

Dance of the Months.

The months in with shout and laughter,
 The months are following after,
 All in white,
 By short and bright
 March go tearing round
 April makes no sound
 A smile with flowers crowned,
 From roses on the ground
 May comes in,
 What a dreadful die
 Springs her golden sheen
 As her pretty leaves,
 November waits to see
 Bring the Christmas tree
 Their hands to make a ring,
 Because they merrily sing,
 Months we are, you see us here,
 The circle of the year
 Spinning, and children hear,
 In all a glad New Year.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

To
 The
 Infant
 Century
 And you came.
 Peace to thy senior.
 We go on for ever. Amen.
 Santa Claus surprised himself.
 If the turkey dynasty is not extinct,
 Its not our fault.
 Our Xmas party was very enjoyable.
 So also our dinner.
 Mr Duncan Bloom is a fancy skater.
 We liked to see him.
 Santa Claus has very able assistants
 Right under this roof.
 Bertie Pilling's sisters, Nellie and
 Sarah, were here to visit her.
 The books presented to us at Xmas
 were very nice. We like to read them.
 Mr Balis lectures to us Saturday
 evening, the 22nd ult. We were much
 pleased with him.
 Lord Salisbury is 70 years of age,
 Simple in dress and manner, he loves his
 home and quiet retirement.
 A number of the large girls were
 given permission to visit the city before
 Xmas and they were glad to do so.
 Dalton Gardner, our artist, drew
 some fine pictures in the chapel for us.
 We were much pleased with them.
 We had a visit from Hon. Mr.
 Stratton and Dr. Chamberlain. We
 were very much pleased with them.
 Once a month, most regularly, the
 teachers and officers are convened to
 Mr. Cochran's office on most pleasing
 business.
 No, my dear boy, wool is not made
 into leather. It is spun into yarn, woven
 into cloth and again converted into most
 useful garments.
 Tommy received a letter from one
 of his friends saying he is working too
 hard where he is and intends moving to
 some other place.
 Francis A. West was very much
 surprised, that Mrs. Mathison kindly
 sent him a box of rich candles as he
 sometimes worked for her.
 We are thankful to our parents for
 kindly remembering us. We think
 some of them must have read the circu-
 lar over eight or ten times.
 It is not true that Santa Claus was
 attacked by the Boxers on his way to our
 institution. He came sharp on time
 with a larger load than ever.
 Among visitors to the Institution
 during the Xmas time were Messrs.
 Brown, Labolle and Ross, former pupils;
 they were made very welcome.
 It was very gratifying on Xmas eve
 to hear Mr. Mathison say there was not
 a single case of sickness in the Institu-
 tion. Providence has been good to us.
 One of us had his nasal instrument
 recently touched by frost a few days ago.
 The damage was insidiously done as
 nothing wore a smile. The surprise
 was all the greater as the injured
 member is of a retiring disposition. The
 comfort is abating.
 Some time ago, contrary to ancient
 belief, we read it was a Hollander who
 discovered America. Now we are told a
 Spaniard did it. Unless the point is
 settled very soon we will not be far from
 agreeing with the small boy that it was
 America discovered Columbus.
 Our teacher told us that the habit
 of gnawing at things is due
 so much to a depraved instinct as to
 a defect of their nature. Did they stop
 gnawing their teeth would soon grow to
 an uncomfortable length. He did
 not, however, want this to be understood
 as an apology for rats.

Simplicity.

A successful city physician said,
 lately I went, when I was a student, to a
 course of lectures on natural science.
 The first was given by Professor Durt, a
 teacher of small repute in a preparatory
 school. He began in a pompous, sen-
 tentious tone.
 "The primal laws of natural science
 are so recondite as to challenge the com-
 prehension of the loftiest intellect."
 This was followed by the statement of
 these laws in technical language, majes-
 tic and ponderous.
 He may have known what he meant,
 said the physician, but I am sure none
 of his hearers knew. We listened, per-
 plexed and anxious for a while, and then
 gave it up, and sat careless and indiffer-
 ent.
 The next lecturer at the college was
 a man who at that time ranked as one
 of the most learned scientists in America.
 The pupils were apprehensive. "If we
 could not understand the little man,"
 they said, "what is the use of listening
 to the great one?"
 However, the hall was filled, more
 from curiosity to see the famous natural-
 ist than from any hope of benefit. When
 the hour arrived, a fatherly looking
 German stepped forward, and nodding
 kindly, said:
 "Young men, allow me to make a
 personal allusion. My father was a
 hatter, who lived on Third Street. His
 second wife was my stepmother, but
 kind and wise in her treatment of me.
 When I was a mere boy, I loved to study
 beetles and plants and birds. 'Let him
 do it,' she said. 'It is good for him.'
 When I was grown she said, 'That is
 his work. He must keep to it.' So it
 is owing to her that I have learned a
 little about these living things. I am
 now going to try to tell you something
 of the little that I know."
 These simple words brought us in a
 moment into a hearty fellowship with
 the kind old man. The truths he taught
 us were told with the same homely di-
 rectness, in striking contrast with the
 ambitious phrasing and obscure tech-
 nology of the preceding lecturer. I never
 have forgotten them. *Youth's Compan-
 ion.*
 A Homely Episode.
 A delightful anecdote is told of a farm-
 er and his successful son, Steve, who
 had come down home for a visit.
 One warm midsummer day, Steve
 found himself seated under the old Batt-
 win apple tree, with the half-hull of a
 red hearted watermelon in his lap. Old
 Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused
 now and then to ask Steve about his
 new job, how many cigars he smoked in
 a day, what they cost, and what he paid
 for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted
 to know what they called his boy on the
 road—conductor, brakeman, or what?
 "They call me the general freight
 agent, father," said Steve.
 "That's a mighty big name, Steve."
 "Yes, father, it's rather a big job,
 too, for me."
 "But you don't do it all, Steve. You
 must have hands to help you load and
 unload?"
 "Oh, yes, I have a lot of help."
 "And the Company pays 'em all?"
 "Yes."
 "How much do they pay ye, Steve,
 two dollars a day?"
 Steve almost strangled on a piece of
 core, and the old gentleman saw that he
 had guessed too low.
 "Three?" he ventured.
 "More than that, father."
 "You don't mean to say they pay ye
 as much as five or seven?"
 "Yes, father, more than twenty-five."
 The old man let the empty hull fall
 between his knees, stared at his boy,
 and whistled.
 "Say, Steve," he asked, earnestly,
 "are ye with it?"—*L. ppincetta.*
 Economy in the Use of Tea.
 The superintendent of a warehouse
 at Wolverhampton, England, according
 to the Pall Mall Gazette has discovered
 a method of making more than the
 usual quantity of tea from any given
 quantity of the leaf. It has been sat-
 isfactorily investigated by a number of
 persons. The whole secret consists in
 steaming the leaf before steeping. By
 this process 14 parts of a good quality
 may be brewed from one ounce of tea.
 The method of steaming is not described,
 but any smart housewife can devise one
 for herself, and if the result is a good
 one it will be a paying experiment.

Beautiful Living.

You cannot estimate the value of a
 picture by its frame, nor can you judge
 a life by its surroundings. The finest
 gems are not always richly set. The
 most beautiful lives are seldom sur-
 rounded by evidences of wealth.
 It is in the power of each of us to live
 beautifully. Some of you think of the
 drudgery which seems your lot, of pov-
 erty, of threadbare carpets and tumbled
 dresses and hard work, and you shake
 your heads over this statement. Yet it
 is gradually true.
 The beauty of a man's life does not
 consist in his possessing an abundance.
 The most beautiful life earth has ever
 known was passed in poverty and ended
 in suffering. But love and compassion
 and helpfulness flowed from it, and
 made all life more beautiful because of
 the possibilities it revealed in faithful
 doings of the humblest duties.
 Live beautifully. Never mind if the
 home is small and poor, if the daily fare
 is meager, and the clothing old, and the
 outlook dark. Love in the heart,
 streaming forth like heaven's sunshine,
 dropping silently as its dew, will set up-
 on any life the beauty of the Lord our
 God.—*Our Country Church.*
 Better Whistle than Whine.
 Two little boys were on their way to
 school. The smaller one tumbled, and
 though not badly hurt he began to whine
 in a babyish way—a little cross whine.
 The older boy took his hand in a
 fatherly way and said—
 "Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine;
 it is a great deal better to whistle." And
 he began in the merriest way a cheerful
 boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the
 whistle.
 "I can't whistle as nice as you,
 Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker
 up good."
 "Oh, that's because you haven't got
 all the whine out yet," said Charlie;
 "but you try a minute, and the whistle
 will drive the whine away."
 So he did, and the last I saw or heard
 of the little fellows they were whistling
 away as earnestly as though that was
 the chief end of life.—*Junior Christian
 Endeavor World.*
 Kitchen Weights and Measures.
 Four teaspoonfuls of liquid make one
 tablespoonful.
 Four tablespoonfuls of liquid, one gill
 or a quarter of a cup.
 A tablespoonful of liquid, half an
 ounce.
 A pint of liquid weighs a pound.
 A quart of sifted flour, one pound.
 Four kitchen cupfuls of flour, one
 pound.
 Three kitchen cupfuls of cornmeal,
 one pound.
 One cup of butter, half a pound.
 A solid pint of chopped meat, one
 pound.
 Ten eggs, one pound.
 A dash of pepper, an eighth of a tea-
 spoonful.
 A pint of brown sugar, thirteen
 ounces.
 Two cupfuls and a half powdered
 sugar, one pound.—*November Ladies
 Home Journal.*
 How to Cure Sore Throat.
 One who has tried it, communicates
 the following sensible item about cur-
 ing sore throats to the N. Y. Herald—
 "Let each one of your half million
 readers buy at any drug store one ounce
 camphorated oil, and five cents worth
 of chlorate of potash. Whenever any
 soreness appears in the throat put the
 potash in half a tumbler of water, and
 with it gargle the throat thoroughly,
 then rub the neck thoroughly with the
 camphorated oil at night before going
 to bed, and also pin around the throat a
 small strip of woollen flannel. This is
 a simple, cheap and sure remedy."
 Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what
 thou liv'st, live well; how long or short,
 permit to heaven.—*John Milton.*
 What men want is not talent, it is
 purpose; in other words, not the power
 to achieve, but the will to labor.—*Bul-
 ver Lytton.*
 When you lie down, close your eyes
 with a short prayer, commit yourself
 into the hands of your faithful Creator;
 and, when you have done, trust Him with
 yourself, as you must do when you are
 dying.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Passing Year.

Why should we mourn the dying year?
 What hath it brought of love or cheer?
 That is not ours to keep away?
 Why meet the coming year with fear?
 What can it bring of toil or tear?
 That shall not bless us in its day?
 The passing year, the year in view,
 Alike to God's good purpose true,
 Our hearts, in clearer light will own.
 They go, they come, we will not sigh—
 There waits a harvest by and by,
 Which fleeting years for us have sown.
 —H. M. ORRIN, in N. Y. Observer.

Safe and Unsafe.

When Frederick the Great was on his
 deathbed he gave directions to his wife
 that after he was dead she should send
 to a person with whom he had quarreled
 assurances of his full forgiveness. Fred-
 erick's spiritual adviser, who was at his
 bedside, suggested that it would be better
 for her Majesty to write the letter at
 once, to which the Emperor replied,
 "No, after I am dead. It will be safer."
 This necessarily reminds us of the
 presumably dying man who, having for-
 ginally forgiven his enemy for an offence
 which had been the ground of a prolong-
 ed quarrel, added, "But mind you, lad,
 if I get about again the old grudge
 stands." Clearly there are quite a
 number of people who hold that forgive-
 ness is safer for a death bed, but that
 anger and hate and resentment are more
 suited to the days of active life.
 Yet, after all, it takes only a little
 serious thought to convince us that to
 withhold our forgiveness till we come
 to die is both unwise and unsafe. After
 one of his successful battles, Napoleon
 recognized among the slain a colonel
 who had offended him, and the victor
 sighed because he had not seen his officer
 before the battle to tell him that all
 was forgotten. Many beside the great
 Corsican have known the pang of for-
 giving too late. The pardon which once
 would have lifted a burden from a heavy
 heart, and restored a tender friendship, is
 unavailing because delayed. Paul sug-
 gested how unsafe it was to withhold
 forgiveness even for a day, when he
 charged us not to let the sun go down
 upon our wrath. There is still another
 phase of this danger, so often unrealized.
 If a laborer's back is bent too long
 under heavy weights, he will not be able
 to stand upright even when the burden
 is removed. If you carry too long that
 crushing thing we call a "grudge," you
 will never stand with your rightful
 erectness, even when the load falls from
 your heart. Delays, proverbially dan-
 gerous, are never more so than in this
 connection. Let us forgive as promptly
 as we expect to be forgiven when in
 penitence we come to our merciful
 heavenly Father.
 Land and a Lawsuit.
 A good lawyer learns many lessons in
 the school of human nature; and thus it
 was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear
 to purchase the tract of land, that had
 been "lawed over" for years.
 Some of the people wondered why he
 wanted to get hold of property with such
 an incubus of uncertainty upon it.
 Others thought that perhaps he wanted
 some legal knitting work and would
 pitch in red-hot to fight that line fence
 question on his own hook.
 That's what the owner of the adjoin-
 ing land thought. So he braced himself
 for trouble when he saw Hackett coming
 across the field one day.
 Said Hackett, "What's your claim
 here anyway, as to this fence?"
 "I insist," replied his neighbor, "that
 your fence is over on my land two feet
 at one end and one foot at the other."
 "Well," replied Hackett, "you go
 ahead just as quick as you can and set
 your fence over. At the end where you
 say that I encroach on you two feet, set
 the fence on my land four feet. At the
 other end push it on my land two feet."
 "But" persisted the neighbor, "that's
 twice what I claim."
 "I don't care about that," said
 Hackett. "There has been fight enough
 over this land. I want you to take
 enough so you are perfectly satisfied,
 and then we can get along pleasantly.
 Go ahead and help yourself."
 The man paused aashed. He had
 been ready to commence the old struggle
 tooth and nail, but this move of the new
 neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't
 to be outdone in generosity. He looked
 at Hackett:
 "Squire," said he, "that fence ain't
 going to be moved an inch. I don't
 want the land. There wasn't nothin' in
 the fight, anyway, but the principle of
 the thing."