

At My Window.

BY ETTA F. GROVER.

FACES that pass my window,
What are the stories you tell?
Written on some are secrets
You never had thought to tell—
Closely-guarded thoughts
You never thought to tell.

Bewitching face of beauty,
Dimpled, round, and fair,
I see you are not unconscious
Of the secret written there—
A story love has written
In golden letters there.

Love writes on all your faces,
As well as the one so bright;
But on some it leaves a shadow,
Like the gloom of a starless night;
On some it leaves but sorrow,
Gloom, and sorrow, and blight.

A mother, and yet not happy?
Ah! love has written there
The saddest story of any,
A tale of sorrow and care,
Of grief that knows no ending;
A life that is all a prayer.

A face that time has saddened
With the loss of those so dear,
Who made her life a poem,
Full of music sweet and clear;
A Heavenly Love has taken
The children she held so dear.

And that Love, Love Immortal,
Will write on every face
A story that earthly passion
Can never again erase—
A story sweeter than any,
On every speaking face.

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That Manly Boy Jabez.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

HE'S a real manly boy, Jabez Baker is."

That was Mrs. Collins' opinion, given in her kitchen, to a neighbour; and Jabez heard it. Mrs. Collins had called him to her door to do an errand; but she did not think her opinion was in tones loud enough to reach the ear of Jabez.

"A real manly boy!"

That lifted Jabez at once, as if a good-sized chip had been put under his heel. Jabez had a sense of honour that forbade him to be a listener, and he withdrew to the carriage-shed, a few steps away.

"A real manly boy!"

And wasn't Jabez? Mrs. Collins thought so.

"He's tough as a hickory log, Miss Simmons; that Jabez is. He's a master hand at farm-work, and a man can't drive a loggin'-team into the woods better than that Jabez. He's real manly, ef I do say it," remarked Mrs. Collins.

She now went to the door, taking with her a brown paper package.

"Jabez!" she called. "To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and I want you to leave this at Aunt Slooshy's. But," she added, with a funny twinkle of the eyes, "stop and see her opin' it."

"Stop and see her open it," thought Jabez. "The less I see of Aunt Slooshy the better."

However, Mrs. Collins had called him "a manly boy," and he was ready to do the errand. The chip was still under his heel. Off he went, the package in his hand.

"I don't like Aunt Slooshy one bit. She keeps tellin' me I'm thoughtless, and I wish she wouldn't," reflected Jabez, who, in spite of his "manliness," had a weakness, a tendency to be careless when entrusted with a duty.

"Now, Jabez," Aunt Seleucia would say, "don't forgit. Have your eyes

open, trot on your errands, and come back quick as you can."

"I'm sick of Aunt Slooshy's talk," thought Jabez. "Now, Aunt Olive," (he lived with her), "she don't hammer at me all the time, and she knows I'm forgetful; but she'll just say, mildly, 'Try to do better next time,' and that puts the try into me, and I'm bound I'll do better. But, there, Aunt Olive says Aunt Slooshy has a good deal to try her. Her son, Ben, has been off a-whalin' three years, and they expect he is lost; but Aunt Slooshy asked Aunt Olive to pray for him, and Aunt Olive's prayers will fetch him home if anything will."

Jabez had great faith in Aunt Olive's prayers for her nephew Ben or for anybody else.

"My!" thought Jabez. "I shouldn't be surprised some day to see Aunt Olive's face lookin' right out of the pictures about Elijah's prayin' and right alongside his in the family Bible. She's a good soul. She ought to have something for Thanksgivin' more than Aunt Slooshy. I wonder Miss Collins didn't think of it."

Indeed, why did not "Miss Collins" think of it? Aunt Olive was as poor as Aunt Seleucia.

Jabez trudged away, earnestly wishing the package was going to Aunt Olive, knowing how welcome it would be.

It had now begun to snow; such fine delicate snow, as if a mist beyond the woods and marshes had swept landward, and changed from sea-fog to tiny snow-flakes.

"Snow-meal, snow good deal, and I guess I'll go through 'Great Woods.' That will shorten the way," thought Jabez.

The "Great Woods" were, true to their name, vast, silent forests; and just beyond lived Aunt Olive, and three hundred feet further lived Aunt Seleucia.

"Ah, Jabez, I give ye a challenge!" shouted a voice ahead. There, in the path, stood Sam Wilson. Gathering up a handful of snow from a drift, that looked like a white bear lying in ambush at the side of the footpath, he sent a ball at Jabez. It came with a crash against Jabez's back. The "manly boy" was not going to stand that. In that part of the country snow had begun to fall early in November, and there was a second "white bear," to which Jabez could help himself; and, depositing the package at the foot of a tall white birch, he rounded a snowball at once and sent it flying at Sam.

"Sam, I challenge you to drive me out of the woods," shouted Jabez.

"Challenges" were popular among the boys and no "manly boy" would decline one. Sam and Jabez went at it. First Sam drove Jabez down the path, and then Jabez drove Sam up the path. They went backward and forward like two pendulums; but their vibrations were not as sedate and orderly as those in a clock. Finally, "the manly boy" gained on Sam, driving him further and further, peppering him with balls so faithfully that Sam went on the run out of the woods; and then Jabez drove the "enemy" past Aunt Olive's. Jabez went into the house with the air of a conqueror. Supper was ready, and Jabez sat down at the little pine table in Aunt Olive's humble but neat and snug little kitchen.

"I—tell—you—Auntie," said Jabez, trying to dispose of a large mouthful

of bread and butter and, at the same time, tell his story, "I did—drive Sam Wil—son—good!"

"Did you? How?"

Jabez was busily telling of his "grand victory," as he called it, when he suddenly stopped and said: "Oh!"

"Poor boy! He's got a tech of that old toothache! Too bad!" said Aunt Olive. She flew to the pantry, and brought the little bottle of "Drops," that claimed to be a "Sovereign Remedy" for the trouble that would sometimes attack Jabez at the table. But Jabez motioned it away with his hands. "Poor boy, he's wuss! Try spoonful of cold water!" No; he motioned that away, also a "hot flat-iron," "suthin' warm outside, like a hot flannel," and half a dozen other things that she proposed to the unfortunate Jabez, flying about as if distracted.

All the time Jabez had been thinking: "I forgot Aunt Slooshy's package! and it's back in the woods at the foot of that birch! Well, let it stay! Who will know it? Who will be the wiser? Think how mortifying it would be to own up, and—and—and." Something said to Jabez: "Is that being a manly boy?"

"No," said Jabez. "There is just one way. 'Aunt Olive,' he exclaimed, aloud, 'I'm real sorry; but I left a package for Aunt Slooshy in the woods, and I'll go back at once and get it, for I know where it is. I'm a fool, I do believe.'"

Aunt Olive looked so sorry and grieved that it went to Jabez's heart sharper than any sharp words. "I won't again; see if I do, Aunt Olive."

He lighted the big lantern, and went into the woods. How solitary they seemed. And the flakes falling around the boy's lantern were like tiny little birds, beating the air with their cold, white wings, in a vain endeavour to reach the warm light. Jabez found the package and started on his way back.

"What's that?" he asked, looking round. It seemed as if he saw a form down the forest-path, but everything was so indistinct in the deepening dusk of evening that he concluded he must be mistaken. He went on, reached Aunt Seleucia's, and delivered the package. But why was she so sad and subdued, different from the energetic, animated, and nervous Aunt that Jabez feared? While she seemed grateful for the package, her thoughts were plainly elsewhere. Finally she said:

"Three years ago to-day, my Ben went away; and it's a pretty sad day for me, Jabez."

Jabez pitied her thoroughly. "I'm real sorry," he said.

But what was that noise at the door? A man now entered, and the snow like a sheet draped his form.

"Mother!" he said, "I'm here at last."

Aunt Seleucia turned and gave a scream.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "If here ain't Ben!"

The next moment she was in her sailor-son's arms, "not knowin' one thing from t'other," as she afterward told Aunt Olive. When she was herself again and the conversation was resumed, Ben said:

"I was glad to see your light in the woods, I tell ye, Jabez."

"I thought I saw a form."

"You see, I got into the Great Woods a mile back, and thought I knew 'em well enough to take 'a short

cut' and save a long walk; but I really got bothered, and wasn't I glad to see your light? I didn't say anything for fear I might alarm whoever might be carrying the light, and you led me right here."

That was a happy night at Aunt Seleucia's and also at Aunt Olive's.

"Well, Aunt Olive, your prayers brought Ben home," and Jabez told the news. Then he said: "When Aunt Seleucia opened her package, she found this for you."

Aunt Olive not only found a Thank-giving donation, but there was a note, enclosing five dollars, in which Mrs. Collins said it was for sewing that Aunt Olive had done, and she thought it might be acceptable now. And it certainly was to Aunt and "a manly boy."

Something to Do.

For boys and for girls
Who will grumble and fret,
And make all their friends
Wish they never had met,
There is no surer cure
You will find it is true—
Than for those boys and girls
To have something to do.

The first thing of all
In this beautiful plan
Is to day after day
Help yourself all you can,
For the habit once formed,
You this course will pursue,
And ever be happy
With something to do.

And if, boys and girls,
As you journey along,
With sometime for frolic,
For study and song;
You try to help others,
The many or few,
You'll never be wanting
For something to do.

Your fingers are nimble,
Your feet they are spry;
You can do many things
In the world if you try.
Then don't hinder people,
Much older than you;
But "lend them a hand,"
And find something to do.

Crimping Pins and Curl Papers.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his delightful books, remarks, "that we all ought to make it a point of duty to look our best for those *at home*." And, of a truth, we all ought to take more pains than we do to be beautiful in the eyes that see us every day.

In Hannah More's and Miss Edgeworth's stories, the *untidy* young lady is always represented as appearing in her family with her curl papers like a bristling forest about her head. As ringlets are out of fashion, in the place of curl papers we have crimping pins, almost universally adopted by the young ladies of our generation. "But," says one, "who is to see me? Who is to notice or care for what I have on or how I look?" "See!"—"notice!"—"care!" why the dearest eyes in all the world. Suppose we try how much pleasure we can bestow in our own homes by special efforts to look beautiful. Did you ever notice that most people are more amiable when they are becomingly dressed than at any other time? It is certainly so; and whatever the hidden cause of it, it is a great deal easier to be good when one looks pretty well. Sophie May, in one of her nice stories for girls, makes her heroine put on her blue merino when everything is going wrong, on the principle that "matters won't be helped by my looking hateful."—*Christian at Work*.