

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;
Bright Happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a sumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—Good Health.

GIRLS, HELP FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behind hand.

"Can I help you father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crocket-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want." "Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?" "I would be ashamed if I did not know something about them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing. "Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do and it will be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles." Very patiently did the hopeful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it." "Not every farmer's daughter is capable of one," said the mother with pardonable pride.

"Not everyone would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters trained in our public schools might and ought to be of use to their father in this and many other ways? This is just what education means. Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest when evening comes, and help him out in every possible way, cheerfully. Children exert as great influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—*Young Reaper.*

Literary Record.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.—We cordially congratulate the promoters of this journal upon their success so far. A bright, fresh, well printed paper of the high character of the Presbyterian Review cannot fail to win success and do a great deal of good. We tender our new friend our heartiest good wishes.

THE CLARION is the warlike title of the new official organ of the N. S. Sons of Temperance. We gladly welcome it to the field of battle. The first number gives good promise of an ally worthy of our noble cause. We wish our new friend great success.

THE THOROLD POST.—We learned some time ago with regret that our friend Mr. John H. Thompson had given up the editorship of the *Stirling News-Organ*, but we are pleased to see that he has not left the field of fight. He now assumes the management of the *Thorold Post*, and this gives assurance that his pen will still be at work in the temperance cause, and that the *Post* will retain its advanced position on the Prohibition question.

ALDEN'S JUVENILE GEM, is the title of a new illustrated weekly paper for young people, the publication of which begins with the new year. It is a new departure of the prolific "Literary Revolution" and will therefore be examined with particular interest by some hundreds of thousands of readers who have come to look to that enterprise almost exclusively for their reading matter. Its subscription price is only 75 cents a year, though it will rival the high priced magazines in the amount and quality of its attractions. A specimen copy will be sent to any applicant forwarding his address by postal card to the publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

"BEER AND THE BODY."—The National Temperance Society has just published in pamphlet form with the above title the very remarkable medical testimony against beer called forth by the *Toloso Blade* from distinguished physicians. It shows beer-drinking to be a most prolific source of drunkenness, disease—especially of kidney and liver diseases—and of premature death. It is demonstrated that beer is even more deleterious than whiskey and the stronger liquors as a cause of incurable physical disease and of mortality, and that beer patients beyond all others are prone to succumb to surgical operations. It is a striking and a powerful arraignment of beer and beer-makers. It is one of the most valuable pamphlets ever published by the Society and ought to be very widely circulated. 12mo. 24 pages. Price 5 cents; \$4 per 100. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

Our Caskit.

BITS OF TINSEL.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailor? One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?"

"Pa, how funny this looks in this paper. The printer has got the words all mixed up, so there is no sense to it." "No, no, my child. That is a new poem by Tennyson."—*Marathon Independent.*

A party of Israelities were blown out to sea in a small sail boat, and being several days without food were nearing dissolution, when one of them espied a vessel, and cried: "A sail! a sail!" "A sale!" echoed one of the Israelites, feebly, "a sale! Vere ish de catalogue?"

When Pat went a gunning for the first time he made one shot and then looked under a tree for his game and found a toad. "Begorra," he exclaimed, "I'd scarcely have recognized ye, but ye must have been a mighty fine burd, for I shot the feathers off ye."

A miller fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair caught in some machinery, and almost a handful was pulled out. It awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was, "Well, wife, what's the matter now?"

A gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents a day. Instead of striking, they cut an inch off their shovel blades at night. The "boss" asked what it meant, and *Baldwin's Guide* reports that one of the men replied: "Not so much pay, not so much dirt lift, the job last the more long. Italian no strike."