

Family Circle.

A Crown, or "Does it Pay?"

Steevie Strong stood on the pavement in Seven Dials one Sunday morning, resting one foot on a block while a shoeblick boy was brushing away at his muddy boots. There was a languid restlessness with his limbs, and his unwashed face was haggard; the lips that sucked his short dirty pipe were black and clammy; he had a sad and restless look, far different from the sharp bright glance of his little dog. Poor fellow! his was one of that large class who know not what to do with themselves on Sunday morning; who feel jaded, cross, out of sorts with themselves and all the world.

Just at that moment, up came Mr. Search with a pleasant smile, saying, "Good morning, friend; will you have something to read?" holding out a tract as he spoke.

Steevie started, and for want of any other word at that moment, uttered a gruff "Hulloo," as if he were preparing to be cross, but Mr. Search turned away the rough word with a cheerful answer—

"Yes, 'hulloo,' if you will, my friend, but you are very welcome, and I hope it will do you good."

Steevie rolled his pipe to the corner of his mouth and muttered, "How long have you been up to this dodge—eh?"

"About three years," was the ready and pleasant answer.

Steevie's eye had wandered from the face and all over the entire person of the tract distributor, then he said keenly, yet half contemptuously, "Does it pay?"

"Very well indeed, my friend."

"And you are always at it?"

"Oh, yes. It is our duty to work, you know, and what we have to do we ought to do with a will."

"Yes, you are right there," answered Steevie thoughtfully; then he added, "you say it pays well—now, if it is a fair question, just tell me, what pay do you get?"

"A crown."

"Oh, a crown," cried Steevie, "why that's not so bad," it was evident he was thinking of a day's wages; and he continued, "But is the pay sure?"

"Certain, nothing can be surer."

"Well, now could any one get taken on—eh?"

"Oh, yes, apply to the fountain head, and if you are in earnest, you'll be taken on directly."

"What, and is it lasting?"

"It's for life, if you are faithful."

"And you mean to tell me you've no fear of getting the sack?"

"No, not the least; if I am ever so old and feeble, there's a house to live in always, and a good garment to wear, and there's no turning off in sickness and trouble—never."

"Why it's a first rate affair. I say, master, do you—do you think I should suit?"

The last words were uttered anxiously.

"Yes, I never knew a single case, where any one applied for service, and I never saw one was turned away. But you must go to the fountain head; it's no use your mistaking me—you must go for yourself to headquarters."

"Well, I have a mind to try. I'll up and go to your governor. What's his name—where must I apply?"

"TO KING JESUS."

Steevie started. The holy name solemnly spoken seemed to thrill through him, as he understood now the meaning of what had been before said. He paused and cast down his eyes, uttered a low, self-convicted moan. Ah, poor fellow, as he looked down on his soiled garb, and felt the desolation of his state as a tired way-farer in a dreary world, something of the hardship of the service of sin became clear to his feelings, if not to his mind. Mr. Search seemed to be speaking to his thoughts as he said:—

"Listen my dear friend. Like you, I was once a wanderer and servant of Satan. Oh, I found him a hard master. I had neither outward comfort nor inward peace. I went in my misery to Jesus, and he took pity on me. I am His servant now. He gives me good wages. He prospers me. He gives me such peace in my heart that I cannot describe my joy, and He has promised me a crown of glory, a robe of righteousness, and a mansion of light forever. Is it not worth looking for? Come, friend, and ask to share in these wages; for there is enough for each and all."

Something of the glow of love in the speaker's heart touched the listener's ear; and revived the memory of a long forgotten text he had once learned his childhood. His pipe fell from his lips, and lay broken on the pavement, as he said like one in a dream—"Lord be merciful unto me a sinner."—*Sword and Trowel.*

Hints for Young Mothers.

The three requisites for babies are plenty of sleep, plenty of food, plenty of flannel. The saying that man is a bundle of habits, is as true of babies as it is of grown children. If an infant is accustomed from his birth to sleep from six o'clock at night till daylight, the habit of early sleep will be formed and the mother may have all her evenings to herself.

If the baby sleeps all night, a long morning nap will naturally come about dinner time, after which the child, except when very young should be kept awake until six o'clock. Perseverance in this routine will soon result in securing quiet evenings for both the child and the parent.

Some mothers have a long season every morning and every night in getting the baby to sleep. They rock them and sing to them till Morpheus enfolds them. With most children it is entirely unnecessary. An infant can be accustomed by a few days training to go to sleep itself for a morning nap as well as for a longer rest at night.

A mother has duties to herself as well as to her offspring. While she should exercise a constant care in securing its utmost physical com-

fort, she should secure rest and recreation for herself. In no other way can she keep fresh in feeling and buoyant in spirit. Nothing is so wearying as the unceasing tending of a fretful baby.

Every means should be employed to aid the child in taking care of itself and giving as little trouble as possible. It may learn in babyhood to amuse itself with toys, or by watching movements going on round it.

Fashion as well as good sense requires infant's dresses to be made with long sleeves, and high in the neck. Fashion requires children of all ages to be warmly clad. Flannel should encase the whole body, with the exception of the head and hands. The fruitful cause of colic in infants is the nakedness of their neck and arms.

Regularity in feeling is as important as either of the other requisites. Babies cry as often from being over fed as frequently as from hunger. Let the mother obey the dictates of common sense in this matter, and not force food into a baby's stomach for every little complaint it makes.

Children of three or four years old need much more sleep than they usually have. For irritable and nervous children sleep is a specific, and it can be secured to them only by the force of habit. Many light forms of disease may be cured by keeping a child in a uniform temperature and in quiet. Let the young mother who reads this article experiment upon these few suggestions, and we are sure they will have many an hour in the nursery for reading and thought.

Disagreeable Things.

It is a great pity that we can't get along in the world without running against disagreeable things, or rather have disagreeable things run against us. Strange that we can't live our little short life without being called upon to do things from which we shrink. But however great the pity, and however strange it may be, every now and then a most disagreeable thing will challenge our action, and we must either dodge it or do it.

Now, friend, take this advice, if you have a disagreeable thing to do. In the first place, don't do it by proxy; but do it yourself. Face the responsibility, face the possible disagreeableness of the experience; meet the necessity boldly; be as brave for yourself as you would have any one else to be. Again, not only do it yourself, but do it promptly; don't put it off. In the delay, you will be less and more with the temptation not to do it at all. So suffer this counsel, that when you have a disagreeable thing to do, do it at once and do it yourself.

The Princess Louise is exceedingly interested in church-work, in Sunday-schools, and in schemes for the relief and comfort of the poor. She recently entertained at Rideau Hall all the teachers and pupils of the Sunday-school connected with the church which she attends. The servants were dismissed and the hungry children were served by the Princess, the Marquis and their suite. Addressing a pretty little girl the Princess asked her if she would not take more cake. The little guest declined with awe, and her hostess, fearing that bashfulness was standing in the way, pressed her again. Again she declined. Her Highness, struck by the sweet modesty and child-like sympathy of the pretty creature, cut a large slice from the cake and said, "Well, my dear, you must, at least, take this home as a present from me; let me put it in your pocket." The child hesitated, blushed, and exhibited a decided unwillingness to accept the offered gift. And the more unwilling she seemed, the more charmed the Princess became with her innocent look and blushing diffidence. Using a gentle force, she found the pocket of her young visitor, when lo, to her infinite astonishment, she discovered that it was already filled to overflowing with cake which this little bland innocent had stealthily abstracted from the table.

Smiles.

Old Pompey came down to the village the other day with a big brass watch key prominently displayed from a shoe string chain. "What's your watch, Uncle Pomp?" asked a young nigger.

"Dun got non."

"You ain't?"

"No chile."

"Den what fo' you kerry dat yere watch key roun' so conspicuous?"

Old Pompey chuckled.

"Look here chile," he said, youse ain't no logician—got no head fur de scientific side of matters. Do youse 'sposz dat if I come down here a totin of a stable door dat it would be a sign dat I owned a hoss. 'De two cases am prectically parallelogram sah!"

It is related by elderly citizens of Rochester that on a certain occasion Dr. Backus of blessed memory, had been laying out and decorating the ground about his house at considerable outlay of labor and expense. On the very first night after the completion of the work, when the grounds had been tastefully graded and terraced and sodded and planted, a herd of vagrant swine broke into the inclosure, and industriously rooted the fair territory into a wilderness of unsightly gullies and hammocks. The next morning, as the good Dr. stepped upon his porch, one sweeping glance sufficed to furnish a full and appreciative conception of the desolation. Restraining any other expression of unregenerate wrath, he stood for a space in silence, and then remarked, with mournful philosophy, "Well, you never can lay dirt to suit a hog!"

How SHE LOST HIM.—Henry (who had come back from foreign parts to claim his love): Oh, does Mrs. Arkwright live here still? Mary: Yes, sir. Henry: And Miss Florence—can I see her? Mary: Oh, no, sir. Miss Florence has gone out to service. [Now, if she had only said that it was to Christmas-eve service at St. Bingo's, how different all might have been!]—*Flying Folks.*

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A.B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the VISITOR for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes," and addressed to William C. Burnham, VISITOR Office, No. 88 Germain St. Saint John, N. B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1 am composed of 17 letters.
My 6, 10, 11, 17 is a part of the body.
My 13, 14, 15, 16 is a portion.
My 7, 8, 6 is a number.
My 13, 6, 8, is used for writing.
My 1, 17, 16, is used for catching fish.
My 4, 11 is a preposition.
My 16, 10, 11 is a measure of weight.
My 2, 3, 13, 5, 6 is a fruit.
My 12, 11, 6 is an insect.
My whole is the name of a famous general.

DUPLEX.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dark, the other in light.
My second is in gauge, the other in plight.
My third is in mart, the other in earth.
My fourth is in mart, the other in birth.
My fifth is in fence, the other in gate.
My sixth is in small, the other in great.
My seventh is in France, the other in Spain.
My eighth is in lose, the other in gain.
My ninth is in frantic, the other in tame.
My whole gives the names of a Grecian father and daughter; the former of whom, like Jephthah, sacrificed his daughter to gain the favor of Diana.

Jemseg, N. B.

A. T. DYKEMAN.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

No. 1 in May.
No. 2 a river.
No. 3 a Scripture name of a man.
No. 4 is an article No. 3 used.
No. 5 is in nod.

Eldon, P. E. I.

F. D. M.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. The line which bisects a circle.
2. In the mean time.
3. To reach.
4. Five hundred herring.
5. A lake.
6. A metal.
7. A measurement of type.
8. A companion.

Moncton, N. B.

ENIGMA.

My first is in groom, but not in the bride.
My second is in ocean, but not in the tide.
My third is in brick, but not in clay.
And my fourth you may find in a year and a day.
My whole is a lady's name.

Canning, N. S.

S. E. MARCH.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

B-T-E-L-T-T-A-N-V-I.

Canning, N. S.

S. E. MARCH.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Queries:—1. Suspicion, Coercion, Scion.
2. Strength. 3. Indivisibility.
To Charade:—Novice.
To Acrostic:—1. Unicorn. 2. Russia. 3. Isaac. 4. Alligator. 5. Homoeopathy. 6. Hercules. 7. Egotism. 8. Elizabeth. 9. Postmaster. Whole.—Uriah Heep.

To Enigma:—1. Cut. 2. An. 3. Tea. 4. Atom. 5. Line. 6. I. 7. N. 8. E. Whole.—Catiline.

To Word Square:—
Botany.
Cotton.
Enigma.
Exodus.
Geneva.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES FOR FEB. 26.

To Acrostic:—

Canary.
Hallelujah.
Enterprise.
Music.
Ice-cream.
Skating.
Telephone.
Robert.
Yacht.

Whole, Chemistry.

To Decapitations. 1. T-ale. 2. B-lack. 3. R-ant. 4. T-in. 5. H-eel. 6. C-lock. 7. H-asp.

To Diamond Puzzle:—

O
T E A
P E T E R
H O E
I

To Poetical Transpositions:—

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in vain,
And dies amid his worshippers.

To Charade:—A-bun-dance.

To Drop-word Puzzle:—

Oh, well, as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get,
But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we didn't want didn't get us.

To Numerical Enigma.—Samuel Leonard Tilley.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

A. T. Dykeman, Jemseg, N. B., sends Answers to Decapitation, Numerical Enigma, Cross-word Enigma, Charade, and Curtailments in the VISITOR of Feb. 12.

Tecumseh, Westport, N. S., sends correct solutions to Acrostic, Decapitation, Charades, and Numerical Enigma in VISITOR of Feb. 26.

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