

Baby.

Darling baby! Dimpled fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Make a signal to the birds
Getting supper in the rain.

Little baby! Laughing bright eyes,
Looking out upon the earth,
See no cause for care and sorrow,
Only cause for joy and mirth.

Sweetest baby! Lips of cherry,
Portals to the soul within,
Wear a smile we all might envy,
Tis so bright and free from sin.

Precious baby! Clustering ringlets,
Round the open brow so white,
Form a halo, bright and golden,
To our wondering, loving sight.

Little feet, so small and cunning,
Pattering on the broad hall floor,
Run to give papa a welcome
As he comes up to the door.

Little soul, so pure and spotless,
Image of the God above,
Has no thought of sin or hatred,
Only knowing how to love.

Darling baby! Waxen fingers,
Crossed above the silent breast,
Made a signal to the angels,
And they laid her down to rest.

Little baby! Closed eyelids
Hide the bright eyes from my view,
But beside the heavenly portal
They will watch till I come too.

Sweetest baby! Cherry portals,
Closed and barred forevermore,
Still are smiling with the sweetness
That they smiled in days of yore.

Angel baby! Clustering ringlets,
Golden halo round her brow,
Only shadowed forth the glory
Of the crown she wears now.

Little feet so cold and quiet—
Strange that they so still should be—
When I reach the door of heaven,
They will run to welcome me.

Little soul, so pure and spotless,
Stainless still the Father keeps,
Hush! tread softly, lest your footsteps
Break her slumber. Baby sleeps.
—Cottager and Ready Record.

How Raymond Took Care of His Sister.

BY SUSAN CURTIS REDFIELD.

"Never see nothin' like it!" exclaimed Joanna, wiping the perspiration from her brow. "Harry-scurry, helter-skelter, all 'cause your pa's English relations is comin'."

This speech was quite wasted on little Raymond, who stood gazing in silent rapture on the row of cream tarts on the kitchen table.

"But Joanna, dear," he said at last, "seems to me there aren't enough cream tarts."

"Well," replied Joanna, after she had carefully counted them off twice on her fingers, "there isn't so many as they'd order be. Truth is, sweetheart I've had an accident, and these be all that was saved from the wreck."

"O, Joanna, dear," wailed Raymond, "Nurse has sick headache, so I must take care of baby at dinner time. There won't be a tart left for me."

"Yes, there will," said Joanna, encouragingly. "They'll be expectin' the ices and fruit and coffee, and they'll eat sparins' of them tarts."

Raymond shook his head, dejectedly.

"I don't suppose they've ever seen any of those tarts in England, and they'll be a great treat to them."

"Well," responded Joanna, "they'll surely leave one for manners."

"Who is manners, Joanna dear?" inquired Raymond, anxiously.

"Why, manners ain't nobody," said Joanna, a little impatiently. "Manners is jest—why—manners is polite behavior," of course."

"I'm afraid," began Raymond.

"Now see here," cried Joanna, pausing in her occupation of frosting some small cakes, "I hain't been much in what is called society, but I know a thing or two for all that. I know that folks of quality, like your pa's sisters, would never take the last tart. And now, Master Raymond, I want you to get right out of my kitchen."

Raymond was opening his mouth to reply when Sarah appeared and carried him off to the scene of his labors.

"The baby is asleep," said Sarah, "and if you don't disturb her she will like enough sleep two hours."

"Yes," said Raymond, dreamily, already quite absorbed in a new book, and Sarah went away.

which Mrs. Alton's best dress had recently been taken stood invitingly open.

"Just the the thing!" exclaimed Raymond, clapping his hands. "It will be dark enough in that drawer, and she'll go to sleep right away."

He succeeded, after much pulling and pushing, in bringing the cradle quite close to the open drawer, and then prepared to make the transfer of the baby. That proved to be a more difficult feat than he had imagined.

The back of her neck was not quite as stiff as could have been desired, and she wretched and wriggled in a manner that was decidedly exerting to Raymond's nerves. He trembled very much and the perspiration stood out upon his little face when Maud's head reached the bottom of the drawer quite in advance of the rest of her small person.

Raymond drew a long breath after he had laid the baby down, and then proceeded to close the drawer, carefully holding down the little fists which were frantically beating the air.

Tired out at last with her struggles and cries Maud laid quite still on her hard bed. Then Raymond crept softly out of the room, and away he ran down the back stairs and into the kitchen to see for himself how it fared with the cream tarts.

Joanna stood on the doorstep with her back toward him, fanning herself with her apron. The pantry door was ajar, as if to invite him to enter. He opened the door and stepped in and discovered, to his delight, that the slide between the dining-room and pantry was not quite closed either.

Raymond applied his eye at once to the crack and gazed with dismay at the platter of tarts. There were only two left and Mr. Alton was actually putting one of them on Miss Maud's plate. Raymond stared at the remaining tart as if his very life were centered in it's white frosting. Suddenly he felt quite faint and his head swam, for his papa lifted the last tart upon a broad silver knife, and put it on grandma's plate.

A moment later a shrill little voice cried out, sharply:

"O, Joanna, dear, the last tart is gone, manners and all!"

Mrs. Alton turned quite pale and looked at Sarah, who hastily retired from the dining room. In an instant the maid returned, crying, in great excitement:

"O, madam, madam, the cradle is empty!"

Away went papa and mamma, "manners and all," to see for themselves if this startling intelligence could be true. And finally the grandparents and guests joined in the search. Of course baby Maud cried at the very moment when the situation was becoming desperate, and Raymond was discovered in the cellar just as his father was about to summon the police. Mr. Alton insisted that all should return to the dining room for ices and coffee while he remained in his room with his son. The bureau-drawer was still wide open, and Mr. Alton motioned to Raymond to crawl in. The child obeyed in silence. Mr. Alton nearly closed the drawer and then sat down in the room with his watch in his hand. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but still Raymond uttered not a word.

"How do you like it in there?" inquired Mr. Alton.

"Well," replied a queer, hollow little voice, "I couldn't expect to be quite as comfortable in here as baby, you know, because I am so large, but" he added, cheerfully, "don't you worry about me, dear papa, I'm getting along very well."

From that moment Mr. Alton could never fully persuade himself that Raymond did not enjoy the bureau drawer, but mamma knew her little boy better and had no doubt that he felt his punishment keenly.

"Last Sunday my dear little boy was so anxious to prove himself faithful in little things," continued mamma, "that he was only afraid this week would bring no opportunities. Do you know what that long word means, my darling?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded the child again, by this time attentively studying the gilt picture molding. "Shan't I ever find this opportunity again?"

"Not this one," answered his mamma; it's gone forever. Do you think that papa and mamma will ever dare to give you another when you proved yourself so unfaithful this morning?"

"O, yes," said Raymond, gaining confidence, "I'm sure you will. Only please, mamma, dear, don't have cream tarts at the same time."

"My little boy will have many stronger temptations, if he lives, than cream tarts," said Mrs. Alton, "and he must be brave and true enough to be faithful in spite of them. An unfaithful little boy is likely to grow into an untrustworthy big boy and an untrustworthy big boy is quite sure to make a bad man."

Raymond looked very sober.

"I don't want to be a bad man," he said. "I want to be exactly like my papa. I suppose he is always faithful, isn't he, mamma?"

"He may speak for himself," said Mrs. Alton, smiling and turning towards her husband, who had just entered the room.

Mr. Alton did not laugh, he did not even smile, as he looked down into the earnest face of his little son. He lifted the child in his arms and sat down upon the lounge with him, holding him quite closely.

"My son," he said, "I have known of only one boy who was always faithful—that was the boy Jesus. I have known of only one man who was always faithful—that was the man Jesus. All that you and I can do, Raymond, is to try to be as much like him as possible."—*Congregationalist.*

One Girl's Work.

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school.

She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies (her family was poor) for the purpose of enlarging the church, in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that, when the pastor of the church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years. The little sufferer died, and a week later there was found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings-bank, fifty-seven pennies and a scrap of paper that told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of self-denial.

The story of that little red pocket-book and its contents, and the unfaltering faith of its little owner got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfillment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to \$250,000; and to-day this heroine's picture, life-size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which 1,400 students attend, and connected with which there is a church capable of seating 8,000, a hospital for children named the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one: happily, it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Young People.*

Dutch Kloompers.

One of the queerest sights which I saw in Europe was a row of wooden shoes outside the door of a Dutch farm house on Saturday morning. There were the big-sized shoes of the farmer himself, the middle-sized shoes of his good vauro, and several small-sized shoes of the children; and all the line had been scrubbed and freshly white-washed in preparation for Sunday.

There are many kinds of wooden shoes worn by the peasants in Europe, but none are more clumsy and heavy than the "kloompers" of the Hollanders. They are boat-shaped with high wooden protections on the heels and a curious little upward twist to the toes, like the prow of a Chinese junk. But heavy and awkward as the shoes are, the Dutch children run about as lightly as if they were shod in Cinderella's glass slippers, and do not seem to object in the least to the clinking sound made by the shoes on the pavement.

One of the most extraordinary sights in the world is a line of little Dutch boys playing leap-frog in their great, noisy wooden kloompers having formed a row of "frogs" from one end of their village to the other, the boys begin to jump in the usual agile way of the players of the lively game. As soon as the line is in motion a most tremendous sound startles the village. The oldest inhabitant could hardly "hear himself think," but he knows that the noise is not thunder; it is only the rattle of the boys' wooden shoes as they strike the hard brick-paved street.—*Harper's Young People.*

ABOUT A HUNDRED years ago there lived in Strasburg a boy who, at the age of nineteen wrote this solemn covenant with God: "Holy God, to thee I resign myself this day most solemnly. Hear, ye heavens, give ear thou earth! To-day I profess that the Lord is my God. Accept, O Lord, my word, and write it down in thy book, that henceforth I may be thine. In the name of the Lord of hosts, I resign all other masters who have here-

tofore ruled over me, the desires of the flesh which dwell within me. I resign every transient thing, that God may be my all in all. To thee I devote all that I am and have, the powers of my soul, the members of my body, my time and my possessions. Help thou me, O Father, that I may employ everything to thy glory, using all in obedience to thy command. Grant me grace, O my God, to continue this covenant." This, kept and renewed in later years, gave to the world a John Frederick Oberlin, and made him instrumental in banishing ignorance, poverty and immorality from the wild mountain parish where he labored.

PUZZLER'S PARADISE.

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

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 39.

No. 231.—"Deserve success and you shall command it."

No. 232.—"Truth never fears a rigid examination."

No. 233.—Chaplain.

No. 234.—Diligence.

No. 235.—A man with one eye saw two plums on a tree. He took one plum, which left one; therefore, he never took plums nor left plums.

—The Mystery, No. 42—

No. 249.—Pi.

"HedroL voetha feelheru virge."

No. 250.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 5 letters, if deprived of you'll certainly die.

Our friends say 1, 4, delight in 2, 5, 3.

No. 251.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In battle, not in war;

In cough, not in sneeze;

In sable, not in mink;

In talk, not in think;

In cough, not in sneeze;

In suck, not in wheeze;

In horse, not in steed;

Whole is an obnoxious weed.

No. 252.—DROP-LETTER.

-c-i-n-s-e-k-o-d-r-h-n-o-d-

No. 253.—DIAMOND.

A letter from home; an animal's cry;

a tree; a drink; a letter.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

[Who'll Win the Prize?]

Another Voting Contest.

This issue we give you another "Voting Contest" with the rules as published below. Vote on the following:—

1. What is the most prosperous country in the world?

2. Who is the greatest English statesman of to-day?

3. What is Canada's most important product?

4. Which would you prefer, country life or city life?

5. What is the lowest calling to which mankind may aspire?

6. What is the greatest natural feature in the world?

7. What is the most delightful singing bird?

A handsome prize for the first list of answers received in the plurality. Send all answers on a postal card. Give your full name and address. Number your answer in the order given above. All answers must be mailed on or before 15th November.

NOTE.—Effie Goodwin, Yarmouth, N. S., was the successful Prize winner in No. 37, having been the first to correctly solve all the puzzles in that number.

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