

Poetry.

A Woman's Conclusions.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour that gave me birth,
Might have my life whatever I choose;
And live it any part of the earth:

Put perfect sunshine into my sky.
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in days now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Would have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose.
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason choose:

And if this had been as I stood to-night
By my children lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads:

Yea! I said if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either way.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hinderances!

I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome,
He has learned who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say, yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands;
And let me know, as I may grow old,
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—Phoebe Carey.

Family Circle.

General Cambronne.

There was a young corporal in the
garrison of Nantes, in the year 1795. He
was a spirited fellow, barely twenty, but
young though he was, he had already
learned to drink to excess, according to
the too frequent custom of the day.

Brave and excitable, wine was a bad
master for him, and one day when he was
intoxicated, he struck an officer who was
giving him an order.

Death was the punishment for such an
offense, and to death the young man was
condemned.

The colonel of the regiment remembering
the intelligence and bravery of the
young criminal, spared no pains to obtain
a remission of the sentence; at first with
no success, but finally, hampered with a
certain condition—that the prisoner should
never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The colonel proceeded at once to the
military prison and summoned Cambronne.

"You are in trouble corporal," he said.
"True colonel; and I forfeit my life
for my folly," returned the young fellow.

"It may be so," quoth the colonel short-
ly.

"May be," demanded Cambronne; "you
are aware of the strictness of martial law,
colonel, I expect no pardon; I have only
to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon on
one condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled.

"A condition? let me hear it, colonel!
I would do much to save my life and
honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"Oh colonel, that is impossible!"

"Impossible boy? You will be shot to-
morrow, otherwise; think of that?"

"I do think of it. But never to let one
drop of wine touch my lips! See you,
colonel, Cambronne and the bottle love
one another so well that when once they
get together it is all up with sobriety. No,
no! I dare not promise never to get
drunk."

"But, unhappy boy, could you not promise
never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, colonel?"

"Not a drop."

"Ah, that is a weighty matter, colonel.
Let me reflect. Never to touch wine all
my life?"

The young soldier paused, then looked
up.

"But colonel, if I promise, what guar-
antee will you have that I shall keep my
promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer.
"I know you; you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's
eyes.

"Then I promise," he said solemnly.
"I Cambronne, swear never to take a drop
of wine."

The next day corporal Cambronne re-
sumed his place in his regiment.

Twenty-five years after he was General
Cambronne, a man of note, respected and
beloved.

Dining on day in Paris with his old col-
onel, many brothers in arms being present,
he was offered a glass of rare old wine, by
his former commander.

Cambronne drew back.

"My word of honor, colonel, have you
forgotten that?" he asked excitedly.

"And Nantes—the prison—the pardon—
my vow?" he continued, striking the table.

"Never, sir, from that day to this has a
drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it
and I have kept my word; and shall keep
it, God helping me, to the end."

Once more, not without reason, did the
good old colonel thank God that he had
been able to preserve such a man for
France.

Aunt Emmie's Clock.

"Well, what are we going to do with
ourselves this afternoon?" said aunt Em-
mie, seating herself in the midst of a group
of nephews and nieces, who were gathered
around her in the pleasant drawing room
of their quiet home on Sunday afternoon.

"Please tell us a Sunday story," sug-
gested Evie, a little girl of ten, who was
never tired of hearing stories, whether on
Sunday or any other day.

"Certainly I will, but I cannot tell you
stories all the afternoon, and we have a
long time before us; I wonder whether
you have ever tried to make a Bible
clock?"

Now I dare say the children who read
this story know what a Bible clock is, and
have made some themselves; but in case
there should be any who have not, I will
explain what they are, as aunt Emmie did
to her nephews and nieces.

You first choose a word such as Peace,
Holiness, Faith, Hope, Life, and then find
a text for every hour from one to twelve.
Against one stands the word you have
chosen, against two a text of two words,
against three a text of three words, and so
on, but every text must have in it the first
word you have chosen.

Then draw the face of a clock and write
or print the texts neatly under the hours.

"We should like to make one of those,
auntie," said Willie.

"But I don't think we should know how
to draw the clock," said Leonard.

"Well I will draw a clock for you to-
day, and we will try and find the texts, and
then another time you will know how to
draw one for yourselves."

The word Love was then chosen, being
an easy word for the first attempt.

The Bibles were brought out and the
children were soon busily engaged in
searching for the texts.

It took them some time to find all the
texts that were wanted, and to find them
the right length; but at last the clock was
completed, and was shown with great de-
light to father and mother.

And so passed a very happy Sunday.

"Well, and how did you get on with
your Bible clock?" asked Aunt Emmie
of her niece on Sunday, nearly a year later,
when again on a visit to their quiet coun-
try home.

"Oh, we make one nearly every Sun-
day afternoon when Willie and Leonard
are home from school; and then we take
our clocks to father, and he gives a card
or some other little prize to the one that he
thinks has chosen the texts most care-
fully."

And away ran Evie to fetch some of the
Bible clocks to show her aunt, who was
much pleased to see how much pains had
been taken with them.

Auntie suggested that to-day that they
should make a star of graces.

The star was drawn with eight divisions,
and eight graces, each with its own text,
was chosen. The graces were Patience,
Hope, Humility, and so on, but I shall not
tell you any more, for I should like for you
to search for them yourselves. Of course
there are not graces enough in the
Bible to fill many stars, so auntie promised
to try and think of something else they
might do for a change.

"Well Evie," said she, the next Sun-

day morning, "I have thought of some-
thing to look for to-day. I think it shall
be another star, but in each division of the
star we will have the name of some good
man mentioned in Scripture, beginning
with A, and going on alphabetically as far
as we can, and under each name we will
write something that the Bible says about
his character."

This plan was much approved, and after
they had made some of the good men of
the Bible, they began some of the good
women.

Pave Your Way to Independence.

"Come Charlie, I want you to drive a
few nails in the shed for me," said Nettie
to her brother one day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time,
and the father, overhearing the request of
his daughter, said:

"Why not drive them yourself?"

"Because I can't," she replied.

"Because you can't," he responded.

"Why your teacher says there is no such
word in the book. Come here and I will
show you how to drive the nail."

With the hammer in one hand and the
nail in the other, he went into the shed,
drove a few into the door, and then gave
the remainder to Nettie.

She found it an easy thing to drive the
nails, and felt quite proud of her achieve-
ment in the mechanical art.

She having completed the work, the
father said:

"Now my girl that lesson makes you in-
dependent. Some of these days I'll teach
you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife,
and whittle, too, without cutting your
fingers. Don't you let the door creak on
its hinges for want of an oiled feather, or
the little children's shoes or your own
shoes get hard in the winter time for want
of a little grease."

"And as for you, boy," said his father,
turning to Charlie and his little seven year
old brother, "you ought to learn to make
a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button.
A little cooking will not hurt you. Many
a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked
in my day, and my mother told me when I
was a boy, that I could beat any boy
making a pot of coffee. There is no telling
what your lot may be, or where you will
be cast sometime during your life. The
most helpless people I have met are those
who could do only one kind of work. All
you boys and girls should learn some
thing very well and make that your de-
pendence for your living, and add to it as
much skill as you can; for it costs nothing
to carry knowledge, and it enables you to
pave your way to independence."

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't
got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy
just before he lay down on his nice warm
cot on a cold windy night.

As he rose from his knees, his mother
said:

"You have just asked God to bless the
poor children; what will you do to bless
them?"

The boy thought a moment.

"Why if I had a hundred cakes, enough
for all the family, I would give them
some."

"But you have no cakes; what then
are you willing to do?"

"When I get enough money to buy all
the things I want, and have some over, I'll
give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy
all that you want and perhaps you never
will have; what will you do to bless the
poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread, the bread is all
mine."

"Then I can earn money and buy a loaf
myself."

"Take things as they now are—you
know what you now have that is your own;
what are you willing to give to help the
poor?"

The boy thought again.

"I'll give them half my money; I have
seven pennies, I will give them four.
Wouldn't that be right?"

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, Havelock, Kings Co., N. B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 3, 14 is a number;

My 1, 11, 17, 18 is a part of the body;

My 7, 8, 9 is a pronoun;

My 3, 4, 6, 12, 13 is one of the points of the
compass;

My 15, 16, 3, 18, is prominent in educational
affairs.

My 1, 16, 9 is a covering for the head;

My 4, 17, 18, 26, 27 is a preposition;

My 23, 12, 24, 14, 15 is an animal;

My 10, 14, 17 is a boy;

My 19, 23, 22, is a man's name;

My 21, 11, 22 is a kind of fruit;

My 20, 11 is an exclamation;

My 25, 23, 22, 26 is what all should love.

My whole is a command from the Bible.

DUPLIX.

Havelock, N. B.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In church, not in steeple,
In host, not in people;
In breathing, not in air;
In charming, not in fair;
In mitre, not in crown;
In smile, not in frown;
In summit, and in top;
In harvest and in crop;
In steady, not in stop.

My whole is the name of a science

URIAH HEEP.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a harbor and leave a king of Scrip-
ture.

2. Behead a useful article and leave a plant.

3. Behead an article of crockery and leave a
preposition.

4. Behead to show fatigue and leave an in-
sect.

5. Behead officer on vessel and leave part of
verb to eat.

BOGGS.

ANSWER TO PASTIMES FOR JUNE 4.

To Drop Letter Puzzle.—To err is human.

To Double Acrostic.—

J ustic E
Enchan T
H ostil E
Outwear E
P resto N
P hilan I
Everes T
Revalr Y

To Word-Square.—

W rapt
R azor
A zure
P orte
T reen

To Hour-Glass Puzzle.—

D ispro P ortion
phosphorous
honeYless
cheSter
joInt
j oy
G
oNe
oOrY
preMier
glad I ator
impassioned
undersTanding

Centrals: Physiognomist.

To Orthographical Puzzle.—

Life is teeming with evil snares,
The gates of sin are a wide,
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave
And beckon the young in pursuit.
Man of the world, with open purse,
Seeking your own delight,
Pause ere reason is wholly gone,
Where is your boy to-night?

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