

I read the daily papers,
And many things I see;
How youths and maid are hurled
Into eternity.
And now from my experience,
Go! I'll lay down the law:
Keep away and stay away
From the buzz saw.

Ever fools rush in
Where angels fear to tread;
You'd better now begin
To wear a level head.
Do not be a donkey,
Immature and raw;
And you hadn't better monkey
With the buzz saw.

The lamb that Mary had
At every chance would butt in;
They cut his throat—how sad!—
And turned him into mutton.

Now, had he stayed, I ween,
At home beside his tether,
To-day he might have been
Some very pleasant wether.

Do not try to tickle
The hind legs of the colt,
Or through the sky you'll trickle
Like a thunder bolt.

It's folks whose brains are punky,
Immature and raw,
Who undertake to monkey
With the buzz saw.

Now, children, will you linger,
And listen to my ditty,
For if you lost a finger
'Twould be an awful pity.
Oh, you'll be always hunky-
Dory, guided by your Paw,
If you never, never monkey
With the buzz saw.

As I don't want to take up all the
spare room, I will now close, wishing
"The Young People's Department" ever
success.
W. O. BROWNRIDGE.
Ashgrove, Halton.

A Heart-to-heart Talk About Ages

1. To what age will people arrive if they live long enough? Ans.—Dotage.
2. To what age do most women look forward to? Ans.—Marriage.
3. What does a soldier sometimes wish for? Ans.—Courage.
4. What age is required on the high seas? Ans.—Tonnage.
5. What age are we forbidden to worship? Ans.—Image.
6. What age is neither more nor less? Ans.—Average.
7. What is the age people get "stuck on"? Ans.—Mucilage.
8. What is the age of profanity? Ans.—Damage.
9. At what age will a vessel ride safely? Ans.—Anchorage.
10. What age is necessary for a clergyman? Ans.—Parsonage.
11. What is the age of communication? Ans.—Postage.
12. What age is most important to travellers? Ans.—Mileage.
13. What is the most popular age for charity? Ans.—Coinage.
14. What age is shared by the doctor and the thief? Ans.—Pillage.
15. What age do we all wish for? Ans.—Homage.
16. What is the age of slavery? Ans.—Bondage.
17. What age is most enjoyed at the morning meals? Ans.—Sausage.
18. What is the most indigestible age? Ans.—Cabbage.
19. What age belongs to most travellers? Ans.—Luggage.
20. What age indicates the rich farmer? Ans.—Acreage.
21. What age is unfrayed and smoothest? Ans.—Selvage.
22. What age do milliners delight in? Ans.—Plumage.
23. What age do a number of people enjoy in common? Ans.—Village.

MARY ANN CORNISH.

Crampton, Ont.
Quite an entertaining game for a party could be made by reading out a dozen of these questions, and allowing a few minutes for the players to guess and write down the answers.

C. D.

Making Skis.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—One of the Cousins wanted to know how to make a pair of skis. I have made a pair in the following way, and find that they answer the purpose well: First, take a piece of elm, five feet long, five inches wide, and one-quarter inch thick. Plane the under side smooth (it does not matter about the upper side). Steam the front ends so they will bend up like sleigh runners; then sharpen the fronts off. Fix straps about the center in which to put your feet. The straps should be well tacked onto the sides.

WILFRID JACKS.

Nantyr, Ont.

THE COMING OF THE ANGEL.

The bright flames flickered and flashed about the pine logs in the great, old-fashioned fireplace, touching with a ruddy glow the brass and irons and massive mahogany furniture; and over the walls, lined with bookshelves, the lights and shadows played in fantastic revelry. As the blazing logs cheerily yielded up the store of sunshine they had been years in gathering, they sang a song of rippling brooks and rustling leaves, of whistling winds and caroling birds—an echo, faint and sweet, of twilight concerts in the greenwood in days gone by.

But for once their music was lost on the child crouched on a stool before the fire, her elbows on her knees, and her face buried in the palms of her hands. For an hour she had sat thus looking into the blaze, conscious of it in an unpleasant way only. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyeballs dry and hot.

The housekeeper came in to light the gas. The child paid no heed. She and the housekeeper were not on the best of terms.

Mrs. Martin was not a prepossessing woman. Her straight brown locks, drawn tightly back into a round knot, threw into bold relief a sharp nose and thin, colorless lips, high cheek-bones, and a pair of small, steel-gray eyes, which had a way of boring into one's secret thoughts. She was tall and angular. Her manner suggested the probability of her having been raised on vinegar instead of milk; and it is doubtful if any child ever lay upon her uncomfortably bony knees, except for punishment. She believed, with Solomon, that "the rod and reproof give wisdom," and with her narrow ideas of what constitutes a model child, she had endeavored to fit Louise into her mold—with indifferent success.

To be sure, Mrs. Martin had succeeded in brushing Louise's curls into subjection, as a glossy head and two tight braids testified, and the child's stiffly starched apron stood out much in the manner of her own; but her charge's spirit was unconquered, and at times the tightly-compressed lips and flashing eyes filled Mrs. Martin's angular soul with a feeling bordering on despair.

As Mrs. Martin replenished the fire, she noted not only the child's burning cheeks, but her lips set in firm, hard lines. Her own lips immediately parted.

"Louise, don't you know better than to sit there and roast your brains out?" The child knew an answer was expected. She gave the shortest one possible: "Yes, ma'am."

"Then move back."

Without rising, the child gave a slight backward jerk to the stool. The action had much the effect of a red flag waved before a bull.

The woman caught her roughly by the shoulder and shook her. "Of all the aggravating children I ever saw, you take the lead, Louise Darst."

The child flinched as if expecting a blow.

"For my part," Mrs. Martin continued, unmercifully, "I'll be glad to turn you over to your stepmother. If she don't take some of the meanness out of you, I miss my guess. I've tried hard enough, goodness knows, and got no thanks for my pains. Your pa took your part against me, but he won't against her."

She moved toward the door, but turned to give a parting shot: "Losing your ma is one thing, and getting a new one is another—as you'll soon find out." The door slammed viciously. It had been a great blow to the housekeeper this new venture of Mr. Darst's. She found it necessary to vent her spite in some way. Louise had kept silent through fear, not respect; now she sprang up with flashing eyes. "You mean old thing," she cried,

shaking her fist in the direction of the receding footsteps. All the evil in her nature was aroused. "I hate you—I'm glad you have to go." Then—at the thought of what must come—she shuddered, looked about helplessly, and with a piteous cry flung herself face downward on the rug.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother," she sobbed; "why did you go 'way from me? I want you—nobody else understands—why didn't you take me with you?" Her sobs suddenly ceased. She lay very still, thinking. Her mother's cheeks had been hot like hers. She had gone to bed and stayed there a long time; then she had become very cold, and her father said an angel took her away. She would go to bed and stay till an angel came for her. She would leave a window open till she grew cold, and the angel could come in that way. She liked the idea. It seemed a pleasant solution of a very difficult problem. She crept back upon her stool. The storm of fear and anger no longer raged within her. She could hear the singing of the pine logs now; it sounded like her mother's voice calling her. She looked about the firelit room, taking a silent farewell of its furnishings.

The Maltese kitten left his seat in the morris chair, and rubbed his body back and forth against her stocking, purring softly. For a moment her resolution wavered. "Toodles 'll miss me, I guess," she thought sadly, and lifted him into her lap. "I wonder if he'd like to go with me. Toodles," she whispered, "does you want to go to God's house with Wee?" Toodles squirmed out of her arms and went back to the morris chair. It was undoubtedly the stiff pinafore and not the journey that was unpleasant to Toodles; but the child construed it otherwise, and the great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. "Well, then," she thought, "I'll go alone, and I might as well start now."

She went over to the table, and with much care penned a farewell note: "Dear Father," it ran, "I hate to leave you awful bad, but I'm afraid of the stepmother. I'm going up to God's house. Don't let her hurt Toodles and you take your own part. Your loving dotter, Louise."

She added a queer-shaped thing she labelled "a kiss," then sealed and directed the note, and laid it on the evening paper.

On tiptoe, lest the housekeeper should hear and intercept her, she slipped from the room, crossed the hall, and hurried up the dark stairs.

An hour later her bedroom door opened noiselessly, and first a man's and then a woman's form appeared in the doorway; but at sight of the pathetic little heap under the bedcovers they hastily withdrew and closed the door. There was a whispered conference; then the door opened and closed again.

The March wind came whistling around the corner of the house and fairly shrieked as it rushed in through the open window and made straight for Louise's bed. She drew the covers closer about her throat; then reaching up one little, warm hand felt carefully of her face. It was cold—uncomfortably so. Her nose was like an icicle. She wondered how cold she needed to be. She couldn't resist ducking her head under the blankets for just one moment, and when she drew it forth again she almost stopped breathing. There by the window stood a white-robed, girlish figure. Louise closed her eyes quickly; she wished to be all ready when called for.

There was the sound of the gently-lowered window-sash and steps approaching her bed; then silence—except for the loud beating of her heart. Presently she noticed a faint odor—was it violets? She sniffed inquiringly. Yes, it was violets. Probably they slept on beds of them. How sweet that would be! She was frightened—terribly frightened—but it would be delightful when it was all over. She wondered what the angel looked like. She opened her eyes for just one peep. A very sweet face bent over hers.

"Are you awake, Dearie?" a gentle voice asked.

She was not sure whether she ought to be awake or asleep, but she was truthful. "Yes, ma'am," she said, faintly; then hastened to ask: "Are you an angel?"

The face lighted up with a very pleasant smile. "Some people say I am."

"But God send you to me?"

"I think He did, Dearie. Do you want me?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've been looking for you. Am I cold enough?"

A hand was laid softly on her forehead. "Why, you are cold—and no wonder with that window open. Let me get in with you."

Louise tremblingly made room for the violet-scented messenger from God.

"Is heaven a pretty place?" she asked, as soon as they were comfortably tucked in.

"Yes, dear, more beautiful than we can imagine."

"Is it very big?"

"Oh, very!"

Louise gulped down a sob. "Did you ever see my mother?"

"No, I never did. Tell me about her."

The child undertook the task with eager haste. It was very necessary for the angel to have a clear mental picture before they started on their journey.

"And I've been so lonesome without her," the child ended sobbingly. "I want to see her so much—I can't tell you."

Gently the tears were wiped away, and Louise's cheek was pressed close to a soft, velvety one.

"Be a good girl, and you will see her some day," came the comforting assurance.

"Will we start soon?" Louise asked anxiously.

"Not very soon, I think. I have come to stay with you. Won't that be better to stay?"

The child struggled between candor and politeness. "You are real sweet," she said, slowly, "but I want to go to my mother. Do you know who's comin' to our house?"

"An awful, ugly old woman that's worse than Mrs. Martin; and she'll scold me and whip me, and—oh, dear! I want—my—mother," she wailed.

The "angel" drew the child closer in her arms, patting her caressingly. "There, dear, don't cry. Whoever told you such things didn't know. The woman won't whip or scold you. She will be very good to you and love you very dearly."

"And she won't pour hot water on Toodles and lead father a life?"

The "angel" laughed. "Who told you that, dear?"

"Mrs. Martin said so; and she said she'd take the meanness out of me."

"Poor baby," the "angel" said, pityingly. "What you need is to have the goodness brought out of you. Louise, look at me. Would you think me very cross?"

"No, you're a dear. I love you."

"Would I do for a new mother?"

The child threw her arms about her visitor's neck. "I should say you would," she exclaimed delightedly, then, remembering, she added with profound disgust, "but father's got one already."

"Dear, I am the one your father brought."

The child sprang up in bed. "Really?"

she exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, really."

"Oh, you sweet thing!" and her lips sealed the compact of eternal devotion.

Half an hour later Rachel Darst—stepping softly that she might not awaken the sleeping child—crossed the room and opened the door to the hall. Outside sat her husband, anxiously waiting.

"The rebellion is over," she said, laughingly.

Mr. Darst drew her into his arms. With the lover's touch he turned her face to his and looked long and earnestly into her eyes.

"Dearest," he said, softly, "she needs you as much as I do. I give her into your keeping."—[From Circle.

A Scotchman, who is a prominent member of a church in Glasgow, one Sunday, recently, put, by mistake, into the collection plate a piece of silver instead of a penny. On returning home, he discovered the serious blunder. He spent the afternoon in considering the matter and talking it over with his wife.

"Ye see," he said to her in explanation of his loss, "I micht stay awa' for twenty-nine sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be payin' seat rent an' gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin' lassie, this mornin' be what the memister ca's a 'rebeegious deeficulty'."