

For You.

I have some good advice for you, my merry little man,
This is where your lot is cast
Oh, do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully,
For stepping stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours,
Oh, keep your honour bright!

A Dark Evening.

He was just discouraged, and that was the whole of it. He sat close to the stove, leaned his ragged elbow on his knee, and his cheek on a rather sooty hand, and gave himself up to troubled thought, the two books which had slipped from him lying unheeded on the floor.

Let them lie there; what was the use in trying to study? Here was the third evening this week that he had been held, after hours, when he wanted to go to night-school, and find out how to do that example! He might just as well give up first as last.

There was a loud stamping outside, and the door of the little flag station burst open, letting in a rush of spiteful winter air.

"Hallo!" said a boy of about fourteen, muffled to his eyes in fur.

"Hallo yourself," said the boy by the stove, without changing his position more than was necessary to glance up.

"Has the six o'clock freight gone down yet?"

"Not as I know of; I wish she would be about it; I've been waiting on her nowan hour after time."

"Lucky for me she is behind, though; I guess I can catch a ride into town on her, can't I? I've been out to Windmere, and missed the five o'clock mail. I set out to foot it, but it is rather rough walking against this wind, especially when you have to walk on ice. I'd rather be toted in on the freight than to try it. Do you suppose they will give me a lift?"

"You can sit down and wait, and try for it, if you like," and the boy glanced toward a three-legged stool.

"I'd give you this chair, only it hasn't any bottom," he said with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"The stool is all right. Do you have to wait every night for the freight?"

"No; not much oftener than every other night; it isn't my business to wait at all, but as often as three times a week the fellow in charge wants me to go that, or something else, after I'm off duty."

"So you fill up the time with reading; that's a good idea. What have you here?"

The visitor stooped, and picked up the fallen books.

"Arithmetic and history? You are studying, eh? Well, now, I call that industrious. Where do you go to school?"

"Nowhere. I pretend to go to the evening class at the Twenty-third Street Station, and sometimes I get there twice in the week, and sometimes only once. It's a discouraging kind of studying. I've been after an example for two weeks, and can't get it."

"Whereabout's are you? Ho! that old fellow; I remember him. I can show you about it; there's just a mean little catch to it; but you've done well to get so far along."

Then the two heads bent over the book and over the row of figures on the margin of a freight bill; and presently the face of the discouraged boy lighted with a smile. He saw through the "catch." Then there was a little talk between the two.

Ralph Westwood learned that the boy was an orphan; was working at the freight depot beyond his strength and on very small pay, because times were hard and boys plenty; that he had a little sister in the orphan's home, and the ambition of his life was to learn and become a scholar, and earn money to support the little sister. He went to school regularly while mother lived, and worked between times to help support himself; and mother wanted him to be a scholar, and thought it was in him, but she had been dead for two years, and things were growing worse with him, and sometimes he was discouraged.

Then the freight came, and Ralph Westwood caught his ride into town, and had only time to say:

"Don't give it up, Charlie; who knows what may happen? Christmas is coming."

"Christmas!" said Charlie to himself with a bitter smile; what could that bring to him but more work, because of an extra train and late hours and scanty fare, and not even time to run up to the "home," and see little Nell? Didn't he remember how it was last Christmas?

As for Ralph Westwood, he waited only long enough to brush the snow from his clothes and wash away the stains of soot from his hands, which must have been left when he shook hands with Charlie, then he sought a handsome library where a gentleman sat reading. Here he did not even wait to reply to the cordial "Good evening!" which greeted him, save as his polite bow was a reply, than he dashed into business. "Uncle Ralph, I have found your boy for you."

"Indeed, that is quick work. Where did you find him?"

"I blundered on him—the very one. I didn't know why I should have missed the five o'clock train, and he didn't know why he should have to do overwork to-night. I hope we shall both have a glorious reason why work out before our eyes."

Then he drew a low chair in front of the lovely grate fire and told his story.

That was three weeks before Christmas. A great deal can be done in three weeks. Ralph Westwood and his uncle Ralph did a great deal, and at the end of the time knew almost more about Charlie Watson than he knew of himself.

The end of it all, or, more properly speaking, the beginning of it all, came to Charlie on Christmas eve—an invitation to Dr. Westwood's elegant home, to meet seven boys, all of whom were in the Sabbath-school which Charlie had just joined.

I wish I had time to tell yet about the dinner-table to which they all sat down. Roasted turkey, of course, and cranberry sauce, and chicken pie, and jellies and tarts, and all the elegancies of an elegant dinner, the like of which none of them had ever seen before. At each plate was a bouquet of roses. Think of roses at Christmas for eight hard-working, homeless boys!

Some people might think they didn't like those roses with all their hearts, but some people don't understand some boys. Slipped into each bouquet was a slip of paper, which said on it "Merry Christmas!" in beautiful writing, and then followed wonderful things. One paper was a receipt for a year's house-rent, for one of the boys who lived with his mother, and had hard work to meet the landlord's agent each month. Another had an order on a certain tailor for a full suit of clothes, such as it could be plainly seen he very much needed; every one had something. When Charlie Watson read his, he turned red and pale by turns and stammered and trembled, and knew not what to say.

It was longer than the others, and it took him some time to understand it all, but at last he made out that he was to enter the Fort Street Grammar School as a pupil, on the Tuesday after New Year, and that his home was to be at Dr. Westwood's office, which he was expected to keep in order in return for his board and clothes. What an amazing chance had come to him! Do you wonder that he trembled and stammered? But, after all, I don't know that he was any happier than Ralph Westwood, who hovered about him in great satisfaction, and in one of the pauses of his duties as assistant host, found a chance to murmur:

"I say, Charlie, aren't you rather glad the six o'clock freight-train was late that night?"—Exchange.

A Dreaded Task.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately overspreads his face when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day when I was out at his farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Awe," whined Billy, "there's so many taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone that indicated great mental distress: "Plague on those old taters! It makes me sick to think of them!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you have been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe taters."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I I—," Bill began to grin, took up his hoe, and said, "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.

He doubles a task who dreads it.

The Wood-House Toilet.

They called it so because it was made in the corner of the wood-house adjoining the kitchen. It had in it a wash-stand with bowl and pitcher, a looking-glass with properly filled comb-case and brush-holder, roller towels, and plenty of hooks on the walls for coats, hats, and overalls. To this apartment came the hired workmen when the day's toil was over, and here they disburdened themselves of the soiled garments they had worn all day, of the heavy boots suggestive of barnyard industries, and here they clothed themselves in fresh attire before the evening meal. The custom of the vicinity was for the laborers to eat with the family, and as the head of the family set an example of nicety and cleanliness in his person and its covering at meal-time, his employees could not refuse, however reluctant at first, to follow his example. A few minutes sufficed to make the rough, dirty laborer appear quite transformed into the tidy, well-dressed man; and it was proven by experiment that he liked himself better in his fresh costume, than when he wore all the evening the clothes he had worked in all day. The mistress of the family who conceived the idea of the wood-house toilet felt herself amply repaid, and will take out no patent for the invention.

BABY'S SLEEPING TIME.—I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? When he stretches and wriggles, and finally, perhaps, cries out, try turning him on his other side, or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part. Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The one or two year old who wakes in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels, perhaps, hot and uncomfortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of, he will wait for the sound of the turning and then drop back on it into a renewed sleep. Remember, also, to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rumpled night-dresses and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.—Babyhood.

THE BEST WAY.—We feel best if we give to the Lord something of our own—something that it has cost us an effort to get.

"Papa, please let me have an apple tree this season?" said a little girl.

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I can call it my own, and use the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick the fruit and sell it, and make missionary money, which will then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of ground, or something of the kind, the income of which they, every year, could give us for church work.

Home Hints.

EGG MUFFINS.—One egg, one cup flour, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoon baking powder, a little salt. These are very delicate and light.

MUFFINS.—One quart flour, butter size of an egg, two eggs, and milk enough to make a stiff batter, a pinch of salt; pour into muffin rings and bake about twenty minutes.

BOILED ICING.—One cup sugar, two tablespoons water; boil fifteen minutes, whip to a stiff froth white of one egg, pour boiling sugar over, and beat rapidly till cool enough to spread.

FROSTING.—Two teaspoons gelatine dissolved in two teaspoons cold water; let stand for half an hour, then add two tablespoons boiling water; beat in enough sugar to make it thick.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One tablespoon sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, one egg, three cups of graham flour, three teaspoons baking powder, sweet milk enough to make a stiff batter; drop in hot buttered tins and bake about twenty minutes in a hot oven.

WATER MUFFINS.—Put four tablespoons of strong yeast into one pint lukewarm water; add a little salt, and stir in gradually as much flour as will make a thick batter; set it to rise; when light, grease your griddle, place on the rings well greased, pour in each ring a ladleful of batter and bake.

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

—PUZZLERS' PASTIME—

| The Mystery Solved.—No. 29. |

No. 162.—R
CUT
RUFUS
TUB
S

No. 163.—Matt. 5: 6.

No. 164.—Arthur Wellesley.

No. 165.—Ohio. No. 166.—Luke 7: 16.

No. 167.—Ashes, hares, hears, shear, share.

—| The Mystery—No. 32. |—

N. B.—Puzzles, &c., are solicited.

No. 178.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "PANSY," Fredericton Junction.)

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o

I. A letter; a verb; what every one wants; something to wear; a vowel.

II. A letter; a verb; a noun; a girl's name; a vowel.

III. A letter from Wolfville; a boy's name; a verb; a plural noun; a letter.

No. 179.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

(BY FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

1. Mawhogkokky.

2. Pinwingoseel.

3. Curax.

4. Cilennevanes.

5. Awag.

6. Catzacece.

No. 180.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In coffee, not in cream;

In vision, not in dream;

In forward, not in bold;

In modern, not in old;

In knowledge, not in skill;

In valley, not in hill;

In sombre, not in dark;

In garden, not in park;

Whole is an American plant.

No. 181.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

[N. B.—Each word has six letters.]

A town in Australia; a part of Canada; a part of Africa; a surname; a mountain in Asia; a town in Africa; a town in Syria; waste; a Syrian town; a town in U. S. A.; a part of Spain; a Bible name.

Primals, give a Canadian river; finals, a river in China.

No. 182.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"I lighted tooht hyt liwlo ym dog hyt wal ai disomw no thear."

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—| The Mystical Circle. |—

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