

The Fireside.

TOMMY TROUT'S GRUMBLE MEETING.

DINNIE M'DOLE HAYES.

"I don't see what mother wanted to go off to the praise-meeting for to-night," whined Tommy Trout, rubbing the knees of his pants before the blaze of the little sitting-room fire. "I don't see what any of us have got to praise God for anyhow. Here we are just as poor as I couldn't have a sled this winter 'cause we couldn't afford it, and mother has to pinch every way now—that last year—" Here a great lump stuck in Tommy's throat, and made it ache, and his eyes smarted.

"I know," said grandma, from the other side of the fire, as she laid down her knitting and took off her glasses to wipe them. "Last year there was a dear, good father to come home at night with comforts that his strong hands had earned, and who never left us in the morning without a kiss and a kind word; but he went up to heaven. Don't you remember how he told his boy, just before he went, to be sure and serve the Lord, and be a comfort to mother, and get ready to come and live with father some day?"

Tommy wiped away the tears, but sat still without replying.

"I'll tell you," said grandma, after a little pause; "let's have a grumble-meeting."

"A what?" said Tommy, looking up with wide-open eyes.

"A grumble-meeting. You don't see what we've got to praise God for; let's see what we have to grumble about. We've seen trouble this year, that's sure; we're not the only ones, but we feel it more than we do other people's troubles. Now I know a little boy who hasn't lost his father by death as you have. Oh no! but one cold day last week he and his mother and little baby sister were all day without any fire or food, because every cent that the poor, crazy thing, that he calls father, earns goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue, and kicked Freddy until they were afraid he would never get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out."

"Oh-h!" said Tommy, drawing a long breath and looking a little foolish.

"Shan't we complain a little because you haven't such a father, instead of one waiting to welcome you in heaven? No? We don't seem to get started well on this meeting. Let's take something else. We are poor; that's a fact. You can't have fine clothes, nor half the playthings you want. Mother has this little home that father bought, and she has steady work, and I turn in my little income; but what is that? What did you have for supper?"

"Nothing but bread and milk," said Tommy, the whine coming back in his voice.

"Now we've got a good start. If you only had the nice, light meal that I saw two little folks have there might be something to be thankful for. They were standing outside an old shanty, and the older one was eating snow, but the younger one was crying bitterly. I stopped and asked what was the matter, and she said, 'I'm so hungry.' The older one said, 'We've had nothing to eat since morning. I eat snow, but she don't.' Don't you think you might have something to praise God for if you had been in their place?"

Tommy hung his head.

"Then these two little girls had on some old shoes that grown folks had worn out, I saw their bare toes through the ragged stockings. Now, mother don't keep you dressed in anything but good flannels, and stout, warm clothes, though they are a little patched. Shan't we grumble over that?"

"No-no," said Tommy, faintly, and turning red, for that very morning he had fretted about these very patches.

"Then," grandma went on cheerfully. "There's mother. It's a shame the way she treats you. If you had some mothers, now, you might have something to be thankful for—like Billy McGranahan's for instance, who lets him run the streets, and never sends him to school or Sunday-school, nor mends his clothes, nor washes him, nor acts as if she loved him. Why, all the little mother does is to work all day for her little son, as bright and cheerful as though her heart wasn't sore with her sorrow, and tuck him up in a warm bed at night with a kiss and a prayer, and teach him and train him so that he may grow up to be a good man. Don't you think we had better have a big grumble over her?"

"O grandma!" and the sorry tears came into the little boy's eyes.

"Then, there's the great, good Father, who has given you all these blessings, who knew what was best when he took father away, who loves us, and cares for us every day, who is preparing a home up there

for us. Shall we grumble, Tommy?"

"No, no!" cried he, jumping up to throw his arms around her neck and kiss her; "don't. I don't wonder mother wanted to go to praise-meeting!"

"Bless me!" said mother, coming in at that moment, her cheeks pink and her veil frosty; "what bright faces! You must have been talking about something pleasant."

"We've been holding a grumble-meeting," said grandma.

"And we turned it into a praise-meeting," said Tommy. — S. S. Times.

YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

"Ye have done it unto me," sung Jenny, one Monday morning. "There! I'll remember it this time sure. But, dear me! I'm forgetting, after all. The teacher said we must not only learn the words, but think of what they mean and try to do them."

"Let me see now," and she pressed her chubby hands to her forehead, "teacher said if we gave a cup of cold water to one of his little ones, for the Saviour's sake, he would say, 'Ye have done it unto me.' I don't suppose I know any of his little ones, but I'll try if I can find 'em."

She ran into the kitchen, where, on the dresser, she spied a large bowl which was used to mix cake in.

"Ah!" thought she, "the Saviour is pleased if we give his little ones a cupful of water; he'll like a bowlful better still. Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing, did not turn her head, but said:

"Oh, yes; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the big bowl down very carefully; but how to fill it was the question. She did not want to trouble Bridget; besides she had an idea that she ought to do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her; taking the cup that always hung on the pump, she filled it several times and poured it into the bowl.

"It's cupfuls, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry without spilling; but she walked slowly to the front gate.

There was no one in sight, and Jenny set her burden on the grass and swung on the gate while she waited. Presently along came two little girls on their way to school.

"Want a drink?" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful thirsty. I most always am. But how are we to get at it?"

"Oh, I'll soon fix that!" and Jenny ran for the tin-cup, with which they dipped out the water.

"It tastes real good," they said, and kissed her as they ran off to school.

The next that appeared was a short, red-faced Irishman wiping his face with the sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look much like 'one of the little ones,'" thought Jenny, doubtfully; but she timidly held out her tin-cup. He eagerly drank it, filling it again, and drinking.

"And it must be a blessed angel ye are, for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now I won't need to go high one at all. And shure, after all, water's better nor whisky. Might I give some to the poor bastards?" pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated; she did not like the idea of having the dog drink from her cup or bowl. But the man settled it by pouring the remnant of the water into his dirty old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone Jenny filled her bowl again. But I can't tell you now of all to whom she gave cups of cold water that hot day. But when she laid her tired head on her pillow that night, she thought—

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em were his 'little ones'?"

And the dear Saviour, looking down and seeing that the little girl had done all that she could for his sake, wrote after her day's work, "Ye have done it unto me."

THE INTELLIGENCE OF WASPS.

But the greatest display of wasp intelligence I ever saw manifested was by a queen in early spring. A little earthen bird-house was fastened under the eaves in the rear of the house and she selected this snug retreat as a fitting place to rear the future colony.

She had commenced work when a pair of bluebirds disputed her right to the house. The queen is necessarily absent much of the time scraping weather-beaten boards or posts to get material to make her paper cells, and during her absences the birds were busily at work carrying in material for their nest. But I soon heard them making a plaintive noise. They stood on the edge of the roof, the female with her mouth full of straws, and whenever she attempted to go to the house the

wasp would dart toward her and drive her back. But this state of affairs could not last long. The queen must go on with her work, and no sooner was she gone than the birds recommenced the building, and were fast filling up the house. And now this wise queen went to other queens—who probably had not yet commenced work as it was in April—and made them understand the dilemma she was in, and five sisters came to her aid and remained on the outside of the little house, while she went to and fro on her journeys, and each time the birds came near they would dart at them. This continued until the birds were driven from the field and obliged to take another house. And now the five queens disappeared, leaving their sister in peaceful possession of the property. — Wide Awake.

PROUD OF HIS SISTER.

The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon, because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and concert season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister, the young man promptly and proudly replied:

"No, there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleased and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I'm afraid she'll go and marry some of these imitation men around here and be unhappy all her life."

"She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man, I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me, and if ever I find as good a girl, I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

At midnight not less than at noon, the heart may rest in God, who gives both the shadow and the light.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

There is no defense against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph. — Addison.

God is within all things, but is shut up in nothing, outside all things, but excluded from nothing; beneath all things, but not depressed under anything; above all things, but not lifted up out of the reach of anything.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 192.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. (FROM "CORNWALLIS," CANNING, N. S.)

a—l—e—b—l—n—e—i—
a—o—i—n—t—t—e—o—d—
t—t—j—s—w—i—h—i—
h—s—d—l—g—t.

No. 193.—DIAMOND PUZZLE. (FROM "PUG NOSE," UPPER BRIGHTON.)

A letter; a boy; Amram's son; a point used in writing; a letter.

No. 194.—ENIGMA. (FROM "TULVEY," KINGS.)

In joy, but not in happy;
In hatred, but not in snappy;
In pearl, but not in tin;
In ruby, but not in pin;
In elder, but not in old;
In measles, but not in hives;
One of the Kings of Israel's wives.

No. 195.—PYRAMID PUZZLE. (FROM "KANSACKER," KINGS.)

* A consonant.
* A drink.
* To dress.
* Hottest seasons.
Centrals name a fruit.

No. 196.—JUMBLE. (FROM "JOE," GREENWICH.)

RetTeris alt Tlewi thrig Hteousness
thaug Reatr Eeven ewit Houtright.

No. 197.—EASY SQUARE WORD. (FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)

A kind of tree; anger; a colour.

No. 198.—BIBLE QUERIES. (FROM "MINA," KINGS.)

1. (a) Where is Saul first spoken of in the New Testament, and (b) where is he first called "Paul"?

2. Where was the apostle Paul preaching when it was said, "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
The Mystery Solved.

(No. 27.)

No. 173.—S
C A T
C O M E T
S A M A R I A
T E R S E
T I E
A

No. 174.—Isaiah i. 18.

No. 175.—INTELLIGENCER.

No. 176.—J—o—r—
E—l—i—z—
R—e—m—i—
I—n—l—e—
C—a—t—c—
H—e—v—e—
O—u—t—l—y—W

No. 177.—S T O N E
T O R Y
O R E
N Y
E

No. 178.—E. A. Poe.

No. 179.—CHRIST.

CHAT.

ERRATUM.—The solution to Mystery No. 172 should have been Psalms lxxvi. 7, instead of Psalms cxv. 5.

HELEN R., St. John, has correctly revealed "The Mystery" in No. 27. Please send us your full name and address again. Thanks for the four nice puzzles. Yes, you have sent more than the number required.

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, will please accept our thanks for the puzzle. See below!

"MAYFLOWER," Barrington, N. S., has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles. Please send us your full name and address again. See below.

M. COLWELL and "AMERICA" will please refer to "Prize Competition."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to No. 24 have been received, from "Mayflower," 6.

To No. 25: M. Colwell, 6½; "Mayflower," 7½.

To No. 26: M. Colwell, 9; "Mayflower," 8½; "America," 8; "Salvation Army," 8½.

OUR LETTER BOX.

GRAFTON, N. B., July 10, 1886.

Dear Uncle Ned,—I have been sick for nearly two weeks or I should not have been so long sending solutions to puzzles in June 30th. I have sent whatever I have been able to solve for every week since "Prize Competition." I enclose you one puzzle. Will try to send more next time I write. I am,

Yours truly,

"SALVATION ARMY."

[Uncle Ned regrets very much the illness of his young nephew, "Salvation Army." He is pleased to know that he is around again. May you long be spared to carry on some good work for the Master!]

BARRINGTON, N. S., July 7, 1886.

Dear Uncle Ned,—I send you four (4) puzzles, and that finishes the ten (10) required to enter the Competition. I hope you will think they are worthy of printing. I suppose this finishes the Competition, but I do not intend to leave off. I am sorry my letter is so late, but I could not get it away before. Hoping you will excuse the lateness of it, I remain,

Your loving niece,

"MAYFLOWER."

[Glad you are to continue your interest in the Column.—UNCLE NED.]

HOME HINTS.

GREASING GRIDDLES.—A piece of soft sponge fastened to the end of a stick makes a good griddle greaser and can be cleaned quickly by putting it into hot salt and water.

MIXING MUSTARD.—Try this way: Take three tablespoonsful of mustard; mix with this one teaspoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of white sugar; stir these well together and add vinegar sufficient to make a thin paste. Cook a few minutes, stirring all the time.

SPICED BEEF.—For ten pounds of beef take two cupsful of salt, two cupsful of molasses, or its equivalent of sugar, two tablespoonsful of pulverized saltpetre, one tablespoonful of ground pepper, one tablespoonful of cloves, a half teaspoonful each of ground nutmeg, mace, ginger, and allspice. Mix these well and rub thoroughly into the meat, all around it. Turn it every day, and rub the mixture into it for ten days, when it will be ready for use.

CORNEB BEEF.—To make the brine, take four gallons of water, eight pounds salt, five pounds of sugar, or five pints of best molasses, one ounce of soda, and one ounce of saltpetre. Mix part of the sugar and salt together, rubbing the meat thoroughly with it, place a layer of salt over the bottom of the barrel; then put in the meat. Put the remainder of the salt and sugar in the water and dissolve the saltpetre in warm water; add to the pickle and pour over the meat. Lay a board over the meat with a weight sufficient to keep it down.—Country Gentleman.

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