

## The Battle of Life.

"Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
Go while it is called today;  
For the years go out and the years come  
in,  
Regardless of those who may lose or win,  
Of those who may work or play.

"And the troops march steadily on, my  
boy,  
To the army gone before;  
You may hear the sound of their falling  
feet  
Going down to the river where two worlds  
meet:  
They go to return no more.

"There's a place for you in the ranks  
my boy,  
And duty, too, assigned,  
Step into the front with a cheerful face;  
Be quick, or another may take your  
place,  
And you may be left behind.

"There is work to be done by the way,  
my boy,  
That you can never tread again—  
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—  
Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and  
pen—  
Work for the hands and the brain.

"The Serpent will follow your steps  
my boy,  
To lay for your feet a snare;  
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,  
With garlands of poppies and lotus  
flowers  
In wreathing her golden hair,

"Temptations will wait by the way, my  
boy—  
Temptations without and within;  
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair  
As those which the angels in heaven  
might wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin.

"Then put on the armour of God, my  
boy—  
In the beautiful days of youth;  
Put on the helmet and breastplate and  
shield,  
And the sword of the feeblest arm may wield  
In the cause of right and truth.

"And go to the battle of life, my boy,  
With the peace of the Gospel shod,  
And before high heaven do the best you  
can  
For the great reward and the good of  
man,  
For the kingdom and crown of God."

JENNIE F. WILLING.

## A Boy Who Remembered.

During the reign of Alexander II.,  
of Russia, one of the banks of Moscow  
was swindled out of a large sum of  
money. Colonel Olonetz, then in com-  
mand of a regiment of Cossacks, was  
suspected of being the adroit scoundrel;  
but there was no evidence enough to  
convict him, although he was under  
arrest in one of the towns of Novgorod.

The missing link in the evidence was  
the one necessary absolutely to prove  
that the colonel had driven the vehicle  
which had stood outside the bank, and  
which had been traced from Moscow  
into the district of Novgorod, where it  
had been abandoned.

One morning a confederate of the  
swindler stopped at the door of a  
country smith shop in the district,  
where the smith, Ivan Feodor by  
name, was hammering away on his  
anvil.

"Good-morning," cried the visitor,  
his suave manner in keeping with his  
fine clothes. "About ten days ago  
you shod a black horse for a heavy-  
built, dark-faced, military-looking  
man."

"I don't know," replied the smith,  
as he leaned on his sledge. "I shoe a  
great many horses—black, brown,  
gray, and piebald—for all sorts of  
people, and I don't tax my memory  
with it."

"He drove a pair of black horses,  
with flowing tails and manes," particu-  
larized the visitor. "They were har-  
nessed to a black carriage with panels  
painted in with green. The man had a  
loud, clear voice, and—"

"I remember the occasion distinct-  
ly," interrupted Ivan Feodor.  
"But I don't want you to remember  
with distinctness," the stranger blunt-  
ly said.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the smith.  
"Then why press me so minutely?"  
"I'd rather your memory was vague  
—nay, exceedingly treacherous," the  
other said in a significant tone. "I  
have a thousand roubles here," he  
added, with a shrug of his shoulders.  
"They are yours just as easy as that,"  
and he snapped his fingers.

Ivan Feodor was at once on the  
alert. He was needy, greedy, and un-  
scrupulous. "I'd like to make a  
thousand roubles that easy," he said,  
with a grin.

"Who wouldn't, I'd want to know?"  
asked the stranger, at the same time  
displaying a bag of coin. "You may  
be called upon to testify to-morrow.  
Now, you know, you need not be able  
to recall the man, the team, or the oc-  
casion with anything like definiteness.  
You can edge away, when questioned,  
without your conscience troubling you  
about it afterward."

"I understand you," responded the  
smith, with a grin, his eyes on the bag  
of coin. "Really, I don't know that

it was ten days ago. It might have  
been twenty. There are many dark-  
faced men and many dark horses. As  
I didn't repair the carriage, I am not  
sure that I looked at it. I had no  
occasion to."

He laughed cunningly, whereupon  
the visitor said: "I find you can do  
me a service. Here is the money."  
The smith took the bag with an  
avaricious chuckle. "But my wife  
saw the man and the team," he slowly  
said.

"Oh, she did, eh?" cried the visitor.  
"But I have no bag of roubles for her.  
Perhaps they will not send for her."  
"Anyway, her memory is ten times  
worse than mine," Ivan Feodor said,  
with a significant leer. "Then, too,  
my boy was looking on."

"Pooch!" cried the other, as he  
walked away.

The next day the officers of the law  
arrested the smith, his wife, and his  
son—a bright, honest, observant boy,  
—and took them before the magistrate.

Col. Olonetz, the prisoner, was pres-  
ent at the hearing; but the smith and  
his wife would not swear to his identi-  
ty. The one thousand roubles had  
befogged their memories, and the con-  
flicting character of their testimony  
was purposed.

A look of gratification came to the  
face of the prisoner, for he knew the  
evidence was not sufficient to convict  
him. His equanimity was a little dis-  
turbed, however, when the prosecut-  
ing officer of the viceroy of the valosti  
(district) called the blacksmith's son to  
the stand.

After it had been ascertained that  
the boy knew the nature and respon-  
sibility of an oath, it was adminis-  
tered.

"What is your name?" he was  
asked.

"Paul Feodor," was his prompt  
reply.

"How old are you?"  
"Fourteen years, sir."  
"You are Ivan Feodor's son?"  
"I am, sir."

"You are learning your trade with  
him?"  
"Yes."

"You saw the stranger and his team  
about ten days ago?"  
"I did, sir."

"Describe the horses."  
"They were black, heavy, hand-  
some."

"With flowing tails and manes?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Were they well mated?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Your mother said they were not  
matched in size or color."  
"They were a well-matched pair,"  
insisted the boy.

"What do you know about the  
carriage?"  
"It was a new carriage, painted  
black, with panels picked in with  
green, and wheels of the same color."

"Your father testified that the  
wheels were painted red; your mother  
said they were yellow."

"The wheels were black, sir."  
"Col. Olonetz, stand up!" ordered  
the prosecuting officer. Then he  
asked Paul Feodor, "Is this the man  
who drove the team?"

"He is, sir," answered the boy,  
fearlessly.

"Are you positive about it?"  
"I am, sir."

The timepiece was ungraciously sur-  
rendered to him.

"A valuable old heirloom," the  
officer said, admiringly. "A relic of  
the sixteenth century, no doubt. It  
is one minute of five o'clock now."

He held out the watch in his flat,  
open palm. He lifted his other hand  
in a waiting gesture, a perfect stillness  
filling the room. The silence was  
broken by the watch striking five  
times with silvery distinctness, and  
the prisoner's doom was thereby  
sealed.

"Ivan Feodor," the officer said,  
frowning, "your hearing is bad, your  
vision dim, your memory too accom-  
modating. I dismiss you for an honest  
boy's sake."

Paul Feodor's part in the affair was  
related to the viceroy, who in turn in-  
formed the emperor. The latter made  
a mental note of it. At last the boy,  
after he grew up and had mastered his  
father's trade, became chief of farriers  
in the emperor's favorite brigade.—  
*Harper's Young People.*

## Five Kinds of Missionary Pennies.

A boy who had a pocket full of cop-  
pers dropped one into a missionary  
box, laughing as he did so. He had  
no thought in his heart about Jesus or  
the heathen. Was his penny not as  
light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, and  
looked around to see if anybody was  
praising him. His was the brass  
penny; not the gift of a lowly heart,  
but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to  
himself, "I suppose I must because  
others do." That was an iron penny.  
It was the gift of a cold, selfish boy.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny  
into the box, his heart said: "Poor  
heathen! I am sorry they are so poor,  
so ignorant, and so miserable." This  
was a silver penny, the gift of a heart  
full of pity.

But there was one scholar gave his  
saying: "For thy sake Lord Jesus.  
O let the heathen hear of thee, the  
Saviour of mankind!" That was a  
golden penny, because it was the gift  
of faith and love.

## How One Physician Treats Burns.

The doctor hears a great outcry as  
he hears a boarding-house, and some-  
one calls: "Run for the doctor quick!"  
but he is at hand, and goes within. A  
child has been playing near the stove  
while the breakfast was in preparation  
and succeeded in depositing on its  
abdomen part of the contents of a dish  
of hot gravy. The result is a blister  
as large as a man's hand, extending  
from umbilicus to epigastrium; child is  
two years old. Its writhings are very  
similar to convulsions, its screams  
arousing every one in the house. The  
doctor, cool and collected in that babel  
of confusion, takes from the shelf an  
unbroken package of saleratus, pours  
half of its contents into a tin wash-dish  
adds enough water to this to make a  
thick paste, and covers the burn with  
the mixture, making the application  
half an inch thick. As soon as this is  
applied the child stops crying and is  
free from pain. Leaving orders to  
keep the child quiet all day, and not  
to allow the soda to become dry for  
eight hours, he quietly leaves the  
room.—*Dr. C. S. Cope.*

## Home Hints.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.—Much  
has been said on this subject of late  
suppers; but a recent consensus of  
opinion at a meeting of medical prac-  
titioners, was the following: Brain  
workers should not go to bed supper-  
less, but some nutritious, easily-dig-  
ested article should be eaten. A bowl of  
stale bread and milk, rice, or farina-  
ceous food, with milk or hot soup, was  
highly recommended.—*Analyst.*

How TO DRINK MILK.—Why milk  
is "distressing" to so many people as  
they commonly complain, lies in the  
method of drinking it. Milk should  
never be taken too quickly, or too  
much at one swallow. If a glass of it  
is swallowed hastily, it enters into the  
stomach and then forms one solid,  
curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If,  
on the other hand, the same quantity  
is sipped, and three minutes at least  
are occupied in drinking it, then on  
reaching the stomach it is divided, and  
proper digestion is obtained, as well  
as a most nutritious effect.

CITRON PRESERVE.—Most delicious  
citron can be prepared from water  
melon rind, quite equal, in fact, to  
that from the citron proper. Choose  
thick, sound rind; cut it in lengthwise  
strips an inch and a half wide, take off  
the green outer rind, and pare all soft  
part inside. Drop it in a strong brine,  
where it must stay at least three days,  
a week being better; then soak in  
clear water, changing it often until  
perfectly fresh. Wash clean, and scald  
for five minutes in weak alum water;

then boil in ginger tea until a straw  
will pierce it. Now make a syrup of  
three pounds of sugar to each two of  
rind; add to each three pounds a pint  
of fresh ginger tea and the strained  
juice of three lemons, along with the  
shred peel boiled tender, as before  
directed; boil until it ropes, skimming  
constantly; then add the rind, and  
cook until clear all through. Take  
care not to scorch it, and keep at hand  
a kettle of boiling water; pour in a  
little from time to time as the syrup  
grows too thick. When the rind turns  
a pale translucent green through and  
through it is done. Skim it out care-  
fully, and fill glass jars with it. Boil  
the syrup almost to candy height, and  
pour over.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,  
—ST. JOHN, N. B.  
—Devoted to  
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

## OUR MOTTO: ON UPWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 10.]  
No. 53.—Hannah. No. 54.—Bed.  
No. 55.—So shall thy poverty come  
as one that travelleth and thy want as  
an armed man.

No. 56.—A good name is rather to  
be chosen than great riches."  
No. 57.—Spurgeon. No. 57.—  
Tomato.

No. 59.—Helen.  
—[The Mystery.—No. 13.]—  
No. 70.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In open, not in shut;  
In oxen, not in horses;  
In yes, not in no;  
In game, not in sport;  
In end, not in top;  
In nap, not in sleep.

Whole is something essential to life.  
No. 71.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.  
(1) A vowel; a tree; to hold from  
a crowd; a letter.

(2) A letter; to try; to mock;  
amidst; a letter.  
(3) A vowel; did eat; to reconcile;  
the bottom; a vowel.

No. 72.—DROP VOWEL.  
-ll n-t -ll ngl -ff nd  
N-b-s-n-ff nd  
-h-ta-m-ss-ll s-tr-v-t-m-nd  
-nd b-r-h-t-c-nth m-nd-d.  
Cross Creek. 3 BY CARRIE WADE.

No. 73.—DROP VOWEL.  
H-l-v-a-l-ng th-t-l-v-s-w-ll th-t-m-  
m-s-sp-t-t-s-n-t-l-v-d-b-t-l-st.

No. 74.—DROP VOWEL.  
C-ll-y-p-n-h-m-wh-l-h-s-n-r.  
No. 75.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
Eacgr eb ihtw ouy lal, enma.  
Fair Haven. 3 BY E. B. RANDALL.

No. 76.—DROP VOWEL.  
Bl-as-d-r-th-t-m-urn-f-r-th-  
sh-ll-b-c-m-f-r-t-d.

No. 77.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
het ees si ish dna eh dame ti dna ish  
nads morfes eth yrd nlad.

No. 78.—BIBLE QUESTION.  
How many times is the word LORD  
mentioned in Psalms?  
3 from Somerville.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—  
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no other.

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French Village, Jan., 1883.

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cough, etc., it should be in every  
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And Bronchitis

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was restored to health."—Chas. Gambini,  
Smith's Ranch, Sonoma Co., Cal.

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climate was recommended, but I began to  
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as ever."—John Dillander, Cranesman of  
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