

REST.

My feet are weary, and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed—  
And I desire, what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain,  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer.  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap  
The Autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and when it's tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart-oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And dunes infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;  
For down the West  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—Father Ryan.

The Fireside.

TEDDY'S DISCOVERY.

It was a real warm Sunday, and she wasn't our own teacher. Miss Nellie is all pretty pink flushes, and she laughs with her eyes. She likes boys, and she doesn't think it dreadful if we tell her about something that isn't in the lesson; though she manages to twist it in pretty quick in an interesting way that makes a fellow feel as if the lesson joined right on to what he was thinking about. But Miss Nellie had gone off on a vacation. I wonder why grown people have to go away when they have a vacation? And the lady who took our class was a nice, proper lady, with a stiff black silk dress and gold spectacles. I suppose she meant all right, but the first words she said were:

"Now, boys, you must be very attentive. I like good boys, and I hope you will be very attentive."

She kept telling us that every few minutes all the way through, but she didn't tell us much else, and it isn't easy for a boy to be attentive unless there's something he cares enough for to attend to. It was so warm, and I grew tired of saying, "Yes ma'am," every time she looked at me and asked, "Do you think so, my son?" Besides I wasn't her son. There were lots of flies buzzing about, and Bob started a menagerie with two or three that he caught and shut up in the hymn-book box. Then he found a spider and put him in, too, and I got to watching them, and wondering how many flies a spider could eat. So I didn't hear exactly what was said for a little while, until I caught the words, "On guard." Then I started up, for I thought maybe she was going to tell us about soldiers, or something nice, at least. But she only said:

"And so we mustn't neglect even the small duties. Things that we think of little importance may be very great in their consequences. We should always be on our guard; don't you think so, my son?"

I answered, "Yes ma'am," once more, just out of politeness, for I really hadn't thought anything about it. But I did the thinking the next day.

This was Monday, and we were going to discover America that day—Bill Sykes, Jimmy Flynn and I. We had made a ship of two old cellar doors, piled one on top of the other, and some boards, and we named her the "Squadron." We meant to discover America over on a little island in the middle of the pond, and we had saved half a bunch of five crackers from the fourth of July, so that we could scare the natives and take peaceable possession. Our bombs and arrows were on board, and some potatoes to roast, and we were all ready to embark when somebody called:

"Teddy! Ted—y!"

It was Aunt Susan's voice, and I was almost sure she wanted me to bring in some wood or go to the store. I don't know how Columbus would have felt if Queen Isabella had called him back when his ship was just starting, and had wanted him to run down to the store for a quart of molasses; but I know how a boy feels. All the badness in him boils up in a minute, and he wants to say the crassest thing he can think of. I didn't answer, and Jim Flynn said, sort of low,

"Hurry up!"

So we got on board and pushed off, and the others didn't act as if they'd heard anything, and I didn't, either, though I splashed the water a good deal so I shouldn't hear it again. It took quite a long while to get to America. I think Columbus would have despaired worse than he did if he'd had such a boat as ours, for we had a good deal of trouble in keeping it together, and then, when we sailed near the shore, it stuck on the roots of an old tree. We pushed and pushed, and at last, when it loosened, it went with a dip and a plunge that made it seem as

if we were going clear down through the pond to discover China. We were all so dripping wet when we got to the island that we would have been almost glad to meet some real Indians, if they'd only had a fire where we could dry our clothes.

We built our own fire and got dry after awhile, though, and then we founded a settlement, built a fort and a school-house, and dug an oil-well—Jim Flynn would have one—he said there was no sense in our doing without all the modern improvements because the Puritans did—and by that time our potatoes were roasted and we stopped for dinner. It was lots of fun, so Bill and Jim said, but the other Teddy—the one inside of me, I mean—wouldn't let me enjoy it. Sometimes I think he is the meanest fellow that ever lived. If he'd just speak up sharp and loud in the first place, and make me do what he wants, I wouldn't mind so much. But he is so soft and meek that I can domineer over him and have my own way, and then afterward he grumbles and grumbles like the toothache. But I'll own up to one thing—he's the pleasantest company in the world when I do what he thinks is right.

Well, this day he kept bringing up that miserable quart of molasses, or whatever it was that Aunt Susan wanted and I didn't get, every few minutes. I told him that it was only a little thing, not worth making a fuss about; that Bridget could go for once and it wouldn't matter. It was of no use. He spread that molasses among all the early settlers, ran it through all the Indian wars, and brought it clear down to the Revolution, and then it was time to go home.

Of course everything was all right at home; nobody seemed worried. And when I told where we'd been all the afternoon, Uncle Nathan laughed, and so did Aunt Susan, and she did not speak of any inconvenience, but all at once she said:

"O Teddy, Hiram Barker stopped here to-day, and wanted to take you with him over to the logging-camp to stay a day or two. He said he had promised that you should go some time, but he was afraid this would be your last chance this summer. He was in a great hurry, but he stopped and looked around for you some, and I called you, but we couldn't find you. I suppose you were over at the island."

Hiram Barker had come and gone, and I had missed the one trip I'd been wanting more than anything else all summer! I couldn't say a word, and when I remembered that I had heard the call and wouldn't come back, I felt all choked up, and I didn't want any more supper. It seemed too hard to lose so much for such a little thing—just a little neglect, a little selfishness. Then, suddenly, I remembered what that Sunday-school teacher said about our not knowing what duties were little, and what ones great, because we couldn't tell what the consequences would be to ourselves or to other people; and I thought—

Well, I'm sure of one thing, and that is, that America wasn't all I discovered that day.—Kate W. Hamilton, in Interior.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

Mr. Jones was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink which is just like poison to those who take it; and besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving little girl, and wouldn't hurt anybody if she could help it; so when she saw the drunken man come along, she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but she didn't run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke,

"Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting up in the meeting-house," she answered.

"Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing its you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary, and she led the way; and when she had shown him into the pew, she sat down beside him.

"Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary and see that no harm came to her.

After the prayer and singing, the minister said "Now we shall be happy to hear from anyone who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say, he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing him half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing, and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this.

"See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked. And perhaps God will forsake me too. Oh how dreadful!"

The thought took such a hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again, and said, "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man; gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. And he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him in her sweet, childish way to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that one little room a true home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

HOME HINTS.

RAW TOMATOES.—Peel with a sharp blade, slice and season on the table with sugar, salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar; sprinkle bits of ice between the layers when you dish it, draining off the water before seasoning. The colder raw tomatoes are the more delicious they will prove.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them; cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apple put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp; then put in jelly jars and keep in a cool place.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut up and stew ripe tomatoes, but do not peel them. When sufficiently cooked, strain through a sieve. To one gallon of the tomatoes, measured after straining, add four tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of ground black and white pepper, three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, three red peppers chopped fine and one pint of vinegar. Simmer all together slowly for four hours, then bottle and cork tight.

BATTER AND FRUIT PUDDING.—Chop up one pound of apples and put them in a greased pudding basin (gooseberries, plums or any other fruit will do), and sprinkle sugar over them; now make a batter of one egg, six ounces flour and one breakfast cupful of milk; one-half a teaspoonful of baking powder must be added to the flour; when the batter is smooth press it over the fruit and steam gently for one hour; care must be taken that the water remains boiling and do not evaporate too much.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 258.—BEHEADING.  
(FROM J. M'DUGALL, CARLETON.)  
1. Behead to close, and leave a small dwelling.  
2. Behead a tool, and leave a narrow passage.  
3. Behead a dish, and leave behind time.

No. 259.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.  
(FROM "SALVATION ARMY," GRAFTON.)  
1. Where do we read of targets being made of gold?  
2. What queen is mentioned by name in the New Testament?  
3. What is likened to a "jewel of gold in a swine's snout"?  
4. What is likened to "a broken tooth and a foot out of joint"?

No. 260.—SQUARE WORD.  
(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)  
Coarse; employed; an action; a whirlpool.

No. 261.—CROSS PUZZLE.  
(FROM FAY ROBINSON, ST. JOHN.)  
O  
O  
O O O O  
O  
O  
O  
O  
Vertical.—A weapon.  
Horizontal.—An harmonic measure.

No. 262.—HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.  
(FROM "MAYFLOWER," BARRINGTON.)  
Pertaining to swords.  
Diverse.  
To vary.  
A pronoun.  
A letter.  
A chance.  
A woman's name.  
Charge.  
Violence.  
Centrals, read downwards, give the birthplace of a wonderful person.

No. 263.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(FROM "VAN," YORK.)  
A consonant; one of the twelve tribes; a king of Israel; to seize; in Abel.

No. 264.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(FROM L. R. STREVEES, ST. JOHN.)  
In order, but not in rank;  
In kind, but not in frank;  
In May, but not in June;  
In harmony, but not in tune;  
In moon, but not in sun;  
In ran, and also in run;  
In sound, but not in tone.  
My whole is a precious stone.

No. 265.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
(FROM HARRY C., ST. JOHN.)  
I am composed of 7 letters.  
My 5, 2, 1, 6 is a plant.  
My 7, 4, 3 is a fowl.  
My whole is a Bible city.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.  
(No. 35.)  
No. 234.—diligence  
cle Anse  
adder  
c At  
R  
d En  
ag nes  
in ter in  
in te st in e  
GADARENES.

No. 235.—P  
TO E  
PO K E  
E R  
No. 236.—Prov. iv. 1.  
No. 237.—Prov. xii. 23.  
No. 238.—C U P  
U S E  
P E T

No. 239.—  
"Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, thoughts and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."  
No. 240.—Twice. Matt. xxiii. 37,  
and Luke xiii. 34.  
No. 241.—"Holy One of Israel."

CHAT.  
HELEN R., St. John, writes to us from Granville Ferry, N. S., where she was visiting, sending us a Diamond Puzzle, and solutions to "The Mystery" in Nos. 35 and 36. You do exceedingly well. Continue in the study of the Blessed Book.  
WILLIE E. KINGSTON, St. Stephen.—It afforded the puzzle editor much pleasure in making your personal acquaintance, and clasping your hand. I would love to be able to meet all the COLUMN readers face to face, and grasp their hand with a hearty shake. Remember my request: "Do not forget the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN!"

READ! READ!—To the first person who will tell where these words are found in the Bible, viz.: "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands," together with the greatest number of solutions to the puzzles above, I will mail a beautiful picture, entitled "Miss Canada." Each competitor must send three original puzzles.

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