

are wearying somewhat with my story, and you want to know what all this has to do with you, girls and boys of our country homes. Let the portrait speak thus to you:—"People often say to me: 'I don't see how you accomplish so much. Where do you get the time to do the work you do?' but I can only tell them that all I have ever accomplished has not been owing to favorable circumstances, 'good luck,' so called, but to hard work—*hard work*. I commenced life for myself when I was seventeen, since when I have not had a dollar from any one to help me. Perhaps my life has been, comparatively speaking, a busy one, for if I wish to accomplish anything I find I must be busy. I never read a novel in my life, simply because I never had time to do so." Add to this his wife's testimony, and then I leave you to apply the lesson I have sought to teach. "My husband is always working. If he undertakes anything and fails to accomplish it in one way, he works at it until he gains his end in some other way. He never gives up. He plans out all his work, systematizes it, and has particular hours for doing each part of it. When we commenced life together we were in debt. I remember, for a time we cooked our potatoes in a dipper. I can only testify, as he has done, that all he accomplishes is the result of *hard work*."

Now turn with me to the inside view of the structure on the right. Our eyes are gladdened to see the large number of earnest, young faces—just such faces as I imagine my nieces and nephews to have. A band of busy workers they—ready and glad to second and assist any movement that will be to the edifying of either mind or heart. The surroundings suggest comfort and convenience without idle extravagance—just as our homes should be. Having thus studied the picture, do you ask for the interpretation? The first is a church whose pastor is indolent, careless, unfit indeed to be a “watchman”—the second shows the transformation which an earnest faithful pastor may accomplish, and which time and again has been the result of the labors of him whose portrait you see. But I see you

are wearying somewhat with my story, and you want to know what all this has to do with you, girls and boys of our country homes. Let the portrait speak thus to you:—"People often say to me: 'I don't see how you accomplish so much. Where do you get the time to do the work you do?' but I can only tell them that all I have ever accomplished has not been owing to favorable circumstances, 'good luck,' so called, but to hard work—*hard work*. I commenced life for myself when I was seventeen, since when I have not had a dollar from any one to help me. Perhaps my life has been, comparatively speaking, a busy one, for if I wish to accomplish anything I find I must be busy. I never read a novel in my life, simply because I never had time to do so." Add to this his wife's testimony, and then I leave you to apply the lesson I have sought to teach. "My husband is always working. If he undertakes anything and fails to accomplish it in one way, he works at it until he gains his end in some other way. He never gives up. He plans out all his work, systematizes it, and has particular hours for doing each part of it. When we commenced life together we were in debt. I remember, for a time we cooked our potatoes in a dipper. I can only testify, as he has done, that all he accomplishes is the result of *hard work*."

1—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If a two-wheeled vehicle you would seek,
Place in order my 1, 2, 4, 6.

You'd have by placing in rank my 6, 3, 4,
Something that quickly would burn with a roar.

If a pleasure trip you would like to go,
Place my 7, 3, 1, 2, 6, in a row.

But now set together my 3, 4, 1, 2,
And you'll have something arranged to pass
through.

And if you are trying to merit Heaven,
You must have my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

NORA ENGLISH.

2-ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

T E D P E O U L

G 2 a L

T S O O A L

3—HIDDEN QUADRUPEDS.
Come for your music at twelve.
Cedric owes me five dollars.
Do girls attend this school?
You go at six and I will go at twelve.
I abhor seeing that boy.

4—HIDDEN BIRDS.
John was not a popular king.
Gaspar row fast for they are after us.
Men generally rob in the dark.

FLORENCE HENRY.
5-DROP VOWEL.
Th-r- -s n-th-ng s- k-ngly -s k-ndn-ss -rd
n-th-ng s- r-y- -s tr-th
CARRIE EMMET.

6—TRANSPOSITION.
Hewn ew egt ot dneoyr meob—
Enwh ev'we varetled orguht efis arfi,
Aym ew ese het loemedwe nothre,
Ehrew ew lahl eb idr fo acre.

FRANK RIDDLE.

7-BURIED GIRLS' AND BOYS' NAMES.

- 1.—Do, Ralph, tell Harry not to make a noise (2).
- 2.—The van the baker was in was painted red.
- 3.—Look at Ernest, how fast he runs.
- 4.—The watch papa gave Bertie is lost. I dare say he will find it.
- 5.—Mamma, my hand is very sore—kitty had a fit and scratched it (2).
- 6.—Make haste, Fred, Winnie has a long letter from father. Come, take your hat, for Winnie is in the garden.

BEATRICE MARY.

8-BEHEDINGS. 11

My whole means to harmonize. Behead, and it means to give for a short time. Behead again, and it means the last part. Behead and prefix, and it means also.

EDITH ROBINSON.

9—A CROSS.

Diagram.

1—A pin.
2—Queer.
3—Sinc.
4—Competitor.
5—A port.
6—Encircled.
7—An animal.
8—A capsule.
9—A fish.

HENRY REEVE.

10—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is an adage.
My 5, 7, 10, 18, 14, 22, means to quiet.
My 5, 6, 1, 4, 2, is a small animal.
My 2, 4, 13, 16, 22, 23, is to scatter.
My 20, 19, 6, 21, 24, means hues.
My 9, 1, 18, 11, means to fret.
My 17, 3, 15, 12, means delighted.—A. T. REEVE

11—CHARADE.
 Who is it? that has all the sway,
 As he sets LAST his sanction gay:
 And at the end of every year,
 Doth all the prizes pay—
 Uncle Tom.
 Who is it? that PRIDE ink and quill,
 Would PRIDE wisdom our minds instill;
 And at the end of every year,
 His promises fulfil—
 Uncle Tom.
 Who is it? Captain of our crew,
 Sailing ENTIRE our vessel, too;
 And at the end of every year,
 Rewards the faithful few—
 Uncle Tom.

12—A GEOGRAPHICAL HUNT.

My (Cape E. of N. America) (river in the N. W. Territories) said to me one day, let us have a hunt (Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence). Says I, we will (Cape east of New Brunswick) the (Lake in Kewatin), and have a (Lake in Quebec) one. We saw a (town in France) (mountains in New Hampshire) (Island in the St. Lawrence River) and a (Channel N. of Hudson Bay) have a (Newfoundland Cape) in a (Lake in Ontario) swamp; they ran into a (Bay east Cape Breton) and got all (Lake in the United States) (Sea in Australia) hill we saw two (Gulf in the Mediterranean Sea) (city in New York) have a pitched (river in the Northwest), but we killed them, which soon made (river in British Columbia) we found a (sea in Europe) (river in Idaho) in (Gulf east of Africa) and my (Isle of the Sea) shot him with his (river in the Northwest Territory) and (river in Oceania). We also saw a (Island in Lake Michigan) (city in England); but a (Lake in Quebec) came along chasing an (river in West Virginia), which frightened it, and we saw it no more. I lost myself (river in Montana) (Cape south of South America), and the (river north of the United States) season was at hand, the (mouth of the river in Alaska) being at a close, we had no (port off Patagonia) to go farther.

FAIR BROTHER.

1.—Finger-
 2— What's a table richly spread,
 Without a lady at its head.
 3—Want, wan.
 4— Standing still is childish folly,
 Going backward is a crime;
 None shall patiently endure
 Any ill that he can cure;
 Onward keep the march of time.
 Key: { A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P R S T U V W Y
 { U X Y W T O S R P I N M L K E H G F D A C B }
 5—Ah, must we prize our blessings,
 When from our grasp they have forever
 flown;
 We mourn in the winter twilight,
 For summer days whose joys were half
 unknown.
 6—Hawk.
 7—Fork, rake, mower.
 One little grain in the sandy bars,
 One little flower in a field of flowers,
 One little star in a heaven of stars,
 One little hour in a year of hours,
 What if it makes or what if it mars.
 8—
 A
 D P
 V E O
 A T P M
 N I R E C
 T T
 A M O R O S O
 G A L E N I S M
 E I I E
 O T O T
 U R N R
 S E S Y
 10—When we gather round the fireside,
 When the evening hours are long,
 We can blend our hearts and voices
 In a happy social song:
 We can guide some erring brother,
 Lead him from the path of wrong.