

Little Foes of Little Boys.

"By and by" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who go with "By and by,"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I can't be a mean little coward;
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honours—"I
can."

"Nonsense in trying"—nonsense, I say,
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I forget" by the
way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't care" and "No matter," boys,
they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolls,
Say "Yes, we do care," and would be
"great matter,"
If our lives should be spoiled by such
faults.

A Prison Incident.

A BOY'S FIRST DRINK AND WHAT CAME
OF IT.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches, referring to the relation of temperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kan., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me.

At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale, and, as he grasped my hand, he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman who has spoken to me.

"How is this my child?" "Have you no friend that loves you? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly unlifted to mine, and he replied:

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of the terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful home-sickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands and heart-sobbing burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask: "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon."

For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of the quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill.

Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that the way of the transgressor is hard! I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploring, he said: "Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favour of you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of this legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to make the brains of our boys, but not by any means to ask that the State pardon its victims.

Interpreting my thought, he said: "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her, so I can look upon it! Oh! I am so homesick for my mother!"

The head of the boy dropping down into my lap, with a wailing sob: I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said: "Murray, if I were your mother, and the order of a thousand prisons was upon you, still

you would be my boy. I should like to know where you were.

Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose that there ever has been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write to another."

After some argument his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and for tidings of my boy—the first we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be long. As the months rolled on the family had given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy."

As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W—, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return, to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child.

My poor, dear boy—so generous, kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You did not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink.

"I did not know he had ever tasted liquor. We raised six boys, and never knew one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there any place in this Nation that is safe when our boys have left the home fold?"

"Oh, God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I can not go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him; and comfort him as you would have some mother talk to your boy, were he in his place."

Tell him that when he is released, his place in the old home-nest and his mother's heart is awaiting him."

Then followed the loving mother's words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heart-break, I asked myself the question: "How long will the Nation continue to sanction the liquor traffic, covenant with death, and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"

Lovers of God and humanity, will you not work for the passage of laws that will save the boys and the agony of mothers like this? Similar cases are among us all the time.

Quick-Witted Birds.

In studying the habits of birds, one cannot but be struck with the fact that, in proportion to their many dangers, experiences, and pleasures, they become warm-hearted, quick-witted, bold or timid, ferocious or cunning, passionate as the falcon or deliberate as the rook, according to the life they have to lead. And, more than this, we find that they display in many ways a remarkably high degree of intelligence.

The water hen, for instance,—which is found from Siberia to the Cape,—has a kind of human facility, as Mr. Ruskin observes, in adapting itself to climate, as well as almost human domesticity of temper, with curious fineness of sagacity and sympathies in taste. A family of them, much petted by a lady, were constantly adding materials to their nest, and made real havoc in the flower garden; for, though straw and leaves are their chief ingredients, they seem to have an eye for beauty, and the old hen has been seen surrounded with a brilliant wreath of scarlet anemones! This aesthetic water hen, with her mate, lived at Cheadle, in Staffordshire, in the rectory moat, for several seasons, always, however, leaving it in the spring. Being constantly fed, the pair became quite tame, built their nest in a thorn bush covered with ivy, which had fallen into the water; and, when the young were a few days old, the parents brought them up close to the drawing-room window, where they were regularly fed with wheat. And, as the lady of the house paid them the greatest attention, they learned to look upon her as their natural protectress and friend, so much so that one bird in particular, which was much persecuted by the rest, would, when attacked, fly to her for refuge; and, whenever she called, the whole flock, as tame as barn-door fowls, quitted the water and assembled round, to the number of seventeen. They also made other friends in the dogs belonging to the family, approaching them without fear, though hurrying off with great alarm on the appearance of a strange dog.

Frank Buchland gives several curious instances of the special habits of some birds in procuring their food. The blackbirds, thrushes, etc., carry

snails considerable distances for the purpose of breaking their shells against some rock or stone. Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, describes gulls and ravens flying to a great height with crab or other shell-fish, and letting them fall on stones in order to smash the shells; and, if they do not break on the first attempt, he says they pick them up again, and carry them up yet higher, repeating the operation again and again till the shell is broken. Ravens often resort to this contrivance. Darwin tells of a bird having been repeatedly seen to hop on a poppy stem, and shake the head with his bill till many seeds were scattered, when it sprang to the ground and ate up the seeds.

Some birds are gifted with a sense of observation approaching to something very like reasoning faculties, as the following anecdote proves: At a gentleman's house in Staffordshire, the pheasants are fed out of one of those boxes the lid of which rises with the pressure of the pheasant standing on the rail in front of the box. A water hen, observing this, went and stood upon the rail as soon as the pheasant had quitted it; but the weight of the bird being insufficient to raise the lid of the box, so as to enable it to get at the corn, the water hen kept jumping on the rail to give additional impetus to its weight. This partially succeeded, but not to the satisfaction of the sagacious bird, which, therefore, went off; and, soon returning with a bird of its own species, the united weight of the two had the desired effect, and the successful pair enjoyed the benefit of their ingenuity.—*Month.*

How To Make Mother Happy.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look tonight! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned around a moment after of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I shall grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish and loving as they have been today."

HABITS OF COURTESY.—A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of those who are in a sense part of ourselves, and who continue to sustain and be interested in us notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and kitchen as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

Home Hints.

Tacks taken from carpets should be well scalded before being used again as a precaution against the moth.

TO WRAP WINTER CLOTHING.—News-papers are unsurpassed as a wrap for discarded winter clothing. Leave no openings for the miller to crawl in.

PAINT FROM BLACK GOODS.—To extract paint from black wool goods saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine, and at the end of twelve hours the paint will rub off.

TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES.—One of the best methods of cleaning hair brushes is to put a teaspoon of household ammonia into a basin of warm water. Dip the bristles in and rub briskly with the hand, or, better still, with another brush. When thoroughly cleansed put in the sun to dry, bristle side in. Two brushes may be thus readily cleansed at once.

BOILED HAM.—Soak in water over night. Next morning wash hard with a coarse cloth or stiff brush, and put on to boil with plenty of cold water. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound in cooking, and do not boil too fast. Do not remove the skin until cold—it will come off easily and cleanly then, and the juices are better preserved than when it is stripped hot. Cut very thin when carving.

OATMEAL BISCUIT.—Two cups oatmeal, two cups flour, one cup butter, one scant cup sugar, two teaspoons ginger, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in two tablespoons milk, two eggs; separate the eggs, putting in the whites the last thing; put soda in milk, then in yolks of eggs, and add to the flour and meal in which has been rubbed the butter and sugar. Cut in squares and bake in a quick oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint molasses, one cup butter, one teaspoon each of ginger, cloves and soda; put all over the fire together and let it come to a boil, using a large vessel as it is likely to foam over; when nearly cool add flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out and cut into small cakes.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Cake.—Four eggs, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup milk, two-thirds cup butter, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda. Jelly.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup sugar, two eggs, butter size of an egg; let simmer until thick; when cool put between the cakes.

Young Folks' Column.

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 22.

No. 128.—"But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

No. 129.—H
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No. 130.—"Give to the King thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the King's son."

No. 131.—Dictionary
Idonase
Cinchona
Tocains
Ichins
Orono
Nanis
Asa
Re
Y

No. 132.—Linden.

The Mystery.—No. 25.

No. 142.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.
(BY "FANSY," *Ft. on Junction.*)
o A letter.
o o A number.
o o o o A venerable name.
o o o An insect.
o A vowel.

No. 143.—DROP-LETTER.
(BY CARRIE WADE, *Cross Creek.*)

"A-d-a-n-e-t-u-a-d-a-g-t-h-e-h-r-d-o-e-a-d-o-k-i-e-r-n-a-t-r-e-t-i-t-t-a-d-u-f-r-b-a-n-a-t-e-i-s-b-t-e-n-w-t-i-a."

No. 144.—WORD SQUARES.
(BY "PHILOMATH," *Queens.*)

1. Best part; gods; shackles; proper name; a trial.
2. A bird; cautious; Bible king; parched; a Japan city.

No. 145.—ANAGRAMS.
(BY ED. Y. F. C., *Kings.*)

1. Great helps. 2. Nine thumps. 3. Count Tribe.

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