

## THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said. "Only just a child that died. And so they carelessly turned away. From the mould the spade had made that day. Ah! they did not know how deep a shade that little grave in our home had made!"

I know the coffin was narrow and small. One yard would have served for an ample pall. One man in his arms could have borne away the casket frail and its freight of clay. But I knew that darling hopes were hid beneath that tiny coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day with folded arms by that form of clay. I knew that burning tears were hid "Neath the drooping lash of aching lid. And I knew her life and cheek and brow were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away—The crimson frock and wrappings gay; The little sock and the half-worn shoe. The cap with its plumes and tassels blue; And an empty cradle with its covers spread. As white as the face of the precious dead.

'Tis a little grave, but oh how bare! For world-wide hopes are buried there, And ye, perhaps, in coming years, May see, like her, through blinding tears How much of light, how much of joy, Is buried up with an only boy.

## The fireside.

## RELIABLE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Yes, they all say that Fred is a very bright boy," said Fred's mother, speaking to her brother, who, just arrived on a visit, had not seen her children for several years.

"And is not Will bright too?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say that he is at all like his brother," was the reply. "Of course I do not mean that he is deficient in ordinary ability, but he is very different from Fred. He is not, indeed, at all like the rest of the family, as you will soon perceive."

Uncle Harlow did perceive that his nephews were very unlike, and was at first inclined to agree with their mother that the difference was entirely in Fred's favor. He was quick and bright in all his doings, ready to make himself agreeable to everybody, and always ready to go out of his way to oblige. And it was evident that his talents were of no mean order. For a leading part in any small entertainment, for a recitation or a song Fred was sure to be chosen; he was so quick in learning and so brilliant in rendering.

"Yes, it is a great pity that Will is so slow," said his mother. "Fred can toss off his lessons so easily that they are never burdensome to him, and he has plenty of time for other things. But Will has to study hard to acquire anything."

"Is he, then, far behind Fred, for his age?" asked his uncle.

"Well, now that I think of it, he is not. And, if I remember rightly, he has never missed in his examinations. But he plods and plods—so different from Fred."

So different from Fred. It seemed a key-note of complaint in the family. No one had any other fault to find with Will, but it seemed to be an accepted fact that he was laboring under a misfortune.

"I have quite a walk planned for to-day," said Uncle Harlow to the boys one Saturday morning. "A tramp over the hill and down by the way of the mills and factories, which I wish to visit. I should like to have your company, if you can go."

"I should be delighted, thank you, Uncle Harlow," said Fred springing up with his usual alacrity.

"I should like it very much, thank you, sir," said Will, "but you know, Fred, we undertook to cut old Gurley's wood this morning."

"Well, what of that?" said Fred, lightly. "Any other time will do as well, won't it?"

"Perhaps so, but we promised," said Will.

"Just as you like, Will," said Fred, impatiently. "You can only hold about one idea in your head at a time, and it sticks like a burr."

"If it is a good idea, isn't it a good thing to have it stick?" asked Uncle Harlow with a smile.

"But," went on Fred, "what difference will it make when we cut old Gurley's wood, so it is done before cold weather. I'll be glad to go with you, Uncle."

Will took his hat and said good morning.

"I think," said Uncle Harlow, quietly, "that as your brother is engaged, we will defer our walk until a time when he can go."

Fred grumbled discontentedly as he followed Will, and felt a little contempt for his uncle for regarding the whims of such a slow poke, as he chose to call his brother.

"I want Will to harness the horse for me," said his mother as she went for a drive. "Fred will do it faster, but I always feel so sure everything is right when Will does it."

"It is a good recommendation to a boy," observed Uncle Harlow, "to be able to feel sure that what he does is done well."

"Oh, yes," said his mother, "we

can all say that for poor Will. He is slow but we can depend upon him."

"Can you do a few errands for me this afternoon, boys?" asked their uncle.

"I can, sir," said Fred with his accustomed readiness.

"Will it do in an hour, sir?" asked Will. "Father told me to do some weeding in the garden, and he'll expect to see it done."

"The weeding can wait just as well as not, but that's just the way with Will," said Fred in a tone of pitying condescension for a weakness. "He's bound to stick to his own idea, you see! But you certainly are not over-polite to Uncle Harlow, Will."

"No letters for me?" said Uncle Harlow, as the mail-carrier passed the house. "It is time I was hearing from some important letter—the ones I gave you to mail for me, last week, Fred."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Fred, a blank expression spreading over his face. "I don't believe I mailed them, uncle. I mean—I know I didn't. I forgot to."

"Where are they?" asked his uncle, coldly.

"They are—I believe they are in the pocket of the coat I wore that day."

He rushed to his room, returning soon with a look of still greater dismay.

"It was the day I got wet in the creek," holding out some sorry-looking letters, with moldy envelopes and blurred addresses. "I'm sorry, Uncle Harlow. Will it make any trouble for you?"

"Possibly not," he answered, "if I can reach New York by to-day's train. I must hurry off."

Fred was profuse in his apologies and offers of assistance. His uncle had little time to listen to the first, and to his great mortification the second were set aside and those of his brother accepted instead; this being an emergency in which Will's idea of a faithful performance of duty allowed him to deter his father's work. The sudden departing was a cause of great regret to all, but a continuance of Uncle Harlow's visit was hoped for until the following letter came, which mother read aloud:

"My dear sister: I regret very much to say that I shall be unable to return to finish my visit to you, through some extra business having arisen."

"Too bad!" interrupted Fred.

"Yes," said his mother, in rather a severe tone than she was in the habit of using towards Fred. "And it makes it worse that the loss should have occurred through your negligence."

"Such a fuss to make about the mailing of a letter," groaned Fred, he being unused to reproof and receiving it with a bad grace. His mother went on:

"Which will detain me until my return to Europe."

"I have a proposition to make which may surprise you. Can I borrow one of your boys for a year? It is, I know, a serious thing to interrupt study for so long, but it would be for the purpose of giving me some slight assistance in business matters, and it would be a year of travel which I cannot help thinking would fully compensate for the loss."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Fred, springing to his feet and dancing with delight. "Travel for a year—in Europe! Of course you'll let me go, mother?"

"There are many older boys who would be glad of the opportunity, but I have kept my eyes open and feel sure that the steadiness of character, the eye single to the faithful performance of duty, and, in short, the general trustworthiness, if I may call it so, of your son Will, render him—"

"Will!" exclaimed Fred in an explosion of amazement and dismay.

"Render him all that I could desire in a boy. So, if he and you are willing, I trust we will spend a pleasant year together."

"The idea of anybody wanting to take Will instead of me!" went on Fred, unable to conceal his anger and astonishment.

"Indeed, it is not to be wondered at," said his mother. "I am sure it was time that some one was perceiving that Will's conscientious regard for the duty which lies next to him was appreciated. It has taken your Uncle Harlow to find out what he really is, and the treat he is to have is fairly won."

Fred did not at once cease to express his contempt for Uncle Harlow's judgment, but the lesson was a severe one, and in time worked its natural effect upon his vanity and self-conceit.—Interior.

To the Christian who really believes in the agency of God in the smallest events of life, confides in his love, and makes his sympathy his refuge, the thousand minute cares and perplexities of life become each one a fine afflicting bond between the soul and its God.—H. B. Stowe.

## TRUSTING WILLIE.

Willie was a poor little boy who worked in a machine shop. When he was fourteen years old, he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he left his trade and began to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak, but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farmhouse and wanted to sell the man a Bible. The man refused to buy, and then Willie asked to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house; if you leave one at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Willie off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Willie cheerily, thankful to be allowed to leave it within the reach of the household, for in some places they refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Savior once lay in a manger, and that will be a good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read, went on his way. The farmer, impressed by Willie's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to seek and find Jesus. Was Willie wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No; it is Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always into the right way.

Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee,  
Little minds may learn thy ways,  
Little hands and feet may serve thee,  
Little voices sing thy praise;  
Growing wiser, stronger, happier,  
Loving Jesus all their days.

—Lathbury.

## HOME HINTS.

A LINIMENT for ear-ache composed of camphorated chloral 2½ parts, pure glycerine 16½ parts, and oil of sweet almonds 10 parts. This is to be well mixed, and preserved in a hermetically closed bottle. A pledget of very soft cotton is to be soaked in the liniment, and then introduced as far as possible into the affected ear, two applications being made daily. Frictions may also be made each day with the preparation behind the ear. It is claimed that the pain is almost immediately relieved, and even in many cases the inflammation is subdued.

THERE is not one thing that promotes the health, comfort and personal beauty of an individual so much as proper care of the teeth. A faithful observance of the following "Hints on the care of the Teeth" is earnestly advised:

1. Cleanliness is of absolute importance in the care of teeth, and its neglect cannot be remedied by dental skill.
2. Thoroughly cleanse the teeth each night before retiring and on rising in the morning.
3. The necessary articles to accomplish this are the tooth-brush, pick, and silk floss, together with a good dentifrice.
4. The brush, to do its work well, should be given an upward motion on the lower and downward motion on the upper teeth, as well as backward and forward, and no portion of any tooth should escape its action.
5. The passage of the floss between the teeth is essential to the cleansing of their approximal surfaces.
6. A well trimmed tooth-pick (quills are the best), should be used after eating.
7. Children's teeth should be cleansed daily by some competent person from the time they begin to eat solid food.
8. For tartar, irregularity, decay, discoloration and other special conditions consult a competent dentist.
9. Compliance with these suggestions not only improves the appearance of the teeth, but will diminish the necessity for dental operations. However, the teeth should be examined by a good dentist twice a year, and if any are decayed they should be filled at once. Do not neglect decayed teeth until they ache, and never have a tooth extracted if it can be saved. Cut this out and hang it up in some prominent place in your sleeping room where it may serve as a reminder of your duty to your teeth at the times when they most need attention—night and morning.

The more perfect the sight is, the more delightful the beautiful object. The more perfect the appetite the sweeter the food. The more musical the ear, the more pleasant the melody. The more perfect the soul, the more joyous the joys of heaven and the more glorious to us that glory.—Richard Baxter.

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## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 275.—HIDDEN BOOKS OF THE BIBLE. (FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

Can you tell what Number sewed on that sash?

I can tell you Jo, Bath's the place for hush.

Ladies, have you seen Lansdowne, Darley and Ruthven?

No; but I've seen mica, hard coal, &amp;c., at New Haven.

He would not make or mar King Arthur's hall.

Then, why so dismal a chirp from that bird call?

Did you say that it uses sugar to feed those bees?

Kate, Sam, and Joe like the pretty sweet pleas.

That is a Vaxhti moth you have snared.

Will Lulu keep it, or send it to Bayard?

There's A. Booth, E. Brewster, and I. Browell

Whose names all begin with a vowel.

Where is your cap? Hi Lemon took it to Shannon.

But who will help Rover? B. Smith fire the cannon.

No. 276.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (FROM L. R. BLACK, KINGS.)

My whole, composed of 37 letters, is a command of our Lord to his disciples.

My 34, 29, 30, 31, 18, 15, 16 is a storm;

My 17, 2, 10, 8 is a measure;

My 25, 36 is a negative;

My 4, 5, 33, 10, 24, 21, 12 is benevolence;

My 20, 14, 1 is fresh;

My 32, 19, 37 is a number;

My 9, 13, 6, 28, 22 is a dish;

My 23, 36, 3, 11, 26, 35, 27, 7 is a turning.

No. 277.—PI PUZZLE. (FROM IDA M. BURNETT, KINGS.)

Hety hita rstut ni riod lash eb sa nuotm nitio, hciw ncomat eb drevocm, tub dathioz retero.

No. 278.—DROP-LET PUZZLE. (FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS.)

Tha cm t hin h mth nd h bthrn, nd cld nt cm t hm fr th prs.

No. 279.—ANAGRAM. (FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)

Moec, tae fo ym edarb, dna knird fo eth neiw chihw i veah gleidum.

No. 280.—DROP-LET PUZZLE. (FROM JESSIE B. SHARP, KINGS.)

T-e-i-k-d-a-r-v-n-w-y-n-i-w-c-k-d-e-s-u-t-e-i-h-e-u-h-t-o-e-n-i-d-a-h.

No. 281.—BIBLE QUERIES. (FROM M. COLWELL, NORTONDALE.)

1. What two people were born that never died?

2. Where is earthen bottle spoken of in the Bible?

3. Where is the sentence, "I declare unto you?"

No. 282.—DECAPITATION. (FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.)

I am a piece of leather. Behead me, and I am much used by hunters; again, and I am something we can both feel and hear.

No. 283.—WORD SQUARE. (FROM "YANKEE," WATERVILLE, ME.)

\* \* \* \* \* A shelter.  
\* \* \* \* \* An adverb.  
\* \* \* \* \* To burn.  
\* \* \* \* \* A shade.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved. (No. 38.)

No. 249.—Isaiah xxi. 1.

No. 250.—Isaiah liiv. 6.

No. 251.—St. John xiv. 1.

No. 252.—Proverbs xxx. 17.

No. 253.—Isaiah xli. 3.

No. 254.—E

No. 255.—DEM I

No. 256.—Go work to-day in my vineyard.

No. 257.—(1) Matt. xii. 8.

(2) St. John i. 3.

(3) Job v. 3.

(4) Numbers xxii. 34.

(5) Matt. iv. 20.

(6) Isaiah lv. 1.

(7) Psalms lxxxix. 47.

(8) Romans xii. 21.

(9) Psalms i. 1.

(10) Heb. i. 3.

(11) 1 Corin. viii. 3.

(12) Gen. i. 1.

Text.—"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. iii. 23.

CHAT.

This week "Marianne" gives a number of Hidden Books of the Bible. Disclose them and peruse them. What is L. R. Black's Numerical Enigma? It is a good one. Ida gives us an excellent piece of P(e). Try it! This is the season for Autumn leaves. A number have fallen in the Drop-Vowel Puzzle following Ida's puzzle: Please shoot the "Partridge." This is the season; and see if it will fall as easily as Jessie's Drop-Letter. Find the Queries, and solve the other excellent puzzles!

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