

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick,
Such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words
May be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of
place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or
slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would
take

Upon our breast, or bruise some need,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way.
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them; for if you and I
Is Love. We see them; for if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by-and-by.
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just old ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's
light.
We may be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

The Fireside.

NAT AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. L. B. BARON.

Nat Hastings was alone in the family sitting-room, with his Latin grammar open upon the center table before him. He liked to sit here evenings with his sister Fanny, and study his lessons for the next day. She was up stairs now, hearing her small brothers say their prayers and tucking them snugly away in their cribs for the night. But she would come down before long and sit in that low chair on the other side of the table, with her work or book, making a pretty picture to Nat's eyes, in the soft light of the student's lamp.

And it was a pleasant room, beautiful and attractive as only good taste and a good deal of money can make any place. But this evening, for some reason, Nat seemed out of harmony with all the brightness and beauty around him. He was moody and absent-minded, and scarcely looked at his lessons; though usually he made the most of the time for study when his sister was up in the nursery, that they might have the more for those delightful little confidences in which they sometimes indulged later in the evening, while they roasted chestnuts in the ashes of a dish of popped corn.

Nat had been in an uncomfortable frame of mind ever since he came home from school at 4 o'clock. He had no appetite for his supper; was cross to his little brother, disliking to Maggie when she asked a small favor of Master Nat, and almost snappish to his sister Fanny, whom he loved with all his heart, when she reminded him that he had left his books on the hat-stand and thrown his cap on the floor.

This grown-up girl was only seventeen, three years older than Nat; but she was wise and womanly beyond her years, especially concerning this brother, and happy in possessing his confidence. She never lectured him and seldom advised; only made suggestions which, in the end, he was pretty sure to follow, though not always received with favor at the first. So this evening, when she came down stairs, she could see that her brother was very unhappy; and while her fingers were busy with her needle, her heart put up a little prayer that she might be able to give him the help he needed when he should open his heart to her, as she knew he would.

It was not long before he raised a clouded face to hers and said: "Fan, don't you think it's an awful bother to have a conscience?" "It may be troublesome at times, Nat," she said, "but I don't see how we could get along without it very well."

"I suppose not," said Nat. Then a long silence ensued, broken at last by Fanny saying, kindly: "You know there is sometimes relief for a troubled conscience, Nat."

"Yes, I know it, and I may as well fuss first as last; but, Fan, this is such a very bad thing," and Nat's voice broke a little.

"Better make a clean breast of it, dear."

"Well, you see, it was in the arithmetic class. We are in the hardest part of the book, and some of the examples none of the boys could do, not even Will Mason; and he is the best scholar in the class. But Ed Ridley has a key that his brother used when he taught school; and he pushed it toward me when I was studying, and I took it. I'm awful sorry, Fan, but I copied enough to be marked perfect in my recitation."

"Oh, dear, Nat, how could you?" "Stop, Fan; I haven't got to the worst yet. Mr. Gray must have been suspicious, for he asked me if anybody helped me, and I said, 'No, sir.' You see, I thought I could say a book was nobody; and so it would not be an out-and-out lie. But it was, all the same. I know that well enough."

Fanny had always been very proud of Nat. She knew he had faults enough, but she never supposed he could tell a lie; and now that he had done such a thing, she was not sorry it made him unhappy. Their father and mother had been away upon a journey for three weeks, and Nat, meanwhile, had been all that she could desire. But now, alas! she was troubled sorely.

How still the room seemed! How loudly the clock ticked! Nat could not bear it.

"Fanny, do say something, even if you scold me. I deserve it."

"I don't know what to say, Nat. How far is it to Mr. Gray's boarding-place?"

"Half a mile or more. I know what you mean, Fan, but I am not going there to-night. I've told you, and I can do the other part in the morning."

"But, Nat, dear, can you sleep with such a load upon your conscience? And it would be dreadful if it were to grow lighter except in the right way. If father and mother should come home on the eight o'clock train this evening—"

"I hope they won't; I don't want to see them to-night."

"But they may come. I expect them a little because we have had no letter to-day; and it is after seven now, Nat. Shall I get your cap and mittens?"

"I told you I wasn't going," said the boy. But she coaxed a little in a loving way, and presently, as he drew on those handsome mittens, his sister's gift, he said in a softer voice, "You are pretty hard on a fellow, Fan," then kissed her and hurried off to do the thing he dreaded. And Fanny's sore heart went up again in prayer for him and for herself, that she might at the right time be able to show her brother how very dreadful it would be to meet his heavenly Father one day with a load of sin upon his conscience.

We need not go with Nat to call upon his teacher. Some of us may have gone upon a similar errand and found, with Nat, that "confession was good for the soul."

Mr. Gray was a wise-hearted man, and his scholars loved him; Nat never so much before as when he whistled his way home from that call. True, there was something humiliating to be said before the class to-morrow; and he was perplexed that his teacher seemed no more surprised at his errand. But the worst was over, and his heart gave a bound when he came in sight of the house and saw a hack driving away from the door. And he rushed in to be hugged and kissed by his mother and father, and by Fanny, too, behind their backs.

By-and-by he was called out to share the nice supper Maggie had prepared for his father and mother, for Fanny had said, "Put on a plate for Nat, he must be hungry by this time." And so he was. How his eyes shone as he exchanged glances with his sister, and how happy he was, though a little subdued, as one is apt to be who has escaped a great danger.—*The Interior.*

LITTLE FOLKS AMONG THE ZULUS.

Africa has a warm climate, so warm that the little babies do not need any clothes. But it is too cold sometimes for the little tender babe to be without a blanket. There is occasionally a white frost down in the deep valleys in the winter, but it never comes up the hills to the houses on the coast. Away back sixty miles from the coast there is a little ice, and beyond that on the mountains there is some snow. My children had never seen snow when they came to America. One morning as they came down from their sleeping rooms they saw for the first time, the ground all white. They were very much excited and rushed out to pick up the snow to see what it was like. But they threw it down quickly, for they said it burnt their fingers; they did not think that snow would burn.

The Zulu mother buys a cotton blanket, that costs her a good deal of money (75 cents), to wrap up the babe on these cool mornings. She has no bed or crib to put the little one in, so she lays it on a mat on the ground, and there it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make or wash or mend. She does not even wash her blanket often, for she says it will wear it out to wash it, and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal. She sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground and eat with wooden spoons until they are satisfied.

Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is any left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash, and only one room in her hut to sweep out and no furniture to dust.

But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out into the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with, and her hands full of ears of corn. Arriving she scatters the corn broadcast and commences her digging, swinging back and forth with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She then lays it on the soft grass in the shade of a tree, and although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones. There is one very large snake there—large enough to swallow a babe. I have caught them as large as a stove-pipe, and sixteen feet long. But they do not swallow the children.

When the little one wakes up it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. They never drink sweet milk—neither the children nor the grown people—and it is more convenient to have it sour, for their dishes are always sour. The mother has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and pouring in the milk it runs right down the child's throat. When the little fellow is big enough to run all about the hut, and he sees his father has some food ready to eat (it may be thick milk with boiled corn ground), he comes and holds out his two hands put together and says, "Gi pe baba ukudhla kwakoku und!" [give me, papa, some food of yours which is nice.] The father fills his hands heaping full, and he laps it all out without spilling a drop on the ground.

The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a little blanket to cover them. If you should go into their hut you would find "the little darkeys in bed with nothing over them." They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the trees to steal the corn as soon as it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not remain in the garden all day and keep them out. They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen and cows and other animals of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not. And they do not know how to get it until missionaries come and tell them.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

HOME HINTS.

PUFF PUDDING.—One and a half cups of flour, one of milk, two eggs, and a little salt; bake in a hot oven twenty minutes in pattypans. Serve with sauce.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two cups of meal, one quart of sour milk, one cup of flour, two-thirds of a cup of syrup, one teaspoonful of soda; one egg; put in a steamer and boil three hours.

TOMATO SOUP.—A quart of new milk put over the fire in a porcelain vessel, add one teaspoonful of soda; salt and pepper to taste. While scalding hot (not boiling) add a pint of canned tomatoes and a few crackers. Serve as soon as hot.

CUP CUSTARDS.—These are easily made and handy in an emergency. Break an egg into each cup, add a heaping teaspoon of sugar and a trifle of salt; flavor to suit the taste, and fill nearly full with milk. Set the cup in a kettle or pan of hot water (or a steamer) and steam till done.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Take half a pound of finger biscuits, and spread a thin layer of any favorite jam over each one. Arrange them neatly in a pretty glass dish. Grate over the top the rind of a large fresh lemon, and pour over all half a pint of custard made with a teaspoonful of milk, the yolks of two eggs—the whites will be required in the morning—and a dessertspoonful of white sugar. The pudding must now be put in a cool, dry place, and left until to-morrow.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 164.—PI.

(FROM JESSIE SHARP, KINGS.)
Terasens fo kicwenseds ropitf
thoning, thu thgrincseans evrehtilde
mfro eathd.

No. 165.—HOUR-GLASS.

(FROM "BLAKE," QUEENS.)

One sent to the Temple by the Jews
to enquire about the time of fasting;
a priest in the time of Nehemiah; a
prophet and poet; Saul's grandfather;
a consonant; a prophet in the time of
David; father of Sychem; son of one
of Abraham's concubines; a Levite
chorister at the dedication of the wall
of Jerusalem; a priest who was present
when the Ark was removed to
Jerusalem.

The centrals, read downward, give
the name of a city taken from the
Philistines by David.

No. 166.—SQUARE WORD.

(FROM "TARITHA AND JEMIMA," KINGS.)
To desire; an opinion; to have
commerce; a part.

No. 167.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(FROM "IVY LEAF," GRAND MANAN.)
1. Where are "linen bonnets"
mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where, "rods of green poplar,
and of the hazel and chestnut tree?"
3. What is the longest word in the
Bible?

No. 168.—DROP-LETTER.

(FROM E. DRAKE, GRAND MANAN.)
—h— —a— —n— —o— —t—
c—o—d— —f— —i—d—m? —r—
w—o—c—n— —t—y— —h— —o—t—e—
—f— —c—v—n? —

No. 169.—PUZZLE.

(FROM F. J. M'CREA, "QUEENS.")
The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

No. 170.—DROP-LETTER.

(FROM "ROSE," QUEENS.)
I—m—h— —g— —o— —s— —e— —h— —t—
t—e—o—d—h— —p— —e— —d— —i— —e— —h—
—t— —f— —f— —r— —h— —s— —e— —p—

No. 171.—ANAGRAM.—BIBLE RULERS.
(FROM GEO. N. BREWER, "FRISCO, U. S.")
1. Ushaerau. 2. Chuzenadarnebz.
3. Zestlerazab. 4. Ohnaboer.

No. 172.—PI.

(FROM E. W. KINGSTON, ST. STEPHEN.)
Ni het yda fo ym blerout I lwil lacl
ponu htee fo hout wlii swnea em.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 22.)

No. 142.—A L T E R
L E A V E
T A K E N
E V E N T S

No. 143.—C
r a t
y a r n s
t a r t a r y

No. 144.—Proverbs xxv. 23.
No. 145.—S
S A P
S A V E D
P E A
D

No. 146.—John xiv. 27.
No. 147.—John iii. 16.
No. 148.—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melt forever."
(The vowels are represented by the
Arabic numerals, 1, 2, etc.)
No. 149.—Romans xii. 17.

CHAT.

TO BE SOLVED.—Jessie Sharp's Pi
contains excellent spice. Solve it who
can! No doubt some of our puzzlers
will have to turn the hour-glass several
times before they solve "Blake's"
Hour-Glass Puzzle. It can be solved!
Try!! The next puzzle—A Square
Word—hails from T. and J., of Kings;
then follows two Grand Manan, grand
puzzles. "Ivy Leaf" will set some
to turning the leaf of their Bible; and
no doubt E. Drake's Drop-Letter will
add a query to some minds. A fine
puzzle-specimen is given by F. J. Mc-
Crea. Following this is the Drop-
Letter perfume of "Rose." Ho for
San Francisco! There we have had
brewed a fine Anagram, by G. N.
Brewer. We began our meal with
Pi(e) and we finish it with some Pi(e)
sent from E. W. Kingston, of St.
Stephen. What a beautiful feast!

As the matter of last week was not
forwarded until three days after the
usual time, a number of communica-
tions which would have appeared this
issue appeared last.

W. S. LEWIN, Benton, will please
accept our thanks for the three nice
puzzles.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to the
puzzles in No. 21 have been received
from W. S. LEWIN, 7.

Correct answers to No. 22, from W.
S. LEWIN, 7.

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Frames, used in making American yarn.

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fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7
leas of 120 yards each. This makes it
much more easy to wind than when it is
put up without leas—as the American—is—
and also saves a great deal of waste.

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them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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pepsia, Headaches, Dizziness,

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