

## Little Bessie.

Hug me closer, closer, mother!  
Put your arms around me tight;  
I am cold and tired, mother,  
And I feel so strange to-night!  
Something hurts me here, dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast;  
O, I wonder, wonder, mother,  
Why it is I cannot rest!

All the day while you were working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said;  
How the kind and blessed Jesus  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;  
And I wished he'd come and take me  
In his arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,  
Just before the children came,  
While the room was very quiet,  
I heard some one call my name.  
But I could not see the Saviour,  
Though I strained my eyes to see;  
And I wondered if he saw me?  
Would he speak to such as me?

In a moment I was looking  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was full of little children  
And they seemed so happy there!

They were singing, O, how sweetly!  
Sweeter songs I never heard;  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than the sweetest singing I heard.  
And while I my breath was holding,  
One so bright upon me smiled,  
And I knew it must be Jesus,  
When he said, "Come here, my child!"

"Come up here, my little Bessie!  
Come up here, and live with me,  
Where the children never suffer,  
But are happier than you see!"  
Then I thought of all you'd told me,  
Of that bright and happy land;  
I was going when you called me,  
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry  
You had called me; I would go  
O, to sleep and never suffer—  
Mother, don't be crying so!  
Hug me closer, closer, mother,  
Put your arms around me tight;  
O, how much I love you, mother,  
But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer  
To her overburdened breast;  
On the heart so near to breaking,  
Lay the heart so near its rest.  
At the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep!

## How Elsie Pleased Herself.

'Elsie! Elsie Dennis!'  
The little girl was curled up in the  
big lounging chair in papa's study,  
painting with her water colors in a  
book of pictures. Such a confusion of  
colors and such singular costumes no  
one had ever seen. But Elsie thought  
them beautiful, and was dreaming of  
the time when she should be a great  
artist and paint wonderful pictures,  
when her mother's voice broke in  
upon her musings.

'Oh, dear!' sighed the little artist,  
'I suppose mamma wants me to muse  
the baby, or pick up his play things,  
or something. I should think Margie  
might do it when I'm busy.'

'Elsie! Elsie Dennis!'  
Elsie laid down her book and  
brushes, and went slowly—very slowly—  
to the sitting room.

'Didn't you hear the first time I  
called?' asked her mamma.

'Yes,' said Elsie, 'I thought I did—  
but—'

'Why did you wait then? I want to  
have you amuse Teddie, for I have  
some sewing I must finish to-day.'

The little girl sat down on the car-  
pet and began to make block houses  
for the baby, but there was a scowl on  
her face.

'Bessie Wilder doesn't have to do a  
single thing; she doesn't even dress  
herself said Elsie. 'I wish I didn't  
have to do only just what I want to.'

'Do you think you would be any  
happier?' asked mamma, quietly.

'Why Mamma Dennis! Course I  
should. I couldn't help being happy,'  
answered Elsie.

'Well,' said mamma, 'you may try  
it to-morrow. Do just what you  
please all day and if you really are  
happier—'

'O mamma! do you mean it?' cried  
Elsie. 'It will be beautiful.'

'But you must promise one thing,'  
added mamma. 'You must not do  
anything for any one but yourself.  
That is the condition.'

'All right, mamma! I promise,'  
said Elsie. 'Of course I wouldn't  
work if I didn't have to—would I?'

'Very well little daughter. But it  
would be a strange world if every one  
pleased himself,' mamma answered.  
'It would hardly be a comfortable  
place in which to live.'

'Why, mamma,' said Elsie, 'I think  
it would be ever so much nicer. How  
I wish to-morrow would come.'

When Elsie awoke the next morning  
the sun was shining, and she knew it  
must be time for breakfast, but she  
only settled back on her soft pillow  
with a sigh of satisfaction.

'How nice to lie as long as I please,'  
she said to herself. 'I wonder what  
mamma think I wouldn't like it.'

It was nine o'clock when the little  
girl came slowly down stairs. The  
breakfast-table was cleared, so she  
went to the kitchen.

'Where is my breakfast, Margie?'  
she asked.

'Your mother said you could get  
what you liked,' was the answer.

Elsie was not very well pleased at  
this, but she toasted some bread and  
boiled an egg, burning her fingers and  
nearly toasting her face at the same  
time; some fruit cake and jelly, which  
she found in the pantry, completed  
her breakfast.

'What will I do first?' she question-  
ed, when that was disposed of. 'Where  
is everybody I wonder?'

She found her mamma in an easy  
chair in the study, with a bandage  
around her head.

'Are you sick, mamma?' she asked  
anxiously.

'No, dear, only a headache,' was the  
answer, 'but I think I shall feel better  
soon, papa is taking such good care of  
baby and me.'

'O mamma, I'll take him out on my  
sled,' cried Elsie. 'Give him to me,  
please. It is so warm it will do him  
good.'

Teddie seemed to understand, and  
held out his little hands, laughing and  
cooing as best he could.

'No baby dear, not this morning,'  
said mamma. 'I think Elsie has for-  
gotten her promise.'

Elsie quickly left the room, and  
putting on her cloak and hood, ran  
out of the house to get away from poor  
Teddie's heart-broken cries.

Then she thought she would make a  
few calls, first of all on her friend  
Christie.

'Come into the kitchen,' said  
Christie, opening the door to Elsie.  
'I'm scouring the silver this morning,  
but I can work and talk too.'

'Do you like to do it?' asked Elsie.  
'I just hate to work.'

'I don't know as I like to work very  
well,' was the answer, 'but I like to  
help mamma, and she says she couldn't  
get along without me.'

'I thought maybe you'd go out and  
slide with me. It's just splendid  
coasting,' said Elsie.

'I can't go this morning,' said  
Christie. 'I've got ever so many  
things to do.'

'Good-bye, then, I think I'll go and  
see Aunt Emma.'

Aunt Emma was busy making  
orange jelly. But she seemed glad  
to see her little niece, and gave her a  
big Florida orange to eat. Very soon  
it was dinner time and Elsie gladly ac-  
cepted Aunt Emma's invitation to  
stay till after dinner. Then when she  
was putting on her wraps to go, Aunt  
Emma said:

'I wonder, dear, if you would take  
some of my orange-jelly to Mrs.  
Wilson. 'It would save me going over,  
and I am very tired.'

Elsie's face grew very red. 'I am  
afraid I can't, auntie, she stammered.  
'I am so sorry—but—'

'Never mind,' said her aunt, 'if you  
are not going directly home—'

'I am,' said the truthful girl, 'but if  
I take the jelly it will be a lie.' Then  
she hurried away, covered with shame  
and confusion.

'O dear, what will she think of me?'  
said the poor child to herself. 'And  
Aunt Emma has always been so good  
to me, and took care of me when I was  
sick. What shall I do?'

When she reached home she got her  
paints and tried to forget her trouble  
in painting. But that had lost its  
charm for her, and soon paints and  
brushes were laid aside. Then she  
brought out her dolls—big and little  
and dressed and undressed them for a  
few minutes, but she grew more and  
more unhappy, and finally tumbled  
them all into the trunk and shut the  
lid with a bang.

'I'll go and make grandma a call,'  
said Elsie springing up and hurrying  
upstairs to the dear old lady's room.

'I'm glad to see you,' was grandma's  
greeting. 'I've been a bit lonesome  
today without my little sunbeam. Will  
you read me a chapter, dear?'

Poor Elsie! That was the hardest  
of all. Dear old grandma, who had  
worn out her eyes, hands and feet in  
loving service for them all. To refuse  
to read to her was more than she  
could bear. She threw herself down  
on the carpet, and burying her face in  
the old lady's lap, burst into tears.

'What is it dear?' asked grandma,  
stroking gently the fair hair.

'It's been the miserablest day,  
grandma, the very miserablest day  
that ever was, and I don't want to do  
as I please again as long as I live,'  
cried Elsie. 'Oh, if mamma only  
would let me do something for every-  
body again, I'd be so happy!'

Mamma was standing in the door  
listening, with a smile on her face and  
pity in her loving heart.

'I am not only willing but very glad  
to have my little helper again,' she  
said.

And Elsie's arms were around her  
neck, as she whispered: 'O mamma,  
you always know best.—Golden Rule.

## A Glimpse of Tad Lincoln.

Both the steward and the cook had  
remonstrated with 'Master Tad' upon  
bringing into the kitchen of the White  
House 'such squads of poor, dirty, hun-  
gry street urchins to be fed,' and at  
last Peter said Mrs. Lincoln must be  
told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to  
see mother himself, and, on finding  
her out, searched the place for his  
busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his  
charity waited at the lower door—for  
Peter had absolutely refused to let  
them 'step inside.'

The indignant boy spied his father  
just crossing the yard, with head bow-  
ed, eyes to the ground, talking earn-  
estly to Mr. Seward as they walked to  
the department of state together. He  
cried out to him at once: 'Father!

father! can't I bring those poor, hun-  
gry boys home with me whenever I  
want to? Isn't it our kitchen?'

By this time Tad had his father by  
the hand, who stopped short to listen  
to the frantic appeal.

'Can't I give them a good warm  
dinner today, say? They're just as  
hungry as bears, and two of 'em are  
the boys of a soldier, too, and father,  
I'm going to discharge Peter this  
minute, if he don't get out the meat  
and chicken and pies and all the things  
we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I?

Isn't it our kitchen, father?'

Secretary Seward was shaking with  
laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him  
with a twinkle: 'Seward, advise with  
me. This case requires diplomacy.'

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back  
and said he must be careful not to run  
the government in debt, and the  
President took Tad's little brown  
hand in his own big one, and, with a  
very droll smile, bid him to 'run  
along home and feed the boys,' and  
added: 'Tell Peter that you are really  
required to obey the Bible by getting  
in the maimed and the blind, and that  
he must be a better Christian than he  
is.'

In less than an hour Mr. Seward  
said they passed through the yard on  
their way to the cabinet meeting, and  
no less than ten small boys were sit-  
ting with Tad on the lower steps  
cracking nuts and having a "state  
dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the  
'kitchen was ours.'—Wide Awake.

## HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW.

That to have good coffee your coffee-  
pot must be bright and clean inside.

That you can sweep a rag carpet  
much cleaner sweeping crosswise of  
the width.

That in making up the unbleached  
muslin allow one inch to the yard for  
shrinkage.

That if you fold your clothes as you  
take them from the line they will iron  
much easier.

That your copper wash-boiler, if  
well rubbed with a cloth dipped in  
coal oil, will be clean and bright.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,

CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate."

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 24.)

No. 154.—

1. Ezek. 31: 8. 2. Ezek. 29: 18-20.

3. Ecclesiastes. 4. 1 Chron. 4: 9, 10.

No. 155.—Spade.

No. 156.—I. G. II. W.

U R N F A T E

G R E E N W A T E R

N E T T E N

N R

No. 157.—Robert. Hannah.

No. 158.—Lead-pencil.

No. 159.—1. Surgeon. 2. Funeral.

3. Astronomers. 4. Number.

5. Distance.

No. 160.—1. Eph. 6: 1.

2. Gal. 5: 1.

3. Eph. 6: 11.

## The Mystery—No. 27.

No. 180.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

I. A consonant; a pronoun; a gar-

ment; a fruit; a vowel.

II. A letter; to refine; a useful

article; a fruit; a letter.

III. A vowel; an insect; on fire;

an animal; a law term; always before;

a consonant.

## No. 181.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.

1. Where do we read the following—

(a) "And the streets of the city shall

be full of boys and girls, playing in the

streets."

(b) "They have cast lots for my

people; and have given a boy for an

harlot, and sold a girl for wine that

they might drink?"

## No. 182.—PIED CITIES, ETC.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S.)

1. Nwykor. 2. Rptoldin.

3. Yinn. 4. Npnylvaina.

BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.

Where are the words—

1. The bellows are burned;"

2. "For every boast of the forest is

mine and the cattle upon a thousand

hills;"

3. "Even as a hen gathereth her

chickens under her wings;"

4. "Go to the ant thou sluggard;"

5. "Peace be to this house;"

6. "The neighbour and his friend

shall perish;"

7. "Iron furnace;"

8. "Fury is not in me;"

9. "Glad tidings;"

10. "Between us and you there is a

great gulf fixed;"

11. "But she is happier if she so

abide;"

12. "Ye shall eat it in haste?"

## No. 184.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

My first is in man, but not in boy;

My 2nd is in king, but not in queen;

My 3rd is in girl, but not in woman;

My 4th is in time, but not in age;

My 5th is in oak, but not in birch;

My 6th is in morning, but not in night.

My whole was a Bible woman who

was smitten with leprosy.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

## The Mystical Circle.

"Bible Student," Brooklyn, N. S.

has our hearty thanks for the nice

batch of puzzles. Your prize has been

sent to the address given. Nos. 149

and 153 partially solved, and 132, 133,

134, 137, 139, 143, 144 and 145 fully

answered. The following is "Bible

Student's" answer to No. 145:—

As I lay watching on the ground,

I saw one come I thought a spy;

The reason that I saw so plain,—

I had a glass up to my eye.

"A. R.," Indiantown, correctly

solves Nos. 139, 140, 143, 145 and

150. Well done! Thanks for the

nice puzzles.

## BAND OF KINDNESS.

A CHILD'S FAITH IN GOD.

(Not Original.)

[FROM DISABLY PERRY, HAVELOCK.]

I knew a widow very poor,

Who four small children had;

The eldest was but six years old,

A gentle modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled

To feed her children four,—

An honest pride the woman felt,

Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,

For children must be fed,

And glad was she when she could buy

One shilling worth of bread.

One day as snow was falling fast,

And piercing was the air,

I thought I would go out to see

How those poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless

home,—

It was searched by every breeze,—

And going in the eldest child

I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy,—

He never raised his head,

But still went on and said,

"Give us this day our daily bread."

And when he rose, I asked him why

The Lord's prayer he had said;

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning

when

My mother went away,

She wept because she said she had

No bread for us to-day.

"She said us children now must die,