



THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Lookout Regiment.

Names of new recruits are: Lida Bowman, Ethel Letson, J. H. Pilkey, Hilda Beaumont, and Jean Rogers.

I must congratulate the company in West Montrose; it is now the largest in the regiment. How would you like to choose one of your number as captain, and let him report progress as to the work you are doing? I think it would be nice to find some child who is likely to be overlooked by Santa Claus, and get a big stocking filled for him by Christmas time. The stocking could be made of black or colored print. Let me know if you decide to do this, and I will gladly send a contribution.

Don't forget that the "Child-Hero Competition" closes on the 1st of November. I am constantly getting letters from children who say they always like to read about the Lookout Regiment. I hope you will all be on the lookout for a chance to play Santa Claus this Christmas. It is great fun if you begin your preparations a good while ahead, then you haven't to hurry at the last.

May I ask J. M. Matchet to let me know whether the prize sent several weeks ago arrived safely? The other prizewinners have acknowledged theirs.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Five Little Brothers.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about.
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout.
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do ye say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off they sped away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

A Sailor Lad.

"When shall we know the enemy has given in?" asked a lad, a tailor's apprentice, who had run away from his trade and entered the navy as a common boy, about the year 1680.

"When the flag is hauled down," answered a sailor, "the ship will be ours."

"Oh, if that is all, I'll see what I can do."

At that moment, the ship that the lad was on was engaged in a terrible fight with one of the French squadrons, that lay yard-arm to yard-arm next, and were both obscured in the smoke of each other's guns. In an instant the lad had mounted the shrouds, passed from the yard of his own ship to that of the enemy, and with quick agility ascended to the maintop-gallant masthead, struck and carried off the French flag unseen by anyone, and worked his way back to his own ship in safety. Before he reached the deck, however, the English saw that the enemy's flag had gone, and shouted, "Victory, victory!" The French crew, seeing their color gone, and thinking it had been struck down by the admiral's orders, fled from their guns, and a panic ensued, during which the English boarded the French vessel and captured her.

In the midst of it all, the new boy came down the shrouds with the French flag wrapped around his body, and showed it with glee to his messmates. The news quickly spread to the quarter-deck, and the blushing boy was led into the presence of the admiral, who not only praised him for his bravery, but made him then and there a midshipman. Promotion followed promotion after that, and the tailor's apprentice was afterwards known as Admiral Hopson, one of England's most gallant sailors.

—From "Heroes of Britain."

A Japanese Game.

This game is called "Yimari." It is played with a soft rubber ball. All the children stand in a circle. One player begins the game by bouncing the ball on the ground; if it rebounds against his hand, he hits it again. Probably it will rebound in front of another player, who hits it, and so the game goes on without scrambling or pushing. Any player who fails to hit the ball when it bounds in front of him moves out of the circle and plays no more. The last one left wins the game. Try this game some day when you are tired of the old ways of playing ball.

Epitaph on a Schoolboy.

This epitaph was copied by Bishop Warburton from an old church in England:

"Here lies, to parents, friends and country dear,
A youth who scarce had seen his 17th year;
But in that time so much good sense had shown
That Death mistook 17 for 71."

THE QUIET HOUR.

My Brother's Keeper.

"Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities!
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
And what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!"

I promised to tell you something about the effort that has been made, during the last ten years, to cheer and uplift the poor of New York. As I said before, we can only take a peep at a few of the improvements, for their number is countless. Perhaps the greatest help has been given by men who try to do things on a strictly business basis, giving justice rather than what is usually called charity: men who have built model tenements, which bring in three or five per cent, instead of fifty, in which human beings may live decently and comfortably. Some of these are provided with plenty of baths, free library and reading rooms, and a laundry, where the lodgers can wash their clothes, with every convenience (a great improvement on the old custom of doing the washing in the living-room). All the advantages of these large and comfortable buildings may be had for very reasonable prices. They are not an encouragement to pauperism, but rather help those who are willing to help themselves. The inmates of such tenements are expected to be respectable and self-reliant, and to honestly pay for what they get. Compare these handsome houses, with their small, but clean, comfortable and well-lighted bedrooms, with the old tenements in the "Mulberry Bend." These used to be "jammed with a reeking mass of human wrecks, that huddled in hall and yard, and slept, crouched in shivering files, all the way up the stairs to the attic."

The great lesson of the brotherhood of man is beginning to be learned, and it needs to be pressed home to each one of us, for we are only too ready to fancy, as the first murderer did, that we are not responsible for our brother's welfare.

Special efforts are being made to help the children, who were formerly crowded out of the schools by the thousand. Many millions of dollars have been spent during the last few years on schools; and their need of healthy, happy play is also recognized at last. Playgrounds are springing up in the most crowded localities, where playgrounds were never dreamed of ten years ago. If no other spot can be found, they are perched up on the roofs of the schools. Gymnasiums and skating rinks are not now the luxuries of the rich only. Newsboys are provided with hotels of their own, where they are given a lift if they need it, but are expected to pay back every cent advanced to them. They are so proud of the trust reposed in them that they very seldom fail to justify it. One boys' club started with a handful, and can now count thousands of members. The rough gangs that used to educate boys to be loafers, thieves and vagabonds have evolved into clubs which bring out all the manliness that lies hidden under a rough exterior.

The necessity of doing something for the children is evident when the police records describe the arrest of "burglars" six and seven years of age! A gang of five was once arrested in a bunch, five criminals, all about eight years old! Those rescued by the Children's Aid Society have a very different record; they nearly all turn out respectable and honest.

The worst tenements, which were fairly rotting to pieces, have been pulled down, and small parks have, in many cases, taken their place. Marvellous indeed is the reformation worked by those bits of green. One of the most energetic reformers, who had worked hard to secure these parks, returned after a short absence, to find one in what had been perhaps the worst spot in the city. It was real grass, grass in the "Mulberry Bend!" His delight could not be satisfied with the sense of sight, he must walk on it to assure himself that it was not a dream. Suddenly a policeman's cane was laid smartly across his back, and he was startled to hear the angry command: "Hey! Come off the grass! D'ye think it's made to walk on?"

However, as he says, he had his revenge, having just had a hand in marking five blocks of tenements for destruction, to let in more light. Where they had been, parks were to be made, where the sign, "Keep Off the Grass!" should never be seen. He tried to explain this to the policeman, but all the answer received was a gruff "G'wan now! I don't want none o' yer guff!" The old saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," has a good deal of truth in it, too. People are improving since they got a chance to wash themselves. "The great unwashed" prefer to be clean, if they get half a chance. The free river baths admitted more than five million customers during one summer.

A great deal has indeed been done, but there are still many dreary lives both in city and country. Are we doing our share towards brightening them? Are we obeying the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens"? Christ left his glorious home in heaven that He might help men in the truest way—that is, by becoming one with them and sharing their sorrows. Many noble men and women

have followed His example; they could not enjoy luxury while their brothers and sisters were hungry and forlorn. It has been said: "Charity in our day no longer means alms, but justice. The social settlements are substituting *vital touch* for the machine charity that reaped a crop of hate and beggary. They are passenger bridges, not mere shuttles for the delivery of coal and vegetables—bridges upon which men go *over*, not *down*, from the mansion to the tenement. We have learned that we cannot pass off checks for human sympathy in settlement of our brotherhood arrears. The Church is hastening to enter the life of the people."

We may not be able to devote our lives to this work, but we can all do more than we have done. If the effort should cost us a sacrifice of time or money, or even of a little personal comfort, shall we not say with David: "I will not offer burnt-offerings to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." No sacrifice made for God is left unrewarded. In this case, certainly virtue brings with it its own reward, for

"All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

Christmas will soon be here. Are you going to make it only a time for presents and extra good food for those who live well all the year 'round, or are you going to stretch your circle of Christmas brightness so that it may include some of the "other half"?

"That vast throng,
The multitude of peoples, nations, tongues,
Shall stand before His throne, and every act
Of human kindness He will own as His,
And crown, as service rendered unto Him."

Recipes.

TO KEEP KNIVES FROM RUSTING.

Rub a little sweet oil on the knives before putting away. Wrap in tissue paper, and keep in a dry place. If the rust has fixed on any of the knives, rub with coal oil.

HASHED MUTTON.

This is a nice way for using up cold mutton. Slice a good-sized onion into a saucepan with a bit of butter. Stir all together until nicely browned. Cut up your meat, and add it to the onions, stirring it until browned also. Cut up a few carrots and turnips in nice pieces, and add them. Now barely cover with water, and simmer very slowly for two hours. Thicken with a little flour, and season to taste. Put in a little browning, if not brown enough, and serve.

LIGHT PUDDING IS VERY WHOLESOME.

Ingredients—Quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound of flour dried and sifted, two ounces of sugar, quarter of a pound of mutton suet, four tablespoonfuls milk.

Method—Put suet, breadcrumbs and flour in a basin, beat the eggs and sugar well together, add seasoning and milk, stir well into the dry ingredients, and steam in a buttered mould for an hour and a half. The mould should have a buttered plate and cloth on the top to prevent the water from getting into the pudding.

RECIPE FOR SHORTBREAD.

Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour and 2 ozs. sugar. Rub finely into it 4 ozs. butter. Then begin to knead it hard with your hands till it begins to bind together. No moisture required. Work at it till it is quite soft and easily shaped without cracking. Make it oval or round, as you please, and crimp the edges. Put a piece of buttered paper on a baking tin, place on it the shortbread, and bake in a slow oven till quite brown (pale). It will take about an hour to one and a half. Move it carefully off the paper, and let it get cold.

TO KEEP CISTERN WATER SWEET.

Most housewives know how rapidly the water in a cistern collects impurities, and they also know what a troublesome, though necessary, task the cleaning out of that cistern is. Well, it need not be done nearly so often if you get 6d. worth of charcoal; fasten it up in a muslin bag, with one or two stones, and suspend it in the cistern. The stones keep the charcoal immersed in the water, from which it seems to attract all impurities. If it is renewed say once a month, the cleaning out of the cistern, under ordinary circumstances, need only be done once a year.

A WORD TO THE COOK.

Don't forget to put an apple in your cakebox. Cake can then be kept for weeks without getting stale. Poultry, when served cold, is much improved in appearance by being glazed. Half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a pint of water and colored with extract of beef makes an admirable glaze. Small glass jars or large tumblers are better than china for jam pots, because should the preserves not keep well, it will be immediately detected. If baked potatoes are wanted in a hurry, boil the raw potatoes for about fifteen minutes, and then place them in a hot oven until done. Cooked in this way, they will be quite as nice as if all the cooking were done in the oven.

Policeman (to tramp)—"I want your name and address." Tramp (sarcastically)—"Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith, and me address is No. 1 The Open Air. If yer call on me don't trouble to knock, but jist walk in."