

BE THOROUGH.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.

Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no one speak their surface dim;
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white.

He who falters
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a snail!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong
If you're angry, hold your tongue.

In each duty
Lies a beauty;
If you're eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And so surely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!

'Tis the glory
Of the story,
In our babyhood begun,
Our hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as words without a sun.

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it be true;
Words will do as much for ease
When no act is asked from you.

Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain,
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures—
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Prayer, my lady, will keep you right,
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian and a man,
And forever
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

LITTLE MOLLY'S CARRIAGE.

BY MISS F. M. HOWARD.

"I'm so glad you've come, Clayton," said Mrs. Graham, warmly. "Mollie has fretted so I have had no chance to do my morning work. I wish you would take her out in the carriage for an hour."

"All right, mamma," said the cheerful, rosy-cheeked brother, who had come in whistling.

In a few minutes he had the little one in the street, her teething pains quite forgotten and the blue eyes bright with pleasure.

"Afore I'd be a taggin' a young one around in a cart," cried out a loud voice, as Clay wheeled the pretty wicker carriage under the shade of a tall elm. "Mamma's mangel, that's what he is."

"If you had such a dear little sister, perhaps you would like to be a nurse," said Clay, smiling, good-humoredly. He knew the owner of the coarse voice, big Dan Barrett, who was always trying to provoke a quarrel.

"No, I wouldn't. But 'y' boots on that. Catch me nussin' a squallin' baby for nobody. Hy, there, get out of the road, if you don't want to get tipped over."

He jostled the carriage rudely as he went past, then looked back under the lace canopy hoping that he had frightened the little one, for it was his nature to delight in teasing anything smaller and weaker than himself.

But Mollie was not frightened. She had been used to loving words all her life, and she looked up into the coarse face with one of her sweetest smiles. Something in the confiding face lifted so trustingly to his touched Dan, and he met her winning advances with a look of surprised admiration.

"Say, that little kid of yours is pretty, hain't she?" he said, turning awkwardly to Clayton.

"And just as good as she is pretty. Don't you wish you had such a little darling to wheel about?"

"How 'dye know but what I have?" His thoughts flew back to his own poor home, where a baby spent the most of her lonely time in a battered, wooden cradle, her face bearing that prematurely old look of neglected, pinched childhood so pitiful to see.

Nursed by a hard-working, half-fed mother, the baby was dull-eyed, listless and, more often, otherwise, dirty and ill-smelling. Her only name in the family was the "young'un" or the "kid."

Some sense of the contrast between the two dashed into Dan's mind, and he wondered how his own little sister would look in a dainty cap and under the shade of a silken canopy.

"I have never seen you out with her," returned Clayton.

"Didn't I tell you I wasn't nobody's nurse gal?" Dan's voice had lost much of its coarse, jering tone, and he added slowly, "Mebbe, though, if mam had a kerriage and nice clothes for her kid I'd take her out, sometimes. But she hain't pretty like this one."

"If you loved her more and made her happier perhaps she would grow prettier."

Dan made no reply, and walked off with an unusually thoughtful air and strolled down to the dock. With hands in his pockets he stood watching a large steamer come in. A sense of longing had been awakened in his heart for something which he could not define, a vague wish that he and his were more like the well-dressed and respectable humanity which he saw all about him.

"B'leve I'll run away some day," he muttered. "Pap an' mam ain't no help to a feller."

Just then a gentleman and lady, with a beautiful baby boy in the father's arms, walked down the plank from the steamer, the porter following with two heavy valises. Dan's eyes were fixed upon the sweet face of the child with an admiring gaze.

"Here, boy," said the man, "don't you

want to earn a half dollar? Carry these valises up Fifth street for me and I'll give you a quarter each."

Dan started. Ordinarily he would have returned some pert or shabby reply, but the sight of these two beautiful babies into his day's experience had strangely softened him. He trudged on behind them drinking in the beauty of the little face which, in a change of position, now looked over the father's shoulder. Awkwardly, Dan was not in the habit of making himself agreeable to infant humanity, he puckered up his lips for a low whistle, at which the baby smiled.

Then Dan smiled and gave a skip and a dance as well as he could with his valises, and the child laughed aloud—a merry, tinkling laugh, sweet as the music of silver bells.

"Hear Claudie laugh," said the mother, turning quickly and catching the little byplay behind her. "You like babies do you?"

"I—dunno, ma'am," Dan hung his head sheepishly. "This one is such a pretty little chap."

"And as good as he is pretty," the mother replied, fondly.

It was the second time he had heard these words on this eventful morning, and it struck him oddly, bringing to his mind an intimate association of the terms good and pretty.

(On reaching home at noon, his mother said, impatiently, "I wish you'd take the young one, Dan, while I get dinner. She's ben a-frettin' all the forenoon, an' I pears like I can't do nothin' with her in my arms.")

Yesterday Dan would have met the request with an oath, but to-day he took the little creature from his mother's arms without a word and sat down upon the doorstep. The child was unusually clean, as Katy had dressed her in the only whole and tidy slip she possessed. Having always heard awfully rough words from her brother before, she looked up into his face now in pitiful uncertainty whether to laugh or cry—a look so different from the smile of happy confidence which Mollie and the stranger babe had given him that he was touched by it. He smiled and whistled as he had to the little Claude, and she smiled back at him, showing four tiny white teeth and looking really pretty. The white teeth began to burn in his pocket as he chirruped and whistled. He had intended to buy a big watermelon and a bag of nuts and go off somewhere and enjoy them alone, but almost the first useless thought of his life was being born in his heart.

"Say, mam, can't we afford a name for this 'ere baby? Kid and young one hain't very pretty names for a gal, don't seem to me."

"Why, yes, Danny," replied Mrs. Barrett, astonished at this unlooked-for token of interest. "Names don't cost nothin'. What you want to call 'er?"

"Hain't there such a name as Claudie for a girl?"

"Why, yes, I know a girl named Claudie, but it's a purty stylish name, though, for a girl of ourn."

"Give her a good name an' maybe she'll grow up to it," Dan said, thoughtfully. "Say, mam, if I'll get 'em some new clothes will you make 'em?"

"Why land 'o'ivin'! Of course I will, Dan Barrett; what on airth he come over you?"

The mother stood holding a slice of salt pork impaled on a fork in her surprise.

"Nothin', only I sorter wanted our baby to look like other folks' babies, that's all."

"Well, so do I, if I only had the stuff to do with, but I don't know how to make clothes without nothin' to make 'em of."

That evening enough light calico for three pretty gowns and a plain white cap found their way into the mother's lap. Dan Barrett had done his first purposeless deed, and little Mollie's winning smile was the ruder which had turned the current of his life. He saw her many times after that, but Clayton who never again met with jering words, and he wondered much that the rough boy had always a smile and a whistle for her, not dreaming of the civilizing influence which the two were unconsciously exerting.

Dan next took a strange freak of indignation and worked eagerly at every job he could get, hoarding up the proceeds with jealous care and not confiding to any one the object he had in view. He made a bargain with Katy for a penny a day that the little Claude should be neatly washed and dressed every afternoon, and an interest in her akin to real love was springing up in the boy's untutored heart. "As good as she's pretty," was a refrain which often ran in his mind, and how could Claudia be good unless she were protected from bad associations? So he became more careful of his speech, suppressing the oaths and coarse words which he had hitherto used freely. The improved cleanliness of the child spread its pleasant influence over his surroundings, and the cottage floor was washed oftener as she began to creep over it, and Katy spent her precious pennies in the purchase of a new calico for herself, which Mrs. Barrett, having a deal of natural taste, taught her to make neatly and becomingly.

At length the chilly fall days came on and early one evening an ominous signal caught Dan's eye as he was passing the home of the Gabriams—a long streamer of black and white crape upon the door.

"What does it mean?" he asked of a neighbor who was going on.

"Little Mollie is dead," she answered, with tears in her eyes. She was taken with croup yesterday and died to-day."

Dan turned away with a dull, heavy ache in his breast.

Shortly after, when Clayton was in the parlor where the little girl had been lying, the door opened softly and Dan entered, bearing a small bouquet of chrysanthemums in his rough hand.

"Did you want to see her?" Clay asked in surprise.

Dan nodded and looked at the sweet face, the first dead face of one who was dear to him, till great tears fell from his eyes. Hastily placing the flowers upon the still breast he turned away.

"It was Mollie that gave me the fust thought o' bein' different," he said, when Clayton, drawn to him by his evident grief, had invited him into his own room. "And your lovin' her so that set

me a-thinkin' how I ought to be. I've been to work all summer layin' by money to buy Claudia a kerriage like hers, so I could take her out and show you that I loved my sister too, but now Mollie's gone and it takes away every bit of the pleasure on't."

"But you can go right on loving and being kind to Claudia, Dan," Clayton replied with eager sympathy. "O, if you knew how it comforts me to remember the little kindnesses I could show Mollie, and how the careless words or deeds hurt now, I'm sure you would never fall in love to Claudia."

When Dan's story was made known to Mr. Graham he remarked, "Sweet Mollie had her little mission on earth and she accomplished it well. I think I will continue the work by doing something for the boy myself."

"Clayton," said Mrs. Graham, after her husband had had a long conversation with Dan in his private office, "could you bear to see Claudia in little Mollie's kerriage? Papa wishes Dan to go to school and use the money which he has saved for books and clothing. We do not like to have the boy disappointed in his unselfish effort, and yet, with a couple of terms in school, he can take a position where he may become a successful business man. Shall we help him, Clay?"

"Yes, mother," Clayton replied, though with an effort. "It will be hard, but we can remember that we are carrying on little Mollie's missionary work."

Every time Dan saw the dainty kerriage in his home of poverty and neglect his ambition was strengthened and the whole family was raised by it to a higher level. Now that he has become a useful and successful man, he still cherishes the memory of the tender memory of little Mollie, whose gentle, unconscious influences helped to save and mold his life.—*Congregationalist.*

Ellie's Trouble.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

It was a bright, warm morning of spring. Ellie Carruth sat on the broad piazza with a new story-book in her hand, and if ever a girl was entitled to enjoy one, she certainly was.

In the first place, it was Saturday. Then, too, her lessons for Monday were carefully prepared. Beside that, she had helped her mother to get things in order about the house and had played with her baby brother until his napping time had come.

There was nothing to prevent her reading, and yet she could not get interested in her book. It was by a favorite author, and the girls in the story were near her own age.

How strange it was that she did not care about the story. Would you like to know what was troubling Ellie? It was the voice of her conscience. Not that she had been doing anything particularly bad. Everyone called Ellie a good girl. She was honest and earnest, and she was a student. Neither her parents nor her teachers had any fault to find with her. Indeed, she was often held up as a model, both at home and at school, and on this bright Saturday morning she had not been less than usual.

Then what was Ellie's trouble? Why did she not care to walk in the garden, or to gather flowers, or to play on the piano, or occupy herself with crocheting, or, above all, to read her book?

The trouble was this. Her conscience was saying to her: "Ellie Carruth, you are a sinner. Your heart is not right in the sight of God. You do not truly love Him, your heavenly Father. You have repeatedly asked Him to forgive your sins, for Jesus' sake. You say your prayers every night and morning because you have been taught to do so. You read the Bible for the same reason. But you cannot honestly say that you love to pray, or to study God's Word. Now can you, Ellen Carruth?"

Ellie tried not to listen to all this. She did not wish to have such thoughts. They made her unhappy, and she wanted to enjoy herself.

Very tenderly her mother responded to her mending-basket and took a seat near her daughter.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" she asked, anxiously. "Are you sick, dear?"

"No, mamma; there is nothing the matter."

Yet the mother's eye could not be deceived. She asked again: "What troubles you, Ellie? Can you not tell me?"

"Hardly, mamma. I scarcely know myself, but somehow I feel that I am not doing right. I am not a Christian. Tears filled the girl's eyes as she made this confession.

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How Grandmother Was Lost.

A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY.

(Reprinted from the St. Andrews Beacon by request.)

Mosses Shaw, my great grandfather, was born Jan. 18, 1785. Ann, his wife, was born Feb. 16, 1788. The dates of the birth of their children are as follows: Isaiah Shaw, Oct. 11, 1793; Elizabeth, Dec. 26, 1794; Moses, Sept. 23, 1796.

On April 1, 1770, Elizabeth and Moses, taking advantage of the fine weather, stripped their tiny feet of shoes and stockings, and were following their father, who was ploughing with a yoke of oxen, around and about the field.

The two children were called by their mother, who was a smoker of tobacco, and sent to a neighbor's house to borrow a fig of the weed for her benefit. Having obtained the tobacco they started homeward, on a path through the woods. Becoming absorbed with childish fancies they wandered off the path and were soon lost in the woods.

It was soon generally known that the children were lost; the neighbors turned out en masse, and for three days the surrounding country was searched, over and over the face of the North Mountain, between the Annapolis Basin and the Bay of Fundy, was combed. Thinking it impossible for them to go up the mountain they gave up the search and decided that either the bears had devoured them, the Indians had stolen them, or they were drowned, so they all returned to their respective homes.

In the meantime the little children were wandering through the bushes hunting for their way home. On the first day they lost the fig of tobacco, but after some search found it again. The weather changed to cold and wet, night came on and they lay down tired and hungry in a little hollow. The little girl, with motherly instinct, tried to make her little brother as comfortable as she possibly could, but he, cold and hungry and away from the comforts of home, would wake up and cry and call for his mother and sometimes would crawl out of his leafy bed and wander away looking for his mother. Then his sister would go after him and coax him back and wrap her scanty clothing around him and get him to sleep again. Thus they passed the night.

At the dawn of morning they started and travelled all day till their scanty clothing was torn and tattered, so that they were half naked, but faithful still to their trust fund—the tobacco. In a starving condition they tried to catch the little birds, and Moses said, "O Lizzie, if we could only catch a little bird alive we wouldn't stop to pick the feathers off on it; we'd eat it feathers and all," but they could not catch any birds.

During the three days' hunt they heard the horns blow and the guns fire and the men coming but did not answer, for fear the bears would hear them and come and eat them up. Thus they spent four days.

Now, on the fourth day of the children's absence from home, an old man (I have forgotten his name), his gun and told his friends that he was going to the Bay shore to his traps, but his real intention was to hunt for the children that were lost. Toward the close of the day he was at the top of the mountain. Suddenly he saw a few leaves quivering on the ground. He paused, looked again, then carefully examined his gun, his first thought being that there was a wild animal below the surface of these leaves. He advanced a little farther, and seeing the children's clothes he came to the conclusion that their remains were lying there, they having been destroyed by some wild beast. In another moment he heard a child's voice crying out, "Help me, help me, help me!"

He sprang forward, and with joy and sorrow and sympathy mingled together, he was so completely unmanned that he could not utter a syllable.

"The little girl looked up and said, 'What a nice boy you are! Take us up.' By this time he had so far recovered his speech as to say, 'I am going to take you to your mother'; and on hearing this little Moses, for he used to stutter, started up and said, 'We'll lost the b-backer.'

The hunter lifted the little fellow in his arms—for he was too weak to walk—and taking the girl by the hand—he found she could walk by being led—took them to his steep side of the mountain and to their home, which was a mile and a half from the top of the mountain, reaching the house shortly after dark. The joy with which they were received was unspeakable.

Thus the little boy and girl, who had been lost for four days, were found safe and sound. The hunter, who was a man of some means, gave them a good dinner, and took them to his home, where they remained for a few days, until their mother could come and take them home.

For 25 Years

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Snow. Eleven children were the outcome of this alliance. In the year 1814 they moved to Wakefield, in what is called the Carleton Co., N. B., and there they both died, he in the year 1832 and she in 1854 in her eighty-ninth year. The last twenty-five years of her life she was blind, and although she always said "Death was a terror to her," yet in her last days her faith was triumphant. As a neighbor she was kind and cheerful and greatly loved by all. As a singer her voice was not excelled in the old church music. She seemed to know by heart all Watts' hymns, and many old people who survive her speak of her singing to this day. A number of her children lived to the ripe old age of ninety, but all have passed away.

Now this little girl who was lost on Granville Mountain, my grandmother, and I belong to a family of eleven children. One is dead and the youngest has many grandchildren. Our family live in six different States of the Union and the Province of New Brunswick.

The above story was narrated to me by the lips of my grandmother, the girl who was lost, and this little history I bequeath to the eyes of the reading public.

JOHN MALLORY.
Jacksontown, Car. Co.

Boys, Read This.

Chauncey Depew, against whom no one would think of charging a Puritan spirit, speaks as follows on the temperance question: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peckskill, New York. I have been a student with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family, did it from rum, and no other cause. Of all one who were church-going people, who were steady, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest of which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debauched with gambling, rum or drink, he does not care; all his finer feelings are crowded out. The poor women at home are the ones who suffer—in their tenderest emotions; suffer in their affections for those whom they love better than life."—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

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