

My Happy Home.

Coming home in the cold, gray twilight,
Over the lonesome way,
With heart and brain overburdened
By the worry and care of the day;
Tired from the struggle of living,
And glad for the night to come,
I turn the corner and there I see
The light of my happy home.

And worry and care forsake me,
And weariness finds its rest;
With quickened footsteps I hurry on
To the place I love the best.
For I know that some one is waiting
And looking out through the gloom,
Down over the lonesome roadway,
And wishing for me to come.

And hastening on, I remember
The days of long ago,
The golden dreams of my youth time,
The triumph I was to know
With fame and fortune to conquer,
And all life's blessings to come,
But the only dream that ever came true
Is this, my own sweet home.

And what were all the others?
Ambition, and power, and fame,
The wealth of the Indies would leave me
Poor,
And fame were an empty name.
Without the love of my darling wife,
My baby and my home,
I can ask no greater happiness
Than to my lot has come.

What matters a day of labor
When rest is sweet at night?
What matters how dark the roadway
That leads to my own home-light?
What matters the wide world's favor,
That never to me may come,
When my wife and baby are waiting
And watching to welcome me home?
—Christian at Work.

Grandma's Mitten.

I am a little girl. My father is a
Church clergyman. He lives in a
country town, and, as the people are
mostly poor, they cannot give father
much money for preaching. We can-
not have many clothes; but mother
keeps us well patched up, and she
always makes us look neat and nice on
Sunday.

Father and mother could never give
us much money, except on Christmas
and New Year's Days and Thanksgiv-
ing, and on our birthdays. Then we
each had a whole penny apiece. How
rich we did feel on these days. Our
dear grandma taught us our lessons
and other things. She made us rise
early in the morning, for, she said, it
was only "the early bird which caught
the dew"; and that meant that, if we
rose early and worked, we might some
day catch pennies as the bird catches
the dew.

On a cold winter's afternoon, grand-
ma took us out walking with her. She
had on thin gloves, and she said that
her old hands were most frozen. It
pained me so much to hear it; but
what could I do? The next morning
I rose early, and, running down the
street, a little way from our house I
met Benny, a little boy that I knew,
—carrying on his arm a market bas-
ket. I said to him, "Benny, what
have you in your basket?" He said,
"I have a basket of bones."

"A basket of bones! What are you
going to do with a basket of bones?"
"I am going to carry them to a bone
factory to sell, and get some money to
buy shoes for myself."

"Where did you get the bones,
Benny?"

"I picked them up round the inns,
and round some of the houses."

I went home, and found just such a
market basket as Benny's, and put it
away. Early the next morning, I put
on my hat and cloak, and, with the
market basket on my arm, I ran down
the street to where the inns were; and
it was not long before I picked up as
many bones as Benny had. The bone
factory was near one of the inns, and I
took my basket of bones there to sell.
The man there asked me how much I
wanted for my bones, and I said,
"Twenty-five cents." He laughed,
but took the bones and gave me the
money. I put it carefully into my
pocket, and ran home just in time for
prayers.

After breakfast, mother gave me
permission to go out; and, as soon as
I could put on my things, I ran down
to the store where we bought our
thread and needles and groceries. Mr.
Masters, the storekeeper, went to our
church. I told him that I wanted a
nice warm pair of woolen gloves for
grandma. He showed me some, and
I picked up a real nice pair of gloves,
and handed to him my twenty-five
cents.

"Those are more than twenty-five
cents," he said. I suppose he saw
that I looked very sad, for the tears
were almost in my eyes; "but," he
said, "you can have them for twenty-
five cents." And he gave me a row of
pink and white peppermints that were
on a paper, hanging up just over the
counter, for myself.

I thanked Mr. Masters, and I ran
home as fast as I could, and ran up to
grandma's room. She was sitting in
her chair and was alone. I just jump-
ed into her arms, and said, "I have a

pair of nice warm gloves for you, and
now your hands will be warm all win-
ter when you go out."

"Thank you, dear; but how did you
get them?"

I told her; and then she looked so
frightened, but she said:

"It was kind and loving in you,
dear, to work so hard to get money to
buy a nice pair of warm gloves for
your old grandmother; but you will
find that boys can do what girls can-
not do, and some girls can do what
other girls should not do. You, father-
er and mother, you know, are very
careful of their children,—whom they
go with, and where they go,—and I
know that they would not like you to
go near the country inns, or to pick up
bones; so promise me, dear, that you
will not do it again. I shall never
wear these gloves without thinking
how lovingly you worked to get them
for your old grandmother, and no
gloves will ever be more precious to
me than these; but you must make
me the promise I asked you, dear."

I promised her; but that was the
way I made my twenty-five cents.—
The Churchman.

How One Girl Succeeded.

The success of anyone in any line of
work depends upon the spirit in which
she takes it up. The following story
which came under my notice recently,
and which is true, will illustrate my
meaning better than any explanation.
A young girl had tried for a long time
to get a position in one of the leading
dry goods stores in Boston. Finally
her persistency was rewarded by the
promise of a trial. She was put at
the handkerchief counter during a
"bargain-sale." The first morning
she was there a gentleman came by,
and stopped at the handkerchief
counter, looking carefully at the
goods and the prices, which was mark-
ed on each box. She did not wait for
him to ask for anything special, but
she immediately drew his attention to
some handkerchiefs which were really
a "bargain."

He did not seem
inclined to buy, but she was so inter-
ested to make the sale, and talked so
intelligently about them, that the cus-
tomer took half a dozen of the hand-
kerchiefs. When Saturday night
came, and she was paid her salary,
she received a sum much in advance
of that which had been promised her.
She took it at once to the head of the
department, thinking there must be a
mistake, but she was assured that it
was all right.

"Do you remember selling a half
dozen handkerchiefs to one gentleman,
the first morning you were here?" he
inquired.

"Why, yes, I remember," she re-
plied, "but what has that to do with
this?"

"Simply this—that was the head of
the firm; and he was so pleased that
he inquired about you, and said that
any girl who could sell his own goods
to a proprietor was worth a good
salary and a steady place, so he ordered
you put in the pay roll at the wages I
have just given you, with the promise
of a rise as soon as it is possible."

A thing like this isn't likely to hap-
pen every day perhaps; but of one
thing you may rest quite assured; my
dear girls, simple eye-service is noted
more frequently than you may imagine,
while the honest, hearty rendering of
duty will find the reward. Not long
ago a prominent business man in Bos-
ton said to me, when we were talking
over the reason why so few young men
really succeed, some things that will
bear repetition for the girls, who think
seriously of a business life.

"The boys"—and he might have said
the girls too—"in the stores whose watches
are always on time at the dinner or
closing hour are the ones, who will not
advance in business; while those who
are asking for more to do, instead of
making apologies for work not finished,
are those who do not complain of the
crowd at the foot." It is the Bible's
own "in season and out of season"
work that brings good results.

Perhaps another reason why women
do not attain a high position in mer-
cantile life is because they do not
"learn the business" as a boy does.
When a girl seeks a position in a store
she expects a living salary at once.
The immediate need of money is the
force which impels her to work: she
must be her own bread-winner. A boy
expects to give a certain time to learn-
ing the detail of business, and takes a
place at first with very small remunera-
tion, and works his way to the more
profitable position.—December Wide
Awake.

DOGS AND CATS.—Every person who
keeps a dog or cat is bound to take
care of it that it shall be properly
and comfortably housed and cared for,
night and day.

2. To see that no person outside the
owner's family is disturbed by it.

No person has any right to permit
his or her cat or dog to disturb the
neighbors, especially in the night.

Black Kettles.

It was nothing but a black old ket-
tle standing on the stove, but it did
the work of a reformer.

"It's a miserable world," complain-
ed Patty, "and I'm just fitted for it;
everything is dark and disagreeable
and horrid and I am, too, O, dear."

Then there was a mournful little
wail in Patty's voice as she concluded
her statement and turned to go
upstairs.

"Patty—Patty Evans!" cried Aunt
Lucindy. "For pity's sake, child,
you're not going off and leave me now,
are you?—all this on my hands, too,
and baby cross as X, and your uncle
coming crosser—and the boarders!
For the land's sake! isn't that kettle—
Patty Evans, do hurry and wash it."
And Aunt Lucindy tossed her X-baby
into the cradle.

"It's forever kettles," cried poor
Patty, "kettles! kettles! kettles! And
every one just as black!—and they
might be pretty and clean!—I've half
a mind to try it; and what would Aunt
Lucindy say? But she's in a hurry
and I can't." And the kettle, out-
wardly as unpleasant to behold as ever,
was placed back again on the stove
with an energy that spoke volumes for
fourteen-year-old Patty's strength and
temper.

But the thought of the novelty that
a bright, clean kettle would be, haun-
ted Miss Patty until in her first leisure
moment she set herself to try the
experiment.

"There!"
There was a world of exultation in
Patty's voice as she swung the shining
iron round.

"There, why need it always be hor-
rid, when it might be beautiful in its
way? Why can't it wear its afternoon
dress!—and Patty laughed at her own
fancy—"in the mornings, and have a
clean face always, I'd like to know?
Why—but I'm just like the kettle my-
self!—I suppose—I'm good for some-
thing—just as that was this morning,
but it doesn't count for much. I wonder
if folks feel 'scratched up' when
they see me mornings, same as I do
when I look at the kettle?"

It was a very good question to
"wonder" about, I am sure, and Patty
found it very interesting, although
hardly pleasant; but she was not a
girl to drop the subject because of
that.

"I wonder if—well—I'm going to be
a Christian Endeavour-er in this, too,"
she said thoughtfully. "I'm going to
wear my afternoon smooth hair and
whole aprons in the morning, not look
black as a 'thunder-cloud' when I'm
helping around, and then it won't take
so much time to dress up for after-
noons. And I'm going to make
'drudgery divine,' as the minister said,
for Jesus' sake."

Winning a Good Name.

"Charlie Leslie," called out a farm-
er to a boy who was passing, "we are
short of hands to-day. Could'n't you
give us a turn at these pears? They
must be off to market by to-morrow
morning. If you will help this after-
noon, I'll pay you well."

"Not I," said Charlie; "I'm off on
a fishing excursion. Can't leave my
business to attend to other people's;"
as with a laugh he walked on.

"That's what boys are good for now-
a-days," growled the farmer. These
pears might rot on the trees for all
the help I could get from them. Time
was when neighbours, men and boys
both, were obliging to each other, and
would help in the pinch, and take no
pay but 'thank ye.' Lads now-a-days
are above work, if they haven't a
whole jacket to their backs."

"Could I help you, Mr. Watson,"
said a pleasant voice, as Fred Stacey
appeared around the clump of lilac-
bushes which had hid him from view.
He had heard the conversation with
Charlie; and, as he was an obliging
boy, he was sorry to see the farmer's
fruit waste for want of hands to gather
it. "I have nothing particular to do
this afternoon, and would as lief work
for you a while as not."

"Might know it was you, Fred," said
the farmer, well pleased. "I don't
believe there's another boy about, who
would offer his services."

The matter was soon arranged, and
Fred pulled off his jacket and went to
work with a will, picking and assort-
ing the fruit very carefully, to the
great admiration of Mr. Watson.

"If that boy had to work for a liv-
ing, I would engage him quick enough,"
he thought. "But he'll make his way
in any business. One so obliging will
make a host of friends who will be
always willing to lend a helping hand."

Fred would take no pay from the
farmer, who he well knew was work-
ing hard to pay off his mortgage. But
he did accept a basket of pears
for his mother, as they were very ex-
cellent ones, and the farmer insisted
so warmly on his taking them.

Ever after that Fred was sure of a
good friend in farmer Watson, and

one who was always ready to speak a
word for him whenever his name was
mentioned. Oh, if boys knew what
golden capital this "good name" is,
they would work hard to get it. Well
did the wisest man say, "It is rather
to be chosen than great riches." It has
helped many a man to acquire riches.
It is of great importance to a boy what
the men of his place say of him.

Never fancy they do not know what
you do—that they have no interest in
what you do. Every business man
sees and estimates the boys that pass
before him at pretty nearly their own
worth. Every man with sons of his
own takes an interest in other men's
sons. There is nothing like obliging
ways to make friends of people, and to
lead them to speak well of you. That
will be a stepping-stone to your success
in life.

Puzzles, Enigmas, * * * * *
Folks' * * * * * Column.
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. 1.
No. 1.—Sunlight. No. 2.—Goldsmith.

No. 3.—
A. Gen. 24:14. B. Mark, 15:17.
C. Rom. 16:1. D. Isa. 47:2.
E. Prov. 25:18. F. Prov. 25:11.
G. Ex. 8:16.

No. 4.—"Fear God and do right."
The Mystery—No. 4.
(N. B.—All are cordially invited to
correspond. Send along anything new
to interest the young and each other.)

No. 16.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
"A nam yam sa lew pecket ob eb ta
sae hitauw lewaht sa aphy ouwhit
tirvue."

No. 17.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. Y.)
In board, not in gate;
In love, not in hate;
In loss, not in gain;
In sun, not in rain;
In rain, not in fog;
In hen, not in bird.
My whole is a girl's name.

No. 18.—BIBLE QUERIES.
(BY D. PERRY, Havelock.)
1. Where are the words, "The lips
of the righteous feedeth many, but
fools die for want of wisdom?"
2. Where, "His truth shall be thy
shield and buckler?"
3. Where, "How ye, for the day of
the Lord is at hand?"

No. 19.—SQUARE WORD.
BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. Y.
A notion; a tube; a tract of land;
becoming.

No. 20.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY "LIZZIE," Nashua, N. H.)
A letter; a girl's name; a girl's
name; did eat; a letter.

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

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thanks for the nice puzzles. Although
your story has often been published
we send it to press again for the In-
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earnest desires and efforts to make the
Column attractive.

OUR RECITER.
OPEN THE DOOR.
(FROM CARRIE WADE, CROSS CREEK.)
Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in—
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.

Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold—
Open the door for the children
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children—
See they are coming in throngs,
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.

Pray you the father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given,
Open the door for the children—
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to Canaan's land.

Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold—
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

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