

It Makes A Difference.

A boy will stand and hold a kite
From early morn till late at night.
And never tire at all.
But oh, it gives him bitter pain
To stand and hold his mother's skein
The while she winds the ball.

A man will walk a score of miles
Upon the hardest kind of tiles
About a billiard table.
But oh, it nearly takes his life
To do an errand for his wife
Between the house and stable.

A girl will gladly sit and play
With half a dozen dolls all day,
And call it jolly fun.
But oh, it makes her sick and sour
To tend the baby half an hour,
Although it's only one.

A woman will—but never mind!
My wife is standing close behind,
And reading o'er my shoulder.
Some other time, perhaps, I may
Take up the theme of woman's way
When I am feeling bolder.

White Hands.

The town clock struck two. School
was over for the day. After stopping
for a few moments in the shawl room
to put on hats and cloaks, the girls ran
out of the house, down the streets
leading to their homes.

Maria Rogart, Susie Roberts, and
two or three other girls, went together
along Main street. As usual, they had
a good deal to say to one another.

Susie Roberts was telling about her
cousin lately arrived from Europe—
how the steamer had just escaped
striking against an iceberg—how her
cousin had brought several trunks, full
of beautiful things, and what a time
she had in getting them through the
custom house.

"She is a grand lady," said Susie.
"She knows all about French, and
German, and Italian, and she has just
the whitest little hands that I ever
saw! I do not suppose that she knows
how to do a bit of housework. I got
up early this morning, so that I could
get my room in order, and do my dusting
before she came down to breakfast."

"Why, Susie, are you ashamed to
have her know that you dust the par-
lors and take care of your own room?"
asked Maria Rogart, laughing.

"Oh, I would not have her know it
on any account," said Susie. "As 'tis
is, I dare say she will think my hands
very brown."

"I would not care," cried Ella Red-
man. "My mother says that beauti-
ful hands are the hands that obey that
Bible verse, 'Whatsoever thy hand
findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"
The king who said that, was very rich,
and very great.

Susie tossed her head, and assumed
what she considered a grand air.
"I think the servants should do all
the housework," she said.

Little Mary Jamison wondered if it
really were not "re-pectable" to
sweep and dust a room, and the break-
fast china!

She took a peep at her brown hands
and drew on her gloves as quickly as
possible. The girls were quiet for the
remainder of the walk. Susie's words
had set them all to thinking.

That evening, when Edith Gray's
mother reminded her that, as Ellen,
the housemaid, was out, it was time
for her to set the tea table, instead of
running to do so with her usual will-
ingness, she pouted and muttered
something about doing a servant's
work.

She handled the pretty china so
carelessly that two cups fell and broke
into ever so many pieces. They were
the first of the set to be broken. It
was a set of china, too, that her
mother prized very much, because it
had come to her from her grand-
mother.

"I am a horrid, careless girl!"
Edith said, bursting into tears, and
ready to put the blame on some one
else—"it all comes from listening to
that foolish Susie Roberts' ridiculous
notions. My grandmother was a lady,
and yet I dare say she took care of her
china and polished her furniture."

Meanwhile Susie was having what
she thought a very hard time. She
was in the sitting room with her
mother and cousin, when Mrs. Roberts
said:

"By the way, Susie, before I forget
it, after you have done your dusting
to-morrow, if you have time before
school, I would like you to polish the
dining table. You have neglected this
a great deal lately. I know what your
grandmother would say if she could
see her old furniture."

Susie's cheeks flushed. She did not
dare to look at her cousin. She could
only trust that she had not heard.

Next morning Susie was up very
early, determined to get all done be-
fore breakfast. With dust cap and
apron on, she was working away very
industriously, when to her dismay, she
saw her cousin pass the door, on the
way to the library.

"Good morning, Susie," she said,

"let me help you. I shall forget my
skill if I do not get to housekeeping
soon."

Susie was so much surprised at this
remark that she stood for a moment
in silence, looking at her cousin.

"You see," continued the bright
little lady, "it is quite two years since
I made a cup of coffee or a loaf of
bread—just think of it. I dare say,
Susie, that you know a good deal about
housework? When I was a little girl
I was delighted to help my mother"—
she began to rub the old-fashioned
side-board so vigorously that Susie
was sure it would outshine the
table—"I have a great fancy for
women who are good housekeepers,"
continued the lady, talking and laugh-
ing, and using the wax and the brush
—all at the same time. "My favorite
heroine is that Quenee Bertha who
lived in Burgandy about nine hun-
dred years ago. She kept house so
beautifully that they stamped her like-
ness on a coin; they represented her
as sitting at her spinning-wheel."

Susie could scarcely believe her ears.
"I have heard of persons who are
ashamed to work, but I consider them
very silly—don't you, Susie? I think
that they forget that nice chapter in
Proverbs about the industrious woman.
There is a very pretty verse in that
chapter—I went hunting through it
once for a birthday verse—and I was
ever so much pleased to find this:
"She looketh well to the ways of her
household," and 'She is not afraid of
the snow for her household, for all her
household are clothed in scarlet.'"
—*Germantown Guide*.

Eyes Open.

Rachie went off to school, wonder-
ing if Aunt Amy could be right.
"I will keep my eyes open," she
said to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old
Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door
binding shoes. She was just now try-
ing to thread a needle, but it was hard
work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if there isn't work for me!"
exclaimed Rachie. "I never should
have thought of it if it hadn't been for
Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert; let me
do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My
poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I
can get along with coarse work yet,
but sometimes it takes me five minutes
to thread my needle. And the day
will come when I can't work, and then
what will become of a poor old
woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord would
take care of you," said Rachie very
softly, for she felt she was too little to
be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie.
Go on to school now. You've given
me your bit of help and your comfort,
too."

But Rachie got hold of the needle-
book and was bending over it with
busy fingers.

"See! she presently said, 'I've
threaded six needles for you to go on
with, and when I come back I'll thread
some more.'"

"May the sunshine be bright to
your eyes, little one!" said the old
woman, as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried
many voices as she drew near the
playground.

"Which side will you be on?"
But there was a little girl with a
very downcast face sitting on the
porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?"
asked Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said
Jennie, in a discouraging tone, point-
ing to a few smeary figures on her
slate.

"Let me see; I did that example at
home last night. O, you forgot to
carry ten—see?"

"So I did." The example was
finished, and Jennie was soon at play
with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all the
day, and was surprised to find how
many ways there were of doing kind-
ness, which went far toward making
the day happier. Try it, girls and
boys, and you will see for yourselves.
"Will ye look here, Miss Rachie!"

Bridget was sitting in the back
porch, looking dolefully at a bit of
paper which lay on the kitchen table
she had carried out there: "It's a
letter I'm after writing to me mother,
an' it's fearin' I am she'll never be able
to read it, because I can't read it
meself. Can you read it at all, Miss
Rachie? It's all the afternoon I've
been at it."

Rachie tried with all her might to
read poor Bridget's queer scrawl, but
she was obliged to give it up.

"I'll write one for you some day,
Bridget," she said; "I am going over
to Jennie's to play 'I spy' now."

The fresh air and the bird songs and
the soft winds made it very pleasant
to be out of doors after being in school
all day, and her limbs fairly ached for
a good run. But she turned at the

gate for another look at Bridget's woe-
begone face.

"I'll do it for you now, Bridget,"
she said, going back.
It was not an easy task, for writing
was slow work with her; but she
formed each letter with painstaking
little fingers, and when she had finish-
ed, felt well repaid by Bridget's warm
thanks and the satisfied feeling of duty
well done.

"Our Master has taken his journey
To a country that is far away."

Aunt Amy heard the cheery notes
floating up the stairs, telling of the
approach of the little worker.

"I've been keeping my eyes open,
Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and
plenty to do."—*Canada Presbyterian*.

Talking and Doing.

"What is God going to do with all
these people in the next life?"

This question was put in all serious-
ness by Mabel Fiske to her friend,
Anna West. The two girls, school-
mates, had been taking a walk through
Baxter and Roosevelt Streets on their
way home from the "Mission."

"I'm sure I don't know," respond-
ed Anna; "and I don't see how I'm
going to find out; but I've determined
to help Him take my class to heaven
when they die, and do all I can to
make it pleasant for them to live on
the earth while they stay here."

"You are so intensely practical,
Anna," said Mabel.

"What else should a person be?"
replied Anna, with some warmth.

"I can't settle the future of these
people, but I can help them improve
their present condition; I can lift a
little the clouds of dense ignorance
that envelop them. Mamma's Brown's
home is neater and cleaner than it was
when she first came to the Mission,
and Jennie Moxon keeps her face and
hands quite clean compared with what
they used to be. That is something
gained. Phemie Jones has learned to
crochet, and is now busy with an edge
for her drawers, and Lida Thomas has
learned to hem very nicely."

But Mabel wasn't listening. Pretty
soon she ventured another remark:

"There are so many, many becal-
oned! When do you think they will
ever be closed up?"

"When people stop buying beer,"
promptly answered Anna; "and when
all the children now growing up are
trained to let beer alone the saloons
will have to go out of business. That's
one of the points I am trying to make
with my pupils, that money spent in
beer is money wasted, and worse than
wasted, for beer-drinking is the first
step to drunkenness. Don't you labor
with your pupils on that subject,
Mabel?"

"Why, no," replied Mabel, dejected-
ly; "what's the use? What good
would it do? All I could say wouldn't
make any difference."

"O, how do you know that? We
are not to despise the day of small
things. If I can diminish the manu-
facture of beer and liquor by a gallon,
or even a glass, I shall have done some
good."

The two girls parted at the corner
of the street near their homes. Anna
as soon as she went into her room got
her work-box and occupied herself
with the Christmas gifts she was pre-
paring for her pupils, simple things all
of them, and inexpensive, for she had
very little spending money, but they
were proofs of good-will, and she was
sure they would be suggestive and use-
ful. There was a needle-book for Lida
Thomas, a pin-cushion for Mamma
Brown; she had covered a small grape-
basket with some pretty calico, and
made a receptacle for Phemie Jones's
crochet work; and for Jennie Moxon
a warm pair of mittens were nearly
completed, and a crocheted worsted
cap for Jennie's baby brother.

Mabel went to her room, and lost
herself in the pages of a history that
set her to wondering vaguely what had
become of all these people she read
about and what would become of all
she met on the street.

If all the time wasted in inaction, in
fruitless speculation and wonderment,
were spent in positive, practical effort
to remove by infinitesimals the bur-
dens and sins weighing down the race,
the millennium would hasten its com-
ing, and the insoluble problems reach
speedy solution.

WHEN THE EYES ITCH.—People who
are troubled with itching eyes should
remember that the best treatment is
to use a cool, weak salt water wash
every few hours. If this does no good,
go to a physician who makes a
specialty of eye disease.—*Home Journal*.

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Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 13.]

No. 70.—Oxygen.

No. 71.—

(1) a e l m
a l o o f
m o b
f

(2) m d i m
m i m i c
m i d
c

(3) a
a t o n e
e n d
e

No. 72.—

I will not willingly offend,
Nor be soon offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And bear what can't be mended.

No. 73.—

He lives long that lives
well, and time mis-spent is not lived
but lost.

No. 74.—

"Call ye upon him while
he is near."

No. 75.—

"Grace be with you all,
Amen."

No. 76.—

"Blessed are they that
mourn for they shall be comforted."

No. 77.—

The sea is his and he
made it, and his hand formed the dry
land."

No. 78.—725.

[The Mystery.—No. 16.]

No. 92.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In ape, not in monkey;
In well, not in sick;
In apple, not in plum;
In nail, not in hinge;
In elm, not in oak;
In ten, not in nine.
Whole is a star.

—CARRIE.

No. 93.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A letter; part of the foot; made
from wood; a point of time; a letter;
2. A letter; time; a ditch; to try;
a letter.
3. A letter; the end; a kind of nut;
a useful article; a vowel.

—CARRIE.

No. 94.—DROP VOWEL.

Th - r k - h - c h - h - g - d - n - s - b - g - n
Th - m - f - h - s - t - r - e - n - g - t - h - w - l - e - m - p - t
H - s - p - r - i - n - c - i - p - l - e - s - - - - - d - n - m - u
- n - d - n - y - r - s - f - r - e - d - t - t.

—CARRIE.

No. 95.—HALF SQUARE.

..... A weapon.
..... A shower.
..... To tear.
..... An adverb.
..... A consonant.

—T. M. GAYTON.

No. 96.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLES.

1 - n - t - v - r - n - h - c h - h - t - h - l - l - b -
g - v - n
2 - f - g - d - b - r - s - h - c - n - b - g - n - s -
- s.

—T. M. GAYTON.

No. 97.—TRANSPPOSITION.

1. Tel su ovel con thoeur.
2. Eh talt thumbhle mih-sel allhs
eb elaxted.

Yarmouth, N. S. T. M. GAYTON.

No. 98.—BIBLE QUESTION.

Where are found the words:
"Let no man despise thy youth?"
Yarmouth, N. S. THERESA.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

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Thompson, Lowell, Mass.

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