

Save the Children.

If you wish to save the children
From the soul-destroying cup,
You must teach them to abhor it
Ere to manhood they grow up.

Kindly words of friendly warning,
Gently scattered here and there,
Will do very much to save them
From the evil tempter's snare.

Do not say you're not adapted,
Or you have not got the time;
Is the evil one not sowing
Seeds of death, disease, and crime?

There are surely half a dozen
Of the children where you live,
Who would gladly sit and listen
To the warning you could give.

Let us labor for the children,
Labor lovingly and well;
For the good they may accomplish
In the future, who can tell?

Two Sides of a Story.

The little school-ma'am was tired and consequently a little bit cross. Never before had her pupils seemed so unpromising and so impertinent, as she looked about her one stormy winter afternoon with a sincere feeling of disgust, and sighed as she thought of the long cold drive yet in store for her. For the little school-ma'am was a "city girl," who lived at home and drove every day to her country school. In summer she rode on horseback—that was delightful—but when the long winter with its heavy snow storms set in her lot was, to say the least, not enviable. Then the roads were blocked with high drifts of snow, slippery with ice or worst of all, nearly impassable in the January thaw.

She was a plucky girl, everyone said that of her, and almost everyone added and such a nice girl too. I think her scholars were the only ones who did not echo the last sentiment, and whether they were right or not you must judge for yourself, bearing in mind that perhaps even your good qualities might not survive a freezing drive of four miles every day, with the prospect of arriving at a half warm or wholly smoky school house.

On the present morning, Miss Fowler had two new experiences on the road, while a third awaited her arrival at the school house. First the horse kicked, and driver and teacher rolled out on the hard crusty snow. Then the harness snapped, and while the driver ran to a neighbouring farmhouse for a bit of rope to mend it, the strong east wind, rushing down the hill, struck through her warm wraps, while the horse danced impatiently. Next, the school house was not smoky, neither was it warm—the fire was out.

The man who had the contract for warming the "district school" considered his part performed when he kindled the fire. He then trudged back to his home, trusting to Providence and the incoming children to complete his work. Both failed him this morning. The larger pupils were snow-balling one another in mock battle, while the smaller children, in their endeavours to revive the fire with wet wood, had succeeded in extinguishing it completely.

Not a cheerful state of affairs you must admit.

After the bell rang, the children sauntered in in anything but an orderly manner. Some waiting to give finishing touches to the snow-fort they were making, others loitering purposefully and each bringing a draught of cold air and garments covered with snow.

Of course there were whisperings, "passing," stamping, with all sorts of disorder common to a country school, and when the snow-balling glow subsided many requests of, "Please teacher may I go up to the stove," until at last almost the whole school was grouped about the hideous little air-tight, as Miss Fowler once described it.

The first class in spelling made a dismal failure over s-e-p-a-r-a-t-e which none could spell, though Tommy Hayseed flung himself nobly in the gap with s-u-p-p-e-r-e-t-e.

A class in history struggled on forlornly. Some hitherto unknown facts were brought to light, one—that Oliver Cromwell married Lady Jane Grey, and beheaded her after seven days. Another—that George Washington was prime minister of England.

Originality was also displayed by the young geographers, in respect to the situation of various mountain ranges, and in the statement that Rome was "on the Flannigan road, ma'am, ten miles back." After which interesting bit of information the little school ma'am marched the class back to their seats, indignant that Rome the magnificent should be confounded with the squalid neighbouring settlement.

At recess the black sheep of the flock (black physically not morally) rushed in weeping, his curly wool almost on end with fear at the taunts of some of his rougher playmates.

Next came Tommy Hayseed, with an eye nearly closed by a snowball demanding sympathy, and arnica for his bruised forehead. Scarcely was he attended to when in trotted the tiniest scholar of all, with frozen fingers—"cause she was mak'in b'lieve she was a boy and didn't have to wear mittens."

Lunch time arrived and great slices of bread and molasses, bottles of milk and apples were produced. The teacher's more dainty basket had unfortunately been left in the cold anteroom, and—well, I wonder if you would find frozen sandwiches, realistic snow-pudding, cake, iced in a way never intended by its maker, and green globes of crystalline firmness bearing a strong resemblance to grapes, a very tempting repast.

And these are but a few of the many trials of a country school teacher.

Little Biddy Malony was always a troublesome child and today a spirit of mischief seemed to possess her. She established a post-office in her desk, to the delight of the larger boys and girls by whom it was well patronized. She dressed her stubby little forefingers as babies for the amusement of the a-b-c class. She unbraided her seat-mates rich mass of red hair, and vigorously boxed the ears of the boy who dared whisper "house-a-fire" to his neighbour.

"Biddy come here at once," called the teacher, at this unwonted disturbance, "I am sorry to punish you, but you richly deserve it as you have been most annoying today."

"Well, he oughtn't'er have said 'house-a-fire,'" retorted Biddy, holding out her hand sturdily, "an if he says it agin, I'll do it agin, so I will."

Miss Fowler was too tired and worn to listen to any excuse, and it was a fearful, but by no means repentant Biddy who, a moment later, returned to her seat. Presently another disturbance arose in the same quarter of the room, and the teacher glancing in that direction saw Biddy's slate upraised. On it was printed in great letters,

I WOULD LIKE TO CHAW
OUR TEACHER
INTO
MINCE MEAT.

The lid of the teacher's desk hid an amused though weary face, as she hastily retired from sight of the scholars.

When the time came for dismissal, Miss Fowler said pleasantly—"Would you like a drive Biddy I can take you along with me."

Delighted with the prospect of a sleigh-drive Biddy clambered in with the driver and two tiny urchins to whom Miss Fowler gave a kindly lift. Somehow Biddy found herself very close to the little school ma'am who leaning down whispered "Biddy dear, please don't chaw me into mince meat yet awhile. Wait a little and see if I don't improve."

And then, Biddy told her side of the story, how sorry she was, she hadn't meant to be naughty—but she was restless and tired—for she worked an hour every day before trudging to school—and hungry, for she had shared her lunch with a poorer classmate. This information was given from the bottom of the sleigh by one of the small but observant children, a firm friend and constant admirer of Biddy's.

"An I never thought how you were tired an maybe hungry for your bite was frozen."

The little school ma'am kissed the lips so ready with self-reproaches, and with sympathy for others. As she did so, the freckled Irish face with its turned-up nose became suddenly glorified.

And Biddy, well she was the most contritely happy of human creatures, and though perhaps they did not realize it, both pupil and teacher learned afresh the oft repeated lesson of "Judge not."

ELLA J. HUNTER.

What Boys Should Learn.

There are a great many things that boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of incalculable help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things that a boy should learn, an exchange classes the following, to wit:

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat the mother as politely as if she were a stranger who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence, if they do anything wrong; and above all never lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

Home Hints.

LEMON COOKIES.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three eggs, six cups flour, rind and juice of one lemon, one teaspoonful soda.

SUGAR CAKES.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, three eggs, three teaspoonsful baking powder; rubbed in flour enough to roll out. Flavor to taste.

CUP CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, four eggs, one cup of milk, three teaspoons baking powder sifted in the flour. Flavor with lemon.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one-half cup molasses, five cups flour, four eggs, one cup cold coffee, one cup stoned raisins, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one teaspoonful baking powder.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups molasses, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon butter. Boil this five minutes. Two teaspoons soda; pour on the above while it is boiling; flour enough to make stiff batter; add more when you have it on the board to roll.

SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, three cupsful sugar, four cups flour, two teaspoons Woodill's baking powder, one cup cold water, one pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon juice. Bake in a shallow pan forty minutes in a steady oven. This is a very nice recipe, and will always turn out well if made properly. The eggs must be beaten until they are very light.

HONEY CAKE.—One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one pint flour, one cup honey, two eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon caraway seeds; mix the honey with the sugar; add the butter, melted, the eggs, then the flour sifted with the baking powder and the seeds. Bake in moderate oven thirty-five minutes.

NUT CAKE.—One cup butter, one half cup sugar, three eggs, one-half cup milk, two and one half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one cupful of any meats of nuts preferred or at hand; beat butter and sugar to a light white cream; add eggs, well beaten, then flour sifted with baking powder; mix with the milk, and then add nuts. Bake in a paper lined tin in a moderate oven about forty minutes.

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

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt, Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 2.

No. 5.—1. In, inn. 2. Made, maid 3. Hart, heart. 4. Be, bee.

No. 6.—1. Ai. 3. Ur. 2. Cana. 4. Dan.

No. 7.—I. L. II. D. POT TAP LOTUS, DAVI D TUN PIN S D

No. 8.—Inhabitants.

No. 9.—1. Jer. 32: 8, 9. 2. Mark 1: 35.

No. 10.—A N I L N I L E I L L E L E E R

The Mystery.—No. 5.

No. 21.—CHARADES.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

I. I am composed of two syllables. My first is a shelter; my second is a musical instrument, my whole is a poet.

II. My first is a colour; my second is part of the body; my whole is a poet.

No. 22.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A letter; a dwelling; a disease; a mineral; a letter.

II. 1. A letter. 2. Liquor. 3. A girl's name. 4. Before. 5. A vowel. III. A letter; a plant; a company; an insect; a letter.

No. 23.—HIDDEN TEXT.

(BY E. L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

[N. B.—Take one word from each line, and form a text.]

With a rod and staff supporting,

Who are they that come?

Shall they find the promised mansion—

Dwell at home?

Yes; they'll enter in with gladness,

At their God's command;

'Tis their own, by Jesus purchased,

Precious land.

No. 24.—PIED TEXT.

(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)

"Thou fly or live on enn erih reptessa enthire iwill oury athref frogvie ryou restpass."

No. 25.—CHARADE.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

My first is to trim; my second is first spoken by a child; my third is going over the same thing; my whole is a mess of idle stories.

No. 26.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY "LIZZIE," Nashua, N. H.)

Where are the following: (a) "specially;" (b) "college;" (c) "Priscilla;" (d) "Aquila?"

No. 27.—PIED TEXT.

(BY G. E. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)

"Kate ey hdee awetle adn pry, fro ey kwno ton whne eht mite si."

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg, will accept thanks for the nice puzzles, and kind words.

THE MITE SOCIETY of The Golden Rule Mission Band, Upper Gagetown, is again heard from. We are pleased to hear from them, and to learn of the good work they are doing. We wish them every success, and trust that our friends far and near will aid them.

Uncle Ned will do all he can to aid them, and urges all his friends to do the same.

A B C OUR LETTER BOX. X Z

CASE SETTLEMENT, N. B.

Dear Friends,—Uncle takes this opportunity of thanking you for past favours and pleasant expressions, and solicits a continuance of the same.

With best wishes,

UNCLE NED.

WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 6, '90.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I have neglected the Y. F. C. for a long time, but I am glad to see new names and hope that many more will soon be added to our number. It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you those five original puzzles, hoping they will be of use to you. I intend to send regularly now, beginning with the New Year.

Your well wisher,

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

[Thanks for kind expressions. Glad to hear from you often, and receive work from your pen. Also pleased to hear from all both new and old in the work.—UNCLE NED.]

UPPER GAGETOWN, Jan. 12th, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—As it is so stormy today we cannot go to meeting we thought of you, and the "Young Folks' Column," and of our Mission Band. Perhaps your little readers would like to hear from their friends of the Golden Rule Mission Band, formerly called "Mite Society."

We are working for our much loved foreign missionaries. We have an autograph quilt. We purpose the quilt for our missionaries' little girl, Bessie Boyer. All money for Foreign Missions, with the name of contributor and amount, is to be indelibly printed on the quilt. We have received a number of names already, and we want our friend, Uncle Ned, to send his name, also, for Bessie would be delighted to read it on her crib quilt.

And we want your little readers to send their names. Will not some of them go around and collect for it? Let your Bands of Kindness send along their names. We were very much pleased with all names; but we were so glad when Bessie's Grand-mamma sent hers. We want to work for the little heathen boys and girls, and we think that raising money is one way to work. It will be nice for Bessie and the little Hindu girls to look over the quilt and think of their little friends in New Brunswick working and praying for them. Please send all letters to Mrs. T. McMulkin, Upper Gagetown, N. B. She is our Corresponding Secretary. We have received names from Boston and other places. Good-bye, dear Uncle!

From your nephews and nieces of the GOLDEN RULE MISSION BAND.

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