

the old boots. "These," said the keeper of the bath, "are, without doubt, the boots of Abu Suleiman the Tartar." Wherefore the judge ordered him to appear before him, laid on him many stripes, and ordered him to take back his old boots. So Abu Suleiman went to the river, vowing vengeance against them as the cause of his misfortune, pitched his boots into the stream, and went on his way.

On the evening of the same day, a fisherman cast his hook into the water and it caught something heavy, which he thought must be a fine fish. After much effort, he brought to the bank a heavy, patched old boot. "Oh," says he, "this is one of the boots of poor old Abu Suleiman; let us try to find the other." After much hard work, he fished out the other boot and went to the cottage of Abu Suleiman. Finding the door locked, he pitched the boots in through a window that was open. Now, the boots, falling upon the glass bottles, broke them all and spilt the wine. When Abu Suleiman came home, and saw what a loss he had sustained, all through his old boots, he seized them in great anger and pitched them into the common drain near his door, and went on his way.

Not very long after a bad fever broke out, and when many deaths had occurred, and an examination was made, the common drain was found shut up by a pair of old boots. All the neighbors recognized them as the boots of Abu Suleiman the Tartar, who was accordingly beaten with fifty stripes, and imprisoned for three months as a correction. So, when he was released from prison, and his boots delivered up to him, he said to himself: "It appears they cannot be subdued by force; let us try them by gentleness." So he took warm water and washed the boots clean, then placed them on the house-top to dry, and went on his way.

In his absence, a dog got up to the house-top, and began to gnaw one of the old boots. As he gnawed, he went backwards, dragging the boot, till first one foot slipped over the edge of the roof, and then another, and finally the dog tumbled from the roof—boot and all. But the boot fell on the head of a child, and killed the child. So when the parents found out the cause of death, they informed against Abu Suleiman, who was punished for his carelessness. At night he dug a hole in which to bury his old boots, but the neighbors fancied he must be a robber, and came upon him in the dark with sticks and clubs, beating him without mercy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered. MINNIE MAY.

"KATE."—The distilled water from elder flowers, mixed with three times the quantity of soft water and applied to the face for a few minutes every morning and evening, is said to remove freckles.

To make the camphor ice, take one and a-half ounces of spermaceti tallow; oil of sweet almonds, four teaspoonfuls; three-quarters of an ounce of gum-camphor made fine. Set on the stove and stir constantly until dissolved, using only sufficient heat to melt them.

"AULD SCOTIA."—Here is one recipe for Scotch shortbread: To 2 lbs. of flour allow 1 lb. butter and 1 lb. pounded lump sugar; beat the butter to a cream; gradually mix in the flour and sugar; work the paste until quite smooth; roll out one inch thick; pinch around the edges with thumb and finger; ornament the top with candied peel, if desired, and bake in a slow oven for an hour.

"HOUSEKEEPER."—To make a polish to brighten up your furniture, use one pint of boiled linseed oil, one wineglassful of vinegar and two of turpentine; shake well and apply with a flannel cloth, and then polish with a linen one.

"MILLINER."—Sailor hats will be as popular as ever this year. For all informal occasions, they are trimmed with chiffon or silk muslin twisted round the crown, and arranged in large rosettes either side, and finished with quills. M. M.

"DRESDEN CHINA."—The safest and most satisfactory way to cleanse Dresden china is, first, to soak it in soapy water, with a little ammonia in it; and then pour clean water over it, till all the particles of dust are removed. Never attempt to wipe delicate pieces of this ware; it should be left standing till dry. M. M.

"HOUSEWIFE."—To prevent flies spotting the frames of mirrors, pictures, etc., wash them over with some strong onion water; you will find flies seldom settle on objects treated in this manner. M. M.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Helping Without Money"

(Continued from Page 204.)

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal or woe;
If no dear eyes thy tender love can brighten.
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
Daily struggling, though enclosed and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live!"

There is never an end of opportunities for such personal helpfulness as this. There is a rich, possible wayside ministry, for instance, made up of countless small courtesies, gentle words, mere passing touches on the lives of those we casually meet; influences flowing directly or indirectly from the things we do, and the words we speak. For example, we meet a friend on the street, whose heart is heavy; we stop a moment in passing to speak a word of thoughtful cheer and hope; and it sings in his breast all day, like the note of angel song. We walk a little way with a young man who is in danger of turning out of the path of safety, and we let fall a sincere word of kindly interest in him, or of affectionate warning, which may help to save him. Amid the busiest scenes, when engaged in the most momentous labors, we may yet carry on a never-ceasing ministry of personal helpfulness, whose results shall spring up like flowers in the path behind us, or echo in the hearts of others like notes of holy song, or glow in other lives in touches of radiant beauty.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of the village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. A new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and to offer any little service he can render. He is always on the look-out to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. He keeps house-plants in winter just to be able to send flowers to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets; and you'll see the children climbing into his wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street." This picture may do some one good, so it is framed here, and left on this page. It is related of Leonardo da Vinci, that in his boyhood, when he saw caged birds exposed for sale on the streets of Florence, he would buy them and set them free. It was a rare trait in a boy, and spoke of a noble heart full of genuine sympathy. As we go about the streets we find many caged birds which we may set free, imprisoned joys that we may liberate, by the power that is in us of helping others. Naturalists say that the stork, having most tenderly fed its young, will sail under them when they first attempt to fly; and, if they begin to fall, will bear them up and support them; and that, when one stork is wounded, the able ones gather about it, put their wings under it, and try to carry it away. These instincts in the bird teach us the lesson of helpfulness. We should come up close to those who are in any way over-burdened, or weak, or faint, and, putting our own strength underneath them, help them along; and when another fellow-being is wounded or crushed, whether by sorrow or by sin, it is our duty to gather about him and try to lift him up and save him. There is scarcely a limit to our possibilities of helpfulness in these ways.

Thus, without money, we can make our lives abundantly useful in this world of need. Sympathy is better than money; so is courage, so is cheer, so is hope. It is better always to give ourselves than to give our money; certainly we should give ourselves with whatever else we may give. "The gift without the giver is bare." Christ Himself gave no money; but every life that came near to Him in faith, went away enriched and helped. He gave love, and love is the brightest and richest coin minted in this world. And all of us can give love; none are too poor for that. REV. J. R. MILLER.

"I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her—
She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here— with her
grave—my Kate." —E. B. Browning

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace we are bound either to possess or acquire it.—Christina Rossetti.

Courtesy is the art of taking your fellow-creatures by the right-hand handle instead of the wrong. You therefore show neither real wisdom nor worldly wisdom in neglecting courtesy.—A Evans.

Share everything you have with someone else, and you will have plenty to give. Is not that why God gave you the things?—Osborne.

No man or woman can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Brooks.

"Work as your Saviour worked when here,
Breathing a blessing everywhere,
And do the best within your reach—
Each for all, and all for each.
Tread where the Blessed Master trod—
Feet in His Footsteps tend to God;
Go not alone, but with you lead
The hands that fail, the feet that bleed." —H. A. Duff.

Cultivate a cheerful disposition; endeavor as much as lieth in you, always to bear a smile about with you; recollect that "Rejoice evermore" is as much a command of God as that verse which says: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart."

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

What a sudden change, from cold to hot weather, we have had, and how everything is growing! We can already see the "dark hollows glide along and chase the sunny ridges," not only in the meadows but even in the fields of spring grain. What a beautiful world this is, and what a charming part of the beautiful whole is our own fair Canada!

I have been reading sketches by a traveller in the West Indies, describing the luxurious vegetation, gorgeous flowers and fine fruits that there abound. My first sentiment was one of envy, but when I read a little further and learned that it was quite hot enough there in December, I quickly changed my mind and said to myself, "Home-keeping hearts are happiest—to stay at home is best."

We are frequently not sufficiently appreciative of the blessings that surround us, simply because they are so easily obtainable; many who pass unnoticed a rare bit of scenery in the vicinity of their own homes, would become quite ecstatic over it if they found it some thousands of miles away. Assuredly, tastes differ, and in the one picture different people see different things, or to express myself more clearly, I shall quote a stanza of poetry:

"There might be a meadow fair to view,
And many people by that way might pass,
And one might see the grass, and one the dew,
And only one the daisy in the grass."

These lines were intended to show the different classes of readers reading the same book and each taking his own view of it, so they will also serve to convey my meaning, for are we not all readers in the great and ever-open Book of Nature? Canadian scenery is sufficiently varied to satisfy all natures, from the one who loves the pastoral beauty of calm-flowing rivers, and level, verdant fields, to him who exults in the sublime grandeur of Niagara or the majestic picturesqueness of our British Columbian mountains. But if innate love of the beautiful be lacking in our own natures, we shall fail to perceive the fair sights that everywhere surround us, for if we do not love our country and our homes, they possess no beauty for us. Alice Cary says:

"This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so."

Then let us give our hearts and minds to the influence of dear old Mother Nature's love, and every wide-awake nephew and niece will see new beauties ever unfolding in erstwhile commonplace surroundings.

And now a few words to our puzzle workers. The puzzles received are very good, but do not come regularly enough. Any one wishing to compete for the prizes offered, should not wait to see the fate of their previous contributions before sending again, as by doing so they lose one issue. I hope to largely augment my family of workers, and, as an incentive, will give three cloth-bound books to those sending the three best sets of original puzzles during June and July, contest to close July 31.

Prizes will also be offered for answers, but we will mention them in next issue. UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—HIDDEN INSECTS.

- 1. Did you ever play on a horn, Elhel!
- 2. You must be eager for the prize.
- 3. Dan tried to climb a tree, but he fell.
- 4. I was preparing dinner when I was called.

SADIE McRAE.

2—METAGRAM.

A little woman once I knew,
A pattern woman sure was she,
The ONE she cooked was always TWO,
Her favorite poets HURD and THREEK,
She always was in happy FOUR;
Her weight was just three Russian FIVES;
Each year her husband prized her more,
For oh! she was the best of wives.
His farm of eighty SIXES tilled,
With patient care their wants supplied;
And near the SEVEN their cot well filled,
Was that two woman's joy and pride.

Selected.

3—TRANSPOSITION.

Ere many moments FIRST
I shall be SECOND,
If you will THIRD,
Leave me in peace.

"LISETTE."

4—TRANSPOSITION.

Ertu ht wro si ni giben tno mns-gece,
Ni nodig chea yad htta soeg yb
Qesm tilt-el dogo, tno ni meagrini
Fo targe histng ot od yb dan yb.

ADA ARMAND.