

Dora make it because I liked it so well, how good 'twould taste to Clark and some of the others. I guess they don't have things as nice as we do, and I think they'd like to sit round awhile and hear you read, sir. It's different from what some of them have who haven't any father at all, or else ones they're ashamed of."

His father held out his hand.
"I think we'll all help pass it along," he said.
"Bring the boys here, Ralph, and we'll do all we can."

The "Pass-it-along" club was holding a very interesting meeting at Ralph's house. Every member was present and there was a great deal of interested talk.

"I know five boys who want to join," young Bagley announced when there was a moment's pause, "and I guess we'd better let them; don't you?"

"Of course," the rest agreed.
"I didn't suppose 'twould be anything like what it is," George Thompson confessed. "I thought we'd be just helping other folks who weren't so well off as ourselves, but it doesn't work that way one bit; you have to kind of pass-it-along to everybody, and we get things passed along to us too." Ralph suddenly looked up. His father and mother were standing in the doorway. How long they had been there he didn't know. As the other boys followed Ralph's glance there was a silence.

"I've been wondering," said Mr. Taber, as he stepped into the room and looked down into the earnest boy faces, "if it is possible, if you would be so very good as to be willing to admit such an old boy as I am into your club, or is there an age limit?"

His eyes twinkled, and the boys drew about him eagerly. Mr. Taber was a great favorite with them all.

But the idea of a grown man, and such a splendid one as he, wanting to join their club!

Mr. Taber's face grew serious as he heard the cries of "yes," "of course," on all sides.

"I thank you," he said gravely. "I shall consider it the greatest honor of my life to be allowed to become one with you, and I promise—I promise solemnly to do all that I can in this world to help pass it along."

There was a little break in his voice as he went on:

"You boys can never know just what it has taught me, for you are young and not yet hardened by the world's selfishness, but since Ralph has told me and I have had the thought in my mind, I have seen countless opportunities to pass it along which I never dreamed of before, and I have been trying to do it daily, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful thought, and I am proud to be a member of the Pass-it-along club."

The boys shook hands with their new member almost silently. Things were taking on great proportions, and they wondered where it all would end.—From "The Ladies' World."

Humorous.

Lodger (quarrelling with his landlady): "I haven't been in lodgings for years for nothing." Landlady: "I suppose not, and you're not going to be here for nothing neither."

The other day Pat was travelling in a train accompanied by a minister when two very stout ladies entered their compartment. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat. He had hardly room to breathe between them. The minister on seeing him so placed, said, "I suppose you feel discontented there?" Pat: "Sure, sir, I have not much room to grumble."

The other day a miner was passing a farmhouse, when the dog suddenly sprang at him, and bit him. The farmer, who had seen all, immediately rushed to his assistance, and asked:—"Whaur did it bite ye?" "Oh," replied the miner (with his hand on the affected part, and grinning with pain)—"atween the stackyard an' the hayshed."

The inmates of a Scottish asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall. "Noo, bend down, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top and then I'll gie ye a hand tac." Sandy accordingly bent down. Tim, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and, dropping over on the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off: "I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better ta bide another fortnight, for you're no near richt yet."

Two Irishmen went into a restaurant and ordered some soup. The waiter brought in the soup, and a fork and spoon instead of two spoons. Pat lifted the spoon and began, while his friend made an attempt with the fork, but failed. At last turning to Pat, he said: "Here, Pat, you dig and I'll shovel now."

An Irishman went with a friend to hear a concert in one of the music halls in Glasgow lately, at which that well-known song was sung, "Bonnie Dundee." About the middle of the song Pat got very interested in it, and leaning over to his friend, he said in a loud whisper:—"Sure, I know Philip McCann well enough, but who is this Philip McCann?"

"How are you to-day?" said a Scottish landlord to one of his tenants on meeting him on the road. "Vera well, sir, vera well," answered Sandy in his usual way. "g'in it wassa for the rheumatism in my richt leg?" "Ah, well, Sandy, be thankful, for there's no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone." "Auld age, sir," returned Sandy, "I wou'er to hear ye. Auld age has naething to do w'it. Here's my other leg, jist as auld, an' it is quite soond an' soople yet."

Literary Note.

Friend—How are you coming on?
Author—Good. I've got the material on hand for a first-class novel.
"You are a lucky man."
"That's not all. I've got the material for a splendid comedy, besides."
"You are fortunate."
"Yes, all I need now is the material for a new pair of pants."—*Texas Sittings.*

Poems by Charles Kingsley.

Charles Kingsley was a stirring figure in the life of the mid-century; he was preacher, theologian, social reformer, historian, novelist, poet, and in all these varied fields of mental activity he displayed high talent. He was born in 1819; entered the English Church; was rector of Eversley; professor of modern history in Cambridge for nine years, and in 1872 became Canon of Westminster, and three years later died. His greatest novels are "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia." We reproduce three of his short poems:

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand sweet song.

THE WORLD GOES UP.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again.

Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day!
Till the heart which at even was weary and cold
Can rise in the morning gay.
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

THE OLD, OLD SONG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then beg for boot and horse, lad,
And 'round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when you were young.

Ingle Nook Chats.

MY DEAR GUESTS,—

There has been such an influx of visitors of late, I shall be able to welcome them collectively only, and not individually, as I should wish to do; but I trust that each will accept a hearty greeting. Our club now numbers over eighty members—not a bad showing for its age, is it? Jemmie Matchet, who, by the way, bears the title, "Captain," says he favors C. S. Edwards' idea of the guests discussing subjects with one another. Jemmie also sent me an original valentine, which was very good for a small boy to compose. Oh, dear, no; I'd be too shy to tell the nice things it contained. Laura E. Marshall and Master Austin Bunn have acknowledged receipt of prizes in contest V. I had wrongfully supposed the latter to be a girl. You see the name, Mossie, was rather non-committal, and your work and writing was neat enough to have been a girl's, hence the mistake. There now, I expect to be freely forgiven after that compliment. J. MacF. asks if all the Ingle Nook chatters are the intimate friends of the Hostess. The Hostess has not the pleasure of knowing personally any one of her numerous guests, and American visitors are quite as welcome as Canadians. "Thelma's" kind wishes are thankfully received; I should like to accept her invitation when that "Ideal Home" has become a reality, which I consider very possible. "Morag's" ideal, which is a very laudable one, is to become a Red Cross nurse, and follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Mrs. H. Cornell Bennett and Miss Laura E. Marshall also sent essays worthy of much commendation.

One of our guests writes as follows:

"I believe this is a needed work, increasing the literary talent of fair young Canada, and, more than we can realize, elevating the thoughts of our youth. Wishing you every success in both social and literary effort."
"Yours aiming for progress,"
"MIND AND PEN."

Will "Margareta" kindly tell us what she does with the bulbs she uses for winter blooming? If planted in the garden, would they bloom next year after a full year's rest? Information of this sort will prove useful to many.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

As there were no competitors in Class III. of Contest VI., we have awarded two prizes in Class I. The winners in this contest are: Class I.—Miss Jennie MacFaden, Kansas City, Kansas, and Mr. Chas. S. Edwards, Cumberland, Class II.—Miss Alice M. Nowlin, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Contest VIII.—Poem on Queen Victoria (see Feb. 15th issue) does not close until April 5th, and I expect a large number of entries; several are already in.

So many of our guests desire a contest in the puzzling line, I have decided to accede to their requests by announcing

CONTEST IX.

The following phrases are in a certain degree descriptive or suggestive of celebrated persons whose initials are the same as the initials of the words used; e. g., "Cherished Deservedly"; given below are all equally applicable. We offer three prizes to the persons guessing correctly the greatest number of names in the list appended. In case of a tie, neatness will be considered.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Absolutely Loyal. | 11. Delayed Long. |
| 2. Rare Loving Spirit. | 12. Makes Travesties. |
| 3. Worth Studying. | 13. Left Many Admirers. |
| 4. Wit; Much Tendency. | 14. Strong, Just, Truthful. |
| 5. Extravagant and Peculiar. | 15. Really Worth Emulating. |
| 6. Loved Animals. | 16. Terribly Caustic. |
| 7. Her Books Sell. | 17. Clever Romancer. |
| 8. He Wrote Lyrics. | 18. He Made Search. |
| 9. Conquering Cruiser. | 19. Who's England's Glory? |
| 10. Oh, What Humor. | 20. New Words. |

All answers must be properly numbered, and

name of sender attached to list. Contest closes May 5th. Where are the puzzle lovers now? Address all work to THE HOSTESS, Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

PRIZE ESSAYS—CONTEST VI., CLASS I.

My Ideal—My Aim in Life.

BY JENNIE MACFADEN, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

There are not many, perhaps, without an ideal in life; but alas! how few of us attain to it. Often we are seized with a desire to soar to the realms of which we catch but a momentary glimpse at rarest moments of inspired vision. We look longingly, eagerly, but it is far too lofty for such flight as ours, so we flap disconsolately our earthly wings, and, soon forgetting these higher aspirations, we resume our monotonous picking away at the sordid sod—enough for our baser needs.

We have repeatedly heard—and is there not an intuitive echo?—that every ideal in life has its realization. But the key to this realization is work—unflagging, unremitting energy, without which there is no solution. We may long, we may hope, we may aspire, but all are vain if we are not willing to "build the ladder by which we rise." "There is no royal road" to ideals.

I would that I possessed the pen of the ready writer or the tongue of the fluent speaker, that I might stir within the breast of discouraged humanity the desire for an ideal, an ideal that will lift them up from the depths of disconsolation and teach them that there is something higher and better in every life, if they are but willing to strive for it.

This would be my ideal, in striving to better myself, to be able to teach the disheartened ones around me that "far beyond the toiling and the striving" there is something better to be attained in this life, and something worth the strife. And cannot we all do this to a greater or less extent?

My Ideal.

Strength of body, mind and heart,
Strength my labor to perform,
Strength to bear the raging storm,
Strength to do a manly part;

Strength to save in danger's hour,
Strength the injured to redress,
Strength to succor from distress,
Strength to break the tyrant's power;

Strength to stand when fears assail,
Strength to march where dangers lie,
Strength all terrors to defy,
Strength to struggle and prevail;

Strength of spirit, strength of soul,
Strength to match the foes of right,
Strength for virtue's cause to fight,
Strength to reach a winner's goal;

Strength had habits to correct,
Strength to stifle hate and spite,
Strength to conquer appetite,
Strength temptations to reject;

Strength all villainies to regret,
Strength to rescue sinful men,
Strength to love the vile again,
Strength to pardon and forget;

Strength true sympathy to feel,
Strength to hope and trust and love,
Strength to steadfast gaze above,
Strength, great strength, is my ideal.

"ESSEX."

CLASS II.

My Ideal—What I Should Like to Do With My Life.

BY ALICE M. NOWLIN, MIDDLETON, N. S.

I should like to use my life in doing acts of charity and kindness, in teaching others the way of salvation, and in doing what my Heavenly Father would have me, to the best of my ability.

What Famous Women Think About Men.

"Man is very apt to contemplate himself out of all proportion to his surroundings."—Christina G. Rossetti.

"In the average man there is still a dreadful amount of Eastern feeling with regard to women."—Edna Lyall.

"Love occupies a vast space in woman's thoughts, but fills a small portion in a man's life."—Maria Edgeworth.

"The best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it the finest in the world."—George Eliot.

"Man is not made for that selfish concentration of despair which is called either abnegation or stoicism."—Georges Sand.

"It is easier for the Ethiopian to change his skin than for a man to live down the past in public opinion."—Edna Lyall.

"The just living of a lifetime makes a man incapable of any more selfish handling of another's interests."—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"No insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation is when he degrades himself."—Dinah C. Mulock.

Some of Emerson's Sayings.

Man is the image of God; why run after a ghost or a dream?

My creed is very simple—that goodness is the only reality.

Men are respectable only as they respect.

Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat; up again, old heart!

No aristocrat, no prince born to the purple, can begin to compare with the self-respect of the saint.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might.

Obedience alone gives the right to command.

Nature loves analogies, but not repetition.

Omit the negative proposition; nerve us with incessant affirmations.