

THE WEATHER PROPHECY.

When soot falls down, when spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep;
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking high;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading, back to earth it bends;
The wind unsteady, veers around,
Or settling in the South is found;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night;
When through the clear stream fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
When one or all these things you see,
Foul weather it will surely be.

The Fireside.

HOW LOTTIE HELPED.

"Did you ever see such a looking room?"

The sharply accented exclamation sprang from the red lips of a young girl as she crossed the threshold of the old red farmhouse kitchen on her way to school.

Very pretty and wholesome Lottie Emory looked, as she came lightly tripping downstairs, across the shaded orderly dining room, in her airy suit of nun's veiling and graceful sun-hat knotted about with a wide blue sash.

Early risers were the inmates of this busy farm home; and not three fourths of an hour before Lottie had left that same wide, low celled kitchen in "apple pie" order, which was her favorite term for scrupulous neatness and orderly arrangement of a room.

"Cleaning up" after breakfast was always Lottie's work, and so, too, was the care of the dining-room and chambers. Very seldom did the old Townsend clock, perched on one end of the kitchen mantle, whirl for eight o'clock in the long summer mornings, but found Lottie's tasks neatly accomplished and she alighted to commence her half-mile walk to school.

This morning it wasn't quite eight, yet beds had been aired and made, chambers and kitchen put to rights, the dining-room swept and dusted, fresh flowers picked for the parlor vases, and she, lunch-basket and bookstrap in hand, ready for school; but on the kitchen threshold she paused in dismay. "Such a looking room! Who did it?"

Well, that great stack of milk pans, smeared with bonny clapper inside and out, that Lottie's tired-faced mother had just brought from the milk cellar and piled into the sink till leisure—no, not leisure, who ever heard of leisure in a farmhouse kitchen in the summer time—till she found a hurried opportunity to wash them—helped in the confusion; and that litter of ash shavings by the wood box, that father Emory had scattered there not ten minutes before, as he whittled an ox-goad while he chatted with "mother," a moment, added to the chaos; and the unwashed churn, also from the milk cellar, with dasher and laddle and dripping butter paddles tilted across its top, waiting for those same tireless mother hand and hot water, added not a little to the disorderly state of affairs; and the overturned box of red bell-peppers in the open window, with dirt sifting along the ledge and across the floor—the combined work of a hungry, foraging hen and the June breeze—helped in the clutter; and a big slop pail by the sink, and a train of little slops across the floor leading from the well to the water pail rest on the sink board told even big Rover, as he indignantly lifted his clumsy feet from the slops to track them across the bell-pepper's dirt-shifting over the floor, that careless Fred had for once brought his mother a pail of water.

But this patient, ever-busy mother, where was she?

A pile of pie-plates flanking the heaped pan of flour on the long kitchen table, another pan of prepared pumpkin and prepared "mixing" and cream, gave promise that pies were under way. The cellar door standing open, and the big dinner-pot jarring its iron cover with imprisoned steam, and a flank of corned beef over the hot stove, noisily testified that the house mother was in the cellar foraging for vegetables.

"I should think mother would stifle working all the forenoon in this sweltering kitchen!" Lottie exclaimed, reaching for her sun umbrella that hung on the wall.

"Better help her by putting the kitchen to rights," whispered the little voice that sometimes gives an unpleasant jog to our thoughts. "You will have plenty of time before school, and only think of the surprise and pleasure it would give her!"

A little scowl came between Lottie's pretty blue eyes. "It is not my work to wash the milk dishes, nor is it my fault if the kitchen is all in a clutter. I am sure I put it in apple pie order an hour ago"—the little foot poised over the plank doorstep.

"For even Christ pleased not himself."

Why should that Scripture passage flash in mind just then?—the day's verse on the little bright colored calendar that hung just under the clock. Lottie had read it with a quick glance as she paused in her dusting to tear off yesterday's leaf.

"But it is so stifling hot here, and I have hurried all morning to finish my work, that I might walk to school before the sun gets scorching high in the heavens; besides, mother doesn't expect me to help her."

"Then give her a pleasant surprise as well as rest, by setting the kitchen in order before she comes in," buzzed the little voice close at hand.

"Pleased not himself?"

The red letters of the calendar seemed to glow before Lottie's eyes, but it wasn't that; it was only those red bell peppers that had toppled on to the floor from the window-sill.

"I'll do it. Mother will have her hands full with the vegetables and pies and the dinner. It's a pity if I am not willing to give her a little extra lift in the work now and then."

The shade hat went up on a nail with a toss; off came the dainty cuff and tiny ruffled apron, and in their place—broadly covering the neat school dress—went on her big checked apron.

"I hope mother will dress the vegetables before she comes into the kitchen, and then I shall have plenty of time to straighten things before she sees it," thought Lottie, softly latching the cellar door, that the clatter of pans and whisk of broom might not reach her mother's ears.

A shadow fell across the kitchen window, and Lottie looking up saw her mother carrying from the roll-way a basket of vegetables carefully selected from last year's sand-packed supplies to the cool shade of the lilac trees in the back yard, there to dress them for the dinner-pot.

Broom and dish-cloth, wing and dust-pan—how they flew that next half hour!

The warped, forked hand of the old clock pointed the quarter to nine before the jaunty sun-hat came down and Lottie lightly tripped through the red-framed doorway of the kitchen on her way to school.

A little later in the day, deep in the intricacies of geometry, and the bewildering dates of history, in the cooler temperature of the breezy school-room, out of mind went the remembrance of her mornings' kindness. Only once she thought of it, and that was in the noon hour, when little Johnny Andrews confidentially whispered to a classmate that "ma is going to have a 'biled dish' for supper."

Lottie smiled, thinking of the vegetables she had seen losing their rough coats in the shadows of the lilac trees that morning; and "I wonder what mother said when she came in and found the revolution in her kitchen," was the thought that set her bright eyes dancing as she passed to her desk.

"Dear child! God bless the dear child!" was just what her mother said as she entered the kitchen, heated and tired, wearily thinking of the work that must be met before noon.

Oh, it was such a help, and so restful for that hurried discouraged mother to find her kitchen in order, and her sink cleared of its stack of milk-pans.

"The dear, dear child!" Lottie little knew how often she was in her mother's thoughts that day, and how her living attempt to lift a burden from her mother set a little bird singing in that heart all day as she toiled; for love lightens labor, and these mothers never forget, never overlook or cease to hunger for expressions of love and sympathy from the dear ones of their household unto whom they minister unceasingly and uncomplainingly; but in many and many a home, all too late this lovingly expressed sympathy and tender care comes.

When the tired feet are still, the hands crossed in strange whiteness and idleness, the sweet lips, that never before in our lifetime refused to answer us or be dumb to our entreaties, mute and cold; then all too late we wake to her word and bitterly regret that we had not "made more of mother" when she was with us!—*Quiver.*

A MARKED YOUTH.

Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sport of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found repairing some damaged article or devising some new implement.

His father was poor; the farm small, and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his

junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, plowed it, planted it with corn; harvested the crops, and then asked as his compensation to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course the father granted the wish.

When the boy was seventeen his father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him. So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade, that he determined, with the aid of a younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling house for his father's family. The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was found to fit its plate, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as master carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that a man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure and unambitious men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Bible saying.

HOME HINTS.

CORN SOUP.—Grate twelve ears of corn. Boil cobs in one quart of water for one and a half hours; remove the cobs and put in the corn, and boil a half hour. Add one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of butter. Salt and pepper to taste. When ready to serve, add three well-beaten eggs. Stir briskly and do not return to the fire but serve quickly.

"THE BOW IN THE CLOUD."

Once, when I was a little girl, I disobeyed my mother. After that I was afraid, and went to an old barn, away off, so that mother could not find me. All at once it began to rain so hard that I could not go back to the house. So I sat still, and thought of what I had done. I remembered that God had seen me disobey, and that he was angry at people who did wrong. It kept on raining harder yet, and I was afraid that God was going to drown the world because I was so bad, just as he had done in Noah's time.

I put my face down in the hay, and cried. Pretty soon I felt my father touch me.

"What is the matter, Louie?" he asked.

"I have been very naughty, and God will never forgive me," I said. Father took me in his arms, and carried me to the door. The rain had stopped. I looked up; and there in the sky was a rainbow, its beautiful colors shining in the sun.

My father said to me: "When Noah came out of the ark, none of his children could forget the awful flood which had left the earth so lovely. Every time it rained, they must have been afraid that the flood was coming again. And when they did wrong, they thought that perhaps God would punish the world as he had done before. So God told Noah that the rainbow should be a sign that he would watch over men; and when men saw it shining after the rain, they were to remember God's goodness, and he would look at it and remember his promise to them. So the rainbow would be a token between God and men."

"I would rather not have God watch me; I am so naughty," I said.

Then my father told me how God loves us, and when we do wrong is ready to forgive us if we are sorry for our sin, and confess it. He sent his dear Son to die for us. For his sake he is willing to forgive all our sins, instead of punishing us.

It made me very happy to think that God loved me, and was willing to forgive. And after that, every time that I saw the rainbow, it was a sign to me of God's blessed promise to take care of us.—*Evangelist.*

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 242.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM J. M. DOUGALL, CARLETON.)

Ndahet bianhant lah on ays miaksi: Eth IpOple atth wida nneihet hah eb gorfaie rehTi Tiuyiqi.

No. 243.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE NAMES.

(FROM R. L. BLACK, KINGS.)

1. I told other tales.

2. I held the rod.
3. They rang a bell.
4. I shot a pet ermine.
5. The berries were not ripe enough to pick.
6. You can easily tell evil companions.
7. I killed a mosquito.
8. I was rocking the baby long before morning.
9. Some would rather see a mat than a carpet.

No. 244.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM I. M. BURNETT, KINGS.)

A - e - s - i - a - e - o -
- a - g - t - r - o - i - e - a - c - h
- e - r - b - t - m - n - y - n - a - r -
- t - f - t - i - n - g -

No. 245.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

My whole, composed of 15 letters, is a precept of Christ.
My 5, 4, 15 is an affirmative.
My 12, 14, 1, 11, 9 is a battle.
My 12, 2, 7, 8, 10 is to grieve.
My 13, 3, 5 is a plant.

No. 246.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM H. DAGGETT, GRAND MANAN.)

Osuldh ont eth lttmdcuni fo owdar eb seerdaw dan hlduso a nma lifu fo lkta eb ustidjfi.

No. 247.—QUERY.

(FROM L. A. KEER, STANLEY.)

Where is COLLEGE mentioned in the Bible?

No. 248.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

One day a young girl named (a place in Turkey in Asia) went for a walk, with her sister (a city in Phoenicia) and her brother (a town of Galilee) for some (a river in Turkey in Asia) which grew some distance from their home. When they started (a river in Scotland) they met a (an island west of England) dressed in (a river north of England) suit and (a country in north of Africa) shoes looking for (a city in Italy) (a small town in New Jersey) of (one of the United States) creeper. They were in (a lake in north of Scotland) of soon meeting (island west of Scotland) and (a country in New Brunswick) with some (an island north of England) for them, which they did; and then thought a (cape on Newfoundland) would bring them quickly to (a town in Arkansas) where they could see (a island south of New Brunswick), a (cape of Prince Edward Island), a (harbour in Nova Scotia), a (lake in the Northwest), and a (river emptying into Hudson Bay) while there finding some (a sea east of China), (a sea south of Europe), and (sea west of Arabia) wild flowers. And having a (islands in North Pacific Ocean) they said (a cape south of Greenland), and returned home, having spent a pleasant day.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 34.)

No. 221.—
"Come little children to Jesus!
He is saying now, 'Come to me;'
He suffered for all, so come at His call,
And from every sin be set free!"

No. 222.—Madam.

Usu.
Refer.
Dead.
Eve.
Redder.

MURDER. RED RUM.

No. 223.—
Hyena.
Yore.
Eve.
Ne.

No. 224.—1. Isaiah xxii. 18.

2. 1 Samuel xxvii. 10.

No. 225.—Wheat, heat, eat, at, T.

No. 226.—Agincourt.

CHAT.

HELEN R., St. John, correctly answers all the puzzles in Aug. 25th, except No. 224. Good! A pleasant trip!

JESSIE B. SHARP, Kings, sends us some excellent puzzles. Thank you for these, and the kind words. She says, "I get more interested in the 'Young Folks' Column' every week." She correctly explains Nos. 206, 207, 209, 214 and 220. Write again soon.

MS., post-marked Grand Harbour, containing a Diamond and Drop-Letter Puzzle, and also a solution to No. 220 in Aug. 18th; but containing neither pseudonym or name of any kind. We thank the contributor, but cannot identify the writing. Please send us name!

TO BE SOLVED.—This seems to be the season for pie. J. McDougall heads the list with a good piece. Who will find R. L. Black's Hidden Names? They are all familiar ones. Supply the dropped letters in I. M. Burnett's Drop-Letter Puzzle. "America's" Enigma and H. Daggett's Anagram are excellent puzzles. Where is "collegs" found? Please tell Lizzie. This week "Marianne" gives our young folk a chance to study their geography. Make out the story who can!

NEVER put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original lustre. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whitening and rub hard. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds, as it makes it look like pewter.

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