

**Baby Has Gone To School.**

The baby has gone to school. Ah me! What will mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe? How can she keep herself busy all day, With the little "hinderer" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-by" to say, And the mother sits at the door to see Her baby march away, And turns with a sigh that is half relief, And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their home out into the world, To battle with life alone, And not even the baby left to cheer The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced. If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

—Edith Thomas.

**When Mamma Was A Little Girl.**

When mamma was a little girl (Or so they say to me) She never used to romp or run, Nor shout and scream with noisy fun, Nor climb an apple tree, She always kept her hair in curl— When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl (It seems to her, you see), She never used to tumble down, Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown, Nor drink her papa's tea, She learned to knit "plain," "seam" and "puril"— When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true— "How fast the seasons o'er us whirl! Your mamma, dear, was just like you When she was grandma's little girl!"

—St. Nicholas.

**A Dark Evening.**

He was just discouraged, and that was the whole of it. He sat close to the stove, leaned his ragged elbow on his knee and his cheek on a rather sooty hand, and gave himself up to troubled thought, the two books which had slipped from him lying unheeded on the floor.

Let them lie there; what was the use in trying to study? Here was the third evening this week that he had been held after hours, when he wanted to go to the night school and find out how to do that example! He might just as well give up first as last.

There was a loud stamping outside, and the door of the little flag station burst open, letting in a rush of spiteful winter air.

"Hallo!" said a boy of about fourteen, muffled to his eyes in fur.

"Hallo, yourself!" said the boy by the stove, without changing his position more than was necessary to glance up.

"Has the six o'clock train gone down yet?"

"Not as I know of; I wish she would be about it; I've been waiting on her now an hour after time."

"Luckily for me she is behind, though; I guess I can catch a ride into town on her, can't I? I've been out to Windmere and missed the five o'clock mail. I set out to foot it, but it is rather rough walking against this wind, especially when you have to walk on ice. I'd rather be toted in on the freight than try it. Do you suppose they will give me a lift?"

"You can sit down and wait, and try it if you like," and the boy glanced toward a three legged stool.

"I'd give you this chair only it hasn't got any bottom," he said, with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"The stool is all right. Do you have to wait every night for the freight?"

"No; not much oftener than every other night; it isn't my business to wait at all; but as often as three times a week the fellow in charge wants me to do that or something else after I'm off duty."

"So you fill up the time with reading; that's a good idea. What have you here?"

The visitor stooped and picked up the fallen books.

"Arithmetic and history! You are studying, both. Well, now, I call that industrious. Where do you go to school?"

"Sometimes I pretend to go to the evening school at Twenty-third street Station, and sometimes I get there twice in the week, and sometimes only once. It's a discouraging kind of studying. I've been after one example for two weeks, and can't get it."

"Whereabouts are you? Ho! that old fellow! I remember him. I can show you about it; there's just a mean little catch to it; but you've done well to get so far along."

Then the two heads bent over the book and over the row of figures on the margin of a freight bill, and presently the face of the discouraged boy

lighted with a smile. He saw through the "catch." Then there was a little talk between the two.

Ralph Westwood learned that the boy was an orphan; was working at the freight depot beyond his strength and on very small pay, because times were hard and boys plenty; that he had a little sister in the orphan's Home, and the ambition of his life was to learn and become a scholar, and earn money to support the little sister. He went to school regularly while mother lived, and worked between time to help to support himself; and mother wanted him to be a scholar and thought it was in him, but she had been dead for two years and things were growing worse with him, and sometimes he was discouraged.

Then the freight came, and Ralph Westwood caught his ride into town, and had time only to say:

"Don't give it up, Charlie; who knows what may happen? Christmas is coming."

"Christmas!" said Charlie to himself, with a bitter smile; what could that bring to him but more work, because of an extra train and late hours and scanty fare, and not even time to run up to the "Home" to see little Nell? Didn't he remember how it was last Christmas?

As for Ralph Westwood, he waited only to brush the snow off his clothes and wash away the stains of soot from his hands, which must have been left when he shook hands with Charlie; then he sought a handsome library, where a gentleman sat reading. Here he did not even wait to reply to the cordial "Good-evening!" which greeted him, save as his polite bow was a reply; then he dashed into business.

"Uncle Ralph, I have found your boy for you."

"Indeed! that's quick work. Where did you find him?"

"I blundered on him—the very one. I didn't know why I should have missed the five o'clock train, and he didn't know why he should have to do over-work tonight. I hope we shall both have a glorious reason why it has worked out before our eyes."

Then he drew a low chair in front of the lovely grate fire and told his story.

That was three weeks before Christmas. A great deal can be done in three weeks. Ralph Westwood and his Uncle Ralph did a great deal, and, at the end of the time, knew almost more about Charlie Watson than he knew of himself.

The end of it all, or more properly speaking, the beginning of it all, came to Charlie on Christmas eve—an invitation to Dr. Westwood's elegant home, to meet seven boys, all of whom were in the Sabbath school class which Charlie had just joined.

I wish I had time to tell you about the dinner-table to which they all sat down. Roast turkey, of course, and cranberry sauce, and chicken-pie, and jellies and tarts, and all the elegancies of an elegant dinner, the like of which none of them had ever seen before.

At each plate was a bouquet of roses. Think of roses at Christmas for eight hard-working, homeless boys!

Some people might think they didn't like those roses with all their hearts; but some people don't understand some boys. Slipped into each bouquet was a slip of paper which said on it "Merry Christmas!" in beautiful writing, and then followed wonderful things. One paper was a receipt for a year's house rent for one of the boys, who lived with his mother and had hard work to meet the landlord's agent each month. Another had an order on a certain tailor for a full suit of clothes, such as it could be plainly seen he very much needed; every one had something. When Charles Watson read his he turned red and pale by turns, and stammered and trembled, and knew not what to say.

It was longer than the others, and it took him some time to understand all; but at last he made out that he was to enter the Fort street Grammar School as a pupil on Tuesday after New Year's, and that his home was to be at Dr. Westwood's office, which he was expected to keep in order in return for his board and clothes.

What an amazing chance had come to him! Do you wonder that he trembled and stammered?

But, after all, I don't know that he was any happier than Ralph Westwood, who hovered about him in great satisfaction, and in one of the pauses of his duties as assistant host found a chance to murmur:

"I say, Charlie, aren't you rather glad the six o'clock freight train was late that night?"—Pansy.

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was common. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," answered his mother. "God can see everywhere and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and he'll tell you, mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I sorry, I very sorry," and bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out a-crying.

Poor little boy! all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve, after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made them afraid and guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother. You see how his wrong-doing separated him from her.

He was no longer at ease in her sight. His peace was gone. This is the way sin divides us from God. We don't love to be in his sight. We are not happy there. We hide away from him, and try to forget him.

How did George get back to his mother? How did he get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best—indeed, the only true way—by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him, no doubt, and he tasted again the sweets of nestling close beside her, and loving to be in her dear society. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Precisely so must we do towards God. We must repent and confess our sins, and pray God for Christ's sake to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from him.

As a little child is never happier than at its mother's side, so nearness to God is one of the most delightful feelings which can fill the bosom of the child of God.—Children's Paper.

**Home Hints.**

If we do not cook the potato in its jacket about one-third of the important mineral substance escapes in the water.

When putting away steel knives, rub the blades with flannel dipped in oil and in an hour wipe with soft flannel.

Horse-radish cut in thin strips lengthwise and a dozen or more of these strips placed on the top of each keg of pickles will keep them from becoming stale or mouldy.

A small piece of salt pork boiled with fricasseed chicken will impart a richness to the gravy and the flavor will be better than if nothing but butter is used.

For biliousness squeeze the juice of a lime or small lemon into half a glass of cold water and stir in a little baking soda; drink while it foams. To be taken when rising in the morning. This will also relieve the sick headache if taken in the beginning.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot; rub with the wax and then scour them on a paper or a cloth sprinkled with salt.

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