

certainly of great use. I shall try to think all the time of the wonderful changes transpiring in that great under-ground work-house."

"And be happy and cheerful up here all through the wintry days; making as much sunshine in your home as you can, and look forward thankfully and joyously for the spring-time, and flowers, and May-parties," said Mr. Leslie cheerfully.

"Yes, and I will begin by carrying a little cheer into Mrs. Miller's sick-room. Where is that lunch, mother?"

"That is the right way, my daughter; begin with the duty nearest at hand, and you will keep such a halo about you that our home will be flooded with sunshine and our hearts will know no winter. God help us to make the dark days cheerful to man and beast! Go, Frank, and give an extra bundle of sweet hay to good old Brindle."—*S. S. Visitor.*

[The boys in our picture, however, don't find it by any means as dull as Mary feared it would be.]

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

THE days are short, and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
And tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And the work is play, if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad—
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
She loves him, and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.

TO GIRLS.

BE cheerful, but not gigglers;
be serious, but not dull; be
communicative, but not forward;
kind, but not servile. Beware
of silly, thoughtless speeches; although
you may forget them others will not.
Beware of levity and familiarity with
young men; a modest reserve without
affectation is the only safe path.
Court and encourage conversation with
those who are truly serious and conversable;
do not go into good company
without endeavouring to improve by
the intercourse permitted to you.

"Nothing is more unbecoming when
one part of a company is engaged in
profitable conversation, than that another
part should be trifling, giggling,
and talking comparative nonsense to
each other."

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

THE other day a hoop on a wash-tub cracked in two, and I was asked to have the tub sent to the cooper shop for repairs. To do that I must pay an express-man 25 cents to take it over, the same to return it some day, and twenty cents to the cooper to mend it. That would figure 70 cents, while the tub only cost 60 cents when new. The cooper might repair it at once, or leave it kicking around for a week. It would be cheaper to buy a new one, but still cheaper to fix the old one myself. How did I do it? Well, three or four weeks ago I picked up an iron tub-hoop in the alley and laid it away. It now came into play. I took off a piece about two inches long and drilled a hole in either end. Then I drilled holes in the broken hoop to match. When the holes were ready I brought the ends of the hoop together, laid on the splice, and with two soft rivets and the help of a hammer and a small anvil, I had a hoop as good as new, and had made the repairs at a cost of not over one cent. I use this incident as a preface for urging every father to supply his boys with a workshop and a few handy tools. Room can be found in the house or barn, and a little money will put a boy in the way of becoming a handy man. In my workshop I have two hand-saws, a hammer, two chisels, a small anvil, a large and small vise, a jack-plane and a smoother, a miter-box, mallet, gimlets, screw-driver, brace and several bits, nail-set, try-square, drills, rule, and awls. With these tools you can do almost any job required about the house. There may be one boy out of fifty who doesn't care to "putter" with tools, but the other forty-nine do, and there is more in it than appears at first sight.

I was in a locksmith's the other day when a gentleman drove up in a carriage and said: "I want this sewing-awl sharpened. My man uses it about the barn, and I've been trying for the last two weeks to bring it down." He was a rich man, but what of it? Hadn't he brains enough to pick up a file, or rub that awl to a point on a whetstone? If his time was worth anything, he spent \$2 worth, and paid 15 cents for what he could have done himself in thirty seconds. The handy boy is going to make the handy man, and the handy man is going to save himself many dollars and many vexatious delays by being able to handle different tools. In pulling the table around a caster comes off. Are you going to send it to the shop or get a carpenter to come up? If you are not a handy man, you will have to; if you have a screw driver and two or three screws about, you can fix it in five minutes. A door sags and shuts hard. Let it go for awhile and you'll break the lock and have the knobs off. If you are not a handy man, you'll go from two to six blocks out of your way to a carpenter shop. A workman will come up that day, or that day week. He'll lift the door off its hinges, run his plane over the sagging end a few times, and your bill is 75 cents. Ten minutes of your own time would have accomplished the work. A door-lock refuses to work. Something is the matter with the bolt. You are not a

handy man, and so you have no tools to remove the lock and take it to the smith as you go down. You must have him come up. The lock is fixed, and your bill is at least 50 cents. Now, the wire spring had slipped out of place or got bent by a jar. A handy man would have fixed it with no other help than a screw driver.

When you have your workshop take care of your tools. In that you can learn the value of order and time. Have a place for every tool, and keep it there when not in use. Have every article where you can find it at midnight without a light. If the handle of your hammer becomes loosened, don't drop the whole thing into a pail of water to swell the wood. Don't drive nails into the end to fill up the eye. Knock the handle out, split the end which goes into the eye, and when you have replaced it drive a wedge into the slit. If one of your bits should get dull place it in the vise, point up, and study the idea which the inventor had. You will see how much like a knife-blade the cutters are, and just where to draw your file to restore the lost edge. Three drills, taking different sizes, are all you need. If the ear comes off a pail, tub or coal-scuttle you can replace it by drilling a new hole and using a soft rivet. With a screw-driver and hammer you can put one of the patent fasteners on a garden hose in two minutes. You will find a glue-pot an indispensable article in your workshop. Wherever you are making a joint which is not to be exposed to the weather glue will hold almost like nails. After a while get a pair of tinner's hand-shears. They not only come handy to cut all sizes of wire, but you can peel off the end of a joint of stovepipe like paring an apple, work over a piece of old eave-trough, or make use of tin cans kicking about.

I would add to your workshop a tinner's soldering iron, a bar of solder, a penny's worth of rosin, and a bottle of muriatic acid. I'll venture to say that in nine houses out of ten there's a job awaiting the tinker. There's a leak in the wash-boiler, in some of the pans, the wash-dish, the dipper, or some other much-used article. This leak bothers and annoys, but to get it mended you must carry the article a mile and back. I should simply take the leaky dish and scrape the tin around the leak. This is to remove the grease. Your acid is in a bottle, and you put it on with a brush made of a stick and a rag. Your iron is heated in the stove or range, and when you have wiped it off touch your bar of solder and pass the iron over the leak. In thirty seconds you have saved yourself a visit to the tinner. In soldering on new tin use powdered rosin in place of the acid. If your iron gets over-heated and won't take the solder, let it cool until you can almost hold it in your fingers. Then rub it smartly with a file, and after that burnish it with your bar of solder. In mending a leak in a lead pipe use the rosin, and look out that your iron is not hot enough to melt the lead.

Besides the saving of time and money in being handy, you have a quiet satisfaction in having accomplished this or that. In handling a rule you get a quick eye for distances. In using either bit or drill you must exercise care and exactness. Your eye says that the end of a board is square; your try-square shows how easy it is

to be deceived. With a sewing awl and a couple of needles you can repair almost any break in a harness. Five cents' worth of material in your glue-pot will cure all the lame chairs in the neighbourhood. A miter-box enables you to make a joint which the best carpenter dare not try with his eyes for a guide, and gives you a chance to use moulding and fancy pieces. I don't want to see the plumber and locksmith and carpenter and tinner shut up shop for want of patronage, but I believe that the handy man is a blessing to a whole neighbourhood. He can supply a missing bolt for a boy's velocipede, adjust a sewing-machine needle, lance a felon, sharpen a knife, mend a pan, put in a window light, make a bench, glue in a chair leg, fix a spring for a screen door, doctor a lock, hang an ax, adjust a lawn mower, mend a toy, make a box, and feel dependent upon nobody's convenience or caprice.—*M. Quad.*

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NEVER a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon—
Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft splashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along—
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.
—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

JUST FOR FUN.

RIGHTENING people for fun is an occupation fit only for fools. Is it less cruel to hurt a sensitive person by fright than by smiting him with "the fist of wickedness," or piercing his flesh with thorns? The so-called fun lies in the amount of pain produced. What is the difference between this and the tortures inflicted by so-called savages? They do it for fun. It amuses and pleases them to see their victims writhe. How often fatal results follow senseless attempts at having fun at the expense of others!

Only a short time ago a man in the State of Maine killed an adder and left it among some boxes that were to be assorted by young women. He was one of those fellows who thought it would be "awful funny" to hear a scream from the one who should find it. A Miss Stevens uncovered the reptile with her hands. The shock made her insane, and the physicians say that she will probably die, and in any event will be a maniac for life. That is awful enough, to be sure, but where is the fun?

Young people, think twice before you engage in such cruelty, and then—don't do it.—*S. S. Visitor.*

"I SHALL give you ten days, or ten dollars," said the judge. "All right," said the prisoner, "I'll take the ten dollars."