

## Be in Time.

Be in time for every call,  
If you can, be first of all—  
Be in time.  
If your teachers only find  
You are never much behind,  
But are like the dial true,  
They will always trust in you—  
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;  
Set out with a willing heart—  
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,  
First to work, and soonest done—  
This is how the goal's attained,  
This is how the prize is gained—  
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great  
Never yet were found too late—  
Be in time.  
Life with all is but a school;  
We must work by plan and rule,  
With some noble end in view,  
Ever steady, earnest, true—  
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call;  
Knowledge now is free to all—  
Be in time.  
Youth must daily toil and strive;  
Treasure for the future hive;  
For the work they have to do;  
Keep this motto still in view—  
Be in time.

—Selected.

## How Annie's Blessings Came.

BY ISABEL OLCOTT.

A wee bit of a girl set upon the stone steps of one of the down town stores. If you had asked her she would have told you that she was a dozen years old, but if you did not ask her you would never dream that she was more than half that way there. Very slight of build, very thin clad, for the cool October day found her still in summer garments, and bare feet that looked as blue and cold as her thin fingers, go to make up a very uncomfortable picture. But, surrounded by hair as brown as a chestnut, there was a face in which was set a lovely pair of eyes of such blue as was held in the sky above, and a pretty mouth that seemed to be always smiling.

The lovely eyes were not just as happy as they ought to have been, for away over their azure depths the tears had often come, and many a time their sadness was pitiful to see. The thin calico dress that was very scant in length and width, was of a red color with yellow spots on it, and her old black hat that somebody had outgrown, had some green sprays on it that long before had ceased to be at all pretty.

As she sat there upon the stone she gathered up the hem of her frock, and drawing the edges through her fingers, she said: "Yellow and red, red and yellow and green, nothing so ugly there ever was seen. Oh! my, my, how I hate the old things. I wish I was rich, wouldn't I burn 'em quick!"

"Suppose that you were rich, what would you burn, little girl?" asked a kindly voice.

"Burn? I'd—I'd—but I don't know you, sir," she said, as he looked up into a pair of eyes that had a merry twinkle in them.

"Even so, cannot you tell me what you would do?" the owner of them inquired.

"Yes, I could," the girl said, as she arose to her feet.

"Well?"

"You'd call 'em close; I call 'em duds."

"And what duds are they?"

"Yellow and red," she said, as she touched the gown; "black and green," she added, as she pointed to her hat.

"I hate green, don't you? just hate it."

"Hate green?" The grass is green, the trees and bushes are green—

"Not now," she interpreted.

"No, because the frost has come."

"I should think it had, and the cold wind, too." She was shivering, but she did not let him see it. "What good is the grass and bushes to me? I don't never see 'em. If your life's like mine you wouldn't care either."

"What is your life?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's too long to tell."

"Not even a bit of it? What is your name?"

"My name's Annie (not Rooney, mind you), but you don't want the rest of it."

"Yes, I do, Annie."

"I'm, Annie Starkweather. Why, what ails ye?" she asked, for the stranger had grown paler, "what ails ye?"

"Where do you live, child?"

"Well," she said slowly, "I dunno. I ought to tell ye, 'cause me nany's sick. Yes, I will, too. I live at 49 First Avenue, four flights up, front room."

"I will call there before night. In the meantime take this." He had given her a one-dollar bill, and had disappeared as if the ground had opened and closed over him.

"I say, mister," she called out, but no answer came; in fact, the horse car bells prevented any one a few feet away, from hearing her.

As fast as her feet could carry her she hurried home, on the way stopping at the corner store to buy a pound of sugar, a little tea and two bundles of faggots. "Annie, my baby, where are you?" she heard a weak voice cry out as she opened the door.

"Here I am, mammy, and I'm bringing heaps o' luck, too."

"Not for me, darling. I never believe in luck, and if I did it would not come to me."

Annie laid a piece of paper in the stove, applied a match to it, and taking an old pail in her hand she turned down stairs. As she closed the door she heard the same weak voice call out, "Annie, come here, Annie!"

"I'll come, dear, pretty soon, I'll come," she called back.

The grocery boy was good to her when he carried the pail of coal up the stairs for her, for it was more than her strength was equal to, and when she offered him a penny for the trouble he would not take it.

Into the old stove went as much coal as it would hold, and in less minutes than it takes to tell it a roaring fire was warming every corner of the shabby old room.

"How is this? Where did it come from? Who gave you the money?" the sick woman asked.

Annie warmed her clothes and her feet, so that they would not chill her mother, and then she crept right into bed with her before she began to tell her story. And such a wonderful story as it seemed to them both; they felt as rich as if one of the servants of Aladdin's lamp had appeared to them.

"And I wonder who the gentleman could be, could you guess, mammy?" Annie asked, as she snuggled up to her mother.

"It is a very big city, Annie, and I could not tell how it could happen. But this I know, God is quite able to bring you and him together, if it was his will."

"Bring who? Who do you mean by him? What is it mammy?"

Before her mother could answer there was a knock upon the door. Annie sprang out of bed to open it.

"So here you are, little sprite," said a cheery voice. "I am glad I found you. Where is your mother?"

Annie pointed to the bed; and she saw a strange man take her sick mother in his arms, and then they both cried lots of happy tears.

"Annie, my baby, this is your Uncle Samuel who has been so long at sea. Come and speak to him, darling."

"What was that you wanted to burn, Annie?" he asked a little later.

"The old duds," she replied.

"So you shall, and right soon, too. I have walked over half the city to find you; wasn't it queer that I did?"

Annie was so astonished that the only thing she could say was, "Yes, wasn't it?"

On one of the prettiest streets in the village stands a little cottage that is painted white. All summer the roses which climb over the porch have served as a delightful shade from the bright sunshine, for the invalid is not yet sufficiently strong to bear too much light. Now, in the fall days the easy chair is always near the south window, where the sun shines warmest, and every comfort surrounds the patient woman who sits in it.

Uncle Samuel never tires of providing all sorts of luxuries for his dear ones, but he will tell you that his most valued treasure is the owner of the prettiest blue eyes that he ever saw.

The door opens, and she comes in. "What a lovely color you have in your cheeks, Annie; they tell me that your health is perfect," he says.

She comes over to him, and kneeling beside him, she asks, "And to whom do I owe my blessings, pray?"

He bends to kiss her, and then he says, "All blessings come from God, Annie."

And she whispers to him, "I know that mine come from God and you."

There is not a happier girl in the village than Annie Starkweather; and all the neighbors think that she is as good as she is happy. What is to prevent us all from believing it, for in this case our neighbor happens to think just as we do.

## Grandma's Story.

"Just one more story, grandma, about when you were a little girl and lived in the woods," said Frank.

And grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy-chair, and shut her eyes thinking.

"I remember as if it were only yesterday," she said, raising her head, and looking at the children who had gathered around her. "I was only seven, and my baby brother wasn't a year old."

"I'm going to the spring house," said mother, "and you must stay in the room and rock the baby if he wakes. So I took my knitting; for I had learned

to knit, and was very proud of the stocking which was growing under my hand.

"It was a cold day late in the fall, and the doors were all shut. Baby slept, and I knitted for half an hour. As I got down from mother's great easy-chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had gone off with father to the mill. Something rubbed against the door, and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid, and went to the door and fastened the bolt. I stood still, listening, with baby in my arms,—he had stopped crying,—and I could hear my heart beat, thump, thump, thump!"

"All at once, there came a short, cruel kind of a bark, and then a snap. A moment after, the window broke with a loud crash, and I saw the long head, open jaws, and fierce eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An angel sent by our good Father in heaven must have told me in that instant of terror what to do. The wolf was climbing in through the small window, and to have lingered but a second or two would have been death. Moved as if by power not my own, and without thinking what was best to do, I ran with baby held tightly in my arms, to the stairs that went up into the loft. Scarcely had my foot left the last step when the wolf was in the room below. With a savage growl, he sprang after me. As he did so, I let the door fall over the stairway; and it struck him on the nose and knocked him back. A chest stood near, and something told me to pull this over the door. So I laid baby down, and dragged at the chest with all my strength. Just as I got one corner of the door, the wolf's head struck it and knocked it up a little.

"But, before he could strike it again, I had the chest clear across. This would not have kept him back if I had not dragged another chest over the door, and piled ever so many things on the top of these. How savagely he did growl and snarl! But I was safe."

"And now I grew frightened about mother. If she should come back from the spring house, the wolf would tear her to pieces. There was only one window or opening in the loft, and that did not look toward the spring house; and so there was no way in which I could give her warning or let her know, if she had seen the wolf, that we were safe."

"For a long time the wolf tried to get at us, but at last I could hear him going down the stairs. He moved about in the room below, knocked things about for ever so long, and then I heard him spiring up to the window. At the same moment, I heard my father's voice shouting not far off. Oh, how my heart did leap with happiness! Then came Lion's heavy bark, which grew excited; and soon I heard him tearing down the road in the wildest way. The wolf was still in the window. I could hear him struggling and breaking pieces of glass. Lion was almost upon him, when my father called him off in a stern command. All was silence now; but the silence was quickly broken by the crack of a rifle which sent a bullet into the wolf's head, killing him instantly.

"Father! father!" I cried from the loft window. He told me afterward that my voice came to him as from the dead. He ran around to that side of the house. Mother was with him, looking as white as a sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands together and lift their eyes in thankfulness to God.

"When I tried to pull the chests away, I could not move them an inch. In my great danger, God had given me strength to drag them over the loft door; but, now that the danger was past, my little hands were too weak to remove them. So father had to climb up by a ladder in the loft window, and release baby and me from our place of refuge."

"Mother did not know of our danger until she had finished her work in the spring house. Just as she came out, she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared in sight."

—Children's Hour.

SURNAMES AND THEIR ORIGIN.—Surnames in France began about 987 when barons used to designate themselves by the names of their estates; and that has been the general practice of deriving surnames, though by no means the origin of the names of all the nobility of Europe. Names were taken from badges, cognizances and nicknames applied to individuals. Among the commonality, surnames are said not to have been general before the reign of Edward II. It will be found upon examination, that many of them originated in the still older custom of adding to the son's Christian name that of the father—many more from the names of trades, and many from accidental distinction in size and color, probably originally applied to the founder of the family. Many who display crests and arms nowadays would be reluctant to emblazon them upon linen and silver, carriage-door and livery, if they knew the true origin of their now vaunted display.

## Young Folks' Department.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, ST. JOHN, P. O., N. B.  
Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and all work of interest to the young.

## The Mystery Solved.—No. 52.

No. 278.—  
1. J. 2. A.  
YAK ALB  
YONNE MULES  
JANUARY AURELIA  
KNAVE ALLEMANDE  
ERE BELATED  
Y SINEW  
ADD  
E

No. 279.—Mary Magdalene.

No. 280.—A whale.

No. 281.—"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."

No. 282.—Aetna.

No. 283.—"Speak not evil one of another."

—The Mystery—No. 3.

N. B.—Now is the time to send in the New Year's supply. Do not delay!

No. 11.—DROP VOWEL BIBLE QUESTION.

(BY J. T. APPLEBY, Boston, Mass.)  
(N. B.—Please solve, and then give the answer to the question.)

Wh-r - s th - -rd "lm" f -nd -n  
th B-bl, -nd h - m-n t-m-s?

No. 12.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a plant; money, a verb; a letter.

2. A letter; a plant; fruit; impulse; a letter.

3. A letter; a drink; part of dress; of the head; a letter.

No. 13.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY SORETTA GOOD, Good Corner.)

In big, not in little;  
In come, not in go;  
In boy, not in man;  
In cry, not in sing;  
In page, not in leaf;  
In in, not in out;  
In maple, not in birch.  
Whole is a girl's name.

No. 14.—DIAMOND.  
(BY L. F. BARNES, Bath, C. O.)

— A letter.

— A small animal.

— A man's name.

— A beverage.

— A letter.

No. 15.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A vowel; arch; to initiate; a woman's name; phlebotomy; necessary knowledge; towards the middle; a river in Spanish and united; liberally; in shyly; a vowel.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

—The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, comes again with some nice puzzles. Thanks for same and kind words.

J. T. APPLEBY, Boston, Mass., U. S. A., sends us a puzzle from Cross Creek. Thanks; and come again.

COME, dear young friends, WRITE!

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, correctly solves Nos. 280, 281 and 289. Thanks for kind wishes. Many happy returns. Come again.

"PANSY," Fredericton Junction, will kindly accept thanks for nice puzzles. No. 287 correctly solved. Write often. UNCLE NED.

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Fredericton, Oct. 28th, 1890.

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