

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair! The darkest cloud
That ever loomed will pass away;
The longest night will yield to dawn,
The dawn will kindle into day!
What if around the lonely bank
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow?
Stretch every ear; there's land ahead,
And thou wilt gain the port to-morrow!

When fortune frowns and summer friends,
Like birds that fear a storm, depart,
Some, if thy breast hath tropic warmth,
Will stay and nestle round the heart!
If thou art poor, no joy is won,
No good is gained by sad repining;
Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be gathered for their shining!

There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe;
The light of hope will linger near
When wildest beats the heart's emotion,
A talisman when breakers roar,
A bright star o'er the troubled ocean.

The farmer knows not if his fields
With flood or droughts or blights must cope;
He questions not the fickle skies;
But ploughs and sows and toils in hope;
Then up and strive and dare and do,
Nor doubt a harvest thou wilt gather;
A time to work, a time to wait,
And trust to God for genial weather!

Selected.

The Fireside.

PHIL'S EXPERIMENT.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Have I got to rake up these leaves every day?" asked Phil with a whine in his voice.

"Yes, every day."

"But what is the use? They keep on falling, and make just as big a litter as before."

"Your room has to be set in order every day," said his mother, smiling.

"I wouldn't care much if it wasn't," said Phil.

"And your shirts have to be washed every week. And the dishes you eat off of have to be washed three times a day. You keep on eating, you know!"

Phil could not forbear a smile as he slowly raked away at the leaves. He might easily have gathered them in ten minutes, leaving in good order the little lawn which his mother liked to see nicely kept, but he usually dawdled over them for half an hour.

"Seems to me I have to do a great deal of work for other folks," he went on, mournfully. "I have to pile wood, and cut kindling and drive the cow, and water the flowers—and things."

"Do you have more to do for others than others do for you?" asked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I guess so. Any way, if I could stop doing things for folks, they might stop doing things for me."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, indeed," said Phil, eagerly. "May I try it, mamma?"

"If you like. You may try it for one day."

"One day! Oh! I want to try it for a week. And if it works well, can I keep it up?"

"Yes."

"Remember, then, mamma, nobody's to ask me to do a single thing, and I'll remember my part. Hurrah! Phil dropped the rake over the small pile of leaves, and rushed away to look at his fish-line; for he had made up his mind to go fishing that afternoon, and have a pleasant time, now that none of those troublesome chores were to be thought of.

Running hastily to the barn, he fell and tore a hole in his trousers.

"Mamma!" he cried, picking himself up and going toward the house. But he suddenly remembered that mamma was not to be called upon. He ran up stairs to change the torn garment.

"Ah! two buttons off my other pants, and I forgot to tell about it. Never mind; I can sew them on myself. I often have. It's easy enough to sew on buttons."

It had been when mamma gave him the needle and thread. But now, as he took a fine needle and coarse thread, he wondered why it had never seemed so hard before. It took him a long time to thread his needle, and then every stitch was a separate trial. He tugged away, got hot and flurried, and pricked his finger time and again.

At last he felt sure the buttons were sewed on tight. But as he sprang up to put on the trousers, he found that they were sewed to the skirt of the coat he had on. With tears half way to his eyes, he took out his knife and cut the stitches. No one was waiting to see if his necktie was neatly tied, or to hand him his books. The school bell was ringing, and he rushed away with the torn trousers on.

But he was late, to his great regret; for he had begun school with a resolve not to have one tardy mark during the year.

The tear in his trousers kept catching in things and tearing larger, until he was very much ashamed of it, and glad at length to hurry home. As he again sewed on the buttons, he could not help wondering if mending one's own clothes were not a little harder than cutting kindling.

"Never mind," he said to himself, "Nobody will ask me to do anything after dinner, and I can do

just what I please all day when I get out of school."

He went to the dinner-table with a boy's appetite.

"Where's my plate?" he asked, seeing no place ready for him.

"Have you forgotten our agreement?" asked his mother.

"Why, no, mamma. I said nobody need do anything for me. I am going to wash my own dishes when I'm done."

"But do you expect me to cook for you?"

Phil stared at her for a moment, then gave a rather blank look at the roast beef and sweet potatoes. But he was not ready to give up.

"I did forget, that's a fact," he said with a laugh, as he turned and went out.

But there was little spirit in the laugh, and mamma looked after him with a sober face.

"I can't see him miss his dinner," she said.

But his father said: "Let him learn his lessons well. It will not hurt him."

Phil went out to the orchard and ate apples, not troubling himself to think whether anybody had raised them for him, and rejoicing in the reflection that when picking time came he would not have any part of that work to do.

He went fishing, and on his way home had the satisfaction of sitting on the fence to watch his brother Ben drive the cow home. Ben hailed him.

"The Pratts have come to tea."

"That's jolly!" shouted Phil, springing from the fence and running home, leaving Ben to plod along with the cow.

He hurried to his room. The bed was not made, and everything he had touched that day lay where he had left it, which did not trouble him.

"Hello—no water!" he exclaimed, as his empty pitcher flew up in his hand. But, bethinking himself, he ran for his own water.

"Now for a clean collar." But his face fell as he saw none in the drawer. It was plain that they had not come up from the wash and he would not ask for one. What did he want of a collar, any way, when no one would expect to see him at the tea-table?

He crept out to the barn, found a cup and managed to get a good drink of milk from the cow. Then he ate more apples, and from the hay-left watched the merry group at play on the lawn, trying to think it very nice not to be expected to help about the chores.

But as he lay awake, after going to bed, restless and a trifle hungry, he began to wonder if his bargain was altogether a satisfactory one. He recalled something he had heard his mother say about his being impossible for any one to live unto himself, or to escape the duties and responsibilities owed by each to others, and that all peace and harmony and happiness depend upon the good will and cheeriness and loving-kindness with which these duties are performed. He fell asleep thinking he would probably not try his new plan longer than the week he had spoken of.

The clothing kept slipping from his unmade bed, causing him much discomfort as the coolness of the autumn night settled down. He awoke at the sound of the breakfast bell to a keen perception of the delightful smell of mutton chops, buckwheat cakes, and other good things.

"Well!" he exclaimed, jumping up, "I'm not going to live another day on apples, if I know myself. After all," he went on, as he dressed himself, "it's a mean and sneaking thing to try and shirk things. I get all I want to eat, and good too [he sniffed eagerly at the appetizing smell came stronger], and it's a pity if I can't do a little to help on."

He was out and had the leaves raked before breakfast, at which he appeared with a glowing color and a side-long glance at mamma.

"I think I've tried it long enough, mamma," he said with a smile. "I believe I'll do chores, and board with you, if you'll take me back."

"I will," said mamma, passing him the hot cakes.—*Sunday School Times.*

COMPANIONS.

A boy is known by the company he keeps. You are judged by your associates, for the very good reason that people usually select for their friends those who are in sympathy with themselves. If suspicion in a school trouble of any sort falls upon a lad or a set of lads, you may be certain that they have been companions in mischief. Wrong-doing is much like a snow-ball rolling downhill: it gathers size and momentum as it goes. If a bad boy could always keep good company, few persons would credit them with badness. But a bad boy would be ill at ease among the good, and so you seldom find him in their society.

May your Aunt Marjorie explain that she is not one of those tiresome people who never have patience with fun, and who consider high spirits

and merriment out of place? Indeed, no. When there is a frolic going on, count me in, if you please. Under the head of badness, I include the meanness which makes a boy tell a lie rather than own that he is in the wrong; the malice which prompts him to play a practical joke, and the lack of principle which borrows and does not return.

There are diseases which are contagious, that is, communicated by the touch. We are very careful not to put ourselves in their way. The worst disease in the world which affects only the body is, however, to be preferred to a wrong condition of the soul, and the best way to keep out of that is to choose good companions and to avoid bad ones.—*Harper's Young People.*

SCIENCE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Powdered rice is said to be very efficacious in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds.

It is claimed that the cistern water may be purified by hanging in it a bag filled with charcoal.

It is claimed that a piece of charcoal laid upon a burn will immediately relieve the pain, and if left in place about an hour will effect a complete cure.

Prof. D. E. Hughes, as the result of careful researches, announces his decided preference for the ribbon form of lightning conductor, and regards a solid iron rod as the worst possible form.

Wood worms in books and wood-work can be destroyed by benzine. Books should be locked up in a cupboard with a saucer of benzine; furniture and carvings should be placed in a tightly-closed room with an opened dish to the fluid.

Dr. Gleason asserts that the best remedy for bleeding at the nose is the vigorous motion of the jaws, as in the act of chewing. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be inserted in the mouth and the child instructed to chew it hard. The motion of the jaws stops the flow of blood.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That a bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

That warm borax water will remove dandruff.

That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

That rusty flat-irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

That tough meat is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar and water.

That a little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That a cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.

That well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back, then loosen his clothes and let him alone.

That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

That cold tea should be saved for your vinegar barrel. It sours easily and gives color and flavor.

That to beat the whites of eggs quickly adds a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.

That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of an egg before washing.

That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fears. His success is a question of time.

HOME HINTS.

BEST CORN CAKE.—One egg, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of Indian meal, one cup of flower, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Bake in a square loaf or in a thin sheet in a dripping pan, and cut in squares, or in small tins.

CRAMED PORK.—Fry some thin slices of salt pork; when done pour all the fat out of the frying pan, leave the pork in it; then pour a cupful of thin sweet cream over it, and let it just come to a boil.

APPLE SAUCE.—Soak good dried apples a few hours then stew carefully until soft, with a handful of raisins, or a few slices of lemon; keep it covered closely, and do not stir. Turn carefully out into a dish, keeping the slices unbroken, and serve when cool with powdered sugar, or sweeten while cooking.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 180.—DIAMOND.

(FROM "MAYFLOWER," BARRINGTON.)

* * * A letter.
* * * Time.
* * * A flower.
* * * One.
* * * A vowel.

No. 181.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(FROM "POPIE," WOODSTOCK.)

OdOgEamN niamm OnaWM ishet
emAEidTam wLejs of hrite solws.

No. 182.—SQUARE WORD.

(FROM J. M'DUGALL, ST. JOHN.)

A pronoun; to dialike; a girl's name; contemptible.

No. 183.—SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

(FROM "SALVATION ARMY," GRAFTON.)

The initials will name a man who saw an angel.

1. A lake on which Christ preached.
2. A son of Jacob.
3. A tribe of Israel.
4. A king of Moab.
5. The daily quantity of manna.
6. The place which first rejected Christ.

No. 184.—SQUARE-LETTER.

(FROM FAY ROBINSON, ST. JOHN.)

O o s i t o d n h b a t o f h l u s : e r
e v e i a l h e r h.

No. 185.—CENTRE DELETIONS.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

1. Delete a purpose and have a verb.
2. Delete a quadruped and have an article of apparel.
3. Delete a weapon and have a mineral.
4. Delete an evergreen and have divine.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 25.)

No. 156.—E
a l o n e
k n u c k l e
h o a r h o u n d

No. 157.—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

No. 158.—Isaiah xli. 5.

No. 159.—"As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

No. 160.—Sinai.

No. 161.—Israel, Jonathan, Jotham, Magdalene, Mehetabea, Deborah, Methuselah, Nicodemus, Tabitha, Theophilus.

No. 162.—Romans viii. 35.

No. 163.—1 Kings xi. 30.

CHAT.

BECAUSE of the puzzle-editor's absence for a week these letters were unanswered. We hope that all will be satisfactory. Result of "Prize Competition" will be announced shortly.

"MAYFLOWER," Barrington, N. S., will please accept our thanks for the excellent puzzles. You should send your name or *nom de plume* whenever you write, as we get so many letters that it is sometimes impossible to judge by the writing. Your letters are easily detected.

LOTTE R. STEEVES, St. John, has our congratulations for well merited success elsewhere—in St. John. See below!

"AMERICA," Queens, greeted us with his presence while in St. John. Glad to meet you! Look under the heading, "Prize Competition."

HELEN R., St. John, has our thanks for puzzles. Allow us to congratulate you on your success at home.

M. COLWELL, Nortondale, visits our Column once again. See below.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, has our hearty thanks for the fine puzzles. Write again soon.

FAY ROBINSON, St. John, will please see "Prize Competition."

"YANKEE," Waterville, Me., will please do the same, and also read the note to "Mayflower."

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, will please accept our most hearty thanks for the puzzles sent. See P. C.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to "The Mystery" in No. 22 have been received from Helen R., 1; "Salvation Army," 6; "America," 8; L. R. Steeves, 7; "Mayflower," 8; "Yankee," 7; Fay Robinson, 6.

To No. 23:—Helen R., 5; "Pug Nose," 5; M. Colwell, 6; "Salvation Army," 5; "America," 6; Fay Robinson, 5.

To No. 21:—"Mayflower," 7.

Correct answers to No. 24 have been received from Helen R., 8; "Salvation Army," 8; "America," 8.

To No. 25:—Helen R., 9.

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