

**"The Least of These."**

She had little of earthly beauty,  
She had less of earthly lore;  
She climbed by a path so narrow,  
Such wearisome burdens bore!  
And she came with heart a-tremble  
To the warder at heaven's door,

And said, "There were hearts of heroes;  
She said, "There were hands of might.  
I had only my little children,  
That called to me day and night;  
I could only soothe their sorrows,  
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence,  
And hid her face in shame;  
When, out of a blaze of glory,  
A form majestic came;  
And sweeter than all heaven's music,  
Lo, some one called her name!

"Dear heart! that hath self forgotten,  
That never its own has sought,  
Who keepeth the weak from falling,  
To the King hath jewels brought.  
Lo, what thou hast done for the children  
For the Lord Himself was wrought?"  
Woman's Journal.

**Taking all the Good Things**

Two boys and a girl were walking  
up the avenue together—not hurrying  
at all, nor going as if they had any  
particular end in view—but just chat-  
ting and laughing with each other,  
stopping now and then to look into  
the store windows, and getting resier  
cheeks and brighter eyes, at every  
breath of the keen autumn breeze.

"They'll soon begin to look like  
Christmas; won't they Rob?" said  
Edwin, the youngest boy, dancing in  
front of a large window on the street  
corner.

"Yes, sir!" answered Rob, who was  
too dignified to dance, but enjoyed it  
all the same.

"Papa says it's hard times, and may-  
be we won't get any Christmas pre-  
sents," said Lena, popping her red  
feather in by the side of Rob's curly  
hair, and smiling at the pretty things  
in the window.

"Oh, pshaw! don't you fear! The  
times have always been 'hard'—every  
winter since I can remember—and we  
never missed having a jolly Christmas  
yet!"

"That's so, Rob! Look at that  
lovely work-box!"

"But say, don't you think maybe it  
will be a dull sort of winter, anyhow?  
Cousin Grace has gone South, and she  
used to help us, ever so much. And  
if there shouldn't be much skating, you  
know!"

"Oh, but there will! I feel it com-  
ing!" and Lena laughed merrily, as a  
gust of wind swept around the corner.  
"Besides, we'll get up lots of things—  
surprise parties, and new games, and  
all sorts of fun."

"So we will; hurrah! But come  
along; don't let's stand here; it's cold!"  
"And 'most dinner time, too!" cried  
Edwin, starting off on a trot. And the  
three bright faces went on, up the  
avenue.

Now, while they had stood there  
talking, another face had peeped  
around the corner, to look at them—  
not a bright face, nor a rosy one—but  
a little pale face, that seemed to grow  
paler at every breath of cold wind that  
touched it. It was the face of a little  
girl, who kept her ragged dress and  
shivering limbs out of sight, and only  
reached her head around the corner of  
the building, so that she might see the  
happy children who stood there look-  
ing so comfortable and glad.

As the brothers and sister turned to  
go, Lena caught sight of this poor eager  
little face. Just a sight—for, as  
she half hesitated, the boys hurried  
her on, and Rob said, "Come, puss,  
walk your best, and we'll get through  
our lessons, and then talk over some  
plans. We'll make a jolly winter of  
it."

And the girl with the pale face came  
out and stood on the corner, and  
watched them going up the avenue, as  
far as she could see. When the last  
flourish of Lena's red feather had dis-  
appeared, she turned and walked slowly  
away. It was getting late, and she  
could not sell many more pins that  
day. She did not seem to care much  
anyhow, but went on, half talking and  
half thinking to herself.

"Yes, it will be a nice winter for  
them! They won't be cold, and have  
to stand on the street; and they'll  
have plenty to eat, too—and spry par-  
ties, and all the good things I heard  
them talking about. I wish somebody'd  
take care of me that way!"

Then the cold wind blew again, and  
her poor little hands ached, and she be-  
gan to run to keep herself warm. An  
while she ran, Lena and her brothers  
were going in at their own front door,  
and snuffing the warm, pleasant air,  
which would smell of a good dinner,  
no matter how hard the old cook down  
stairs tried to keep her secrets to her-  
self.

Then mother came, with her bright  
smile, and asked them if they had had  
a pleasant walk.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" answered Edwin;  
"and the windows are getting full of

pretty things; and I don't believe that  
Santa Claus knows a single bit about  
'hard times'!"

"You don't hey? you rogue!"

Some one else came in, with a  
draught of fresh air; and every one  
was glad to see father.

"Now, we'll have dinner," said Rob,  
thinking how long it would take him  
to get through with his lessons, and  
glancing at Lena, to see if she were as  
eager as himself to begin about the  
new plans. Rob always liked to take  
the lead in anything, and he was pret-  
ty sure of getting most of his boy and  
girl friends to follow him.

"So you don't believe in hard times,  
Master Ned?" said father, after they  
had been seated awhile in the warm  
pleasant dining-room.

"Not a single bit, sir!" answered  
Edwin, lifting up his merry face;  
"guess you wouldn't, either, if you  
stopped to look into the store win-  
dows!"

"What! are they preparing for  
Christmas already? Well, I don't  
look at such things much, that's a fact,  
Ned; but I see plenty of hard times  
without looking at all; it lies right  
along in my path every day."

The father told of some scenes of  
suffering among the poor, which they  
were all very sorry to hear about. As  
for Lena, she said not a word, but  
again and again, she seemed to see the  
little pale, pinched face peeping around  
the corner. All through the pleasant  
dinner, and afterwards, over her les-  
sons, it kept coming back to her.

She was not half through her lessons  
when Rob shut his last book, and said,  
"Come, puss, are you ready?"

Lena drew a long breath, and relieved  
her mind by one positive sentence.  
"Rob Darrow, we must do something  
for the poor!"

Lena always said "Rob Darrow,"  
when she was in great earnest about  
anything. And this time she looked  
so solemn that her brother laughed  
right out.

"What's the matter? Have papa's  
stories set you to thinking?"

"It wasn't what papa told, as much  
as it was the poor little face that stared  
at us, on the corner there, where  
we stood talking." And then Lena  
told him about it.

"Why you never saw such eyes,"  
she said; "it seemed just as if they  
were saying to me, 'You're taking all  
the good things, and not giving me a  
bit!'" Now, Rob, why couldn't we get  
up a sort of society among the boys  
and girls, and try to help some of the  
poor this winter? We could enjoy  
ourselves at the same time."

"Yes," answered Rob, thoughtfully;  
"so we could. It would be quite  
grand, too; doing things all in our  
own way, and being a regular society.  
We'll do it, too! I'll speak to our set  
of fellows, to-morrow."

"And instead of spending money on  
parties and things, we could have table-  
aux, and maybe raise money in that  
way."

"Certainly!" said Rob, clapping his  
big dictionary together with an ap-  
proving bang.

"Hullo!" said Edwin, who had been  
out to get some help from papa in his  
Latin; "what is it? Can I help?"

"Yes, indeed; we want all the help  
we can get."

Then they all sat together and talked  
it over. And if I find out that they  
really persevere, and succeed in doing  
anything worth telling of, I will write  
and let you know about it. Whether  
they do or not, let us remember, boys  
and girls, that there is work for us all,  
and that the Master is watching to see  
if we do it well.—Jennie Harrison in  
Observer.

**Charles H. Spurgeon's Debt.**

We trust all our boy readers will  
remember this bit of experience in this  
great preacher's childhood, and remem-  
ber what he says about the miseries  
that come from getting in debt:

"When I was a very small boy in  
pinafors," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and  
went to a woman's school, it so hap-  
pened that I wanted a stick of slate  
pencil, and had no money to buy it  
with. I was afraid of being scolded for  
losing my pencils so often, and so  
did not dare ask at home; what, then,  
was I to do? There was a little shop  
in the place, where nuts and tops and  
cakes and balls were sold by old Mrs.  
Dawson, and sometimes I had seen  
boys and girls get trusted by the old  
lady. I argued with myself that Christ-  
mas was coming, and that somebody or  
other would be sure to give me a penny  
then, and perhaps a whole silver six-  
pence. I would therefore go into debt  
for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure  
to pay for it at Christmas. I did not  
feel easy about it, but still screwed up  
courage up and went into the shop. A  
farthing was the amount, and as I had  
never owed anything before, and my  
credit was good, the pencil was handed  
over to me by the kind dame, and I  
was in debt! It did not please me  
much, and I felt as if I had done wrong,

but I little knew how soon I should  
smart for it.

How my father came to hear of this  
little piece of business I never knew,  
but some little bird or other whistled  
it to him, and he was very soon down  
upon me in right earnest. God bless  
him for it! He was a sensible man,  
and none of your children spoilers; for  
he did not intend to bring up his chil-  
dren to speculate and play at what big  
rogues call financiering, and therefore  
he knocked my getting into debt in the  
head at once and no mistake. He gave  
me a very powerful lecture upon get-  
ting into debt, and how like it was to  
stealing, and upon the way in which  
people were ruined by it, and how a  
boy who would owe a farthing might  
one-day owe a hundred pounds and get  
into prison and bring his family into  
disgrace. Then I was marched off to  
the shop, like a deserter marched into  
barrack, crying bitterly all down the  
street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed  
because I thought everybody knew I  
was in debt. The farthing was paid  
amid many solemn warnings, and the  
debtor was free, like a bird let out of a  
cage. How sweet it felt to be out of  
debt. How did my little heart declare  
and vow that nothing should ever tempt  
me into debt again! It was a fine les-  
son, and I never forgot it. If all boys  
were inoculated with the same doctrine  
when they were young, it would be as  
good as a fortune to them and save  
them wagon-loads of trouble in after  
life. Ever since that time I have  
hated debt. To keep debt, dirt, and  
the devil out of my cottage has been  
my greatest wish, and although the  
last of the three has sometimes gotten  
in by the door or window, for the old  
serpent will wriggle through the small-  
est crack, yet thanks to a good wife,  
hard work, honesty, and scrubbing  
brushes, the others have not crossed  
the threshold.—Exchange.

**Who Told the Birds?**

Most sailors believe that "rats de-  
sert a sinking ship"; that is, refuse to  
go upon the last voyage which a vessel  
makes. Sailors suppose that the rats  
know instinctively when a disaster is  
about to occur, and they are induced  
with great difficulty to ship upon a  
vessel that has no rats aboard.

A curious story comes from Ham-  
burg to the effect that a few days be-  
fore the recent cholera epidemic broke  
out all the birds took flight from the  
city. It was then recalled that in 18-  
84, when the cholera was raging in  
Marseilles and Toulon, all the birds  
deserted those cities, and took refuge  
in Ilyres, which remained entirely free  
from cholera during the whole summer.  
In the summer of 1872 all the spar-  
rows in Prezemysl, a town of Galicia,  
suddenly departed two days before  
appearance of the pest; and not a bird  
returned until the end of November,  
when the cholera had disappeared.

"A little bird told me," is a common  
expression; but the important question  
seems to be: "Who told the birds?"—  
Harper's Young People.

**Household Hints.**

A clean oyster shell kept in a ten-  
kettle in which hard water is constant-  
ly boiled will prevent the crust which  
will otherwise gather on the inside of  
the vessel.

LEMON ICE.—One gallon of water  
and four pounds of sugar, well boiled  
and skimmed; when cold, add the juice  
of a dozen lemons and the sliced rind  
of eight, and let infuse an hour; strain  
into the freezer without pressing, and  
stir in lightly the well beaten whites  
of twelve eggs.

ONE-EGG GEMS.—Beat one egg with-  
out separating, add to it half a pint of  
milk, one tablespoonful of melted but-  
ter, half a tablespoonful of salt, and  
then put in one cup of bread flour;  
add a teaspoonful of baking powder,  
beat thoroughly and bake in a moder-  
ately quick oven twenty to twenty-five  
minutes.

POTATO CUPS.—Peel eight large pota-  
toes, cut them in two. Take out the  
centres smoothly with a thin scoop.  
Take any cold meat you may have, al-  
though beef and veal are preferred;  
chop this fine and season well. Fill  
the holes with this and set the potatoes  
on a tin in a hot oven, bake until done,  
and serve with brown gravy left over  
when the meat was first cooked.

PRESSED BEEF.—A shank of beef,  
or what butchers call a "pot roast,"  
weighing four pounds, will do nicely,  
and be economical. Trim and wash  
quickly, and put into a kettle with  
sufficient boiling water to cover the  
meat; after it has cooked for an hour,  
season to suit the taste. Poil until  
tender enough to fall to pieces; then  
take it from the liquor, and let it cool  
for five minutes; chop fine, and pack  
down in a large earthen bowl. Boil  
down the liquor to about a pint and a  
half, strain, and pour while hot over  
the chopped meat. Put away in a  
cool cellar, or upon ice, until perfectly  
cold. Serve, cut in thin slices, gar-  
nished with parsley.—Selected.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare, core and  
chop fine half a dozen large apples.  
Mix together a pint of milk, a table-  
spoonful of butter, the yolks of two  
eggs, flour to make a batter, a little  
salt the apples last, and last of all the  
two whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff  
foam. Fry immediately in deep lard  
after the manner of crullers. Serve  
with syrup of fruit sauce. These are  
very nice.

**PUZZLER'S ASTIME.**

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

\* \* Onward and Upward. \* \*

**The Mystery Solved.—No. 22.**

No. 121.—Scott, scot, cot.

No. 122.—(2) Fir-at. (2) Fl-o-at.  
(3) Mi-a-le.

No. 123.—1, Ethel. 2, Mary. 3,  
Eva. 4, Walter.

No. 124.—  
S  
NUT  
SUSAN  
TAR  
W

No. 125.—Let him that thinketh he  
standeth take heed lest he fall.

No. 126.—1, Yarmouth. 2, Misde-  
meanor. 3, Pulsation.

No. 127.—Campbell.

**The Mystery, No. 25.**

No. 140.—ANAGRAMS.

(1) I love T. (2) Rest Sam Pot.

No. 141.—DROP-LETTER.

"e-l-v-b-w-o-t-i-s-m-l-t-o."

No. 142.—PI PUZZLE.

"Horab hatt chishwi live."

No. 143.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 7 letters, and  
name a noted explorer.  
My 5, 7, 6 is a liquid.  
My 3, 4, 2, 1 are small insects.

No. 144.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In kine, but not in sheep;  
In boil, but not in steep;  
In ring, but not in brooch;  
In sled, but not in coach.

When this you've solved you'll plain-  
ly see, I form for you what all should  
be.

No. 145.—REBUS.

No. 146.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a line, and leave a vessel.  
2. " " fish, " " hearty.  
3. " " two, " " what  
man cannot do without.

No. 147.—CHARADE.

My first to do you'll plainly see;  
My second is the weight for me;  
My whole is a city over the sea.

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