

How To Be An Angel.

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

"I want to be an angel."
This was the song I heard;
It was a child that sang it,
Clear-voiced as any bird;
And then a thought came ringing
To me which I will tell,
How children may be angels
While here with us they dwell.

I know them when I see them,
Although they have no wings;
Their ways are full of sweetness
As when a cherub sings;
Their ways are very gentle,
And their hearts are very kind,
They make the household happy,
To deeds of love inclined.

When mother's hands are weary
They give her ready aid,
They have a kiss for father
When cares his brow o'ershade;
The baby knows their voices,
And ceases its low cry,
As if an angel smiling
Were standing sweetly by.

They kneel at night and morning,
And fold in prayer their hands;
The Lord our Father hears them,
And what His word commands
They haste in love to do it,
And thus from day to day
They grow to be like angels
As they for blessings pray.

Angels at home in duty,
Angels upon the street,
Dear human children trying
The best they know to meet
The trials and the crosses
Which boys and girls must know,
Who as they follow Jesus
Will like the angels grow.

Dear children, you may sing it,
The little song I heard;
We want the angels with us
In deed and song and word;
In weeping and in laughter,
In weary work or play,
This is the place for angels,
Dear angels every day.

Then go with eyes of beauty,
And go with hearts of love,
But look away to Jesus,
Look to His throne above;
Be angels here, I pray you,
With hands and lips and eyes,
Till in your home forever
You take an angel's prize.

A Hard Lesson.

"Nellie, I want you to hem a napkin before you go out to-day. Hadn't you better put aside your story and do your work first?"

"I will, in a minute, mamma," Nellie answered, without glancing up from the pages of a book which she found absorbingly interesting.

An hour passed away, and then her mother, passing through the room, and, seeing the book still in the little girl's hands, said, "Now, Nellie, stop reading until you finish your work, and then you will enjoy your story all the more."

"Yes, mamma, I'll begin my sewing in a minute. I just want to read to the end of this chapter, and it's only two pages more."

It did not take very long to finish that chapter, but the next one looked so interesting that Nellie could not resist glancing over the first few pages, notwithstanding her promise.

Before many minutes had elapsed the napkin was entirely forgotten, and the little girl was again deep in her story.

The sound of merry voices aroused her at last, and she glanced up to see a party of her school friends approaching.

"Come, Nellie, we are going to the woods for wild flowers," they called as they saw her seated beside the open window. "Hurry and get your hat on, for we haven't time to wait."

"All right! I won't be a moment," Nellie answered; and, dropping her book, she hastily put on her hat and started down stairs.

"Where are you going, Nellie?" her mother asked as she met her in the hall.

"To the woods with the girls," Nellie responded.

"Is your work all finished, dear?"

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry, but I haven't taken a stitch in it yet," Nellie confessed penitently. "I truly meant to, but I was reading and forgot all about it. I'll do it the very first thing when I come home."

"No, dear, I must keep my word even if you forget to keep yours," her mother answered, sorry to deprive Nellie of a pleasure, but realizing too well how this fault of procrastination was injuring her character to let her indulge in it unchecked. "You must finish your work before you go out. It is more than two hours since I first spoke to you about it; so you would have had plenty of time if you had done it at once."

"But, mamma, the girls can't wait so long," Nellie exclaimed in dismay. "Then they must go without you, dear."

"Oh, mamma!"

But Nellie knew that it would be useless to plead when her mother

spoke in that firm tone; so, repressing her tears, she went out to the gate and told the girls she could not go out with them.

Then she came back to the house, and, taking up her thimble, sat down resolutely to accomplish the task which should have been completed long ago. The outdoor sunshine never looked more inviting and the thought of the woods more attractive than during the next hour; but she had time to think, and she resolved that her fault should never conquer her again. It had been a hard lesson, but she had learned it, and when the words "In a minute" rise to her lips she represses them, remembering the pleasure she lost that bright spring afternoon by procrastination.

A Curious Story of a Frog.

I have long been an observer of the curious habits of frogs, but the following story told me by Professor Frank Ferguson, of the New York Hospital, is better than any I can recall in my own experience:

In a tank in the museum of the hospital were kept a frog, seven turtles and a young alligator, the latter being about ten inches long. This mixed family got along very smoothly during the winter. The frog perched himself on the top of a piece of wood that floated in the tank. At night the little turtles—for they were not quite grown up—and the baby alligator would settle themselves beside the frog, and slip into the water again for the day. During the entire winter the frog never moved, but sprawled on the stick, his eyes pointing straight up; nor did he all the time taste a morsel of food. But toward the end of May he slipped from the bit of wood, and took his place at the bottom of the tank. Shortly after this, one of the hospital officials looked into the tank and found there only six turtles instead of seven. He said nothing about the matter, and the next morning he could count only five. The frog was in his own place and quite still. Then it was believed that some one was robbing the tank, and close watch was kept but nothing was discovered. The following morning there were only four turtles in the tank; the next day there were three; the day succeeding that there were but two; the following day there was only one. At this point the authorities became angry, and a constant watch was kept upon the tank.

Here is what an attendant saw: The frog was in his place, perfectly motionless, and the turtle was going round and round looking for its lost friends. At last it went over to where the frog lay, and settled itself for the night. Then the frog was seen to give a bound, swift as lightning, and to compose himself again in his motionless attitude. But no turtle was to be seen. The frog had fairly, in the words of the watcher, "jumped outside of the turtle." Nothing now remained except the frog and the alligator, and they seemed to enjoy each other's company. This state of affairs continued for a week, when one morning it was discovered that the alligator was missing.

"There," said some one, "the frog isn't the thief this time, that's sure."

"Isn't he, though?" replied Professor Ferguson. "Look here."

There was the frog, sitting back, and contented in the most comical way. Out of his mouth hung about two inches of the alligator's tail and part of the head. He had, with nice precision, seized it by the middle when it was performing some graceful curve.

Harper's Young People.

Sewing on Buttons.

"When I get a bright idea, I always want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever! They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process."

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the pulling and wear of the buttonhole."

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure your's won't if you use my method of sewing."

A Brave Boy.

A boy nine years old was bathing one day when, by some mischance, he got into deep water and began to sink. His elder brother saw him and ran to save him, but, lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year-old boy acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength and cried to his brother on shore, "Don't come in or father will lose all his boys at once!" Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father, when his two dead sons were taken from the river clasped in each other's arms. Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way, but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain. Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' souls.

Home Hints.

Fried Apples and Ham.—Core and slice round, without paring, some tart, well-flavored apples. Cut ham into thin slices and fry in its own fat almost to crispness. Take out the meat and keep hot while you fry the apples in the fat left in the pan; add sugar to taste. Drain and lay upon the slices of meat.

Chicken Croquettes.—Boil a large, tender chicken. Season with salt and pepper. When cooked cut the chicken into small pieces. Mince the half of a small onion with two sprigs of parsley. Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan. When hot put in the onion and parsley, with half a teaspoon of flour. Stew until a light brown, then pour over a teaspoon of soup stock and stir until a smooth paste is formed; add salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg and the juice of a small lemon. Mix well and put in the chicken. Mold into croquette shape and fry in boiling lard.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—One quart of cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice; three table-spoonfuls of butter, one of chopped onion, one of chopped parsley, salt, pepper. Fry onions in the butter, and when they turn yellow add the potatoes. Stir with a fork, being careful not to break them. When hot, add the parsley, and cook two minutes longer. Serve immediately on a hot dish.—Miss Parlor.

Scotch Soles.—Put three cups of sifted flour into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt, and mix. See that the oven is hot, grease your gem pans and put them in to heat. Dissolve three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, add it quickly to a pint of sour milk or buttermilk, stir this into the flour, at the same time adding four tablespoonfuls of melted butter; beat until smooth. Fill the hot gem pans two-thirds full, and bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes.

Help a Little.

A commendable act, by a Buffalo newsboy, is noted by the "Arounder," in the *Courier*. A little girl dropped a package she was carrying, and the contents—several pounds of sugar—were scattered on the pavement. The passers-by laughed. Some said: "Poor girl, it's too bad," but no one offered to assist her, until a newsboy came along and saw the wreck. He promptly stopped, and, kneeling down, he took a couple of the evening papers that he had paid for, and wrapping the sugar up neatly, and tying the bundle, gave it to the little girl, and started off.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt. Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 18.)

No. 114.—I. "A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it."

2. "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth."

3. "Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you."

No. 115.—H
H E N R Y
H E N R Y
T R Y
Y

No. 116.—Steam-ship.

No. 117.—J—oas—H
E—zr—A
R—aha—B
E—tn—A
M—ar—K
I—n—K
A—bih—U
H—us—K

JEREMIAH. HABAKKUK.

No. 118.—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

No. 119.—If the grate be empty, put coal on;
If the grate be full stop putting coal on.

The Mystery—No. 21.

No. 132.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.
(BY GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S.)

1. "Lveo neo atneor."
2. "Touh Gdo asset em."
3. "Othu sahtl nto lstea."

No. 133.—ENIGMA.

BY EDWIN GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S.

In brass, but not in lead;
In rose, but not in head;
In yoke, but not in band;
In rash, also in hand;
In sent, but not in smell;
In tent, but not in well.
Whole is the name of a poet.

No. 134.—DECAPITATIONS.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

Whole I am a word of 6 letters found in Isaiah.

Behold me and I am a verb; again, and I am a dish; again, and I am a beam of light; again, and I am an affirmative; again, and I am sometimes a vowel.

No. 135.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY —, Carlton, [N. S.]

o A letter.
o o o A plant.
o o o o A boy's name.
o o o o An adjective.
o A letter.

No. 136.—WORD-SQUARE.

(BY "VAN," Lower Pr. William.)

A place where the Israelites camped; a river in Palestine; meetings for competition in speed; over against (Scot.); quickness.

No. 137.—BIBLE DROP-LETTERS.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. "n t e o d o s i i n t
o d h t m n h u d e l n;
I i l a e i n e p e t o h m."
2. "N t e w b r n k d, h m n h s i e,
n w r n s a e."
3. "n t e e p n s i u t t e
o a y s a l o s r l d e."
4. "U t a a s a d o i w d d h l v m k
c a s f k n, a d l e h m."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

MARY CLARKSON, Stanley, will please accept thanks for puzzles. No. 17 solved a right.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Stanley, has our thanks, also, for the nice puzzles. No. 17, except 112, correctly solved.

GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S., will please receive our thanks for the nice puzzles. Those puzzles were the ones, which received the prize, not for a prize. See last issue. No. 109 and 110 solved correctly.

LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S., sends an excellent batch of puzzles, for which she will please accept hearty thanks. Glad you like your prize. We are sorry that we cannot make them more costly.

FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S., has our sincere thanks for the excellent puzzles. All the puzzles in No. 17 correctly revealed, as well as No. 118.

DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock, has our hearty thanks for the puzzles sent. We shall use them soon. Nos. 114 and 118 correctly solved. Write again soon.

Our Letter Box.

DEAR UNCLE NED.—I received my prize and think it nice. I thank you very much for it. Yours truly,

LOUISA LARKIN.
East Pubnico, N. S., May 7.

WILLIAMSBURG, May 3, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—Thank you for the prize I received. I was much pleased with it. I still go to school, and like to go very well. Our school is very small now.

I send some answers to the puzzles. Wishing you success, I remain,

Your niece,
MABEL I. GILMORE.

HAVELOCK, May 4th '89.

Dear Uncle Ned,—Being much interested in the Puzzle Department, I thought I would send you a few Bible questions and a puzzle; also, answers to some of the puzzles.

Yours truly,
DISRAELI PERRY.

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