

The Best that I Can.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What's the use," said the fleecy cloud,
Of those few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold!
Yet I am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day.
Through the happy golden head,
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan!"

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full!
How, why, and for what, all strange
things were—
She was only a child at school!
But thought, "It's part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along
When the road was rough to her feet,
And she sang from her heart a little
song
That we all thought passing sweet.
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

Finding Happiness.

Poor Lucy Lake was listlessly finger-
ing the keys of the piano, and wishing
she knew what to do with herself, or
how to employ the long spring after-
noon.

She was tired of playing on the
piano, tired of Kensington embroidery
and painting, tired of reading stories,
in fact, tired of everything, and felt
almost ready to declare herself tired
of life itself—her bright, easy life,
so full of opportunities for doing good
and making herself a blessing to
others.

Lucy was an only child, and her in-
dulgent parents were not only able,
but willing, gladly, to gratify her
wishes in almost all respects. But it
is often the pampered children of
fortune who experience unrest and
discontent, to which their less affluent
sisters are strangers.

"Father," said Mrs. Lake to her
husband one evening, "do you notice
how dull and listless Lucy seems of
late?"

"Why, no; I haven't observed it
particularly," replied Mr. Lake.
"Well, I have," said the mother,
decidedly; "and I think perhaps she
needs a change. How would it do,
do you think, to let her visit Sara-
toga with her Aunt and cousin Laura?"

"I've no objections," said Mr.
Lake; "but I don't see why she isn't
just as well off at home."

"Oh, well, young people need a
change now and then, and it's nearly
six months since Lucy has been away
from home. I think she had better
try what Saratoga will do for her."

Mr. Lake said, "All right," and
Lucy brightened up considerably at
thoughts of spending a few weeks
with her aunt and cousin at the fash-
ionable resort. But she returned with
the old look of discontent, and Mrs.
Lake began to be really distressed that
Lucy took so little interest in what
was going on about her.

Several parties and entertainments,
which occurred about that time,
served to divert the young girl's
mind for a little while; then the old,
apathetic manner returned, and at
last even her father noticed it.

"I wish Lucy'd go and visit Aunt
Martha," he said to his wife one
evening.

"Oh, dear! that's the very last
place she would want to visit," said
her mother; "but when Mr. Lake pro-
posed to Lucy the next morning that
she should visit at her aunt's quiet
homestead, he was much pleased to
hear her say she believed she would
enjoy going there."

"How long do you think you'll
stay?" inquired the mother.

"Just as long as I can content my-
self."

"Then you won't be gone long,"
was her mother's mental observation.

Aunt Martha Lake was a pleasant,
practical Christian woman. It was a
great pleasure to her, as it was also
to Grandpa Lake, to welcome the
pretty young niece and grand-daughter
to her home, where she had not
visited since leaving school two years
before. Mrs. Lake had sent word
that Lucy had not seemed quite as
well or active as was desirable for
some little time, and she hoped the
simple diversions of farm life would
prove enlivening, and help in waking
up the dear child.

At first, Aunt Martha was pleased
to notice that Lucy seemed quite in-
terested in what was going on about
her; but the novelty soon wore off,
and the young lady sank into the
dull, apathetic state which had caused
her mother so much anxiety.

Lucy often looked at Aunt Martha
and envied her; for no matter whether

the sun shone or the rain fell, no
matter what happened indoors or out,
her face was always placid and her
hands always occupied with useful
duties.

But one morning Aunt Martha ap-
peared in the sitting-room with a
shade on her face, tears in her eyes,
and an open letter in her hand.

"My dear," she said gently, address-
ing Lucy, "I have some trying news
from my dear brother, your kind
father. His business matters are
causing him much trouble, and he has
met recently with heavy losses, which
he at present sees no way of retriev-
ing. He writes that he does not wish
to burden any of us with his perplexi-
ties, and he particularly desires that
for the present you should remain
where you are. Now, my dear child,"

continued Aunt Martha, more cheer-
fully, "only think what a help and
comfort you would become to your
loving, generous parents, if you only
choose. Very probably these losses
of which your father writes will in-
volve considerable change in the man-
ner of living at your home, at least
for some time. Your mother may not
feel like keeping servants and allow-
ing expenses to go on as they have.
Only think how nice it would be if
you should return home able to lend a
helping hand to those who have done
so much for you!"

"But how could I, auntie, knowing
as little about household matters as I
do?" asked Lucy, a new interest in
her eyes.

"My dear girl, suppose I teach you
tonight how to make light, sweet
bread—a far greater accomplishment
in my eyes, and in the eyes of most
men, than either dancing or piano
playing. To-morrow I will teach you
how to mix those nice sponge muffins
you like so much. And, as your
father desires you should stay with
us—where you are more than welcome
—a few weeks longer, suppose you
take a lesson in cooking each day?"

"Why," she added with her old
sprightliness, "I don't believe any-
thing you could do would please your
parents more than to have you return
to them able to cook good, appetizing
meals; and who knows but the simple
lessons may prove a real fascination
to you as you grow skilled in the use-
ful art!"

Lucy was naturally affectionate,
and very fond of her home and her
parents. It had caused a pang of
genuine pain to know that trouble
had come in her absence, and Aunt
Martha's sensible, kindly proposal
was gladly received; and Lucy's first
lesson in the kitchen was accordingly
taken that evening.

Aunt Martha declared she had
never seen her pretty niece look so
charming before as, clad in a new
cambric dress, her plump arms bare,
and her rosy fingers covered with
flour, she stood kneading the batter
which under Aunt Martha's skilful
directions would in the morning be
converted into light, creamy loaves.

Every day some useful lesson was
learned. Every night the young girl
went to her bed the wiser for some
new achievement in her new depart-
ment of employment; while Aunt
Martha secretly rejoiced at the utter
change in the face and manner of her
pupil, whose progress in one of the
most important branches of a woman's
education was remarkable.

One day Aunt Martha asked Lucy
if she would not like to make a custard
for a sick woman, a member of their
church. This was another unusual
experience, and Lucy felt a thrill of
satisfaction and justifiable pride, per-
haps, when she started on her errand
of mercy; a rich custard with whipped
foam on top, also, some delicious lit-
tle sponge cakes, her welcome offer-
ings to a needy sufferer.

At last her time came for her return
to parents and home. Nothing had
been said in her letters concerning her
new occupation; but so bright and
hopeful had the letters been, that
Mrs. Lake almost dreaded seeing her
dear child, for fear she might find
indeed in the changed habit of the
household.

But the happy-faced maiden who
tripped in at the door soon sent all
such fears to the winds. When her
mother said complainingly that there
was but one inexperienced girl in the
kitchen, she hardly understood Lucy's
gay reply:

"Never mind, mother dear. Such
a wonderfully experienced individual
has arrived, we will soon make an ex-
pert of our green assistant."

A new life has indeed begun for
pretty Lucy Lake—a happy life, be-
cause one filled with useful, whole-
some duties. Mr. Lake declares there
never was such bread outside of his
father's house as his dear child can
make; and her mother regards it as a
mystery that she could have learned
so much in so short a time. And
then she never forgot the help and
pleasure it gave her to go repeatedly

to the bedside of that poor, sick,
Christian woman. It was astonishing
how soon she learned of another just
such worthy, needy case, hardly more
than a stone's throw from her own
father's door. And little by little, as
business improved with her father,
and fortune once more smiled upon
them, Dr. Grace, her pastor, came
to regard Miss Lucy Lake as one of
the most useful, young members of
his church and society.

She had found true happiness where
it can almost always be found—in a
life full of useful employment and
in doing good.—*Zion's Herald.*

Necessary Girlish Qualities.

Patience and gentleness are neces-
sary qualities in every girl's life.
Patience aids in extinguishing envy,
overcoming anger, and crushing pride.
How much good may be done and
joy brought by a gentle word or look.
Truly "a soft answer turneth away
wrath." Girls are not called upon
to do great things, except in rare in-
stances; but the every-day trials of
life in the ordinary and appointed ex-
ercise of the Christian graces afford
ample scope for practicing that virtue
of mankind which has become pro-
verbial—The best exercises of patience
and self-denial—and the bet-
ter because not chosen by our-
selves—are those in which we
have to bear with the failings

of those about us, to endure
neglect when we feel we deserved at-
tention, and ingratitude when we
expected thanks—to bear with disap-
pointment in our expectations, with
interruptions of our retirement, with
folly, intrusion, or disturbance—in
short, with whatever opposes our will
or contradicts our humor.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.

CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 20.)

No. 162.—(50)—L; add 0, and then

5=V; to which add the first fourth of

each.—*LOVE.*

No. 153.—Summer.

No. 154.—Dahlia.

No. 155.—1. Psalms 117.

2. 6855 times.

3. Ezra 7:21.

4. 181,253.

No. 156.—s

she

sheep

eel

p

No. 157.—Nebuchadnezzar.

No. 158.—

1. Abraham. 2. Absalom.

3. Abnegado. 4. Andrew.

5. Asenath. 6. Solomon.

7. Thomas. 8. Nicodemus.

9. Bartholomew.

10. Merodachbaladan.

No. 159.—B

b u t

c a n s o

p o l y g o n

s u b m a r i n e

c o n d e n s a b l e

B U N Y A N.

The Mystery.—No. 23.

No. 174.—LADDER PUZZLE.

(FROM HELEN R., ST. JOHN.)

No. 173.—DROP-VOEEL PUZZLE.

(FROM MAUDIE B., KINGS.)

F-r-l-l-th-pr-ph-ts-nd-th-

l-w-pr-ph-s-d-nt-l-j-hn.

No. 179.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

Holbed I meco qlycin seabled si eh

hatt pecketh het gaysins fo het

cropyeph fo hist obok.

No. 180.—BIBLE QUERRY.

FROM "GEEELY," QUEENS.)

What verse in the Bible hath

"affliction" in it twice?

No. 181.—COMBINATIONS.

(FROM "VAN," YORK.)

1. Combine an ancient murder and

an adjective, and have the father of

Sala.

2. Combine one of Noah son's and a

conjunction, and have Shechem's

father.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystic Fountain.

We are sorry that our young folks

did not put forth a greater effort in the

"Prize Competition." We give the

result to-day. As there were only 3

competitors, it did not give us much

worry in examining the solutions. The

result stood as follows:—

Ida Carson, Pollyhurst, Queens, 13.

Alfred G. Machum, Jerusalem,

Queens, 11.

J. R. Van Wart, L. Pr. William,

York, 10.

The prizes are therefore awarded to

the first two mentioned above, and

have been forwarded them. They

will please acknowledge their receipt.

Girls' Prize.—Three packets of

flower seeds—Cypress Vine; Phlox and

Mignonette.

Boys' Prize.—A handsome book, en-
titled *Miss Trouble-the-House*.

We hope that when the next prize

contest is announced it will call forth

greater effort and more names.

Our Mystic Corps.

"JACONY JONES," Fredericton.—

Your puzzle received, and, all being

well, it will be published next issue.

Thank you kindly. Write us more.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy con-
dition of the scalp, and of the glands

through which nourishment is obtained.

When, in consequence of age and dis-
ease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and

gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen

it, restore its original color, promote its

rapid and vigorous growth, and impart

to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a

long time, and am convinced of its

value. When I was 17 years of age my

hair began to turn gray. I commenced

using the Vigor, and was surprised at

the good effects it produced. It not

only restored the color to my hair, but

so stimulated its growth that I have

now more hair than ever before.—

J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility

and loss of appetite; if your stomach is

out of order, or your mind confused;

take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine

will restore physical force and elasticity

to the system, more surely and speedily

than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver

and stomach troubles. My food did not

nourish me, and I became weak and

very much emaciated. I took six bottles

of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.

—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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and Drawers.