



In a Bad Fix.

BY AN OLD COLD-WATER BOY.

THAT ox is in a bad fix. The mighty anaconda has got him sure. He may bellow, paw the ground, and writhe as much as he pleases, but he cannot escape. Anaconda is stronger than he, and will crush his life out, and then swallow him for his supper. Poor ox!

Yes, poor ox, indeed. Pity he had not sense enough to keep out of anaconda's way. If you lived in a country where such serpents hid in wait for prey on the trees, I guess you would keep a bright lookout every time you passed a tree. *Guess you would, eh? But do you? You don't live among anacondas, eh? Don't be too sure of that, my child. If I mistake not there is a cruel and powerful anaconda in your village. Its den is the rum-shop, and its name is—ALCOHOL!*



Here is a poor fellow who has been caught in the folds of this great American snake. The wretched man used to be good-looking, well-dressed, industrious, loving, and beloved. Now look at him! What a change has come over him. Cruel Alcohol has pressed all the vigor out of his brain, all the love out of his heart, all the respectability out of his life. Like the poor ox, he is in a bad fix, and will soon be numbered among the lost!

You mean to keep clear of Alcohol, eh? Good! Take the total abstinence pledge, and pray daily for strength to keep it. Steer clear of dram-shops and dram-drinkers. Hoist the temperance flag and stand by it boldly. Then neither Anaconda nor Alcohol will harm you. Down with Alcohol! Huzza for cold water!

The Lost Skeins of Thread.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. C. A. LACROIX.

EVA, the daughter of a farmer, had some nice skeins of thread which she had carefully spun herself. This she wished to whiten; so she spread it on the grass, and often sprinkled it with water that it might bleach faster. Barbery, a neighbor's daughter, and friend of Eva, admired the thread very much, and used to go and look at it when her friend sprinkled it.

One day Eva remarked that several of the little divisions of thread had disappeared. She imme-

diately suspected her friend, and ran to her hastily to accuse her and demand back her thread.

"You know, Barbery," said she, "that no one has entered into my garden but you."

Barbery protested in vain, and declared her innocence. Throughout the village she was decried as a thief.

A year passed away, when some workmen who were making repairs in the belfry of the church found in a last year's stork's nest quite a quantity of tangled thread. It was, then, a stork, and not Barbery, that had carried away Eva's thread!

Eva demanded pardon with many tears, and begged her friend to forgive her, which she certainly did; but it was much to hear the reputation, even, of a thief for a whole year, just for the too hasty suspicions of a friend. Often much of the evil around us arises from the unhappy suspicions of our own hearts, and we should remember that they not only make us unhappy, but may do great wrong to others.

The Little Bark Grinder.

BY L. M. O.

NINA was but nine or ten years old when it became necessary for her to help her father in the tannery. You may wonder what so small a girl could do in a tannery. There was a great deal of tan bark to be ground, and Nina could keep the great iron hopper filled with bark, while the steady old horse pulled the sweep around. It was light work, but not the most agreeable, as it was quite dusty. The old horse would often stop voluntarily. Nina would improve such occasions by slipping out into another apartment where her father was at work with his big leather apron on, handling huge sides of leather. After resting a little while—although she wasn't very tired—her father would say: "Go back to work now, it will soon be dinner-time."

How welcome was mother's voice as it echoed from the hill where stood the tanner's cottage, announcing that dinner was ready. Then father would place his little girl on the gentle old horse, and Nina would have the pleasure of a ride home round the lane.

Many long, tedious hours did Nina grind bark. Sometimes she would imagine her lot a hard one, but she generally had some pleasure in anticipation; such as the promise of a ride with father to some distant town, or a visit over to grandmother's. Sometimes Lydia, a little girl who lived at the big farmhouse close by, would call in and help Nina pile the bark into the old hopper, chatting all the while.

One afternoon as Nina was at her accustomed task, feeling rather lonesome and dejected, the lady at the farm-house, seeming to suspect something of the kind, gathered up some nice scraps of calico and a pocket-handkerchief, and writing Nina's name in one corner, sent them to her. The kind lady never knew what joy she created in that childish heart by that little act.

Long years have passed since Nina ground bark. The old tan-house has passed into other hands, and her dear father has long been resting from his labors in the better land. She never regrets having helped him, although the task was not a pleasant one, but looks back with pleasure to those bark-grinding days.

[Nina was a good girl to do as she did, but I think if she had been my little girl I would have found some other way to grind bark. Filling that hopper was not suitable work for a girl. I don't wonder it seemed hard to her. But she did right to do as she was bidden, and now enjoys her reward in the pleasant recollections she enjoys.]



Beauty.

BY UNA LOCKE.

You will hardly believe this story, or if you do, I am afraid your mamma will not; but it is certainly quite true.

Beauty was a most wonderful baby; not only in the way in which all mamma's first babies are so, but quite like something in a fairy-book. She was very, very handsome, with the most bewitching brown curls and starry blue eyes I ever saw, and so precocious that she walked and talked like a child of three or four years when only nine months old. She was the marvel of every body.

Now Lottie's papa had a spirited horse which he kept in a stable near the house, and the child went one day to the stable, and finding that by some accident the door had been left open, and the horse had unfastened himself, picked up the rope, and led him forth to drink! The little girl was delighted. Not so her papa and mamma, looking from the window. Her papa went toward her as fast as he could without startling the horse. In the meantime Beauty tumbled down, and the horse, suspicious and cautious, waited for her to pick herself up. In a moment she was on her feet again, the graceful little humming-bird that she was, and had arrived at the watering-trough with the spirited creature following, meek as a lamb, at the end of the rope, and had already set him drinking when her papa came up to her. Our Lord had given his angels charge over her.

She did not die young, as some people suppose all remarkable children do. She grew up a most charming and remarkable woman, doing good to all around her.

And the kind Lord and his holy angels have taken care of her to this day.



A Sensible Irishman.

BY QUEERSTICK.

"AND so ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said an Irishman to his fellow-workman.

"Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it either," was the ready reply of the bold teetotaler.

"But did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" queried the dram-drinker.

"So he did," rejoined the cold-water drinker, "but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach!"

Wasn't that a "poser" for the dram-drinker? I don't wonder he was silenced. Because Paul advised an overworked and infirm bishop to take a little unfermented wine as a medicine is a poor reason for pouring the burning poisons known, in these days, as alcoholic drinks down one's throat. Alcohol is a poison, boys and girls. Don't touch it! Drink the cool and sparkling water, or, if you live on a farm, the pure, sweet milk; but let wine, beer, whisky, and all the rest of the poisonous drinks, alone. Shout, Cold water forever!