

livin' battery and bomb a-going at the same time. The house trembled, lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt heavens and earth oration, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepenny, glory, tenpenny nails, Samson in a simmon tree, Tump Thompson in a tumble cart, riddle-oodle-oodle-oodle, riddle-oodle-oodle, riddle-oodle-oodle-oodle, riddle-oodle-oodle, riddle-oodle-oodle-oodle, pr-r-r-lank! Bang!!! lang! perlang! pr-r-r-r!!! Bang!!!

### The Country Girl--She is a Much-to-be-Envied Young Woman.

At this season the country girl feels that her life is not as rosy as that of the city friend who has theatres, concerts and lectures ever at her hand and an infinite variety of gayety that naturally can have no part in truly rural existence. Of course there are the family feasts at Thanksgiving and Christmas, when all is bustle for days before and during the actual celebration of the annual festivities, but outside of that country life is regarded by the discontented one as dull, stupid, and monotonous.

The swirling leaves, as they sweep across the dead brown of the erstwhile soft green lawn, speak to her ears only of lonesomeness, and the crow's mournful cry is the knell of all her hopes, so far as good times in the long, weary waiting between autumn and spring are concerned.

Many a body blessed with a lovely home in a picturesque section of the country sighs for city life, thinking that all that is exciting and desirable lies amid the clang and rush of trolley cars and beneath the cold glitter of electric lights. To these discontented ones let us have a few words to say that are given honestly from heart to heart. To begin with, unless one is blessed with a good income the majority of the enticing entertainments are as much barred against them as though they dwelt in the very heart of the backwoods. Again, the sum that dresses a girl well in the country, giving her a positive and assured position among the others similarly situated, would count for nothing in town, where giant fortunes are the only ones that cause any special stir. Leaving her home in the country to make a livelihood amid the fascinating scenes of metropolitan life will necessarily be attended with difficulties grim and imposing. It isn't all clear sailing, even though a place is assured and a salary guaranteed. That salary will not be large at first, and though it may sound like a veritable dream of wealth while in the country, it will prove meager and insufficient among the thousand and one expenses incidental to city life. A hall bedroom instead of the liberty of the old farmhouse, a fleeting glimpse across an alley instead of the great panorama of woods and sky seen from the porch of the old homestead, meals but poorly cooked instead of the wholesome and generous menu of the home table—these are some of the disadvantages that city life entails, to say nothing of that harrowing homesickness for well-known faces as the girl trudges along amid hurrying crowds engrossed in their own interests, not knowing or caring to know the stranger, who finds that concerts, free libraries, and eminent speakers, do not compensate for the heart hunger that is the daily and nightly companion of the foolish wanderer who did not appreciate the value of a good home and honest friendship when she had them.

### A Scotchman Outwits a Scotchman.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legalized and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness, wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, directed his gillie to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the North, whence the London steamer sailed. Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighborhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable that the Englishman was thought to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him. The Scotchman replied that "the natives always made a point of imposing as much as possible upon strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage the matter for you; for, with all their inclination to knavery, they are the simplest people under the sun." A few days thereafter, going out a-shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman, approaching him, said, after the usual salutation, "What are you going to do with the peats?" "I'm going to Inverness to sell them," was the reply. "What do you get for them?" "One shilling and eightpence, sir." "Indeed! Well, I will buy them from you if you will deliver them for me in Inverness." "That I will, and thank you, too, sir." All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said, "By-the-by, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on top of the peats?" "That I will, and welcome, sir." "Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening, I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time." The man did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eightpence, although neither the same individual nor any one of his neighbors would forward the box alone for less than eight shillings.

### The "Home Queen."

As anticipated in our announcement in last issue, the "Home Queen Cook Book," as a premium, is taking well and going quickly: the first one being secured by a reader away in Nova Scotia. No such volume was ever before placed within reach of our readers on such easy terms, viz., the securing of one new subscriber, as per premium page announcement. Read it, and by prompt effort be fortunate enough to secure a copy. The supply being very limited, we will mail them in rotation as the orders reach us. From personal knowledge, we commend this work.

### Old Poll Parrot Story Retold.

A gentleman made a present to a family of a Poll parrot. On arrival at the farmhouse, it would not speak, and the farmer undertook to teach her some Queen's English. After several unsuccessful attempts at "Pretty Poll," "What o'clock," etc., he lost his patience, and withdrawing Miss Poll from the cage, said: "Now, then, talk or I'll wring yer neck." This failed, and with great disgust he threw her into the hencoop as a fit companion to the dumb birds.

On paying his usual morning visit, he was much surprised to hear, "Talk or I'll wring your neck," from Poll. Opening the door, he found that there were about a dozen dead chickens around, the last one in the process of execution. Poll, with a very knowing look at the farmer, said: "You talk or I'll wring your neck." Collapse of farmer.

### A Sermonette for Wives.

"We all know how some women, after a year or two of married life, get careless about their dress," says a lady novelist. "They seem to think that their fortune is made, and it isn't necessary to arrange the hair becomingly and put on a pretty gown just for their husbands."

"This is all wrong, and it is an error that arises from laziness."

"Men like to see their wives look pretty just as much as they did when they were sweethearts."

"Take a woman's advice, and if you can have but one attractive gown, let that be the one to wear indoors."

"Endeavor to have daintily-arranged hair, and a neat and simple costume for breakfast."

"Go in largely for laces. A man is very fond of frills; bits of white about the neck and wrists always appeal strongly to him."

### Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,  
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,  
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,  
And each one passing by would do so much  
As to give one upward lift and go their way,  
Would not the slight reiterated touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed  
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,  
Till baffled and bewildered quite, you lost  
The power to see the way, and aim and move,  
And one, if only for a moment's space,  
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,  
Would you not find it easier to face  
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no "little" and there is no "much";  
We weigh and measure and define in vain.  
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch,  
Can be the ministers of joy or pain.  
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,  
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some "little thing" which tells for life or death!

—Susan Coolidge.

### Puzzles.

#### 1—SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST, although 'tis soft and spongy, yet is "energy";  
My SECOND is a mental thought,  
Oft found but very seldom bought;  
My THIRD is that which, often lost,  
Can't be returned at any cost;  
My FOURTH is loved by many a nation,  
And yet it is a "constellation."

CLARA ROBINSON.

#### 2—CURTAILMENT.

When whole I'm a bird that wades 'mong the reeds,  
Curtail and I'm a doer of many brave deeds;  
Again, I'm a female, as surely you'll see;  
Again, and a female's the opposite to me.

"LISETTE."

#### 3—CHARADE.

FIRST is a little animal that runs about your feet;  
SECOND, a word that oft denotes a number small and neat;  
TOTAL sounds at evening, calling children off the street,  
For at eight o'clock 'tis time they all were safe in home's retreat.

#### 4—DROP-LETTER.

C-n-e-t-s-o-e-u-e-g-h-t-a-n-i-t-n-  
t-r; i-n-t-n-y-e-d-e-s, u-i  
t-m-a-r-w-a-i-w-u-d-m-r-v.

P-I.

### Answers to Puzzles in October 15th Issue.

1—LATIN  
ALONE  
TOOLS  
INLET  
NESTS

3—J  
JAR  
LAVIER  
JAVELIN  
BALLS  
PIN

2—Mistake (Miss Take).  
4—Neck-lace. 5—A mistake. Was not intended as a puzzle.

SOLVER.

Clara Robinson.

Affection never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of  
refreshment. Longfellow.

## THE QUIET HOUR.

### The First Tangle.

Once in an Eastern palace wide  
A little child sat weaving;  
So patiently her task she plied,  
The men and woman at her side  
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,  
"You always work so cheerily?  
You never seem to break your thread,  
Or snarl or tangle it, instead  
Of working smooth and clearly."

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,  
Our silk so frayed and broken,  
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,  
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled  
Before the king has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,  
So full of care and trouble!  
And pity chased the sweet surprise  
That filled her own, as sometimes flies  
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the king,"  
She said, abashed and meekly;  
"You know, he said, in everything  
"Why, so we do!" they cried, "we bring  
Him all our trouble weekly."  
She turned her little head aside;  
A moment let them wrangle:  
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,  
"I go and get the knot untied  
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!  
Our broidery we spangle  
With many a tear that need not fall  
If on our King we would but call  
At the first little tangle!

### The Little Things of Life.

I recently heard a sermon which gave me new light on the doing of little things. The whole import of the sermon was, that in working for God the little minor details necessary in preparing for the work are as truly service as the actual work itself. We start on a journey with the intent of doing something at the end of the journey for God or His cause. The packing of one's trunk, the getting this, that and the other together, and the hundred and one little preliminaries which had always seemed to me unprofitable (that is, in a spiritual sense), are just as much work for Him as the end for which all the preparations are made, and without which, of course, the end could not be accomplished.

It came to me then, that if our time were consecrated to Him, everything would be service. I doubt if we give enough thought to the little things of life, little everyday courtesies, pleasant words and smiles. I know I have had the whole tenor of a day changed by a cheery "Good morning" from a friend.

The old saying that "life is made up of little things" does not lose any of its truth by being old, and I doubt very much if in God's sight there are any little things. Isn't it the motive that gauges the value of our actions, rather than the actions themselves?

To me there is great comfort in the thought, that if we who cannot do great things, will do the little things faithfully, they will in the end make a great whole. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

How many there are who think there really is nothing which they can do—not, perhaps, having money to give. They do not think that a bright letter to some far-away or "shut-in" friend, a half-hour spent in reading to some one unable to read, an invitation to the stranger at the church-door to come again, can all be given as service to Him, and no one knows how far-reaching the influence of the letter, or reading, or pleasant word may be.

I have before me an extract recently clipped from one of our helpful journals. It is this:

"A society of a single member may accomplish great results. Do what you can, however little, and the Lord will wonderfully increase your ability."

Ah, let us every night bring our few loaves and fishes unto Him, not crying, "O Lord, what are these among so many?"; but, "Here, Lord, take, bless, multiply, and feed the multitude"; and then trust Him to do it.

In one of those celestial days, when heaven and earth meet and adorn each other, it seems a poverty that we can only spend it once; we wish for a thousand heads, a thousand bodies, that we might celebrate its immense beauty in many ways and places. Is this fancy? Well, in good faith we are multiplied by our proxies. How easily we adopt their labors! Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their points of light to our sky. Engineer, broker, jurist, physician, moralist, theologian, inasmuch as he has any science, is a map-maker of the latitudes and longitudes of our condition. These road-makers on every hand enrich us.—Emerson.

### My Presence Shall Go with Thee.

"My presence shall go with thee." Yea, my Lord,  
Faith listens till that not-else step is heard.  
As each new day breaks, open, shine revealed,  
O Christ, by fear's long morning mist concealed,  
O let me daily know that glorious rest  
Of leaning hourly on a Saviour's breast:  
Yea, but to know Thou knowest—this is best.  
C. A. FOX.