

Left Sandy had been taken away from the persecution of the harbor boys to become a sort of general major-domo—cook, gardener and mender of nets.

Moreover, each of the MacNicol's has his separate bank-account now; each had got a silver watch; and Rob was saying the other day that he thought that he and his brothers and his cousin ought to take a trip to London (as soon as the herring-fishing was over), for perhaps they might see the Queen there; and, at any rate, they could go and have a look at Smithfield, where the English beheaded Sir William Wallace.

THE END.

NELLY'S NEW DRESS.

"And I may go, mayn't I, mamma?"
"Of course, darling, you shall go," I assented; and my little Nelly flung her arms around me with an ecstatic "I'm so glad!" and then bounded out of the room to discuss the coming pleasure with a waiting schoolmate.

She was eight years old, my Nelly; and on our recent removal to Carlton she had been placed at Miss Wayland's small and very select school. To be sure Miss Wayland's terms were high, but her pupils were from the very first families in Carlton; which was reason enough, I urged, for sending Nelly there, at an expense.

The invitation which had so delighted my little girl was given by Miss Wayland to her scholars, to celebrate her birthday by a gathering at her father's house, and, as the older children affirmed, "They were sure to have the very nicest time!"

"Nelly is very happy over the prospect," observed my aunt Patty, watching the little dancing figure from the window.
"Yes," I sighed; "but alas for me! The child must have a new dress made before Thursday!"

"My dear! and this is Tuesday, and almost night, and you have so much on your hands already! What is the matter with the pretty frock the child wore on Sunday? Has she torn it? Perhaps my old eyes are equal to a little nice darning even yet."

"Oh no, auntie, the frock is whole; but it was made from an old one of mine, and it will never do for this occasion. You have no idea how prettily those children will be dressed. If Nelly only had not outgrown her white dress;—but never mind! You see if I make her a nice one now it will be ready for summer; that's a comfort!"

"My dear, you are worn out, now. The child's pretty cashmere will be suitable and nice enough; what matter if the others are dressed differently? Nelly will not mind; she seems a sensible, contented little thing."

"Oh yes! Nelly would not mind if I were to send her dressed in gingham. But, dear aunt Patty, you do not understand. Edward is just starting in his practice here, and it is really very necessary that we should keep up appearances. It will not do for us to seem poverty-stricken, you see."

Aunt Patty looked at me quietly for a moment or two, but said no more. Only, as she crossed the room to go upstairs, she laid her hand gently on my shoulder with the words, "My dear, 'one thing is needful!'"
"One thing! at alas!" I groaned; "but oh, so many more things seem to be!" The tears came to my eyes in spite of all my determination; for I was truly, as aunt Patty said, "worn-out," and the dainty little garment which I had resolved to make, seemed for the moment an added burden too heavy for me to lift.

My husband was a young physician, a noble fellow, who had already made proof of his skill in the small country village where we had previously lived.

An opening of unusual promise had induced him to establish himself in Carlton, greatly to my satisfaction; for I was full of eager ambition for him, as indeed I have already shown. The expenses of our removal and the fall in my husband's practice consequent upon entering a new field, strained me very much in finances; and how I had struggled and toiled; straining every nerve to appear well among our new neighbors to "the doctor's" advantage!

This restless anxiety was my own burden; Edward would not worry, and it was his constant effort to soothe me and hold my eager aspirations in check.

"Trust in the Lord and be doing good, and verily thou shalt be fed," was his favorite text.

"Be patient, little wife!" he would say, "We judged it right and best to come here

and I believe I shall succeed in due time. Meanwhile, a physician need never lack opportunity 'for doing good'; and I have already found out some of the Lord's own poor to minister to. Trust Him; we shall not want for daily bread!"

Ah, if I could have been satisfied with this! With my three young children, and only a very inexperienced and clumsy helper, and with my self-imposed cares and needs, my hands were full at all times.

This week my dear old aunt Patty had come on a long-deferred visit, which I had earnestly desired to make as pleasant as possible; but my baby was cutting teeth and unusually fretful night and day; and my excellent Rosanna had chosen to feel herself aggrieved by the addition of a guest to the household, and was more trying than ever in consequence; so that it had been a constant strain to make things go on at all smoothly, and my worries had not escaped the old lady's observation, much as I had tried to keep them in the background.

And now this dress for Nelly. I was feverishly anxious to get the material and the pattern, and begin my task; knowing how very few uninterrupted moments I could have to devote to it. To my great relief Edward's cheery voice sounded in the hall soon after:

"Come, aunt Patty, wrap up well and take a drive with me before tea. I have to go out on the mountain road."

I hastened to provide the wraps, and sent dear old aunt off, pleased and smiling, all unsuspecting how glad I was to have her go.

Then I called Rosanna from the kitchen to watch Ned and the baby, regardless of her mutterings; and donning my own outer apparel I sallied forth to make my purchase.

A little hoard in my purse, which I had reserved for some much needed flannel, but just sufficed to buy the delicate material on which my heart was set.

"The old flannels must bear some further patching," I said to myself, as I hurried home, and gave my whole mind to cutting and planning the dress before aunt Patty should return.

I am no dressmaker, and it usually takes me some time to comprehend the intricacies even of a child's dress pattern; but, giving my whole mind to the task, as I said, the parts fell into line this time with wonderful facility; and not until Master Baby cried lustily, obliging me to thrust my work into a drawer and take him, did I realize how tired I was.

Edward looked anxiously at me across the tea table. "Marion," said he, "you surely are not well; you must rest this evening, and submit to a little nursing."

I was frightened, for I had intended to make a good beginning on the little dress after the rest were asleep.

"Don't try to make a patient of me, Doctor," I began playfully, but a sharp pain in my temples caused my looks to belie my words; and, the pain increasing, I was thankful enough to lie down and try to forget my cares.

I was better in the morning, and was planning at breakfast how to secure a little time for my sewing, when aunt Patty asked: "Are you going to church this morning, my dear? There is a service appointed, I believe."

I generally made a special effort to attend such services; but now, thinking of my work I replied:

"I believe I cannot go, auntie. But perhaps Edward can make time to accompany you, if you wish to go."

"I was expecting to attend the service," said my husband quietly. And a pang of self-reproach went through me at the words. I might have gone also, but for this extra task.

I sat down eagerly as soon as they left the house, shutting my eyes to some other work which might have claimed precedence. Baby, for a wonder, was asleep; but my little Ned seemed determined to take his place in demanding my attention.

"Ned, my darling, let my basket alone; you distract me! Go and see Rosy; there's a good child!"

"Wasy's cwoos; I don't like her one bit," said the little fellow stoutly.

"Then ride your hobby horse, and let mamma sew."

"May I go down to Tommy's house, and play with him?" he asked, coaxingly.
"Tommy" was not a very desirable associate, and I had more than once refused to let Ned go to play with him. But now I assented readily, and hurried on the child's

cap and coat, quite forgetting that the ground was wet, and that the little feet needed careful protection, most of all.

Nor did I remember this until his father, on his way home, found the boy playing in a pool of water, and brought him in to me; his shoes and stockings soaked through and through.

"We must do our best to ward off the consequences of this," Edward said gravely, meeting my anxious glance. "I am sorry you let him go out to-day, dear; he was hardly well enough."

With an aching heart I undressed my precious boy, wrapped him in flannels, and laid him in his crib; where he soon sank into a feverish slumber, growing evidently worse as night drew on.

Oh, the wretchedness of that anxious night! Let any mother imagine my feelings as I sat holding my suffering child, not expecting that he could live to see the morning light! But he was mercifully spared to us.

It is needless to say that Nelly's new dress was not finished.

Little Ned being very much better by afternoon, I was quite ready to array the little maiden for the birthday party.

A very sweet picture she made, too, in her simple blue frock, her eyes sparkling with happiness; and I smiled a satisfied smile in response to aunt Patty's meaning nod.

I did not inquire how the other children were dressed, nor did I care; feeling that the Doctor's little daughter did him no discredit.

I folded away the unfinished white dress until such time as I should have leisure to complete it for summer wear. And, as I did so, I looked back wondering at my own folly in attempting the work, overtasked as I was, for such an unworthy cause.

I trembled as I thought how entirely my sinful ambition had controlled me of late, and felt humbly thankful that by any means my eyes had been opened.

I told Edward about the dress, and why I was so anxious about it. And I told him that I had concluded his way was the best.

"I will not try to help you on in such ways any more," I said; "I'm afraid I have hindered your success more than I have helped. I will try to 'do the duty which lies nearest me'; and trust the Lord for the rest."

For all answer my husband put his arm around me, saying reverently: "Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!"—*E. B. Sanford, in Church Press.*

LIVE WELL.

The farmer can be the very best liver in the land just as easily as not, and he should be. He has his choice of the world's produce. He holds a first mortgage on the herds and crops. The crops and fruits of the earth are his to begin with, and he should "fare sumptuously every day."

Why not? He will be all the better man and better farmer for it, and it is his duty as well as his privilege. The only reason that he does not is that he has permitted himself and his family to get into a rut of beef and cabbage, pork and potatoes, that he finds it difficult to get out of. This is all wrong from every point of view. He should get out, he must get out, if he would make the most of himself and his family, and now is the time to make a beginning. Enlarge the boundaries of the garden, and enlarge your ideas of gardening at the same time. Plant with liberal hands, and plant with a liberal hand. Is the old garden cramped? Turn it over to the women for the herbs and a "posy-bed," and go out to the nearest side of the corn-field, and make a garden big enough in which to spread yourself. Make the rows as long as the field is wide and as far apart as will admit your cultivator or horse-hoe, and some to spare, and in them plant something besides onions and cabbage. Take the catalogue of the best seedsman you know, and let the whole list of vegetables, from artichokes to turnips, be represented by one or two of the very best sorts. Plant every third row with some one of the "small-fruits," giving it an extra liberal share of space. Now give this side of the corn-field a little extra attention during the season. Let it be the first when you begin to "cultivate," the last when you finish up. You will never miss the time, and you will live better than you have ever lived before.—*Our Country Home.*

PUZZLES.



In the above diagram trace all the letters of the alphabet.

ENIGMA.

(By Frances Ridley Havergal.)

An army of Cyclops, fair reader, are we,
Yet your servants especially ought we to be,
But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

From Parry, and Cook, and Columbus too,
A vote of thanks to ourselves is due;
But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

To Matilda of Flanders' assistance we came
When she toiled to emblazon the Conqueror's fame
And the lasting memorials we are seen
In a room's chime, of a swartier queen.

The records of ancient days we bear
And time to erase us doth not dare,
Yet the poorest girl in our native land
Hath held us fast in her weary hand.

ENIGMA.

PECULIAR ZIGZAGS.

Across.

- ** 1 10 * * 1. A bird.
- * 2 * * 11 * 2. A loose slipper.
- 3 * * * 12 3. A helmet.
- * 4 * * 13 * 4. Water nymphs.
- ** 5 14 * * 5. Thrown with violence.
- * 6 * * 15 * 6. Passed secretly.
- 7 * * * 16 7. To acquaint with.
- * 8 * * 17 * 8. To catch in a snare.
- ** 9 18 * * 9. Plumes of feathers.

Zigzags.

- 1 to 9. A French poet, who died February 28, 1869.
- 10 to 18. A church festival occurring on Feb. 2.

MISPLACED WORDS.

Read and punctuate the following verse and give the name of the author:
Road through a dusty acorns lea traveller
on the a strewed;
Tree sprouted one and a root grew took and
up and into.
Evening sought time shade love its at vows
breathe early his to
Bask boughs beneath its to age noon heats
pleased was in and of
Dangling dormouse twigs loved its the birds
bore the music sweet.
Glory stood place in its a evermore a blessing
ing it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Robin Hood.
JUMBLE.—Be sure you're right, then go ahead
HALF SQUARE.—PARDON
A MOUR
ROME
DUE
ORE
N

PUZZLE.—M.D.
PECULIAR CROSS.—Attractability.
Demonstration.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Stew the oysters, well salted, in their own liquor, until the edges are crimped, then pour in the new milk and let it come just to the boiling point, put in a large piece of butter and serve at once. The fire should be hot, as oysters toughen from long cooking and lose their fine flavor.