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## Children's Corner.

### In the Firelight.

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere—  
Like troubled spirits, here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go,  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly, from a farther room,  
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years,  
And lingers with a dear one there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me—  
Cradled at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time—  
Oh, for that childish trust sublime—  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I did not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that treble tone  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

### Waste Moments.

**A**LL through life there are odd intervals of time not regularly allotted to any particular duty or profession that, if caught up and improved properly, would present a fair record for the great summing up hereafter.

Take up some useful book, or discharge some little duty that has for its end the happiness or well-being of some one, whether friend or foe, for let no moment be lost by sitting listlessly with folded hands when there is so much to be accomplished in our brief seventy or eighty years.

It is wonderful how much may be done by this vigilant care that no time shall be squandered in inglorious inactivity. See what Elihu Burritt did by improving these odd moments when a poor apprentice boy. He always had a grammar of some language fastened before him on the chimney of the forge, so that when he was blowing the bellows, he could catch up a golden thought to enliven his toil and tell out in the future the mighty work he had wrought by improving every moment of his spare time.

Ben Jonson, the great English poet, was in early life a poor bricklayer. With a book ever in his pocket, while waiting for another to bring him the bricks and mortar, he gleaned from its pages useful thoughts and hints that gave him immortality as a man of lore and letters.

Let no one say he has no spare moments for study when such examples are before him, and so much has been achieved by taking care to improve waste moments. Much may be done by observing a system in all we do, whether it be in study, sleeping, eating or recreation of any kind. Try the experiment, and you will be surprised to find how much has been done by simply devoting little intervals of leisure to some useful and laudable end.

### How To Become Happy.

**M**ANY young persons are ever thinking over some new way of adding to their pleasures. They always look for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the border of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may become happy."

Without making any reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path until he brought him to a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle build her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."