

Shut The Door.

BY REV. PHILIP B. STONG.

He had left the door in his haste wide open,
As he hurried out to play,
And I heard his mother, gently chiding,
To the thoughtless fellow say,
"Be careful, my son, and shut the door!"

And I thought there are lessons more deep
And fasting
Than the lad or his mother see,
In those words of reproof so often spoken,
And forgotten as frequently;
That the common meaning there's some-
thing more
In that simple sentence, "Shut the door!"

When evil seeketh your heart to enter,
How grave or how slight the sin,
Remember no wrong can gain an entrance
Unless you shall let it in;
Behold you then of the homely lore,
And to every temptation "shut the door."

When angry words to your lips are leaping,
Of those impure or profane,
Let this warning come like a voice from
heaven,
Your hasty speech to restrain—
'Twas the prayer of the Psalmist, o'er and
o'er,
That his lips be guarded—"Shut the door!"

When one in your presence speaks of
another
In language false or unkind,
Show plainly his story affords no pleasure;
Bring the "Golden Rule" to your mind;
Just turn from the tale in your ears he'd
pour—
To every traducer "shut the door!"

To scenes of vice (save to aid the erring),
To everything base and low,
Close the portals of vision. God gave us
eyes;
Their moral use we should know.
Youth's purity lost no art can restore;
Through sight sin may enter. "Shut the
door!"

Life's doors at times it is wise to throw
open,
And to leave them wide open in sooth,
To every influence high and holy,
To wisdom and virtue and truth;
But, other than this, let me still implore,
Heed well the injunction, "Shut the door!"
—Congregationalist.

Ike's New Visitors.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

Ike Carlton was such a cruel boy!
He would pull off the wings of flies,
Pin live butterflies to boards, break in
the back of turtles, and amputate the
legs of frogs. When any one remon-
strated with him about his cruelty, he
would cry "Oh pshaw! they can't feel
much," and then go in quest of another
victim. The long summer days he de-
voted almost entirely to this wicked
sport, and in time all the neighbors
spoke of him as "Hard-Hearted Ike
Carlton." To be sure, the boy had no
kind parents to teach him better, and
the aunt who was bringing him up
cared very little what he was about as
long as he was not troubling her.

One night Ike had not been in bed
very long when a brilliant light sud-
denly filled his room, and he sprang
up to see what caused the illumination.
There, seated in his best chair he be-
held an immense cat. The animal was
actually larger than Ike himself, and
by the time Ike had recovered from
his astonishment at seeing this visitor
he discovered on another chair a turtle
almost as big as the cat. Near by he
saw a butterfly of extraordinary size,
and when his eyes opened wider, he
found out that all the seats in his
room were occupied by just such
strange visitors. In fact, there were
more than the chairs could accom-
modate, and these were seated on the
floor. Presently they all began to talk
at once, and they made such a hubbub
that the cat rapped on a little stand he
had drawn up in front of him and said,
with a very serious manner, "The
meeting will please come to order."

Instantly all voices were hushed, and
then a frog who was present stood up
on his hind legs, and looked so very
funny that Ike would have laughed
outright had not the creature's words
struck terror into his heart.

"Mr. President," began the frog,
"as the chairman of the committee for
preventing cruelty to insects and
animals of all descriptions, I arise to
state what the committee has decided
to do. We intend to make the last
and greatest offender feel what our
brothers and sisters suffered. The
culprit is the boy, Ike Carlton. Mr.
House Fly is to pull out his eyelashes
and a large bunch of hair."

"Oh! but that will hurt!" yelled
Ike, from the seat which he had taken
on his bed.

"That is no consideration," said Mr.
President. "You had no thought for
the feelings of Mr. Fly's brothers when
you cruelly pulled off their wings and
legs, and left them to suffer. That
hurt, too."

"Mr. Bull-frog," continued the
chairman of the committee, "you are
to cut off one of his legs."

"You wicked thing!" screamed Ike.
"You don't know what a painful
operation that is. Besides I can't
walk without my leg."

"Neither could Mr. Bull-frog's

brother," answered the cat; "but you
cut off his leg, and left him wounded
and bleeding. It hurt him just as
much as it will you."

Ike groaned, and wished he had not
interfered with frogs. He remembered
that he had thus cruelly treated a
poor, helpless one that very morning.

"You, Mr. President, are to step
on him, and kick him all around the
room."

"I won't stand it," cried Ike.
"But you will be compelled to stand
it," calmly spoke the president. "You
made my poor mother endure your
kicks and abuses."

"I'll run out of the room," thought
Ike, and he slipped quietly to the door,
only to find it locked and the key gone.
Then he sat down in despair, and
waited for further developments.

"And last, but not least," said the
chairman of committee, "Mr. Yellow
Butterfly is to pin him to a board so
fast that he will have to stick there and
suffer till he dies."

Ike was in agony. Could it be pos-
sible that these creatures would be
cruel enough to kill him?

"Oh, please, Mr. Cat, don't let
them murder me!" he cried, dropping
on his knees before the president. "I
am my aunt's only nephew, and she
would grieve very much if I met such
a violent death. And, then, think
how it would hurt to have a pin stuck
through my body!"

"But you didn't consider the pain
when you stuck pins through the
bodies of many of Mr. Butterfly's re-
lations. Neither did you think of the
sorrow of the mourners. We must
make an example of some boy, or these
abuses will go on to the end of time.
You are the worst offender, and at the
last meeting we decided to make an
example of you. Our relations are just
as sensitive to pain as you are, Mr.
Ike Carlton, and have as much right to
enjoy the good things of this world as
you have."

"But I didn't think how it all hurt,"
pleaded the frightened boy, "and I'll
promise never, never, never to do it
again."

After that speech the committee had
a consultation, and returned to say
that they thought it better to show no
mercy. If once let loose, the boy
would be as bad as before, and cruel
boys had become the terror of the en-
tire animal and insect world.

Still Ike continued his pleadings,
but the president turned down his fury
ears and said to the members, "Form
in line."

First came Mr. House Fly, who was
all ready to tear out Ike's hair and
eye brows; next came Mr. Bull-frog
with his big knife, prepared to ampu-
tate the boy's leg; then Mr. President,
ready to do his part of the abusing,
and lastly Mr. Yellow Butterfly, carry-
ing a prodigious pin with which he was
to fasten the unhappy boy to a board.

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" screamed
Ike, and with those words his horrible
visitors vanished, and he awoke to the
fact he had been dreaming. "At any
rate," he said to himself, with a shiver,
"I have been taught a lesson, and I'll
keep that promise I made to Mr.
President. It will be easy enough,
too, for I never again could hurt a
living thing without feeling what I felt
in my dream."

The neighbors wondered thereafter
what had caused such a wonderful
change to come over Ike Carlton, for
he had grown to be so gentle with in-
sects and animals that his companions
forgot his old nature, and gave him
the name of "Ike Carlton, the tender
hearted." —Congregationalist.

Telltale Polly.

A lady living in the far West has a
parrot whose powers of mimicry are
really wonderful. It will frequently
repeat whole sentences in the exact
tone of the speakers, although it can
rarely be induced to utter the same
sentence twice.

One day when the parrot's mistress
was very busy, and did not care to see
callers, she happened to look out of
the window, and saw an acquaintance
approaching the house.

"There comes Mrs. B! Dear, dear,"
she said, in a tone of impatience.

A moment later Mrs. B. was ushered
in. On the instant Polly exclaimed,
with a remarkable imitation of her
mistress's tone and emphasis, "There
comes Mrs. B! Dear, dear!"

Blushing with confusion, the embar-
rassed hostess innocently made matters
worse, by saying, hastily:

"Oh, please excuse Polly, Mrs. B.
You know what a way she has of re-
peating everything I say!" —New York
Press.

A CONJUNCTION.—Teacher—"What
part of speech is 'but'?"
Michael—"But is a conjunction."
Teacher—"Correct. Now give me
an example of its use."
Michael—"See the goat but the
boy." "But" connects the goat and the
boy."

Do Right.

Boys who hesitate about doing what
they know to be right for fear they
will stand alone among their com-
panions may be encouraged by an in-
cident which took place at General
Washington's house near the close of
the Revolutionary war. The occasion
was a large dinner party, and, accord-
ing to the custom of the times, wine
was served. Among the guests was an
army officer who, just before the close
of the dinner, was invited by his host
to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse
me, General," he replied, with the
heroism of a true soldier, "as I have
made it a rule not to take wine." A
murmur of surprise ran around the
room, but the most astonished person
was the man himself on hearing
General Washington commend his
course by saying, "I honor our friend
for his frankness and consistency in
adhering to a rule which can never do
him harm." The boy who has the
courage to decline a cigar or a glass of
beer from his companions may not
always find an ally among them, but
he may be perfectly sure of the ap-
proval of his very best and strongest
friend, the Lord Jesus himself.

Trifles That Make a Perfect House.
"What have I done today?" the
tired mother asks. "Nothing but
take care of baby, plan the meals, and
'pick up.' My life is wasted on
trifles." Take courage, weary mother!
The progress of the world de-
pends on the devotion of good
women to just such "trifles." Who
can do a greater work than these—
care for a child and look after the in-
terests of a home? She, who with
patient mother-love prepares a human
soul for life's responsibilities, does
valiant service for both God and man.
During the first years of a child's life
the attention of its mother must, of
necessity, be devoted to the care of the
body, but the body should be made a
fit temple for the indwelling of an im-
mortal soul. Taking care of the baby is
surely no trifle when viewed in this
light. And what are the other services
that go to make a home? Innumerable
as the sands of the seashore for num-
ber, and in themselves almost as in-
significant in character, but the grand
sum total serves, as does the sandy
shore, to stem the swelling tide of out-
side sin and suffering that menace with
sullen war the sanctity of home and
safety of society. —Mother's Magazine.

Duty First, Pleasure Afterward.

"A disagreeable old w," did you
say? Perhaps it does seem so when
the pleasure is very inviting and the
duty very irksome by contrast; and
yet I doubt if any one ever made a
success of life who turned the "old
saw," and tried to make "pleasure
first" the rule.

It is said that a rich man who was
poor when a boy, was asked how he
became rich. He replied: "My
father taught me never to play until
my work was finished, and never to
spend money until I had earned it. If
I had but one hour's work in a day, I
must do that first; after that I was al-
lowed to play. Then I could play with
more pleasure than if I had an unfin-
ished task. I formed the habit of
doing everything in time. It soon
became easy to do so."

Hold Fast, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you
are just ready to swear, lie, or speak
harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are
about to punch, strike, scratch, steal,
or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are
on the point of kicking, running off
from study, or pursuing the path of
error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you
are angry, excited, or imposed upon,
or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil as-
sociates seek your company, and in-
vite you to join in their mirth, games,
and revelry. —Advance.

Home Hints.

Those who are in the habit of in-
dulging in raw onions, says a medical
man, may be consoled for the social
disadvantages which ensue by the fact
that onions are about the best nerve
known. No medicine is really so
efficacious in case of nervous prostra-
tion, as they tone up a worn out
system in a very short time.

If everyone could know the healing
properties of so simple a thing as a
little mutton suet no housekeeper
would ever be without it. Get a little
from your butcher, try it out yourself,
run it into small cakes, and put away
ready for use. For cuts and bruises
it is almost indispensable, and where
there are children there are always
plenty of cuts and bruises.

Let a person, not overstrong, sub-
ject to frequent colds from the slight-
est exposure, the victim of chronic
catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the
practice of taking a sponge bath every
morning, commencing with tepid water
in a warm room (no hot), and following
the sponging with friction that will
produce a warm glow over the skin,
and then take a five minutes' brisk
walk in the open air.

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 21.

No. 122.—Potato. No. 123.—
Warrington.

No. 124.—E
ALE
ADAPT
ELAI SON
EPSOM
TOM
N

No. 125.—"The Lord lifteth up the
meek; he casteth the wicked down to
the ground."

No. 126.—H
HOT
HOMER
TENOR
ROE
R

No. 127.—1. Ezek. 4:9. 2. Job
24:9.

The Mystery.—No. 24.

No. 138.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. Transpose a Turkish coin and
have plants; again, to gaze; again,
water drops; again, chides.
2. Transpose a fruit and have a
weapon; again, and have cuts; again,
a Turkish coin; again, and have thin;
again, and have obtains; again, and
have plants of the cabbage tribe;
again, and have an exercise in
grammar.

No. 139.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.
(BY LOUISA LARKIN, E. Pubnico, N. S.)

"W. l-v i-d-e-s, -o- y-a-s; -n
-h-u-s, -o- b-e-t-s;
-n-e-l-n-s-o-n-i-u-e-o-a-i-l.
W-a-o-l-c-u-t-i-e-y-e-r-t-r-b. H-
m-a-l-v-s,
W-o-t-r-i-k-m-s, f-e-s-h-n-b-r-e-t, -c-s
-h-b-a-s."

No. 140.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a girl's name; a boy's
name; a fruit; a letter.
2. A letter; a useful article; a boy's
name; a useful article; a letter.
3. A letter; a useful article; a place;
a bird; a letter.

No. 141.—PI PUZZLE.
(BY "PANSY," Fenton Junction.)

"Ehrey mryc: Odog deant uton
ymyapre."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

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