

The Absent Ones.

Wholesome in the parlor,
Midst music's gentle strain,
From organ and trio of voices,
I seemed to live life over again.

Thus wrapt in meditation,
I thought of the years that had rolled
away;
I drew a picture of the past,
Then compared it with to-day.

I mingled with joyous children—
The pride of a father's life;
The care of a mother's tenderest years;
The hope of a mother's strife.

But the years, they flew by quickly,
Boys and girls both soon are grown,
And the time soon hastens around in life
When each one calls the years his own.

I said, Where now are our children
That I once watched at joyous play?
Ah! I remember well, as I reckon up,
That five have gone away.

Two have plighted hearts and hands
To those they loved the best;
One has gone from earth away,
And now in heaven rests.

Two have gone from 'neath our roof—
In college-halls to roam.
A little group has gathered here;
Somehow we're sad and lone.

We miss those pleasant voices;
We see these vacant chairs;
They've gone to fight the battle of life
In the busy world of care.

Life's stair-way is open to all;
There is room enough to climb.
It is thronged with many a foot-fall;
But each may honor find.

Yonder in Father's mansion
There are no sorrowing ones;
There I trust we all are tending;
There separation never comes.

That night at the family altar,
As we knelt down to pray,
I said, O God, our heavenly Father,
Guide each one on his way.

WEBSTER.

The Boy Who Saved a King.

MRS. CHISHOLM, M. D.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, a little boy was born in a palace in Berlin, and though he was afterwards known as Frederick the Great, his childhood and youth were made very unhappy by the cruelty of his father. Sometimes while eating his dinner the unnatural father would hurl plates at his son's head, and often he would kick him to the floor, and then drag him round the room by the hair. Once while the boy-prince was practicing on a flute, the old king snatched the instrument from him and snapped it in two across the astonished child's shoulders. His life was so miserable that he once attempted to run away, but before he had gone far he was captured and cast into prison; and, more cruel than all, from a window in his cell he was compelled to watch the execution of the dear young friend who had assisted him to make his escape.

At the age of twenty-eight the old king having died, Frederick himself became King of Prussia. Heretofore his time had been spent in studying the language and literature of France, but now his books were laid aside for the sword, and he busied himself in building up his own kingdom. He was a very frugal, industrious king, not caring for fine garment, and, it is said, that he was actually buried in his valet's shirt, as he did not possess a presentable one of his own.

He was a great admirer of Washington, and to show his esteem, sent him a Prussian sword of honour with the inscription—
"From the oldest general to the greatest."

It was this famous king whose life was once saved by a little boy he had befriended. During the seven years' war, the Prussian troops were one winter stationed in Dresden, and it was here, while pacing back and forth on the terrace along the river bank, that the king met a wretched looking little boy. The child was very ragged and carried a box almost as big as himself.

"Oh, sir, wouldn't you like to see my marionettes?" asked the boy in his simple fashion.

"Are they in that box?" inquired the king.

"Yes, and they can perform very nicely. You ought to see them dance. Shall I show them to you, sir?" repeated the child eagerly.

The king shook his head, but gently laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked why he was so anxious to earn a few pennies.

"I wish to earn enough money to buy a flute," was the child's answer.

"Are you so very anxious to become a musician?" inquired the king. Such a beseeching look came into the little upturned face, that the king's heart was deeply touched. Perhaps he remembered his own broken flute, for he said:

"Well, my boy, if you are industrious and will prove that you really wish to learn, you shall have a flute and a teacher, too."

Little Antonia seized the royal hand in his own brown paws, and kissed it over and over again, and then an appointment was made for him to come to the palace the next day to arrange for his lessons. The boy was taken in charge by the Count Capelmeister, and studied so well that he was soon able to play before the king.

The little fellow became strongly attached to his benefactor, and longed for a chance to give proof of his devotion. Strangely enough, the desired opportunity came sooner than was expected.

One evening little Antonia noticed a great deal of whispering among the servants of the palace. Afraid that something was wrong, he rose long before it was light next morning, and hid himself in a dark corner in the kitchen. At last, through a crack, he saw one of the cooks go by with a folded paper in his hand. Straining his eyes to see what it was, he caught a glimpse of a fine white powder just as it was sifted into a pot of chocolate, ready to be carried to the king.

Rushing from his dark corner, the little fellow ran as fast as he could to the king's apartment, and forgetting his manners cried out: "Oh, sir! forgive me for coming in so roughly, but mind what I say, and do not drink your chocolate this morning. I saw the cook put poison in it."

Then he calmed himself and told his story to the astonished king. Just as he had finished speaking the servant entered with the king's breakfast. At almost the same moment came one of his generals to hold a council with his majesty. The king greeted him quietly, as if no plot against his life had been planned. Presently the servant poured out a cup of chocolate and offered it to the king. Frederick eyed him so keenly that the man turned pale and began to tremble.

"What ails you?" asked his master in a quiet voice, "Are you ill?"

"No, your majesty, but I—, I—"

"Possibly if you drink a cup of this warm chocolate it may do you good," said the king kindly.

Throwing himself at the king's feet the man cried out in terror, "Have mercy on me, O noble king!"

"Wretch! this cup is poisoned and you know it," exclaimed Frederick in wrath.

The man said that the powder would not destroy life—that it was only intended to induce sleep. For answer, the king gave the chocolate to a dog, and in a few minutes pointed it out to the servant—dead.

The devoted boy had saved the life of the king—the man who had been kind to him in his helplessness.—*Pres. Journal.*

A Gentlemanly Dog.

The Listener saw an instance of intelligence on the part of a dog the other day which was very remarkable as uniting high degree of politeness with excellent understanding. Crossing the ferry from East Boston, he noticed, sitting on one side of the passage way, a gentleman who was accompanied by an immense and very handsome St. Bernard dog. Directly opposite were two young ladies, who could not restrain their admiration for the dog, and made evident signs of a desire to be friendly with him. The dog, however, looked up at his master, and declined to budge. But presently the gentleman remarked quietly, "Go over and see the ladies." Whereupon the animal moved promptly across the passage-way, and wagged his tail amiably while the ladies patted his head and raved over him. But presently came the remarkable exhibition of politeness which the Listener has referred to. The wharf was reached, and the passengers rose and moved toward the street-cars. One of the young women carried a basket, and this basket the dog insisted upon taking in his mouth. The lady gave it to him, and he walked proudly toward the car with it, casting a glance toward his master, who remained standing on the platform. He entered the street-car with the basket, deposited it in the lap of the young lady when she had seated herself, and then whisked ponderously out and rejoined his master. It was a clear case of friendly service courteously done.—*Boston Transcript.*

Impolite Things.

Loud and boisterous talking.
Reading when others are talking.
Talking when others are reading.
Cutting finger-nails in company.
Joking others in company.
Gazing rudely at strangers.
Leaving a stranger without a seat.
Making yourself hero of your own story.

Reading aloud in company without being asked.
Leaving church before the worship is closed.

Whispering or laughing during worship in the house of God.
A want of respect or reverence for seniors.

Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents.
Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
Not listening to what any one is saying in company.
Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

Young Housekeepers Should Know.

That soda will clean tarnished tin.
That vinegar and salt will clean copper.
That butter is the best polish to put into starch.

That baking soda put on a burn will take out the heat.
That a small paint brush should be used in cracks and crevices while dusting a room.

That disease often lurks in a dirty dish-cloth, a greasy sink, an unclean tea-kettle and a poorly ventilated oven.
That flannels should be washed in hot soap-suds, and rinsed in hot water containing soap enough to soften it a little.

That silver should be washed with a chamois skin, saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding a general cleaning.
That windows should never be washed while the sun shines upon them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

That silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Folks' Column, Charades, &c. &c. &c.

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 50.

No. 327.—"He is the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star."

No. 328.—"Keep my commandments and live, and my law as the apple of thine eye."

No. 329.—
J
CUP
CABIN
JUBILEE
PILOT
NET
E

No. 330.—Win-dow. Window.

No. 331.—Health.

No. 332.—P A R I S
A B A N A
R A V E L
I N E S T
S A L T S

No. 333.—
W
C O T
W O M A N
T A N
N

The Mystery.—No. 1.

[N. B.—DEAR FRIENDS, We earnestly solicit your patronage and aid in carrying on the work of this COLUMN. Both young and old are invited to co-operate. Send puzzles, solutions, etc., and address to the one who has the conduct of the department, as given above. And now, at the outset of another new year,—the year 1890—let me wish you one and all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

No. 1.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In sun, not in moon;
In tub, not in barrel;
In rain, not in water;
In long, not in short;
In tin, not in copper;
In gun, not in rifle;
In heat, not in drum;
In tea, not in coffee.

Whole is what makes everybody happy.

No. 2.—CHARADE.
(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

I am composed of two syllables. My first is a metal; my second one who works; my whole, an English poet and dramatist.

No. 3.—BIBLE QUERIES.
(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

A. Where is picture first mentioned?
B. Where is purple mentioned?
C. Where is "Phebe our sister?"
D. Where is "take the millstone and grind meal?"
E. Where are "maul, sword and arrow" mentioned in the same verse?

F. Where are "apples, gold and silver" found in one verse?
G. Where is "lice" first found?

No. 4.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

My 1, 8, 14, 17, 16 is a christian grace.
My 10, 13, 3, 15, 6, 9 names a serpent mentioned in Revelation.
My 5, 12, 7 is a deity.
My 4, 2, 11 is a colour.
My whole is a good motto for 1890.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—
—The Mystical Circle.—

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles and kind words. We trust our young folks will take a deep interest in the work this year. We have the promise of a number of prizes and hope for more.

M. I. GILMORE, Williamsburg, has our thanks for the five puzzles, story, &c. Pleased to hear from you often.

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 16, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I, too, am glad to see new names in the "Y. F. Column." I send some puzzles and poetry for Christmas. Wishing you "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," I remain,

Yours truly,
M. I. GILMORE.

[Your letter was received a little too late for the Christmas number.

UNCLE NED.]

I send you more puzzles, &c., hoping they may be acceptable. I send you these puzzles, hoping they may fill up an important part in your paper. I hope you are well, and I also wish the Column every success.

I remain, your loving friend,
CARRIE WADE.

*** OUR RECITER. ***

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Two little stockings hang side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide
"Two!" said Saint Nick, as soon as he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.

"Ho, ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating my pretty one.
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."

So he crept up close to the chimney
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low like a bird about.

"Aha, what's this?" he said in surprise,
As he pushed his spec's close up to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas" so it began;

"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would

Fill up her stocking too to night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's I shall not care."

Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh;
Then softly he blew through the chimney high
A note like a bird's as it soars on high,
When he came back two of the funniest mortals

That ever were seen this side earth's portals
"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."

Then, O, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low,
A child's whole wardrobe from head to toe.

How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin.
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,
"She'll think it came from the sky I guess!"

Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
And tying the hood to the stocking too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,

Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them too on this night so wild."

The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky;
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air
Bringing "Peace and good-will" with him everywhere.

[From Mabel I. Gilmore, for the Y. F. Column.]

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