

A Boy's Reason.

"A glass of cider? No, sir," you say?
Not any, sir, for me;
For cider is but a drink,
While the apple is sweet and sour;
I will not drink it, sweet or sour;
For if I should begin
I might not know just where to stop—
Where sweet goes out and sour gets in.

"'Tis but the apple's juice," you say,
"And God made them to use."
So did he make corn, wheat and rye,
Whose virtue is to abuse.
And when they drink and swear and fight,
Must God then bear the blame
Because the deadly stuff was made
From His great gift of grain?

He giveth much into our hands,
But always for our good;
He never meant that we should use
Strong drink instead of food.
I'll drink no cider, beer, nor rum;
But this I'll do instead—
Eat my share of the apples, sir,
And take my grain in bread.

—Selected.

A Little Backwoods Heroine.

In the north-western part of Wisconsin there are immense forests of pine-trees; and many wood-cutters have their homes there, sometimes far out in the wildest regions. Occasionally one but saps alone, though they are usually in groups, for the greater protection of their inmates against the invasions of wild beasts, which sometimes approach too closely to these human habitations.

Some years ago a Swede named Olafsen, with his wife and six children, all of whom were girls, lived in one of these lonely huts. He was a wood-chopper, and deemed it "hard luck" that he had no boys to help in his work, with stout arms and willing hearts. He was a strong, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, with indomitable perseverance and willingness to work; and, indeed, he was obliged to toil hard to keep bread in the mouths of his wife and six little ones.

Eda, the eldest, was about fourteen years old; and her father often remarked that she was "almost as good as a boy" to help him, and the mother said she was better than two boys about the housework.

"Why, see, Eda," she said, "how the child can cook, how neat she makes all things, how she can sew and braid, and what fine wheat bread she bakes! Oh, if Eda were a boy, my tasks would be a great deal heavier. She is a good, faithful daughter."

Every morning the father went to "the clearing," and every day at noon Eda carried him a tin pail containing his frugal dinner of bread and molasses, and sometimes a piece of meat, if they had been fortunate enough to trap or shoot any game. Occasionally a raw onion or a piece of cheese found its way into the dinner-pail, and that was fine.

I must try and describe their quaint little house to you. A low, brown log-hut, one story high, with small, square windows, closed with wooden shutters, which were fastened at night with a heavy wooden bar inside, and during the day swung open upon leather hinges; two long, low rooms. The first of these was the kitchen and living-room, in which was a huge fireplace, with the old-fashioned crane hanging in it, and where great logs blazed the whole winter long; for it is very cold in those north-western countries. That is where the "cold waves" and the "blizzards" come from of which "Old Probabilities" so often warns us. The second room was the sleeping apartment for the whole family, who had not near little white beds, as you children all have, but slept upon straw mattresses, and huddled together more like the lambs you see in the fold.

Yet everything was clean and wholesome and sweet. Mrs. Olafsen aired these straw beds and coverlets most thoroughly every morning; and little Eda, her second daughter, and Eda, too, were of the same mind, and shook and beat them with all their strength, until they were sure everything was arranged in proper style, according to their primitive notions.

The living-room was not furnished, as we would call furnishing. There was no carpet on the plank floor; but two or three braided rugs lay there, one under the wooden rocking-chair, which Mrs. Olafsen locked upon as one of her proudest possessions.

It was painted light green, with a bunch of delicate pink roses on the back (la Frances, no doubt), and had been given her by one of the women at "the settlement" two miles away, who was going back East, having become homesick night unto night in this wild Wisconsin forest. There was a clumsy table, and benches for chairs, a small eight by ten looking-glass hanging by a woollen string to a nail driven into one of the logs, a gay picture of a Swedish wedding, which the children had framed in large pine cones, the spinning-wheel, which Mrs. Olafsen used constantly in the evenings, and various cooking utensils, bright as

scouring with energetic hands could make them.

Table, benches, and floor were exquisitely clean; and a broken pitcher, filled with wild flowers, stood directly under the picture of the wedding, on a queer little three-cornered stand, which must surely have come from Sweden, also. And on this table, too, was laid the Bible, carefully covered, though it was used every night; for Eric Olafsen and his wife were God-fearing people, and tried to bring up their children in the right way, and to trust in their heavenly Father.

In summer time it was rarely that any of the children remained in the house for any length of time, except when the rain poured in torrents.

The little brook, babbling past the house, afforded endless amusement and excitement; and the mother only stipulated that no one should venture beyond a tree which stood at a short distance from the door. And, as it was, she was constantly watching her little flock for fear some harm should come to them. It was all very pleasant during the summer; but none of you can imagine its desolation in winter, when the forests were filled with snow and it was almost impossible, sometimes, to get to the settlement for supplies.

Then Mr. Olafsen piled huge logs upon the fire; and the children played around all day with their rude toys, manufactured, generally, by their father, and the mother, at her wheel, told stories of the home land, how fair and noble and brave were Swedish maidens, and how courageous the Swedish men, until blue eyes grew bright with excitement, and Eda and Berta hoped they might grow up into brave women, and longed for an opportunity to show their courage.

But I am going to tell you what happened one midsummer day—something that brought much praise to Eda, though she little dreamed of such a thing.

One morning Mr. Olafsen shouldered his trusty axe; and, as he started to the clearing, he said: "Mother, let Eda bring my dinner earlier to-day. I would like to go to the settlement before dark."

"She shall do so," answered his wife, "for we need oil for our lamp and flour for bread to-morrow."

So about eleven o'clock Eda took the pail; and went gayly skipping and singing down the pathway through the woods. She had not gone far when she heard her mother's voice calling her, and beckoning her to come back.

She hastily retraced her steps and called,—
"Well, mother, what have I forgotten?"

"Take the rifle, Eda," said her mother; "for I have a fear upon me lest you come to harm."

Eda laughed merrily, and said: "But how can I carry that heavy thing, mother dear? No harm will come to me: the good God watches over us all."

But Mrs. Olafsen insisted, so the girl put it over her shoulder and marched away. She heard her father's axe sounding in the distance, and hurried forward to a spot where she could see him, when, to her horror, the tree which her father was felling came down with a crash; and, with a scream of pain, she saw him prostrated by a blow from one of the heavy limbs. She ran forward as fast as she could,—fear lent wings to her feet,—and found the poor man insensible, and the blood pouring from a wound in his head. She emptied the contents of the pail on a log, and sprang to the stream for water, with which she bathed his head. Unfortunately, she had spilled much of it in her haste, so she ran back for more.

Her father had fallen close beside a large tree, which had been cut down some days before; and, when she returned from her second expedition for water, she saw what made her heart almost stand still and her hair raise on her head with horror. An immense bear, attracted by the smell of the food on the log, was busily eating it, with his fore-paws resting on the trunk of the tree, at the other side of which her father was lying! Poor Eda! She could not leave him to the jaws of the savage beast, while she would call for help. Indeed, there was no help near. So, though she was almost paralyzed with terror, she breathed a prayer to God, and, seizing the rifle, thrust it almost into the bear's eyes and fired. He fell, pierced through the brain; and she heard her father speak faintly:—
"What is it, Eda? What has happened?"

"O father! you are not dead!" she sobbed. "Thank God! thank God!"

Mrs. Olafsen, hearing the report of the gun, came running along the pathway. She had locked the children in the house, and came to see what was the matter. She and Eda carried the father home, and attended to his

wound, and then returned for the bear, which they dragged to the house. In a few days Mr. Olafsen was able to go to the settlement; and he took the skin of the bear with him, and told the story of his accident, and now his daughter, a girl only fourteen years old, had killed it alone and unaided, while he lay unconscious.

Many of the sturdy wood choppers came out to see Eda, and congratulated her, and praised her for her bravery, and many others sent her presents as a substantial recognition of her presence of mind and courage. She received them all very gratefully, and said simply:—
"There was nothing else to do but to shoot him. It was God who gave me strength to do it, and you know he helps all who put their trust in him."

—By Eleanor P. Landis, in the Presbyterian.

A New Key.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunt, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunt.

"It is only a little word—guess what?" But aunt was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child; "aunt, it is please. If I ask one of the great girls in school: 'Please show me my parsing lesson?' she says, 'O, yes!' and helps me. If I ask: 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle: 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, child, if I can; and I say: 'Please aunty—'

"What does aunt do?" asked aunt herself.

"O, you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also, for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life. —Christian Treasury.

Home Hints.

Sponge carpets occasionally with hot water, in which either common salt or powdered alum has been dissolved. This not only brightens the carpet but prevents moths.

Lay a piece of thick Canton flannel under your tablecloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than if spread directly over the bare table too.

Lord Peterborough, more famed for his wit than his religion, when he had lodged with Fenelon, the Arch bishop of Cambray, was so charmed with his pious and beautiful character, that he said to him, at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." —Fenelon.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, —
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Devoted to
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: UPWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 18.]

No. 106.—I. The letter "M."
2. " " "E."

No. 107.—Psa. 2: 1.

No. 108.—INTELLIGENCER.

No. 109.—F

a R k

o c e a n

m e a d o w s

h e a w t h o r n e

F R E D H A R T L E Y

e u p h r a t e s

w e a t h e r

m i l e s

s e a

Y

No. 110.—I. Churn. II. Harry.

III. Mary.

—[The Mystery.—No. 22.]—

No. 120.—PIES.

(BY J. B. DELONG, Kingsley.)

I. I v l e o h m t e h t t a l e o v e n d a o s h t e

h a t t k e e s e m l y r a e l a h l d i f n e m.

II. A f o t s w a r e n h e r u r t w y a s r t h w a

t b u e v u s o g i r d a w r o i s t i p a g m a e.

III. E h t t a t h r u t e n i s h i c a h r i e l a h l

a f l l t b u t h e e r g i t o h u l e a h u r i f o h s i a

a r o b a h n.

IV. H t e t i r u f o e h t t i r h g o u e s i a r e t e

f o r i c d n a h a t t n w a t h i e u l o s s i e w s i.

No. 121.—CROSS-WORD.
In Joe, but not in Norm; n;
In Ann, but not in Jennie;
In Nan, but not in Mame;
In Emma, but not in Mary;
My whole is a girl's name.
F'ton.

No. 122.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My 8, 4, 8, is a girl's name.
My 2, 8, 7, is a boy's name.
My 1, 10, 5, is something English people ride in.
My 9, 2, 8, is something to keep meat and vegetables in.
My 3, 6, 8, is something evil.
My whole is a poem by Mrs. Hemans.
F'ton.

No. 123.—DROP-LETTER.
L t h m e s a e a d r u h t c n u
i n o e h r h t e s c a m n h r l t
h m e l t e w t s a e n d s o o r
h t a n f t e s l e a a n t r. C. W.

No. 124.—TRANSPPOSITION.
D n a y m g o t e u l a h l p e a k f o h t y
g h r i t o e u n e s s d n a f o y h t r a i p s e l a l y a d
g o n l.
Cross Creek. CARRIE WADE.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—
(The Mystical Circle.)
R. R. and Gladys M. Gates, Middleton, N. S., have sent in answers and puzzles for late prize contest. The prizes will be awarded soon, though few competed.

OUR LETTER BOX.

DEAR UNCLE NED.—I have been thinking about writing to you for quite a while, and when I saw your prize offer in the paper I thought that I would try for it. I have got the answers to all the puzzles but one, and I think there is a mistake in that. I am a little boy ten years old. I have two miles to walk to school. There I study my fourth reader, geography and grammar. I cipher in decimals. We have singing, writing and drawing. After I come from school I go out of doors and play awhile, then I come in the house and try to get the answer to some of your puzzles. I have been taking great interest in them the last few weeks.

DEAR UNCLE NED.—I have been trying to get the answers to the puzzles of week before last, and thought that I would write and tell you all about it. I am a girl ten years old, was ten the first day of this month. I wonder who will get the prize. I wish I would. I have taken great interest in trying to get out your puzzles. I have succeeded in getting them all but one, and that I think has a mistake in it. I have four original puzzles, which I have made up myself. I do not think that I will take a non-de-plume.

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JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

Bridgewater, N. S.

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Health Department.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

By constipation is meant irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, headache, debility, fever, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

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—F. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea st., Charlestown, Mass.
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"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of
SCROFULA
Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."
—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewees, Neb.
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"I was cured of Scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

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