keep your eyes wide enough open to see that they are Satan's."

"I'll look out for them," said Tommy. "And when I feel as if I wanted to snatch at the bait I'll remember the hook."

"Right, Tommy Tucker!"—*United Presbyterian*.

A bag of charcoal suspended in a cistern will purify the water, and meat wrapped in a cloth and packed in charcoal will keep for weeks.

## YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KING COUNTY, N. B.

200 PUZZLES, STORIES, AND SOLUTIONS TO "THE MYSTERY" RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

NOTE.—Puzzles, etc., from all our friends, both young and old, will be gladly received! We need them all once!

## STORY AND POETRY.

DRAWN BY THE HAIR.

There was a young girl who worked in a factory. The day was done, and as she was getting ready to go home, she stooped to brush some lint from her dress. As she bent forward, the quick-revolving machinery caught her hair and drew her by it. She could not get away, and in a moment her head and body were crushed to a shapeless mass.

Only her hair was touched at first. We look at the fine threads and think they are so fine they would snap and break in a moment in the great machine. But no; while each hair is so very, very small and brittle, together they are stronger than a rope, and the poor victim is drawn by them to a dreadful death.

Just as it is with our evil habits, dear children—our little sins. It is but a little fault, you say; we can stop it at any moment. But to-day's fault is added to yesterday's, and to-morrow's will be added to to-day's, and by doing this wrong again and again the habit is formed that binds the soul in a strong chain of wickedness.

"We went into that draw ingenuity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope," the Bible says; and this is its meaning: Sin at first is just a thread, fine and weak as a hair; a great many twisted together make it a strong rope that will draw the soul down to death.—*Selected*.

## ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Don't crowd and push on the march of life. Or tread on each other's toes. For the world at best, in its great unrest, is hard enough as it goes.

Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak Till the latter goes to the wall? On this earth of ours, with its thousand woes, There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother fall behind  
And drag from the slipping band,  
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,  
Then lend him a helping hand.  
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,  
Nor season the speech with gall;  
In the great highway on the busiest day,  
There is room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer  
Step out on your track ahead,  
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,  
For the mightiest once were led.  
Be glad your lot for the coming day—  
Let nothing put you off an appeal—  
Catch up if you can with the forward man,  
There is room enough for all.

And if by doing your duty well,  
You should get to lead the van,  
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,  
But come out an honest man.  
Keep a bright look-out on every side,  
Till, heeding the Master's call,  
Your soul should go from the world below,  
Where there's room enough for all.

—*Plaintive Hours*.

## Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 192.—HOC-GLOSS PUZZLE.  
FROM "MARIANNE," KING.  
A prisoner with Paul; one of the men of Hookah;  
a son of a man who had a wife and a son;  
a son of Mary; what all have done; a vowel;  
the mother of Hezekiah; a son of David; a son of David;  
the father of Lamech; a son of Ashur.  
The central, read downwards, name a Christian at Rome.

No. 193.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
FROM A. S. BLACK, QUEEN.  
I am composed of 22 letters.  
My 1, 4, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

No. 194.—SHAKESPEARIAN CHARADES.  
FROM A. S. BLACK, QUEEN.

A sense of feeling here we meet;  
A substance seen in every street.  
Combine the two, a clown we greet.  
(2)  
A joint cured for you or me;  
In vain houses this word see.  
Combined, a tragic price they'll be.  
(3)  
The police traverse it day and night;  
A kind of grain that's hard and bright—  
A grocer's niece is brought to sight.  
(4)  
A color simple, very plain;  
A thing that water may contain—  
A Scottish king will here remain.  
(5)  
A bashful maiden first may be;  
Next upon our doors we see—  
A grasping Jew, you'll all agree.

No. 195.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.  
FROM A. S. BLACK, QUEEN.

Let all who venture on my task  
Be sure they see before they take;  
My second shall be blessed or cursed,  
According as our lives shall make it;  
While matrimony, 'so 'tis stated,  
Is my whole facilitated.

1. 'Tis our country's pride,  
And we bide  
Him that shall dare abuse it.

2. For speed and skill,  
Even against our will,  
We now are forced to choose it.

3. A distant land,  
Whose central sand  
Temple the explorer's daring.

4. 'Tis power and money,  
And, still more funny,  
Tis an article of wearing.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.  
(No. 40.)

No. 178.—Chrysolite.  
No. 179.—(1) Oshab 1-4. (2) Job 1-3.  
(3) Jer. viii. (4) 2 Samuel xii. 28. (5) Acts xx. 35. (6) 1 Kings viii.  
No. 180.—Hosea vii. 4.  
No. 181.—(1) 2 Kings xxi. 7. Isaiah xxxviii. 21.  
(2) Romans xvi. 10.

No. 182.—C  
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CHAT.  
OUR LETTER BOX.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLK.—Again I appeal to you to send puzzles to the puzzle Editor for THE MYSTERY. With this issue he utilizes the last puzzle remaining on file. Do help him! This, probably, will be his last essay. Do send puzzles to Mr. L. B. BENT & SONS, 8 to 10 South Market Wharf, Montreal.

And more: Shall we discontinue the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN for lack of interest in its departments? Surely I can hear voices shouting in concert, "No!" Then why not manifest a deeper interest? What is the cause of the long silence on the part of its intended contributors? Will some one answer? What is to be done that has not already been done? Why not come to our rescue at once? Success NOW! Time is rolling by. The clock is ticking onward.

Wait not for another tick;  
What you have to do, do quick!  
This is giving fast away.

Perhaps you think this mystery too difficult; but remember nothing is so difficult but search will find it out. If you find it difficult to make puzzles and fail in the first attempt do not be discouraged. Perseverance insures success. Remember the ant that tried six-nine times to carry a grain of wheat up a wall, and the seventeenth time succeeded. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again! Yours ever truly,

UNCLE NED.

HOME HINTS.

FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Cover thickly with carbonate of soda, and bind up with a cold, wet bandage. If the skin is not broken, painting with turpentine will remove the smarting heat.

It is growing more and more in favor to paint or stain the floors of rooms when they are not laid in ornamental tile, and then to rug instead of carpets covering the entire floor are used.