

What Have You Done To-day?

I saw a farmer when the day was done,
The setting sun had sought its crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one;
I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said,
"What have you done to-day?"
Oh, farmer, say?"

"Oh, I've sown the wheat in yonder field,
And trenched my orchard to increase the yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn—
This have I done since early morn."

I saw a blacksmith in his smithy door,
When the day had vanished and the west
Grew red,
And all the weary noise and strife were o'er;
I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said,
"What have you done to-day?"
Oh, blacksmith, say?"

"Oh, I have made two plowshares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many a horse's feet,
And, oh, my friend, I cannot tell you half!
The man of muscle responded with a laugh.

I saw the miller when the day was done,
And all the sunlight from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows crept across the lawn;
I saw the dusty miller, and I said,
"What have you done to-day?"
Oh, miller, say?"

"Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till night;
Did you ever see flour so snowy white?
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed,
The merry miller laughed as this he said.
I saw another when the night drew nigh
And turned each daily toiler from his task;
When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the sky;
"What have you done to-day,"
Drink-seller, say?"

But the drink-seller turned with drooping head,
And not a single word in answer said.
What has he done? His work he knew full well
Was plunging souls in deepest hell!
"Alas, drink-seller, on that awful day
When death shall call, your race is run,
How can you answer? What can you say
When God shall question you, 'What have you done?'
How can you meet the eye
Of the Most High?"

"When night approaches and the day grows late,
Think you to find your way to Heaven's gate?
Think you to dwell with souls of honest men?
Think you to enter in? If not, what then?"
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

JACK.

His name was Jack, and he lived at 9—
Corner. Not a very aristocratic name, you will say, nor a very high-toned neighborhood. Nevertheless, Jack is worthy of our consideration. Like some other people, he had been better days. There had been a time in his life when a juicy bone was not an unknown luxury, when a soft cushion and a rug awaited him at night. He had even known what it was to be washed clean, and have his coat well brushed. Jack had been kindly treated, and was in all respects well-behaved and self-respecting. But in an evil hour he fell into bad company. He began to absent himself from home whole days at a time, wandering about in dirty streets with still dirtier companions, and breaking home at night in a very undignified and disgraceful way. His slender little mistress scolded and threatened to whip him if he did not mend his ways, and Jack resolved that he would turn from his evil companions and disgraceful habits very soon. But, alas! one day, after following a respectable-looking organ-grinder for a long distance, Jack was seized with desire to show off. He had several accomplishments, one of which was a series of evolutions on his hind legs, which his little mistress called dancing. When the organ began to grind at the tune to which Jack had been accustomed to dance, he proceeded to go through with his exercise, greatly to the amusement of sundry idle boys and men whose business seemed to be hanging on street corners and leaning against the walls in the vicinity of liquor stores. A crowd soon collected, which shouted with laughter at Jack's performance, and kept him at it until he was ready to drop with fatigue. He had determined to get away from the crowd and run home as soon as possible, when suddenly he was seized about the neck by two dirty hands, and a trice a chain was attached to his collar.

Poor Jack shrieked and struggled in terror and disgust, but it was of no use. Henceforth he must follow the lead-organ and dance in the crowded street by day, and at night his bed was a corner in a dirty cellar, where a wretched crowd of human vermin were huddled together. Kicks and curses were his portion, and a hard crust a luxury.

After some months of utter wretchedness, Jack found an opportunity to escape; but his condition, if possible, more wretched than before. He found his way back to his former home, but his friends were

gone, and so he became that most forlorn and helpless creature—a homeless dog.

He was so lean and miserable in appearance, that the very curs in the streets slunk away from him. The children whom he ventured to approach screamed and ran, while some of the more vicious pelted him with sticks and stones.

One night, cold, wretched and hungry, Jack sat on the curbstone near F— Corner, when a brightly-faced young fellow came along, and seeing the poor dog there, spoke kindly to him, and even patted his head. Jack fairly quivered with surprise and pleasure. Immediately he trotted after the young man, keeping out of sight, however, until he stopped in front of a brilliantly-lighted saloon, evidently undecided whether to go in or not. Then Jack crept timidly up, and touched the kind young hand with his nose. The boy laughed, and said, "Come on, old fellow, we'll go in."

There was a good fire and plenty of lights, which were reflected a thousand times from the mirrors and bottles which lined the walls and shelves of the room. There were a good many men and boys lounging about, drinking at the counters, or playing a mysterious game with balls and sticks; but they were not unkindly disposed to Jack. One of the roughest looking boys threw him a cracker, which he quickly swallowed.

It was late when Jack and his friend left the saloon, and when they started Jack seemed to realize that he was the wiser of the two. The strong young figure could not stand erect or walk straight, and the poor dog had a sorry time of it trying to follow him. It was bitter cold, and the rain and sleet were falling, driven by a north wind. A misstep threw Jack's friend upon his face in the wet, dirty street. Jack tried to induce him to rise, barking and pulling at his sleeve, or even licking his face, but in vain; the poor fellow was helpless, and all unconscious of the fact that if left to himself he would freeze to death in the street.

When Jack found that he could not arouse him, he dashed up the street barking furiously; but it was late, and so dark and stormy that everybody was indoors. There was no one to whom he could apply for help. When the dog reached the corner of the street he stood for a moment as if not knowing what to do; then trotted over to the police station, and barked and scratched at the door until admitted. Jack looked eagerly into the face of the officer who had opened the door, and then started out, looking anxiously back to see if the man was coming; but the prospect outside was not inviting, so the officer simply looked out and went back to his comfortable quarters, wondering what was the matter with the dog. He had hardly sat down when Jack came back, barking furiously.

"What on earth is the matter with that dog?" said one.

"Go and see," said the officer in command; and in a moment a stalwart figure in a blue coat was following the excited creature down the avenue.

They found the poor young fellow lying in the street, and Jack evinced his delight by frisking and barking, although he evidently considered that he still had charge of his friend, and watched the officer narrowly as he tried to arouse the boy and get him upon his feet. Then he followed them back to the station, and looked on while they tried to bring the poor, half-frozen, poisoned boy to his senses.

The next morning when he left the court-room, with a gray-haired father who looked as if his heart was broken, Jack went too; for the officer had told them that, but for the dog, the young man would have been found dead in the street. Jack has an honored place in a comfortable home today. He is petted by the whole family, and is a loyal, faithful friend to the boy whose path is so beset by licensed traps and pitfalls provided by the State that he needs the very dogs to protect him against them.

Tell me, my friend, who is the more worthy of our esteem—Jack, or the licensed poisoner on the corner of our streets?—Z. Herald.

Johnny's Sermon on Patience.

Johnny was seven years old, and his brother Willie almost five. Johnny took his stand on a stool, with the sewing-machine in front of him for a pulpit, and with Willie, sitting in a huge chair on the other side of the room, for his congregation.

When all was ready, and Willie had got through fussing with the rag on his sore finger, Johnny began his sermon by saying:

"I will make a few brief remarks on a short text—'Be patient. Firstly, be patient to everybody.'"

"Must I let everybody what's bigger'n me push me round just when they're a mind to?"

"It isn't proper to talk in meeting," replied Johnny, "because it disturbs the services. But papa and mamma are bigger than you, and they don't push you. They only put you out where you don't belong to. And Maggie—she's bigger than you; and she can't have a little two-head between her and the bread-board when she's mixing bread, and between her and the kettle, and"—

"I ain't a tow-head," chimed in Willie. "My hair is just as black as—as"—

"As flax," suggested Johnny.

"Yes, just as black as flax!" repeated Willie, in a tone of triumph.

"And then," continued Johnny, "there's me that's bigger than you. But I don't push you, though."

"Preachers ought to tell the truth!" exclaimed Willie, with a sharp look at the speaker.

"Well—let's leave that point and pass on to the next. There are those big boys at school—a good deal bigger than you and me, too. One of them pushed me down in the mud one day and hurt my arm. I couldn't help crying; but I didn't get angry, and call him names. I told him I was ashamed of him to do such a thing, because I wouldn't pick into a boy littler than me. And then he came and helped me up, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket—just as clean and white—and wiped the mud all off my sleeve, and whispered to me that he was sorry, and that he would never do such a mean thing again. That's what it means where papa read the other morning in the gospel of St. Peter: 'Ye do well if ye take it patiently when ye are buffeted for nothing.'"

"Secondly, be patient everywhere."

"When I burn my finger mustn't I holler?" exclaimed Willie.

"Of course, when you burn your finger you may holler; but when mamma gets the rag ready to tie it up you mustn't jerk it away and scream so as to raise the neighbors. And when you play with Jimmie Dickson you mustn't get pouty because he can run faster than you. And when you want to come into the house you mustn't kick the door and scream, 'Let me in, why don't you?' And when dinner isn't most ready you mustn't"—

"Dear me," broke in Willie, "isn't this sermon almost over?"

"Thirdly, be patient always. When you get up late in the morning, and your breakfast is all cold because you didn't come down when you was called; and when I can't find the button-hook because you hung it on the shelf; and—what more shall I say?"

"Say Amen!" shouted Willie.

Just then the door opened, and pussy came walking into the room. Willie sprang forward, took pussy up in his arms, and ran off to find his mamma, telling pussy as he went, "I can be patient to everybody, and patient everywhere, and patient always—except when you scratch me, you naughty kitty, and when Johnny preaches an awful long sermon."

And so the meeting closed without the benediction.—Presbyterian Journal.

A FIGURE PUZZLE.—Following is a very curious puzzle. Try it, all of you.

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five.

Then add twenty.

Then add the number of the line you have selected.

Then add five.

Multiply the sum by ten.

Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word, in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.—Philadelphia Times.

Home Hints.

PRINCESS PUDDING.—Two thirds cup butter, melted, one cup sugar, one large cup flour, three eggs, one-half teaspoon baking powder. Steam two hours.

STEAM PUDDING.—Two cups flour, one half cup suet, one cup sugar, one cup milk, one egg, fruit to suit taste. Steam two and one-half hours.

ROY PUDDING.—One cup molasses, one half cup melted butter, one teaspoon soda dissolved in one-half cup boiling water, two eggs, one cup milk, three cups flour, three cups raisins. Steam three hours.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One quart milk, three ounces grated chocolate, one cup white sugar, five eggs; scald milk and chocolate together, when cool add yolks of eggs, and one-half the cup of sugar; bake about twenty-five minutes; beat whites of eggs with other half cup sugar; spread over top and brown lightly. Eat cold.

PLUM PUDDING.—One pound raisins, one pound currants, three-quarters pound bread crumbs, one-half pound flour, three-quarters pound beef suet, six eggs, one pound sugar, one-half pound citron and lemon peel, one-half nutmeg, spices, two teaspoons baking powder mix all dry and then add eggs, with milk enough to wet it all. Boil four hours.

Young Folks' Column Edited by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT KINGS CO., N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and other work by the young.

{ PUZZLERS' PASTIME }

The Mystery Solved.—No. 45.

No. 240.—1. Anagrams. 2. Evolution. 3. Education.

No. 241.—Mayflower.

No. 242.—J. T. A. N. J. A. M. E. S. N. E. T. S.

No. 243.—Gen. 22:19.

No. 244.—MANCHESTER AMARAPURA NATIVITY CRITIC HAVIES EPICS SUT TRY EA R

No. 245.—(1) Rev. 3. (2) Lev. 7:9. (3) Lev. 26:8. (4) 2 Kings 10:35,36

The Mystery.—No. 46.

What has become of all the former friends of the Y. F. C. I. We fear we shall have to cease work for lack of interest. Is it your wish to have the "Column" discontinued?

*** ARE WE GOING TO RECEIVE ANY MORE PUZZLES, SOLUTIONS, &c.? *

No. 257.—ENIGMA.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburgh.)

My 1st is in green, but not in black;
My 2nd is in way, but not in track;
My 3rd is in apple, but not in fruit;
My 4th is in seed, but not in root;
My 5th is in sun, but not in moon;
My 6th is in music, but not in tune.

No. 258.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a small bird; a man's name; a metal; a letter.
2. A letter; a plant; happiness; to do; a letter.
3. A vowel; a small insect; to go into; a number; a letter.

No. 259.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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

o A letter.
o o A plant.
o o o o A large city in China.
o o o To assist.
o A letter.

No. 260.—TRANSPPOSITION.

BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

"How is it that mother morf modE, tiwh eddy smetmgat ofmr zharoB?"

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C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, correctly solves No. 245.

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