

LOOKING.

BY MRS. AGNES HASKELL.

Looking backward—what do I see?
A checkered path far mapped for me;
Roses, daisies, and violets so true;
Gold, that turned in my hands to dust;
An April day of smiles and tears;
A false hope, beckoning up the years.

Looking forward—what do I see?
Thorns and crosses awaiting me;
Care and sorrow on every hand;
Atoms of grain and worlds of sand;
Rugged hills for my feet to climb;
Sickle sharp in the hand of Time.

Looking upward—what do I see?
A crown of glory bought for me;
Faintest palms for victors won;
Troubles ended, and joys begun;
River of life by great white throne;
Safe at home with the Risen One!

The Fireside.

ALFRED'S VICTORY.

BY MRS. ELLA EUGENIA ELLIS.

"I think it's the meanest trick I ever heard of, and Sam Elder is the slyest, most selfish boy in school!" exclaimed little Alfred Bush, vehemently, to his sister Annie, who was an invalid, and had never been able to walk since she had a fall on the ice and injured her spine, three winters ago.

"What is the matter, Alf, dear?" she asked, gently.

"Why, I'm the youngest boy in our class, and all the fellows take advantage of me in every way they can think of," replied Alfred, his handsome white forehead all puckered with angry and revengeful feelings. "And I can stand a good deal, and do not mind when they call me 'greeny' and 'prig' and all sorts of horrid names. But to-day Sam Elder knocked my elbow when I was writing in my copy-book, and made a great blot on the page, and now I shall not get the prize. Doctor Jones told me yesterday that I was doing splendidly, and was sure of gaining one of the prizes, if not the first. But all my hopes are gone now, for the teacher will not pass a blot." And then Alfred turned a very despairing face towards his sister, who was so patient under her sad affliction, and endeavored by her daily teachings to lead her little brother in the path that leads to God.

"Perhaps it was an accident, brother," she said, gently. "Maybe Sam did not do it intentionally."

"That is just like you, Annie," said Alfred, kissing the pale cheek. "You are always ready to excuse every one. But I know Sam did it purposely, and I shall pay him for it."

Alfred set his teeth hard, and looked very vindictive.

"Why do you not tell the teacher it was not your fault?" asked Annie.

"Sam would whip me if I told, and besides, it's mean to tell on a fellow, and I wouldn't do it for all the prizes in the world. But I will make him suffer for such a mean trick!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said Annie's gentle voice again.

"O! Annie, it is so easy for you to be good," said Alfred, a little impatiently. "I'm sure if you were in my place you would find it very hard to feel kind."

"Try putting some burning coals on his head, brother dear."

Alfred face lengthened. "Now, Annie, I know what you mean. If I think enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink: For by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

"Yes, brother, I think that the best punishment Sam could have," said Annie.

The next day Alfred walked to school with a naughty spirit tugging at his heart.

"Sam expects to get the prize for compositions," it whispered, "contrive something to make him fail."

Then a gentle voice seemed to whisper: "Be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." But it was so hard to lose the prize he had striven for for months.

He was late that morning, and when he entered the school he found the class-room empty. All the boys were assembled in the large room for the opening exercises. As he went to his desk he saw a white paper lying upon the floor. He picked it up and his heart bounded with mingled joy and surprise. It was Sam Elder's composition for that day.

"Keep it," whispered the wicked spirit who is always ready to tempt little boys and girls. "It would be stealing," said Conscience, the good angel that God has placed in our hearts to warn us against evil-doing.

"O, well, you can give it to him after the prizes are given out and tell him you had just found it," whispered the wicked spirit again.

"That would be lying," said Conscience.

Then followed a struggle between right and wrong. For a moment Alfred's hand clasped tightly over the paper. "It would serve him right if I kept it," he thought.

"O do not keep it," pleaded Conscience. "You'll be sorry for it." "No, I will not keep it," said Alfred, at last, almost fiercely. The victory was won, and the angels rejoiced over the young conqueror.

When the boys returned, Alfred said: "Here, Sam, is your composition. I found it on the floor."

Sam blushed crimson. "Thank you, Alf," he said, "shake hands with a fellow, will you?" "You're a real brick," he added, "and I'm sorry I spoiled your copy book yesterday," and Sam looked so confused and ashamed that Alfred thought: "Annie is right; that coal does burn."

"But, say, Alf, what made you do it?" asked Sam.

"Be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," bravely responded Alfred, who was not afraid to speak a word for Jesus. The boys did not call him "prig," as usual. There was such a noble look in his face. The very soul of truth shone from his dark eyes as he spoke. The boys thought of the abuse they had so often inflicted upon him and how patiently he had always borne it, and they felt ashamed of it.

"You're a good little fellow," came from many lips, and Alfred was pleased to have gained their respect; but above all, he was happy in the consciousness of having pleased his Heavenly Father.—N. Y. Observer.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY REV. FREDERICK C. CLARK, D. D.

It is not told by a minister, not even in the Sunday-school, but in the home of a devoted teacher to a congregation of one. This is the way the story was told, and this is the way it went down into one human heart.

A poor ragged boy was found one Sunday by the teacher among the regular scholars of her class. The lady had no idea how the thing happened. But there the boy was in his pitiful plight, and the other boys were having a little fun over the awkwardness and poverty of the stranger. The teacher drew the boy close to her side, and asked his name. Hanging down his head he muttered "My name is Jimmy."

"How old are you?" was asked, with other questions which drew out the fact that the boy was ten years old, and that he could not read. The case was so pitiful that the teacher only whispered, "I want you to go home with me after school."

At length the teacher was seated in the house with the strange boy, to whom she gave an apple to make him feel at home, when the conversation went along something like this:

"Jimmy, is your mother living?"

"I never had any mother as I knowed of. I allers lived with Benjamin the bone-picker."

"Well, Jimmy, I hope you love Jesus."

"Jesus, who is he?"

"Why, Jimmy, you must have heard of Jesus—stop and think."

With an honest and wandering look the boy replied, "Upon my word and honor I never heard tell on Him. I suppose he is some big gentleman what wouldn't speak to Jimmy."

The teacher had never before met a person that had not heard of Jesus. At first a strange chill came over her, and next a thrill of joy at being permitted to tell the story of the Cross to another for the first time. A prayer was sent up—

"Lord help me," and the lady went on talking of Jesus. The boy listened with a stare of bewilderment; his gaze was riveted more and more upon his teacher as he drew closer and closer to her until his elbow rested on her lap. Tears came, filling his eyes and running down his cheeks, when he said, "It seems awful strange; nobody ever told me before that Jesus died for me. Are you sure there is no mistake about it? I allers thought I was of no account anyhow. Please tell me where they buried him. I wish I could put some flowers on His grave."

When the teacher could recover her self-control after the pathos of these words, she said "Jimmy, I have not told you the best of all. The grave could not hold Jesus," and she went on to tell the boy about the resurrection and ascension. Her listener was spell-bound, as he heard still further of Christ praying for Jimmy, and that he was just as near to him as the boy was to the teacher, and that Jesus had a home for him in heaven by-and-by.

The story had now penetrated Jimmy's heart and he said, "I don't see how anybody could help loving One that died for 'em; but how can I tell what He wants me to do? I can't see Him, nor hear him talk. I wish I had seen Him before He died."

The teacher went on to tell about the Bible, about the strength Christ gives to them who try to obey Him,

and how near we can all be to Him now that He is risen from the dead. Jimmy said inquiringly, "You told me that Jesus would come and live in my heart, but I know He won't stay where there is so much badness. Only yesterday I tried to steal some apples, and when I feel awful hungry, I just think I could steal anything. How can I get this awful feelin' out of me, so as to be good?" to which the teacher replied by telling more of the love of Christ and His cleansing blood.

"Now please, teacher," said the boy, "won't you tell Mr. Jesus who I am? I don't know how to ask Him, as long as I can't see Him. Maybe I won't ask Him mannerly-like, and He won't answer me."

The teacher replied that praying is talking to Jesus. "You can tell Him just what you want, and ask Him for it."

"Well," replied Jimmy, "I think I would like to have you tell Him about me first, for you have known Him so long, and He will take more notice of Jimmy if somebody comes with him."

They knelt in prayer, the teacher introducing Jimmy to Jesus, as the boy expressed it. Then in honest and rude faith Jimmy said, "I feel so well acquainted with Him now, you bet it won't be the last time I'll talk to Him."

The boy took up his old torn cap as if by burying away, when the teacher said, "What is your hurry, Jimmy?"

In a subdued and confidential tone the boy replied, "I want to hurry home and tell Benjamin about Jesus; he is so sickly-like, and it would be an awful thing if he should die and not hear about Jesus." Then half-covering his mouth with his hand he whispered, "And he told me to steal the apples, and that is why I am in such a hurry. Good-bye."

This a real incident. Such paganism may be found within pistol shot of our church spires. Here we see the charm of the old, old story, as fresh and powerful as ever. How many of us could tell the story so simply? What Christianity wants most to-day, is not a better philosophy, but lives so true and hearts so loving that it shall not be so hard to get the story told.—Evangelist.

HOME HINTS.

TEETHING children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath, and cold water applied to the head.

GERMAN WAFFLES.—Half a pound of butter stirred to a cream, the yolks of five eggs stirred into half a pound of flour, half a pint of milk gradually stirred in, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and added to the butter. This recipe furnishes very rich and delicious cakes. To be baked in well-greased waffle-irons, as usual.

Oatmeal cakes may be successfully kept from crumbling if you add a little wheat flour to oatmeal mush; knead it, and then roll it quite thin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. These must be kept where they will be dry, as they absorb moisture surprisingly and are rendered unfit for use by it.

STAINS ON WHITE GOODS.—Dissolve one ounce of pure pearlash in a pint of soft water, and to this solution add a lemon peeled and cut in small slices; keep the mixture in a warm place for two days, then strain it, and bottle the clear liquid for use. A little of this poured on the stains will remove them; as soon as they disappear the cloth should be washed in clear water.

A DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Bake a common sponge cake in a flat-bottomed pudding dish; when cold cut into six or eight pieces; split and spread with butter, then return them to the dish. Make a custard with four eggs to a quart of milk, flavor and sweeten to taste; pour over the cake and bake half an hour. The cake will swell and fill the custard.

Young Folks' Column.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We specially request Puzzles, Solutions, &c., for the "Young Folks' Column." Address all matter as given above.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 53.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. (FROM "TORY," KINGS.)

My 1st is in ransom, but not in paid;
My 2nd is in going, but not in staid;
My 3rd is in unite, but not in break;
My 4th is in stream, but not in lake;
My 5th is in strength, but not in weak;

My 6th is in hide, and also in seek;
My 7th is in young, but not in old;
My whole's the name of a poet of old.

No. 54.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM "TURY," KINGS.)

Teh wia ho bet hold si feretop,
vrtgeuon chit wols; eth ithnoyest fo

teh dori is rues, nigamk siew eth pilems.

No. 55.—LETTER PUZZLE. (FROM "BANSACKER," KINGS.)

Take three T's, two H's, an I, and an A;
Three L's, two O's, a U, and a K;
To these just add an N, and an S,
And a command of the Lord you'll quickly guess.

No. 56.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. (FROM S. E. BANKS, BARRINGTON.)

h-v-s-t-a-c-m-n
p-a-h-w-l-s
e-u-a-e-w-i-h-h-l
n-v-r-o-d-h-i-p-a-e
a-n-r-i-h-y-t-a
m-k-m-n-i-n-f-h-c
o-d-k-e-n-t-i-e-c

No. 57.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (FROM "BLAINE," QUEENS.)

My 1, 2, 3, 10 is a cereal;
My 6, 7, 2, 3, 5 is a kind of shrub;
My 6, 7, 9, 6, 1, 7 is a kind of roof;
My 11, 7, 4, 10 is a part of the leg.

My whole, consisting of 11 letters, is the name of one of the Books of the Bible.

No. 58.—EASY SQUARE WORD. (FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING.)

Pertaining to males; a woman's name; for catching fish.

No. 59.—ENIGMA. (FROM "FLO," CARLETON.)

In ape, but not in monkey;
In dog, but not in cat;
In ale, but not in rum;
In rock, but not in stone.

A Jewish month.

No. 60.—ANAGRAM. (FROM HARRY McDONALD, KINGS.)

Lervam nto talt I sdia utno tehe,
ey mstu eb orbn angai.

No. 61.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. (FROM CLARA L. McLEOD, CARLETON.)

N l ty as cnwgt, n ehl drc h pta.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved. (No. 7.)

No. 33.—Lebanon.
No. 34.—Mark x. 14.—"Suffer thee, &c."
No. 35.—H
W
A
S
H
A
P
P
Y
S
P
Y

No. 36.—"Better have no company than bad company."
No. 37.—Ephraim.
No. 38.—Proverbs xxviii. 5.

CHAT.
Something to Think About.

THERE IS NO PROMISE FOR TOMORROW. IT IS NOW.
God Sees.

Little children, learn, I pray,
When you work or when you play;
If it's night, or if it's day,
God can see you—yes, alway.

"VAN," Lower Prince William, York, who takes such an active interest in the COLUMN, sends us the following for insertion:

Voices from the Tomb.
BY E. Z. C. JUDSON.

From the graves of murdered thousands,
From the cities of the dead,
Comes a silent, awful warning,
Like a spectre, dark and dread,
Bidding us who yet are living,
By the fate of those below,
To avoid the drink, so tempting,
Which too early laid them low.

Widows' tears and orphans' wailing,
Seen and heard on every hand,
Deeds of dark and cruel carnage,
Stain with crimson this our land;
Wretched victims fill our prisons,
Others beg from door to door;
While the homes we build for paupers
Scarce can hold a beggar more.

This will last, 'ereburied people,
Till you crush the leading cause,
Till you save the tempted drunkard
By the aid of Christian laws;
Till you check the sale of "poison,"
Under every tempting name,
And redeem the sinking millions
From the rum-fiend's grasp of shame.—Selected.

LOTIE R. STEEVES, St. John.—You have correctly solved THE MYSTERY in issue No. 7. Come again soon, and bring some puzzles.

We are in receipt of MS. from Woodstock, dated Feb. 17th, bearing correct solutions to the puzzles in issue No. 7, but without the sender's name. We would judge, from the writing, that it is from the pen of Clara McLeod.

IDA M. BURNETT, Kings.—You have given a correct solution to Nos. 34 and 35. Thank you for the nice puzzles. Write again, and send more puzzles.

AGNES L. BURNETT, Kings.—Thank you for the puzzles. Send some more. Nos. 36 and 38 of "The Mystery" correctly solved.

R. L. BLACK, Kings.—Your fine batch of puzzles received. We will be pleased to receive more from your pen. Come often. You've correctly solved Nos. 33 and 37.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unflinching.—Channing.

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