

In Mother's Place.

"In mother's place," so father said, His kind hand resting on my head, While all the burden of the day, The care and trouble, fell away! New purpose seemed to grow in me To struggle for the victory, And by the fireside's happy light I breathed a sigh it prayer tonight!

I never guessed in times gone by How much there was to fret and try The sweetest temper a day long! Was it today when things went wrong I checked the happy, angry word, Hearing the tones my childhood heard, Seeing, in memory, the while The vision of a vanished smile?

The children, crowding at my side, Need me, and will not be denied. The home her presence made so bright Needs me, and I must be its light. The girls and boys too soon will go From sheltering arms of love, I know— May the sweet influence of home Be theirs wherever they may roam!

Yes! it is little I can do; Yet faith in God will bear me through. And give me wisdom to fulfill My duty, since it is His will That these, who need a mother's care, Should find in me—bereft of her, And longing for her loving face— A guide and friend in mother's place!

A Remarkable Feat.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Boys are always fond of adventure, but we doubt if they ever have heard of a feat more daring than the one we are about to relate. You know, perhaps, that the most noted church in St. Petersburg as well as the loftiest spire, is that of St. Peter and St. Paul. This spire rises so lofty and light and small as to look like a mere point in the sky. But in reality, it is terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions on which an angel stands supporting a large cross.

It happened some years ago that the angel was out of repair, and it became pretty evident that it would suddenly visit the earth if steps were not taken to prevent it. Everybody living in the neighborhood was very uneasy and the government of St. Petersburg was much perplexed. But what could be done about it? To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost a mint of money, and in meditating fruitlessly on this, quite a little time was suffered to elapse.

Among the gazers below who assembled at a respectful distance each day, turning their thoughts as well as their eyes to the tottering angel, was a mujik called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses. If he had lived in a country where alates are used he would have been called a slater. While the rest were wondering and conjecturing upon what could be done, his speculations were assuming a far more practical character. The spire was entirely covered with gilded copper, and showed a surface as smooth as if it had been of burnished gold. But Telouchkine felt sure that the sheets of copper were not uniformly closed upon each other, and, above all, that large nails had been used to fasten them, which probably projected from the side of the spire. Day by day he thought upon all these probabilities until his mind was made up. Then he went to the government and offered to repair the angel at a proper remuneration. Every one thought he was crazy and that he would never come down alive. Besides he had promised to do it without scaffolding of any sort, which, of course, seemed impossible. His offer, however, was accepted. It must be done if possible and he might see what he could do.

The day fixed for the adventure arrived, all St. Petersburg assembled to see the feat. Telouchkine, with only a coil of rope, ascended the spire from within until he had reached the last window. Then looking down at that vast concourse of people below, and up at the glittering needle far above his head, he stepped bravely out upon the window, to set about his task. Not a sound was heard from that vast assemblage as they looked solemnly on, believing that the mujik was only going to his death, and yet proud that St. Petersburg could boast of a man of such wondrous courage.

He first cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, while placing his feet in the others. Then digging one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised with the other one of the stirrups, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation was performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. Thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, until his starting-point was undistinguished from the golden surface, and the spire dwindled at each step of progress until he could clasp it in his embrace.

This was all very well, but now came the tug of war. He had reached

the ball; a smooth globe, of some ten feet in circumference, and above this ball was the angel, the object of his visit, and of course concealed entirely from view by the round and glittering expanse. Who would not have thought that this defied the daring intrepidity of man? But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for this difficulty. For weeks he had studied it out before attempting it at all, and the means he used for its accomplishment, even at this particular point, showed the same remarkable simplicity as the rest of the feat!

Suspending himself in his stirrups in mid-air, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist, and, so supported, he leaned gradually back until the soles of his feet were placed against the spire. In this position he threw by a strong effort a coil of rope over the ball, and so deliberately and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the direction required, and he saw the end hang down upon the other side. To get once more into position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe and, with the assistance of this auxiliary, to climb to the summit, was now an easy task, and in a few moments more, Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel and listened to the plaudits of the crowds below, that sounded like far distant peals of thunder, or like a faint and hollow murmur on his ear.

The descent was even accomplished with more facility than the ascent; and the next day he tried it again, taking with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he effected the necessary repairs.

This is an occurrence connected with the church of St. Peter and St. Paul that may not be known out of Russia; but it is none the less true, or worthy of telling. Of course Telouchkine was well paid for his intrepidity and daring, as he certainly should have been. Very few men would have attempted, much less succeeded, in so reckless a feat.

Charlestown, Mass.

Phida's Sheaf.

"Mother, Mr. Wray wants each of us girls to bring a new scholar to school during the first three months of this year, and all of our class promised; who shall I invite?"

"Why, Jessie, all the girls you know are Sunday scholars, are they not?" "All the nice ones, mamma, but there is Daisy Martin; I wish she would come, but I wouldn't like to be the one to introduce her to Mr. Wray; you see the pupil we take will be a representative of us, mamma, and I for one don't want to feel ashamed. Now Daisy is so rough, although the Martins are rich and live in such a pretty home, yet Daisy seems to lack a refinement of manner, and I feel positive would not object to going so far as to accost her associates with 'Halloo Ned,' or 'Jim' (which ever the case might be), while in my company."

"I perfectly understand you, dear, and agree with your sentiment. We cannot be too careful regarding our friends. Moreover, I should not approve of your becoming at all intimate with the Martins. Look around, dear, and I also will interest myself among our own set, in order that your scholar shall do you credit, and be one of whom you may justly feel proud."

"Why are you so grave, my daughter, you have not spoken for half an hour. Do you feel ill?"

"No, thank you, papa; I was thinking."

"May I know of what, Phida?"

"Yes, papa, I shall be glad of your help and advice. Mr. Wray made an appeal to each of us to-day, asking us to bring one new scholar to Sunday-school, and then, make that one our special object of prayer."

Well, Phida, you know where to seek help and guidance, daughter."

"Yes, papa, I hope so, but there is one girl I know who ought to be in school, but how to win her, that is the difficulty."

"Then you have some one in view, dear?"

"As soon as Mr. Wray spoke, papa, I thought of Daisy Martin; I fancy she is not far from the kingdom."

"At a suggestion from God's Spirit, daughter, turn not aside, but follow his leadings, for he alone knows what may be accomplished. If that one bright girl is enlisted on the Lord's side, such an army of young friends as she has, and many of them so willing to follow her leadership! Let us ask God's blessing on this undertaking at once."

On Monday morning, as Jessie was wending her way to school, Daisy again presented herself to view, not only in thought but in tangible form. What was she doing? Nothing more or less than throwing snowballs at the boys she knew, as they passed her home on their way to the academy.

Hidden behind a large evergreen, with a pile of balls, Daisy, to use her own words, was having "lots of fun." "I had almost resolved to speak to her," mused Jessie, "but what unladylike deportment. No, I could never be seen entering 'our school' with Daisy; besides, she would disturb the entire class. Mamma has often said one bad apple will in time destroy a barrel full of good ones. How thankful I am that I know what is right, and not only know, but perform."

Soon after Jessie had passed, Daisy returned to her home.

"O, mamma, what fun I have had. I know I shocked Jessie Upton this morning. She gave me such a look. 'It needed not the power of words her deep regret to show.' Now, mamma, shall I go out and make the purchases for the day?"

"Yes, dear, and call at the post-office."

"No danger of me forgetting that place, mamma; do you think we will hear from father, to-day?"

"I hope so, dear."

An hour later Daisy re-entered the pleasant sitting-room, exclaiming: "O mother, I am tired with all this mail; four for you, two for aunt, and only one little local for me," and Daisy pretended to cry.

The despondent read thus:

"MY DEAR DAISY: I have made a promise, and it rests with you to help me execute it. Will you come this afternoon, that we may both consider this important matter; papa will see you safely home, so come prepared to spend the evening with your loving friend,

"PHIDA WALTERS."

The result of this interview was manifest the following Sunday, when Daisy very demurely followed Phida into school; and as the latter introduced the former she whispered to Mr. Wray, "My Sheaf."

Before the three months had expired a "Bible class" for young men was formed and for six Sundays in succession a "Harry," "Tim," or "Ned" followed Daisy to school. As Mr. Wray watched his new pupil he took courage and one day Phida Walters received a note from her pastor and also a lovely card with these words: "Be that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves with him."

Daisy never disgraced "our school" or class, and when only six months later, when the air was laden with perfume of flowers and nature seemed to rejoice in her Maker, one beautiful Sabbath morning it was Mr. Wray's privilege and joy to welcome not only Daisy Martin, but the six young men she had been instrumental in bringing into school, to the fellowship of West Street church, Phida's tears flowed fast.

"Dear papa," she said that night, "how good God is, to permit us to be co-workers with him."

"Mother," said Jessie Upton, I felt so ashamed to-day, as I saw Daisy Martin with her two brothers and their four friends standing before the pulpit of what I remarked only six months ago. I felt that they might have been 'my sheaves' and that through pride I had let Phida take my crown."

"Ah, my Jessie, you have expressed my feelings also, and I deeply regret having felt that any one for whom Christ died should be an unfit associate or friend for you to introduce to Mr. Wray. We have seen this evil in our hearts; and 'may he who was made in all things like us, and yet without sin' forgive us. Surely if he is not ashamed of us, it ill behooves us to be ashamed of those for whom he died."

Jessie never forgot this lesson, and in due time God rewarded her, as a family from the city moved in their immediate vicinity, and the mother being ill asked Jessie if she would call on Sunday mornings and take her three little boys to Sunday-school, adding, "I am sorry to trouble you, but I do not want them to miss one Sunday."

"Please do not think it a trouble," replied Jessie, "I am so glad to do it; (and then something, she could not tell what, caused her to tell Mrs. Walton the story of Phida's sheaf) "and so long I have been waiting I felt afraid," continued Jessie, "that I should have no 'ripened sheaves' and now here are three at once. I feel so happy."

"Weeping may endure for a night, my child," repeated Mrs. Walton slowly, "but in our Father's love, 'Joy comes in the morning,' and 'they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'—Interior.

Household Hints.

SAFETY PUDDING.—Three quarters pound flour, six ounces suet finely minced, two eggs, small cup milk, one half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon baking powder. Boil two and one-half hours.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Four tablespoons white sugar, two tablespoons

of butter, one tablespoon of flour; stir together to a cream; beat white of an egg to a stiff froth and add it; then pour into the dish a gill of boiling water, stir the mixture very fast. Flavor to taste.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Three eggs, one-half pound bread crumbs, three apples finely minced, one cup of currants, juice of half a lemon, nutmeg and salt to taste; beat eggs and stir all together; rub currants in flour and add last. Boil one hour and a half; eat hot with sweet sauce.

PRINCESS PUDDING.—Two thirds cup butter, one cup sugar, one large cup flour, three eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, small glass brandy; rub butter and sugar to cream; add eggs, beaten, one at a time, then flour and powder; put into a well buttered mould, set in pan of boiling water and steam two and one-half hours.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTUTES

Edited by C. E. BLACK.

—ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 40.

No. 236.—"One eye-witness is better than ten hear-says."

No. 237.—"Great designs require great consideration."

No. 238.—Pear.

No. 239.—Waterloo.

No. 240.—K U N A K N I F E A F T E R

No. 241.—S H A D H O M E A M E N D E N S

No. 242.—1. Diamond. 2. Enigma.

—|The Mystery, No. 43|—

No. 254.—ANAGRAM.

Trapped ten.

No. 255.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 8 letters is an agreement.

My 7, 2, 3, 8, 5, 6 is opposite.

My 1, 2, 4 is a sleeping place.

No. 256.—DROP-LETTER.

"e-a-b-r-o-t-y C-e-t-r-n-h-d-y-o-t-y-o-t."

No. 257.—CROSS-WORD.

In sing, but not in cry;

In rum, but not in fly;

In moon, but not in star;

In buss, but not in car;

In house, but not in tent;

In coin, but not in cent;

In sink, but not in swim;

In edge, but not in rim;

Whole should be in every life.

No. 258.—PL.

"Hte reath sihte Ldors danhet nus- de ethefore."

No. 259.—DIAMOND.

A letter; I love; a species of fish; not new; a letter.

No. 260.—WORD-SQUARE.

A mineral vein; egg-shaped; unclear; wild animals.

No. 261.—CHARADE.

My first produces my whole;

My second is a lustre bright;

My whole brings gladness as it springs from my first.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—CHAT.—

Come now, young friends, let us hear from many of you. Get in your votes.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

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These pills were a wonderful discovery. No other like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Pin it about them, and you will always be thankful. On all a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood, cleanse women find great benefit from using their illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps: five boxes \$1.00. DR. J. J. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing them they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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