

## PUZZLES.

The following puzzles are sent by Alice Knowles, they are borrowed from some other source :

1. My first is in water, but not in sand ;  
My second in hat, but not in band ;  
My third is in ink, but not in pen ;  
My fourth is in thrush, but not in wren ;  
My fifth is in halter, but not in collar ;  
My sixth is in silver, but not in dollar ;  
My seventh is in ready, but not in slow ;  
My eighth is in arrow, but not in bow ;  
My whole is a poet, as you will see,  
If you discover this Riddle-me-ree.

2. My first is in Tom, but not in Harry ;  
My second in fetch, but not in carry ;  
My third is in fern, but not in rose ;  
My fourth is in runs, but not in flows ;  
My fifth is in penny, but not in shilling ;  
My sixth is in slaying, but not in killing ;  
My seventh in orange, but not in cherry ;  
My eighth is in fun, but not in merry ;  
My whole is a famous poet you'll see,  
So here I will end my Riddle-me-ree.

3 I vow the fastening of a door,  
Will name to you a wild insect  
(If you one letter change—no more)  
Who with a sting can you infect.

## BEHEADED WORD.

4. A useful grain.  
Excessive warmth.  
To consume.  
A proposition.

### YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE MEETING AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1897.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF AN INTERESTING  
MEETING HAS BEEN SENT BY A YOUNG  
LADY IN ENGLAND.

The doors were opened at 2.30 and between that and 3 o'clock we were entertained with an organ recital, and a selection by the Stepney band. At 3 o'clock precisely, the chairman, Canon Fleming, arrived on the scene, accompanied by Dr. Barnardo and various other ladies and gentlemen, and the proceedings began by the singing by the choir of 600 boys and girls in the orchestra, of "Oh! be Joyful!" this being followed by the performance of military exercises by 96 little boys, who received their commands by bugle. Then the children sang again, this time a song entitled "The Empire Flag," the chorus of which ran as follows :

"An English tongue its praise shall sing,  
While loyal spirits call,  
Nor Scot, Colonial, Kelt are we,  
But Britons, one and all!"

This chorus was repeated twice after each verse, and the second time each of the children waved a Union Jack, the effect of the flags being very pretty indeed. Canon Fleming, the chairman, next recited a poem, "Give us Men," by the Bishop of Exeter. The Canon has such a splendid voice, so beautifully clear and ringing, that it could be heard easily all over the huge building, and he recited very well indeed, with just the right amount of gesticulation. After this followed quickly Dumb Bell Exercises, by little girls from Ilford Village Home, who were dressed in pretty dresses, the same as in the summer at the Annual Meeting; and then a game of football, which was highly exciting and very interesting. The Queen's "Second Jubilee" was next celebrated by a "Song of Jubilee," sung by the children, the chorus being accompanied in this

case by the waving of Royal Standards, the words of the chorus were :

"Victoria, our gracious Queen,  
No longer reign hath England seen,  
No better monarch e'er hath been,  
Victoria! Victoria!"

The next item on the programme was, I think, about the most amusing and successful of the whole, an Alphabetical Nursery Rhyme, each letter representing a certain trade, or type of human nature, and as each couplet was sung, the personage described in the song made his way to the centre of the arena, and went through the dumb action called for by the choir, for instance :

"A was an Archer, who had a big bow,  
He shot up a tree, and he killed a black crow,"

and while this was being sung four small boys stepped into view, dressed as archers, and with their big bows shot up an imaginary tree and brought down imaginary crows. Some of the more amusing ones I will quote :

"I was an Idler, who didn't like work,  
Forever contriving his lessons to shirk."

To exemplify this rhyme, four very idle little boys flung their books on the ground and began playing with tops, only to be almost immediately chased and flogged by a miniature cap and gown.

"D was a Dandy, with collar and cuffs,  
He carried such (h) airs he looked just like a muff."

The four little dandies who now appeared were the very personification of up-to-date, affected fops!

I cannot possibly stay to describe in detail all these alphabetical representations, nor all the other interesting events of the afternoon; how the purses were given by "Young Helpers" who had collected not less than £2 10s. to Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset (who represented the President of the League), and to H. R. H. Princess Mary Duchess of Teck; and badges were presented by Her Grace to the deserving "Young Helpers"; or how the children sang "Busy Blacksmiths" and the "Lifeboat Action Song," during the singing of which a model lifeboat was carried round the arena on the shoulders of Jack Tars.

Races were run by several little girls, and a tug-of-war took place, the victors in which sports were crowned with laurel wreaths by the Duchess, and marched down the hall in procession, preceded by bugles, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes." A very amusing song was "A Song of Orthography," in which the children lamented the awful state of the English language, when plough spells "plow," and s-i-g-h spells "sy." The proceedings terminated with a fine lime-light "Tour through Waif-and-Stray-Land," representing all Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England and Canada, with special pictures of "Hazelbrae" and the Manitoba Farm, and a series of animated photographs of English life, such as The Lord Mayor's Show, A Rough Sea at Brighton, and The Prince and Princess of Wales arriving at the Cardiff Exhibition, etc., etc.

Redhill, Surrey. E. M. C.

### ONLY A FEW DOORS BETWEEN.

#### A SKETCH FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

"I'm perfectly wretched about that hat; I could shake madame for sending me such a fright," and Mildred Huntington, as she spoke these words, stamped her foot on the floor.

"How much fuss you do make about your clothes, Mildred!" exclaimed her mother, who sat in front of the cheerful grate fire in the handsomely furnished room. "I thought the hat very pretty and suitable for you. One

would think by the way you have gone on for the last hour that the getting of a hat was a matter of life and death."

"I would not mind it so much if to-morrow was not Sunday, but there is no time to have it changed now. I sent it right back, and told the boy to tell madame to take that horrid bunch of feathers off and put on some better ones, and those ribbon bows did not stand up high enough. Of course she won't fix it so late Saturday night, although I told the boy that I must have the hat returned to-night without fail. If it does not come I shall not go to church to-morrow—the other girls will have their new hats, and the idea of my appearing again in my old one, it would be shocking!"

Mildred flounced out of the room, and her mother sighed as she heard her close the door of her own chamber with a bang. Like many other mothers she loved her dear child, but she could see her faults, and she longed to have them overcome. Nothing in the way of dress suited Mildred. No one liked to work for her, because she always wished so many alterations made—unreasonable demands upon the time and patience of those who sewed for her. Mildred was very much disconcerted when she went into her room, and it was such a pretty room, too! The furnishings were in white and gold—even a fire had been lighted on the hearth for her comfort; not that it was really necessary with the furnace heat, but it was a sort of wild night outside, and the hearth fire would make it much more cheery. But all these comfortable and beautiful surroundings made no impression on the young girl, who declared to her parrot that nothing in the world ever went her way. And all because of a hat!

Only a few doors away, on one of the side streets, a young girl had just come to her home. Her clothes were very shabby, but she did not mind that at all. There was a thankful, happy look on her face as she went into the room, and up to the bed in the farther corner. Stooping over it, she kissed the mother over and over again, and said :

"Oh, we have so much to be thankful for to-night, mother! God is good to us. Mr. Cummings has raised my pay. I am to have ten dollars more a month; ten dollars will pay our rent, and all the rest of my wages we can use for other things we need. I can make you so much more comfortable now, dear little patient mother!"

The young girl broke out in a happy song :

"Oh, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your Friend."

"I did feel discouraged this morning, mother; but I prayed, and I worked as hard and faithfully as I could, and I did some writing for Mr. Cummings this morning that pleased him so much that he really said I was worth much more money to him in the business, and he would raise my wages ten dollars more a month."

"But you have to work so hard, dear," the mother said. "It makes me feel so sorry as I lie here, when you are gone, thinking of you."

"Oh, no, little mother, I don't get tired, for I am so thankful that I can get the work to do."

"I hope, child, you will get yourself a new hat and a wrap the first thing you do, now you are going to get extra money."

The young girl burst out in a merry laugh as she said, "Getting ashamed of your little girl, mother?"

"Oh, you know better than that, dear, but your wrap is not warm enough for this cold weather, and your hat—well, you know it is too shabby"

"Don't you know, mother, what Ary Schel-fer wrote to his daughter? I read it to you Sunday. 'Give a solid foundation to your character and you will have no need for ornaments.' The old hat has served me well. I won't give up an old friend yet for a new. I believe I'm