

The Fireside.

A SONG OF HOPE.

There are times when life is dreary,
When the heart is, oh, so weary!
And the soul feels so alone.
Then, oh, then, my heart is roving;
Turn thee, turn thee in thy way;
For, behold! the East is shining,
See the mountain bright with day.
When the soul sinks into slumber,
When thine eyes are wet with grief,
And the days that man can number
Bring no balm to his relief,
Then, oh, man! be lion-hearted;
They shall win who but endure;
Through the travail of the mortal
Immortality is sure.
Death in life is but the lesson
That is taught us every day;
And through every change and season
Life renews from death's decay.
Then, my heart, be thou not fearful;
Cast the idle doubt aside.
Forward! ever brave and cheerful;
There is One who will provide.
Nothing's lost. Why need we linger
Steeped in bitterness and gall,
When Faith points with certain finger
Where the Daystar shines for all?
Let us then be patient, steady,
Under trial, pain or wrong;
Thus shall we make others ready,
With our strength make others strong.
—I. E. Dickenga.

AN ELEPHANT'S DEVOTION.

Years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. Long before Hastings dreamed of conquest, or even Clive had become a clerk in the East India House, this animal led a life of glorious ease under the tropical skies of his India home, by the waters of the sacred Ganges.

As the English assumed control successive rajahs diminished in influence, but they all maintained imperial state from the subsidies furnished them by the English crown, and this elephant continued in their possession until his great age made him an object of reverence.

A garrison of English soldiers was established near the rajah's grounds—at first as a guard of honor, but afterward it was made a military post, with a regular army commandant and a half-a-dozen English officers with their wives and families.

One of the children of the post, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after the Lucknow affair, peremptory orders were received from Nana Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of that human tiger. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily dispatched. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and, at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, dispatched an orderly to bring the child to the camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following showed how English valor had been overmatched by numbers.

A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier enter the cottage, pursued him, and he rushed into the place and secured a brief respite by barring the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering-ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired its roof, thatched with rice-straw, and then waited with fiendish malignity for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But, amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a new actor made his appearance. The elephant, recognizing the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rushed toward the cottage. The sight of the fire and the calls of the child repeating his name aroused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys, right and left, scattering them, dashing some to the ground and trampling them to gory shreds, tossing some in the air on his powerful trunk, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred ele-

phant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for Sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the villainous Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river.—*Exchange.*

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West Side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.
"To live in," he replied.
"Well, I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'"

"The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy who said he was the man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.
"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"Move'n a year," he answered.
"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl led me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"Where is she?" said I.
"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died and we have never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the oldest girl managing the house and taking care of the baby."

"Well, my daughter called on them, and we kept an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them as long as they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then said:

"My boy, keep right on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this."

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on, and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more, I'll see that you get a house of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald.*

THE WILL IS THE WAY.

How many have asked, "How can I procure an education?" I am poor and have not the means. *Have not the means!* Has poverty robbed you of any of your intellectual powers? Has it impaired any of your senses? No, your powers are unimpaired; they are as strong as ever.

Money will not buy study or thought or mental strength. We can think, reason and meditate without money. Wealth will not convert a dunce into a genius, or gold store the mind with wisdom; more likely it will fill it with folly.

From among the poor have come the great majority of the world's noblest and best characters.

It is not necessary that a fortune be spent to afford the opportunities of schools and colleges, although these are invaluable aids; still the mind can be cultivated without them, thoroughly, deeply cultivated. Moreover, any young man or woman, with ordinary health and power of mind, can, by their own exertions, obtain all the advantages afforded in the most excellent schools of our country. How many of us but know or have read of young men and women obtaining by their own efforts a complete college education.

The youth who believes it impossible to get an education because he is poor, is most deficient in courage or energy.

Poverty is a good school to try powers, experience has taught many this lesson.

Our minds are our God-given inheritance; let us improve them well. Adopting and keeping before us at all times, this is our motto: *The will is the way.*

SOMETHING ABOUT BEAVERS.

I do not think the dams made by beavers show as much ingenuity as their canals. It is much easier and safer for them to carry their food and building materials by water than land. So sometimes they cut a canal across the bend of a stream to shorten the distance. Sometimes again, it is cut through the mud, until they reach firm ground for their burrows. These canals are usually about three feet wide and three deep, and they are sometimes five hundred feet long. Any engineer will tell you that it needs a good deal of skill and ingenuity to decide where to lay out such a canal as that, and then to cut it regularly, so that the water shall flow smoothly through. And the most remarkable thing of all, is that they know how to combine the principles of the canal and the dam, so that when they come to an obstruction, such as a rock in the bed of their stream, they immediately make a dam to secure the necessary flow of water. Successive generations evidently work for many years upon these canals, and I can hardly think of anything else done by an animal that shows so much contrivance.

The home or lodge is always separate from the dam. Sometimes a cord of wood is used in building one house. There is an entrance under water like that of the musquash, and sometimes two. These openings are very neatly made. The beavers drag their branches and pieces of bark into the water, and then take them into the dining room by the hidden entrance. Indeed, I believe the house is all dining room, but it is always very neatly swept. There are not more than eight or ten beavers, old and young, in a single house. Besides the houses they like to have burrows in the banks and spend part of their time in each. The young beavers live at home for almost two years before they go to house keeping for themselves. They are queer little things, and their cry is like that of a young child. Mr. Morgan once saw a little beaver in an Indian's house, and it was lapping milk out of a saucer like a kitten, and an Indian baby was pulling its fur. Then there was a little cry, and Mr. Morgan thought it was the Indian baby, till he found it was the baby beaver.

It has always been an interesting question for naturalists how the beaver learns to build. Does he learn it by observing his parents, or would he know how to do it if he were brought up alone? Buffon, a great naturalist, thought that it was all learned by observation. So Cunir, another great naturalist, took a very young beaver and brought him up by hand, apart from all his kind. They gave him branches of willow, he cut the branches and piled them in one corner of his cage. Then they gave him earth, which he made into lumps with his forefeet, and piled them with the branches into a solid mass. This shows that it was instinct that taught the beaver to build.—*T. W. Higginson.*

FARM HINTS.

There is always on every farm more or less waste vegetable materials that might be collected together and composted to good advantage. Whenever weeds have been permitted to advance so far as to ripen their seeds, they should be mixed with a sufficient amount of horse or sheep manure to heat them hot enough to destroy the seeds, thus clearing the farm of weed seeds at the same time getting some excellent manure. Every farmer by paying a little more attention to this subject could greatly increase the fertility of his farm without paying any money for commercial fertilizers.

The legs of any animal which may be broken by accident, may be repaired by the use of wet paper bandages. For large animals the strips of paper should be dipped in paste made of calcined plaster of Paris, which soon sets and makes a stiff, permanent bandage, which holds the broken bone in place until it heals. The animal, a horse or a cow, should be held in slings to prevent injury to the limb by violent motion. The broken legs of small animals—as sheep or fowls—require only to be brought into proper position, and bound with strips of wet paper until a sufficiently strong bandage is made. A covering of cloth is then put on and secured with a few stitches or tied with a tape or string. The paper soon dries, and becomes hard and stiff. Nothing more need be done but keep the animal in a quiet, dark place to restrain too much movement. A little movement does no harm, but excites the inflammation needed to produce union and healing of the bone.

CONTENTMENT.

As I was writing these words there broke upon my ears the song of a canary bird hanging in the room overhead. Its thrilling notes were not a whit less joyous than those which I have often heard raised down from the infinite expanse of

heaven by the little skylark of my native land. In spite of its cage that tiny warbler sings, and when its young mistress goes to speak to it, there is a flutter of joy in its wings as with ruffled neck and chattering gladness it leaps to bid her welcome. So let us accept our bonds, whether of poverty or weakness, or duty, as the bird accepts its cage. You may cage the bird, but you cannot cage its song. No more can you confine or restrain the joy of the heart which accepting its condition, sees God in it and greets him from it.—*W. M. Taylor.*

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We invite our friends one and all to send Puzzles, Solutions, etc., for the "Young Folks' Column." Address all matter as given above.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 33.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM S. E. BANKS, BARRINGTON, N. S.)
My whole, composed of 7 letters, is one of the mountains of the Bible.

My 3, 2, 4, 7 is a vegetable.
My 7, 6 is a denial.
My 5, 6, 3, 1, 2 is dignified.

No. 34.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM JENNIE WILLET, KINGS.)
—n—f—r—l—t—l—h—l—r—n
—o—o—o—n—o—e—n—
—o—b—d—h—m—o—
—o—u—h—l—t—e—l—g—o—
—o—e—v—n—

No. 35.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(FROM LOTTIE R. STEEVES, ST. JOHN.)
* * * A consonant.
* * * Of the verb to be.
* * * * What we all like to be.
* * * A watch.
* * * A vowel.

No. 36.—PL.
(FROM J. ISAAC PALMER, QUEBEC.)
Tebter vhea no mocapyn hatn abd omepnya.

No. 37.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(“LITTLE GOOSIE,” SHELBURNE, N. S.)
My whole, consisting of 7 letters, was one of Joseph's sons.
My 2, 1, 5, 4 is a fruit.
My 3, 6, 7 is a pronoun.
My 4, 5, 7 is an animal.

No. 38.—REBUS.
(FROM “MARIANNIE,” KINGS.)
STAND not judgment
but
They that
STAND all things
seek the Lord
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 4.)

No. 16.—Prov. iv. 26.
No. 17.—Revelation.
No. 18.—E—love—N
L—am in—A
I—sabbell—A
S—od o—M
H—y d r o—A
A—r o—N

ELISHA. NAAMAN.
No. 19.—1. 35.533.
2. 181.253.
3. Once—Amos vii. 13.
4. Deut. xiv. 16; Lev. xi. 14.
No. 20.—1. Elisha. 2. Daniel.
3. Samuel. 4. Solomon.
5. Stephen.

CHAT.

We thank our young friends for their timely aid. We have heard from a goodly number, and yet there is room! In this week's MYSTERY, S. E. Banks, N. S., a new contributor, heads the list. We recognize in Jennie Willett an old and admired contributor. Her Drop-Letter Puzzle is a good one. Our admired and constant contributor, Lottie R. Steeves, gives a good Diamond Puzzle this week, and our new friend from the noble County of Queens sends us some Pi (e). Under the pseudonym “Little Goosie” we find a fine specimen of the Numerical Enigma. Last, but not least, is the Rebus from our esteemed and constant friend and helper, “Marianne.”

S. E. BANKS, Barrington, N. S.—The “Mystery” of Jan. 20th was correctly solved, but too late for prize. Thank you for the puzzles. We await again.

JENNIE WILLET, Kings.—Puzzles of issue No. 3 correctly solved. Thanks for puzzles. Come again and bring some more. Too late!

“MARIANNIE,” Kings.—Too late! All the puzzles in No. 3 correctly solved. Thank you for puzzles.

HARRY H. McDONALD, Kings.—Thank you for your puzzles. They will appear soon. Nos. 10—14 correctly solved. Try again.

CLARA L. McLEOD, Woodstock.—You have correctly solved the puzzles of No. 4. Thank you for kind words and nice puzzles.

LOTTIE R. STEEVES, St. John.—By referring above you will see that all are solved but 1 and 2 of No. 19.

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