

## A Little Bookworm.

Not a noise throughout our dwelling  
Of the urchin's presence telling;  
Did he sleep?  
Where had flown the dimpled laughter  
Went to ring from floor to rafter?  
What I saw, a moment after,  
Made flesh creep!

He had rent my Lamb in pieces,  
There was nothing but the fleeces,  
And Horne Tooke  
He had taken in a twinkling;  
Young looked old, with many a wrinkle;  
Other poets, quite a sprinkle,  
Strewed each nook.

My new Gay was sad, Hood tattered,  
And my Bacon sliced and scattered;  
Spoiled my Locke;  
Pollock's Course of time had run;  
Browning was indeed quite done;  
Vandal fists had just begun  
Knox to knock.

The Decline and Fall of Gibbon  
Swiftly came; to many a ribbon  
It was rent.  
Steele was twisted; there was pillage  
In my fair Deserted Village;  
Beaconsfield was past all tillage;  
Hook was bent.

Would that I had caught the rover,  
Ere this cyclone had blown over!  
Fateful billow!  
There he lies! could I be rude  
On such slumber to intrude?  
Zimmerman on Solitude!  
That's his pillow!

## Good Manners.

A famous old Englishman, William of Wykeham, the founder of the great Winchester school, used to say, "Manners maketh the man." And in this he spoke truly. We would like to add to this famous saying, and make it read thus:—"Manners maketh the man, and children to be beloved."

Good manners are at once the cheapest thing in the world and the most valuable. That is to say, they cost less than nothing, and yet they may not be bought for all the wealth of the Indies. Still it is too sadly true that good manners are scarce. Ill manners spring from selfishness, good manners from unselfishness.

A want of consideration for the feelings of others lies at the root of all those sad outbursts of ill manners that we so often see, and see, alas, both in children and those who are older. If all the readers of this paper were to form themselves into an army to fight against ill manners, their day would soon end, and the dawn of a brighter one begin.

Many years ago, early in the reign of the present queen of England, the famous Lord John Russell was the minister in attendance upon her majesty at her Scottish home. One evening late there came a messenger—a little old man buried in a great coat—to the Aboyne telegraph office, and delivered to the clerk a message from Lord John Russell to one of the officials of the government in London. The message did not bear a signature. On seeing this the ill-mannered clerk flung it back to the old man, and said:

"Put your name to it; it's a pity your master doesn't know how to send a telegram."

The name was added and the message handed back.

"Why, you can't write either," cried the enraged clerk, after vainly trying to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it for you. What's your name?"

"My name," said the little old man, very deliberately, "is John Russell."

It was Lord John Russell himself; and the unhappy clerk was removed from his office for his ill manners.

When the still more famous Duke of Wellington was dying, he exhibited in a very marked way that good breeding and kindly consideration for others which were characteristic of him all through his eventful life. A faithful servant attended him through his last illness. A few moments before he breathed his last, his attendant came near to him and asked him if he would like

a glass of water. The great man turned a look of gratitude towards him, and said, in the gentlest tones, "If you please." In two minutes he had passed away forever.

Christ was the truest gentleman that ever lived. His followers should imitate Him in this regard as in all others. True gentility is not the monopoly of the rich and the educated alone; indeed they very often are totally destitute of it. It belongs to the very poorest and the most ignorant. And it has often been our experience to find the best manners among the poor.

Good manners cannot be taught by books of etiquette. The royal road to good manners is that trodden by the Christ himself—the road of unselfishness.

## Genuine Unselfishness.

There is a great deal of seeming unselfishness that is really selfishness. It is very natural to like to be popular and to wish to have a reputation for being unselfish. More than one young girl, and laddie, too, for that matter, has thought, "I will be as kind and unselfish as possible, and in that way will make myself liked by everybody."

The first part of that resolve is all right. It is the second that spoils its beauty, and makes the seemingly unselfish acts really selfish ones. To be always on the lookout for the comfort and happiness of others; to serve in every way possible those upon whose heads time has laid its whitening touch; to be willing to give up our own plans or wishes when the happiness of others would be increased by our doing so—all this is beautiful when done in the spirit of true unselfishness. But when through it all there runs the thought of self, and the benefits that are to be gained by such a course, it loses much of its beauty.

If we are to be unselfish, we must be truly so. We must crowd out all thoughts of self, and think only of those whom we would serve. The instant that self, with the thought of what we are to gain in popularity, creeps in, our unselfish acts lose half of their beauty, and we ourselves are but little better for what we have tried to do.

We do not mean to say that our boys and girls are to make no effort to make themselves popular with their friends and companions. Far from it. To be favourites in their own particular circles is very pleasant for them, and ought not to harm them in the least. But what we would say is this: Do not make popularity among your friends your aim, and unselfishness the means by which you attain; for if you do, your unselfishness can not help being mixed with a little of self. Instead, make unselfishness your aim; try to be thoughtful and considerate of others, without a thought as to whether or not you are gaining popularity for yourself in that way. By doing so, your life and the lives of others will be made better, and your unselfishness will be of the genuine sort, not cheapened or degraded by an unworthy aim.

## Quid Pro Quo.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Another wreck had come in, and it was so deeply embedded in the sand that no hope was entertained of getting it off. And so men were now engaged in stripping it of everything valuable—masts and spars and sails and ropes, and even of the doors and rich woods used in decorating the interiors of the grand saloons and cabins. A few more days and the curving ribs and crossbeams would be left to nesting birds; and the ragged, rock-pierced hull to crabs and other creeping, exploring emigrants from the sea.

Apparently the waves had raged themselves into somnolency, for now the sea was calm and unruffled, and the tiny waves rippled against the beach with soft, caressing touches. Three bare-footed, sun-browned children were playing along the shore; and high up on the warm, dry sand a baby was cooing, while its nurse walked back and forth in search of shells and bits of moss. And here and there on the beach were long, shining ridges of seaweed, a treasure for the farmers, cast up by the very waves that had wrecked the vessel.

Two men came walking down from the sand dunes. One of them was tall and well dressed, and was evidently a visitor; the other was round-

shouldered and weather-beaten, and his well-worn overalls were held up by a piece of knotted rope. In one hand he carried a basket, and in the other a thick-bladed, short-handled hoe. Evidently, he gleaned a precarious living by digging clams.

"You have a bad coast," said the tall man, as he looked at the wreck with a shiver. "The sea is terrible!"

"No, no," replied the other, hastily; "it is grand! It is God's sea, and He is great and good. I love it."

And then they stood aside to let two other men pass; one was the captain of the vessel, bowed and dejected, and one was a farmer whose face beamed with pleasure at the rich harvest before him.

## Visions in the Words of Christ.

Every word of Christ that we ponder deeply opens to us a vision of beauty or excellence—something very lovely, a glimpse of Christ's own image—and we should instantly strive to paint the vision on our own life, to get the beauty, the excellence, the loveliness, into our own character. Let us learn to be loyal to Christ; not only to know Him, but to allow Him to shape and mould our whole being into His own beauty. If we keep Christ in our hearts, He will transform us into His likeness.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**STRAWBERRY JELLY.**—Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour boiling hot over three pints of strawberries placed in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on ice to cool.

**STEAMED FISH.**—Fill the fish with a nicely prepared stuffing of rolled crackers or stale bread crumbs. Season with butter, pepper, salt, sage and any other aromatic herbs fancied, wrap in a well floured cloth tied closely with twine, and steam 50 minutes.

**LOBSTER CROQUETTES.**—Make a white sauce of one-half pint of milk and tablespoonful each of butter and flour. Cook till of the consistency of cream. Mince one pound of lobster meat, canned, and add two well-beaten eggs, salt, cayenne pepper, juice of one lemon and the whitesauce. When perfectly cold form into croquettes, roll in bread crumbs and brown in hot lard.

**MACARONI CROQUETTES.**—For luncheon macaroni left from yesterday's dinner may be made into delicious croquettes, but they should be prepared the day before. Put over the fire half a pint of milk, and when boiling hot stir in a tablespoonful of butter, two of grated cheese and two of flour mixed with cold milk. This will be sufficient for two pint bowlfuls of cold minced macaroni. Stir macaroni in same, season with saltspoon of pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt; add the yolks of two eggs, cook for a minute and turn out on a plate to cool. When cold shape and fry in butter until brown. Serve hot.

An excellent sauce to pour over steamed sponge cake may be made by mixing one tablespoonful of corn starch and one-half cupful of sugar in a little cold water, then stirring it into less than a pint of boiling water. When smooth, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and the juice and rind of a lemon.

**SPICED SALMON.**—Any cold, rich fish that may be left from dinner should be spiced for a supper or luncheon dish. For a pint bowlful of the fish put over the fire in a small saucepan, a gill of vinegar, one tablespoonful of which shall be tarragon, the juice of a small lemon, a bit of bay leaf, half a teaspoonful of salt and six whole pepper corns. Boil two minutes and pour over the fish, cover and put away until cold. Remove the skin and bones from the fish before pickling, but leave it in as large pieces as possible.