

**He Makes his Mother Sad.**

He makes his mother sad,  
The proud, unruly child,  
Who will not brook  
Her warning look,  
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,  
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,  
Can ever forget  
His mighty debt  
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,  
Who turns from wisdom's way;  
Whose stubborn will,  
Rebelling still,  
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,  
And sad his lot must prove;  
A mother's tears,  
A mother's fears,  
Are marked by God above.

Oh! who so sad as he  
Who, o'er a parent's grave,  
Too late repents,  
Too late laments,  
The bitter pain he gave?

May we ne'er know such grief,  
Nor can we one feeling sad?  
Let our delight  
Be to requite,  
And make our parents glad!

**A Motto for the Young.**

A motto is a short sentence which a person adopts as his own, and by which he professes to be guided in his conduct. It is printed on the top of his letters, it is painted on his carriage, and placed in his books; and in former times it was engraven on a man's shield.

There are a great many mottoes in use. An English nobleman has chosen these words for his motto: "Be what you seem to be," another lord has this sentence: "Let your desires obey your reason;" and a third: "God is my best support." We know a gentleman whose motto is: "I must first be correct, and then decide."

If you have not a motto already, we would recommend one to you: "Always do right." It is true that it is quite suitable for everybody, but it seems just the motto for the young—for you. We advise you to take it with you to school. It will make learning a pleasure and easy. When tempted to be careless, or to behave disorderly, or to deceive your teacher in any way, resist the temptation, and think of your motto: "Always do right."

It will also be suitable for play hours, when there is a chance of cheating at a game; or of acting an unkind part, or of being overbearing, stand fast by your motto: "Always do right."

You may probably be soon bound as an apprentice, or be in a situation of some kind. Keep your motto before your eyes when tempted to waste your employer's goods, to idle away your employer's time, or to steal his property. In every rank, whether you are a poor errand boy or a young gentleman in an office, as you will want your motto.

Orphan Will has to work hard in Covent Garden Market. He is there before the day dawns, and many a hard job he has to get through. Around him are men, women and boys, some of whom are not the most honest and well behaved in the world; but Will does his work in the best manner he can; he is civil, diligent and truthful. Indeed, there is no boy in all the market who is more trusted and esteemed than he. It was at a ragged school that he learned to do right; and though it has not come to him in the form of a motto, its sentiment is cut deep on his heart.

The son of a worthy surgeon was placed in a merchant's counting-house. One day, in passing through the room of the head partner, he picked up a five-pound note. He knew that the gentleman had shortly before been engaged with his cash-box, and he at once thought that it belonged to him. "Please, sir," said he, "I have found this note on the floor," at the same time handing it to him.

The gentleman simply said, "Thank you," and put it in his pocket. But it was noticed that from that time the merchant put increased trust in the young man; and after a few years the youth became the chief clerk, then a partner, and at last he was head of the firm. He found that it was a profitable thing to do right.

Now, observe, we are to do our duty, though we get nothing by it; yes, even when we may lose by it. But this motto will stand good for all circumstances and conditions in life, and for all ages. It will never wear out, or become unfit for use.

Should we ever be in doubt as to what is right in the way of duty, there are two guides to direct us. One is our own conscience; the other, the Holy Bible. The first is a good guide in itself; but then it may become blind, or deaf, or dead. It needs the grace of God to keep it alive, to regulate it, and to strengthen it.

The safe and sure guide is the Word of God.

We are assured that the commands of God are all right—they are true and pure and good. For instance: "Obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." (Ephes. vi. 1.) From the earliest stage of life up to the period when your soul shall leave the world, keep the truths of God in your mind, and all will be well.

Does the Bible call upon you to remember your Creator in the days of your youth? Is it right for you to disregard His claim, and forget Him, turning unto an evil world?

Are you told to seek first the kingdom of God? Is it right to leave this duty to the last?

Are you called on to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, to give Him your heart, to follow in His steps, and to seek His glory? Is it right to turn aside from the offers of His love, and to neglect the salvation of your soul?

We know that our souls must live forever in happiness or in woe. Is it right, then, to be careless about our future state?

Do not forget or neglect your motto, and never be afraid or ashamed to say, "I must always do right."

Whether at home or at school, at play or at work, in youth or in riper years, whatever others may think or say, always take your stand here, and let nothing move you—"I must obey God rather than men. I must do the things and speak the words that are right."

"If you would find salvation, And taste its joys below, Don't parley with temptation, But quickly answer, 'No!' Have courage to do right; The world may sneer, but never fear Have courage to do right."

As you will not be able to follow out this good motto alone, seek help from the Holy Spirit, and in the name of Jesus let your constant prayer be, "Create in me a clean heart, oh, God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psa. li 10).—*Sabbath Reading.*

**Lie Never.**

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either the passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

How came you to steal a passage on board this ship? said the mate sharply.

My step-father put me in, answered the boy. He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt.

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive. The mate suspected that some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story, nothing less, nothing more.

At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him, unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard arm. A frightful threat indeed! Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the midday watch, and before him the stern first officer with his watch in his hand, counting tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid? No, not a bit!

Eight minutes were already gone. Only two more minutes to live, cried the mate. Speak the truth and save your life, boy!

May I pray? asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned toward him, and sobs broke forth from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake!

He could die; but lie—never! God bless him. Yes, God stands by those

who stand by Him. And the rest of the voyage, you may think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

**Home Hints.**

White spots on furniture can be removed by holding a hot iron close over them.

Grease can often be taken out of wall paper by washing with a flannel dipped in alcohol.

Thin people would be apt to gain flesh, if they could be induced to drink a pint of sweet milk each night before going to bed.

Let it be often called to mind that onion eating families are rarely if ever attacked by contagious diseases such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., and are greatly protected against catching cold. The onion was made for man's use and should not be despised or neglected to please anybody's whim.

**BREAKFAST BISCUIT.**—One quart of sweet milk, one-half cupful of melted butter, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a stiff batter; do not knead into dough but drop into buttered tins from a spoon; bake in a hot oven; unless the oven is hot the biscuit will not be light.

**APPLE TRIFLE.**—Peel, core, and boil till tender a dozen tart apples, with the rind of a lemon grated; strain through a sieve, add sugar to taste and put into a deep fruit-dish. Make a custard of a pint of cream and the yolks of two eggs with sugar to taste. When cold lay it over the apples with a spoon, and over the whole place whipped cream.

**BEAN SOUP.**—To one pint of beans, and two slices of salt pork, add two quarts of water, and boil two hours. Strain through a colander, and serve with salt and pepper. To the split pea soup and bean soup, I often add thin slices of lemon when ready to eat, or half-inch squares of stale bread fried brown in butter. You will find that they are a great improvement.

**Found in the Little Desk.**

Not long ago a little girl in a Christian family died. She was only six years old. About a year before her death she had a small writing-desk given to her. After she died her mother unlocked it and found this writing:

The minute I wake up in the morning I will think of God.  
I will mind my father and my mother always.

I will try and have my lessons perfect.

I will try to be kind and not get cross.

I want to behave like God's child.

**A ROYAL BABY.**—Probably the magnificent state of the royal baby of Spain surpasses that of any other infant of western lands, but the retinue of the Emperor of China shows how they do such things in the East. The list of his attendants was as follows:

Eight nurses.  
Twenty-five fan bearers.  
Twenty-five palanquin bearers.  
Ten umbrella bearers.  
Thirty physicians and surgeons.  
Seven cooks.  
Twenty-three assistant cooks.  
Fifty servants and messengers.  
Fifty dressers (to put on and take off the imperial clothes).  
Seventy-five astrologers.  
Sixteen governors.  
Sixty priests.  
With all these Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, has lived to be seventeen years old.

A PERSON of quality was one day walking through a field when a bull addressed him in an undertone, and made for him with its head down and horns in a position to raise him. He was a great official, a man of dignity and power and natural pomposity, but he ran. He ran surprisingly well, and he got to the fence first. He clambered over, out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull contemplating the operation. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the irate official. "What do you mean by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the fields?" "Well, I suppose that the bull has some right in the field—Right! right! Do you know who I am?" The farmer shook his head. "I sir—I am a General—" "Why on earth didn't you tell the bull?"

The New Testament is occupied from first to last—especially the Sermon on the Mount—in showing that acts are nothing except as they are fruits of a state, except as they indicate what the man is; that words are nothing except as they express a mind or purpose.

**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. 9.)

No. 48.—Sunshine.

No. 49.— U — riah.  
N — athan.  
C — anan.  
L — azarus.  
E — xodus.

N — azareth.  
E — zra.  
D — ariel.

UNCLE NED.

No. 50.—1. Cardiff. 2. Belfast.  
3. Perth. 4. Berlin.  
5. London. 6. Madras.  
7. Leeds. 8. Paris.  
9. Quebec.

No. 51.—"There is nothing so kindly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth."

No. 52.—(a) Jas. 4:15. (b) 2 Tim. 3:7.  
(c) Deut. 25:16. (d) Ezek. 18:2  
(e) Zech. 11:2.

No. 53.—Blackberry.

**The Mystery—No. 12.**

No. 69.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY ETHEL J. KERR, WILLIAMSBURG.)

In fiddle but not in bow;  
In heel " " " toe;  
In leaf " " " tree;  
In mirth " " " glee;  
In ice " " " snow;  
In wind " " " blow;  
In grain " " " rice;  
In clove " " " spice.  
Whole is the name of a bird.

No. 70.—CHARADE.

(BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)  
My first is exactly suitable;  
My second is to revel;  
Whole is one who loves his country.

No. 71.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY MABLE J. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
I. A letter; sorrowful; a girl's name; a place of resort; a letter.  
II. Found in the earth; a pronoun; a girl's name; fixed; a letter.

No. 72.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
My whole, consisting of 8 letters, is a person mentioned in connection with Canadian History.

My 3, 4, 5 is a useful toilet article.  
My 3, 6, 7 is a plant.  
My 2, 3, 6 is an animal.  
My 1, 4, 5 is a tree.

No. 73.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY D. E. B., SUSSEX.)  
Where are the following:—  
(a) "Cry and howl son of man;"  
(b) "So we boiled my son and did eat him;"  
(c) "Then shall he say, hold thy tongue;"  
(d) "Have we not power to eat and drink?"  
(e) "I am the son of a stranger?"

No. 74.—BURIED RIVERS.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
1. Did you see the man with the rig and horse?  
2. El, be a good girl.

No. 75.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY LOUISA LARKIN, EAST PUNBICO, N. S.)  
o o o o Mild.  
o o o o Sour.  
o o o o Gentle.  
o o o o Whirling.

No. 76.—BIBLE QUERY.

(BY G. M. WELDON, BOUNDARY CREEK.)  
"Where is 'priest' first found in the Bible?"

No. 77.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLEISLE BAY.)  
Eh redunt ehitr swreta tnoi lodob,  
nda wels trhei hisf.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

**The Mystical Circle.**

The competitors for best Charade and Acrostic will please forward all MS. before the 31st inst.  
ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg, has our thanks for puzzles.

G. MAY WELDON, Boundary Creek, correctly solves all except the first and last of No. 9.

B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., our esteemed and prolific puzzler, has our hearty thanks for nice batch of puzzles. He correctly solves Nos. 39, 42, 45, and all in No. 9, except 52. I will.

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