

MARCH 16, 1887.

To the Fourth Boy.
BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.
So you have come, you little rogue,
To join the boys.
To roar, to riot and to romp
With dreadful noise;
Knowing that we already have
Three of your kind,
And tax our wits, devising ways
To make 'em mind:
Had you no fear that we might think
We had enough,
And so might greet you coldly thus:
"Sir, *quantum suff.*
We're rather tired of tops and drums,
And such like toys;
Pass on, you'll doubtless somewhere find
A lack of boys!"
You hadn't! And you mean to stay!
Well, saucy lad,
Pluck wins, although a girl's sweet face
Had made us glad.
Say, did you see (from heaven to earth
As you did pass),
Soft-eyed and gentle, anywhere,
A little lass?
A little lass whose waiting soul
Her kinship knew,
And sent a message down, that she
Would follow you?
Ah, whether so or whether not,
Since you are here,
Come in and share our warmth and love—
God bless you, dear!

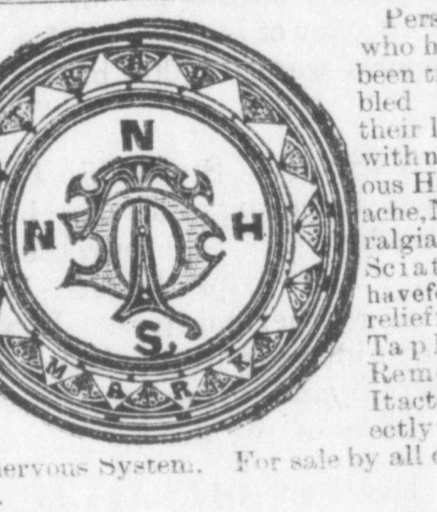
A Missionary Potato
It was not a very large church, and it was not nicely furnished—no carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare frame building away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sabbath of their lives.
On this particular Sabbath they stood together over by the square box stove, waiting for Sabbath school to commence and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.
"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he say lying in one corner under a seat but a potato.
"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Stevie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as anybody."
Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato. "That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it."
James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest."
"Honor bright," asked James.
"Yes, honor bright."
"How 'd split it in two and each put half on the plate?"
"No," said Stephen, laughing, "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess. But suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."
Full of this new plan they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato and laughed.
Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything grow like it: "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I would make my fortune."
When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—in all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:
"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions."
(Signed) JAMES AND STEPHEN HOLT.

Each shining potato had one of the slips smoothly pasted on its plump side. Did not those potatoes go off, though? By three o'clock Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I am sure I cannot describe it to you, but I can assure you of one thing—they each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—*The Pansy.*
NEW SHOES.
"I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?"
Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply, but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in.
"Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."
He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes, so that he might go looking very neat indeed, but the old shoes were far past all mending, and how could he go barefoot?
Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about those shoes? The more he thought of them the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good-sized brick-bat, which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes.
How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasures. But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with a bad-smelling liquid.
Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:
"Well! what's all this?"
He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father, who always slept late in the morning and was very seldom awake so early as this.
"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.
"I did," said Tim, catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.
"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.
"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other little chaps wear shoes."
"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?"
"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into that black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure."
And Tim, hardly able to sob out the words, feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again and cried harder than ever.
His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.
"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."
"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him.
Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.
"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted.
"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? and were they in it?"
"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle; but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."
—N. Y. Observer.
There are paid in the United States for all Christian purposes two hundred and five million dollars a year; for liquor nine hundred millions; for tobacco six hundred millions; thus in one year fifteen hundred million dollars are spent in liquor and tobacco!

WILLIE'S PENNY
Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have brought more than a stick or two of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it?
His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said, "I want to give my penny."
"What shall be bought with the little offering?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and, with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.
The box arrived on the mission ground, and among its valuable, interesting contents, Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native mission teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a Sunday-school over the mountain, where he was to be employed.
He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries; but, alas! he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all efforts for his conversion. This was a great grief to the missionaries, but they continued to hope.
In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered with the marginal explanation, and the fact that prayer had been offered in a distant land for its success in doing good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes—showed him that he was a lost sinner in danger of eternal death, and that his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save.
What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian. The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change by which they became blessed with a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy; and there is joy in heaven "over one sinner that repenteth."
So you see how little Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.—*Exchange.*
Home Hints.
BEEF SOUP.—Beef soup bone, boil six hours, add carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, onions, potatoes, celery, two fresh tomatoes or a cup of canned tomatoes; season with salt or red pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar.
TOMATO SOUP.—One quart can of tomatoes, boil and strain through a colander, return to the kettle and add a half teaspoonful of soda, or more, if necessary; after it ceases to foam add nearly a quart of new milk, butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt to taste; boil a minute or two.
ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Sprinkle the bottom of the dish with cracker crumbs; then a layer of oysters; put on bits of butter and a little pepper; another layer of crumbs and another of oysters; fill your dish in this way, having the layer of crumbs on top; pour over a cup of rich milk and bake for one hour.
Tex value of a good cat on the farm or in any place where mice, rats, weasels, squirrels, and other destructive animals of this class abound, is generally underestimated. Really good cats are scarce. They can easily be improved by care in breeding. If all the inferior cats, male and female, were slain, and all but the best remaining males castrated, this object could surely be attained. A single individual wishing to improve his cats could keep a single pair, and retain only kittens of superior promise!—*American Agriculturist.*
Young Folks' Column.
Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KING CO., N. B.
PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
The Mystery Solved.
(No. 8.)
No. 60.—Og.
No. 61.—T
THE
THREE
EEL
E
No. 62.—Selshammalekoth.
No. 63.—W J
Eagl
S H
O utd
P S
O at H
T A
A sleep
M H
I ndi
A T

No. 64.
"Think not because the eye is bright
And smiles are laughing there,
The heart that beats within is light
And free from pain and care.
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud
Ere day's lost beams depart,
And underneath the summer's smile
May lurk the saddest heart."
No. 65.—Anagram.
No. 66.—Windsor Castle.
No. 67.—JOHN
NAIL
MAIL
SEAS
The Mystery—No. 11.
No. 85.—BIBLE QUERIES.
Where are the sentences (1) "I shook my lap," and (2) "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty?"
MARTHA COLWELL.
Nortondale, York.
No. 86.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
o n h itet ya f te eg o icis
ea pnis iae big oenr f ue n
Hrd en errh f aie ad i etc
hlp trac o tra n f h cin f
rooi n yais h errh f bin.
EDGAR DRAKE.
Grand Harbor, Grand Manan.
No. 87.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
A consonant; still; one we should oppose; the end; a letter.
HELEN R.
St. John.
No. 88.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 7, 5, 3, 7 is a grandson of Boaz.
My 6, 2 is a pronoun.
My 8, 4, 9 is to place.
My whole, words of comfort to the sorrowing.
Lottie STEEVES.
St. John.
No. 89.—PUZZLE.
After fifty place nothing;
Next the half of ten
With the sixth of eight,
And you have God's reason in giving
his son to die for us.
LIZZIE KERR.
Stanley, York.
No. 90.—BIBLE QUERY.
Where in the Bible does it make mention of a man who had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, and what was his name?
WILLIE BOONE.
Queensbury.
No. 91.—WORD SQUARE.
A fruit; truth; to wait; closed.
"VAN."
Lower Prince William.
No. 92.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 14 is an amusement;
my 4, 5, 6, 3 is an article of food; my 8, 1, 2, 6, 3 is a tree.
My whole is a very useful book.
FAY ROBINSON.
St. John.
No. 93.—PI PUZZLE.
I aveh ton dib hyt hteousnessrig
thinwi ym arthe; I vesh clareded yth
ithfluensaf dna yth alvatinos; I aveh
ton onceldee ythe ovingelndisous dna
yth rhtut omir edl eatrg ongreatgnioe.
"PARTRIDGE."
Kings.
No. 94.—ANAGRAM.
If hout stayes, dloheb ew owkn ti
ton hotd out eh hatt hterednop het
tearh redinac ti dan he taht htepek
hyt ouls, shod ton eh owkn ti nda halls
ont eh deerm ot, yveety nam gindrocca
ot ish krows?
"MARIANNE."
Kings.
No. 95.—QUERY.
What book, if deprived of its first two letters, will remain the same?
GEO. N. BREWER.
San Francisco, Cal., U. S.
No. 96.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
A plain in Babylon; son of Shem; conceited; a Biblical seer; to condemn. *Primals and finals, downward, name a noted king and one of his sons.*
"VAN."
Lower Prince Wm., York.
No. 97.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In blue, but not in shade;
In Eva, but not in maid;
In eye, but not in face;
In outside, but not in case;
In tent, but not in camp;
In candle, but not in lamp.
Whole is a city in Europe.
LIZZIE KERR.
Stanley, York.
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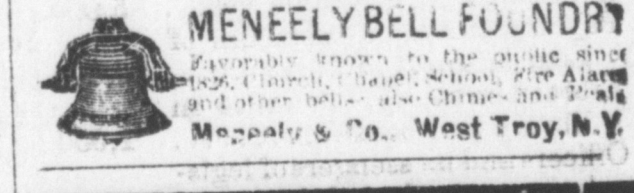
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Chief Superintendent.
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