

till he comes back, as I am sure he will; and if he should not," and her voice quivered a little, for her tender woman's heart could not but shudder at the thought of a violent death,— "I will send it to his mother. I wrote to her for him when he was wounded, —Melton Lodge, Berkshire, is the address. But I will not anticipate his death in battle. I feel certain that he will come back."

As the British lines were drawn firmly around Fort George, in which, having repaired the damage caused by the explosion, the Americans were closely beleaguered, Zenas had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence to help to harvest the wheat. Other militiamen were also available for that service, which was as important as fighting. Colonel Vincent avowed, as he gave permission to considerable numbers of his yeoman soldiery to return to their farms, while the others maintained the leaguer of the fort. Soon after the ingathering of the harvest, however, Vincent was compelled, by the re-inforcement of the enemy, to raise the blockade of Fort George, and again return to his old position at Burlington Heights.

WAITING.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

EACH day, when my work was ended,
I saw, as I neared my home,
A sweet little face at the window-pane,
That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning,
And I knew that never again
Should I see my baby watching for me,
With her face at the window-pane.

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her
Call, just as she used to do,
When she heard my step at the open gate:
"Come, papa. I'm waiting for you."

And I think that maybe she is waiting,
As of old, in the soft twilight,
She watched, when the long day's task
was done,
To welcome me home at night.

Some time, when my work is ended,
I shall see, as I near my home,
A dear little face in Paradise,
That is watching for papa to come.

THE BRAVE SEAMAN.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

ONCE there was a little boy born in a mud hut in the northern part of England. His parents were, of course, very poor, but they had something better than money. They were honest, industrious, and good.

Their little boy soon grew to be like them. And although they were too poor to give him an education, somebody else who saw what a boy he was, and who had plenty of money, sent him to school and paid his expenses. Good boys are always noticed. Somebody sees what they are about, and what stuff is in them toward making a man, and something good often comes to them in the way of help. And if not they come to some good. They have a desire to be and to do something in life which idle and careless boys know nothing about. But James was sent to school by a kind gentleman, and soon learned to write and to do sums in arithmetic. But there was one thing he liked better than books, and better than any kind of work which he had to do. He dreamed about it by night and by day. And

that was the sea. When he was thirteen years old he lived in a small-fishing-town where he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper. He was an obedient boy, but while his hands were doing up parcels for customers his thoughts were among sails and billows, and this his parents found out as well as his master. So when a good opportunity occurred, instead of watching the sea from land with vain longings, he was acting the part of a brave, honest sailor before the mast. Soon after his time was out, for which he first bound himself, he was promoted and became mate of a vessel, and years after master of a ship. All this time he was studying. He had no time to waste in idleness. He knew that to be more than a common sailor he must study geometry and astronomy, and he improved his time so well that he could take observations accurately, calculate the progress of a ship, and find the latitude and longitude of any spot on the sea, and was at length acknowledged to be one of England's most learned men. He became one of the most noted navigators, discovered and named many islands, went bravely through all sorts of perils, and went twice all around the world. Always resolute and brave, he was brave till the last. He was killed by savages on an island in the Pacific Ocean. One of his vessels had been stolen by the natives, and they became angry when he tried to regain it by securing the king of the island on board his ship, thinking they would return the cutter for the king's release.

Instead of this a man who was a relative of the king struck him a blow, and another stabbed him with an iron dagger. It was with great sorrow that his body was buried in the ocean, and the news of his death carried back to England. Gold and silver and bronze medals were struck in honour of his memory, and his widow and each of his children had a pension given them. A clear head and a true, brave heart raised Captain James Cook to the place of highest honour, and a reputation as wide as the world itself.

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

NOW, young gentlemen, let me for a moment address you, touching your success in life; and I hope the brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgement in your minds. Let me beg you in the outset of your career, to dismiss all ideas of success by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in the blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him and Waterloo was lost.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot wear spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to make spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: in order to any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect follow the rule of the machinist. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it.—James A. Garfield.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Meta-basis.

II. ENIGMA.—A new broom sweeps clean.

III. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Noiseless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers.

IV. DOUBLE-ZIGZAG.—

Ran T
tARt
hATe
Nec I
aSom
acMe
IacU
aNTa
bAAl
TauT
BII t
mOOd
NouN

NEW PUZZLES.

I. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead delicate, and leave a cold substance.
2. Behead to think, and leave a tree.
3. Behead a silicious stone, and leave a comrade.

II. BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. One whose name was changed.
2. A friend and helper of Paul.
3. A governor of Samaria.
4. A mount that is known to all.
5. One who conversed with Christ.
6. A city now ruined and old.
7. The wicked son of a good high priest.
8. One whose father for silver was sold.
9. A bitter and poisonous plant.
10. A man who hated a Jew.
11. A judge of Israel forty years.
12. A patriarch, it is true.
13. The murderer of a Moabite king.
14. The husband of one of Saul's daughters.
15. A city in which Paul preached.

16. A well, where bitter were the waters.

17. A measure used by the Hebrews.

18. The homo of a man much afflicted.

19. A woman spared for her faith.

20. One whose reward for keeping God's ark is depicted.

21. A Roman governor of Juden.

22. A garden where Jesus did go.

23. The grandfather of Israel's sweet musician.

24. A woman and traitor also.

My whole is a command given by Paul which we hope is strictly obeyed by all.

III. WORD-SQUARE.

1. Departed.
2. Poems.
3. Part of a cart.
4. To look about.

IV. CHARADES.

1. My first is a neck-cloth; my second is to permit; my whole is to permit.

2. My first is a shoal; my second is a missive; my whole is a negotiable paper.

3. My first is a bolt; my second is to abate; my whole is bearded.

4. My first is poor; my second is a calcareous substance; my whole is a lean person.

5. My first is an enclosure; my second is an instrument of torture; my whole is a hut.

6. My first is to hinder; my second is a line; my whole is a hill.

7. My first is a small globe; my second is to tumble; my whole is a list of person for prayers.

THE SAND BLAST.

AMONG the wonderful and useful inventions of the time is the sand blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a grave stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the cut letters. Take a piece of fine French plate glass, say two by six feet, cover it with a piece of fine lace and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace and you have a delicate and beautiful figure raised on the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in the glass, at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest, cutting glass, iron, or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, for they will be whittled off quite hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do but little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away, but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, fine lace, or even the human hand.—*Journal of Science.*

WHAT key unlocks the door to ruin? Whiskey.