

a relief to him to pour out his troubles to some one who was in sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie. I never saw you so tired as you have often been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are looking brighter. By closest economy, Mr. Miffin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there's a good lookout for the coming year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind! We have held out so far. We will not despond now!"

"Despond! I should think not? I am hoping to have some of those crumbs you were speaking of next year. I have learned many valuable lessons in saving."

The second year was certainly not an easy one for Mabel. The children kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in household work. Many little articles of clothing and housekeeping, too, that lasted well through one year, were past service in the second one, and it was not always easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared the savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart, and had always a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home.

She never told him that the late breakfast that she planned, to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the little tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six days out of seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested luncheon down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for all of them. She did not tell him she was cutting up her own dresses to clothe the girls, and sewing busily in every leisure minute to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she had spent the last shilling of the week's money, while yet the week was only half gone. Charlie had given her, before, some signed cheques on the bank, to meet such an emergency, but it was her joy to think not one had yet been presented on the bank.

She took one from the desk where they had lain so long, and spread it out before her, calculating, with puckers on her pretty face, how small a sum she could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I don't like to begin," she said, half aloud; "if once we break in upon that money, it will melt away like snow before the sun."

But there was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a penny while he had the penny with which to pay him. So, with a sigh, she folded the cheque, and was putting it into her purse, when there was a step in the hall that was not of the little nurse of her charges; a voice ringing out clear and full, calling—

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here in my room," she answered. "Oh, Charlie! what is it?"

For the face at the door was one so radiant that all care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorry too. Only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardiner?"

"No. Is that the Mr. Gardiner who used to be Mr. Miffin's partner before you went into the business?"

"Yes. He was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Miffin, except a few legacies. The warehouse will be closed till after the funeral; so we have three days' holiday, May."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But that it is not all. Can you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again?"

"More than that. Mr. Miffin took me to his house this morning, and told me all his plans. He will enlarge the business, and take on again all his old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me permission to offer a position to Will Castleton, who has now been nearly a year out of employment, because he would not accept your theory, of 'half a loaf being better than no bread.'"

"I know Poor Will! I am afraid Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie."

"I am sure of it. But I have saved my best news till the last, Mabel. Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Miffin says, did me some injustice some time ago, by supposing that I would proposition my work to the decrease of my salary. To atone for this he has left me a sum of money."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"One moment, Mabel. And he also advised Mr. Miffin, in their very last interview, to 'reward my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his difficulties'—his own words, May—by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, Charlie, I must laugh or cry!" said Mabel, almost hysterically.

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Miffin & Castleton must not be christened by tears, even happy ones! Hurrah! Who will say, after this, that a half loaf is not better than no bread?"—*Bristol Observer.*

BEES IN AFRICA.

The great harvest for bees commences with the fruit-blossoms in April, and when these are gone there is usually an interregnum until the end of June; then comes hard work for a month, sipping the sweets from a hundred flowers; which time being past, there is little more honey stored, unless the bees are in the neighborhood of extensive moors, whose heather yields abundance of fine aromatic nectar. It is, indeed, a common practice in Scotland and elsewhere, where such favored localities are found, for bee-keepers to send their hives of bees to the moors for a month, the honey thus gathered fully compensating for all expenses of carriage, &c. Pliny tells us that in his time it was customary in Italy, as soon as spring food for the bees had failed, to put the hives into boats, which were carried up the river at night, in search of better pasture; the bees went out in the morning in quest of provisions, returning regularly with their stores to their respective hives. Such is still the practice on the Nile, where travellers constantly meet bee-barges. And, by the way, Egyptian bees have a dreadful character for ferocity; their introduction into England has been essayed, but abandoned on account of their untamable nature. Swinefurth, in his "Heart of Africa," tells us of the following adventure which happened to his party:—

"As our towing-ropes were being drawn along through the grass on the banks it disturbed a colony of bees; in a moment, like a great cloud they burst upon the men who were towing, who all plunged into the water and sought to regain the boat; the bees followed them, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. I was arranging my plants in my cabin, and called out to know the cause of the noise and confusion, but only got excited gestures, with the cries of 'Bees! bees!' I tried in vain to light my pipe; in an instant thousands of bees were about me, and I was mercilessly stung all over my face and hands. Vainly I tried to protect my face with my handkerchief, and the more violent my motions the greater was the fury of the bees. The maddening pain was now on my cheek, now in my eye, now in my head; the dogs under my bed were frantic, and burst out, overturning everything in their way. Losing well-nigh all control, I flung myself in despair into the river. I dived; but all in vain, for the stings still rained down upon my head. I crept through the reedy grass to the swampy banks, and with lacerated hands tried to gain the mainland to find shelter in the woods, but was dragged back by my servants with such force that I was nearly choked in the mud. Again on board, I dragged a sheet from my chest, which afforded me some protection, while I gradually crushed the bees enclosed within. By great courage on the part of my people, my large dog was brought on board and covered with cloths, a smaller one was never recovered—stung to death, no doubt, by the bees. Cowering down under my sheet, I lingered out full three hours, whilst the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated periodically through the linen. Every one became equally passive with myself, perfect silence reigned on board, and the bees gradually subsided. Some of the crew then went stealthily up the banks and fired the reeds. The smoke scared away the bees, and the boat was drawn to the other bank. With the aid of a looking-glass and pincers, I extracted the stings from my hands and face, but could not reach those under my hair. Those produced ulcers which for two days were very painful. I felt ready that evening for an encounter with half a score of buffaloes or a brace of lions, rather than have anything more to do with bees. Several of our party suffered from violent fever. Of sixteen boats which followed us, all were pestered by these bees; and two persons were stung to death."—*Good Words.*

MAKING MARBLES.

In making marbles, glass, agate, china, or porcelain and crystalline limestone or marble are used; and by painting, glazing, polishing, and decorating these materials, over one hundred different kinds of marbles are manufactured. The cheaper marbles are made of common crockeryware. Girls and boys pick up small lumps of the wet clay, and skilfully roll them into little balls in their hands. These balls of clay are then ranged on tables in the open air, or under open sheds to dry. When they are partly dried they are rolled between

the palms once more, and then placed, one at a time, on tiny three-legged stools or tripods, in a kiln or oven. When the oven is full, a fire is made under it, and the marbles are baked till they are as hard as a piece of chinaware. These porcelain marbles are made in a number of different sizes, and in a number of shades of blue, white, and brown. Some look like the brown tea-pots used to steep tea on the stove. Others have a beautiful pearly glaze, like the best china tea-cups; some are painted in bright colors on a dull surface; and some have the colors burned in, just as the gold bands and pictures are burned into dinner-plates. You can readily tell the china marbles by looking at them closely, and there you will find three little marks or blemishes showing where the soft marble stood on its little iron tripod in the oven. The glass marbles are made either of clear glass or of the colored glass the glass-blowers use. The clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod in the melted glass, and taking up a little bunch of the white, hot, sticky paste. By dropping this into an iron mold, or by whirling the rod round in his hand, the glass-man makes little globes of glass that, after they have been hardened or annealed in a furnace, make the big marbles boys so delight to use. Sometimes the glass-man puts a glass figure of a dog, or other animal on the end of his iron rod, and then the hot glass flows all round it, and when it is done there is the dog locked up in the marble. To make the colored glass marbles the glass-maker puts a number of glass rods of different colors together in a bundle, and then holds the ends in a hot fire, and they melt and run together. Then, with a quick twist, he turns the end into a round ball, or drops it into a mold, and the pretty marble, marked with bands and ribbons of color, is finished. You can always tell which are the glass marbles by the little mark on one side where the ball was broken from the rod when it was finished. The agates—the most valuable of all marbles,—are made of real agate. Workmen pick up bits of the rough stone and hold them against a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the piece of agate is gradually filed down into a nearly perfect ball. If you hold an agate between the eye and the light you can see the little facets, or marks made by the grindstone dotted all over the marble. The common marbles are made of marble, or other hard stone, by placing bits of stones in a heavy mill, where they are rolled round and round between two mill-stones, and gradually worn down into smooth balls. Another method is to place a strong wooden barrel on bearings so that it will easily turn over and over on its axis. This barrel is usually placed in a small stream or brook, and is so arranged that the water will turn it over and over like a water-wheel as it rushes under it. Bits of stone put in the barrel then, tumble one over the other for hours, and grind and rub against each other till they come out smooth and round. Such a barrel is called a "tumble," and any boy living near a brook could, without much trouble, make one, and manufacture his own marbles at very little expense.—*St. Nicholas.*

SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how I can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an ax, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favorite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again.

"Now," said he, "Widow M—has gone to a neighbor's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow man on her door-step, and when Mrs. M—comes home she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate the fun, and to experience the inward joy that results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the widow's half-ord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction that one of them, who objected at first, proposed they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and, this done, they repaired to their several homes, more than satisfied with

the "fun of the evening." And the next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbor (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys) told her how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labors.—*Selected.*

HOW TO DEAL WITH ENQUIRERS.

BY D. L. MOODY.

If I could get just a few hundred Christians that were striving for souls, and looking out for them, and with their open Bibles ready to point them to the way of life after every service here, I haven't any doubt about the work being permanent. You remember I was telling you a short time ago about a lady whom we met in London, who laid herself out for the work, and when I left London of how she wrote me that she had 150 souls led to Christ. You hear a great many talk about the work not being permanent. Now I haven't been able to correspond with that lady, but this afternoon I got a letter from her that will stir up Christians to go and do likewise. This lady left her beautiful residence, just a little way out of London, and took lodgings near the Agricultural Hall, so that she might be near the meetings, and she was present just to labor to lead some souls to Christ. And when the hall was crowded and she thought that her seat could be occupied by some one else better, she stayed outside and tried to find somebody to lead to Jesus. She says in her letter: "I must now take the opportunity of telling you that of all the dear converts who were left under my eye not one is lost. I am thankful to say that they are not only saved, but are earnest, working Christians, of whom no minister need to be ashamed." Now if we have workers like that in Boston, not only willing to labor and to lead persons to Christ, but who are looking after them (and this lady correspondent has looked after them over two years—it is two years next month since we went to London, and from that time she has been looking after the lambs and gathered them into the fold), if we had a few hundred such workers in Boston eternity would show us great results. We have come not so much to preach as to stir the people up to the work of striving to save souls.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

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1. One whom Paul called his own son in the faith.
2. A king who helped Solomon to build the temple.
3. A prophet who was seen hundreds of years after he died.
4. The eldest sister of Rachel.
5. The grandfather of King David.
6. The eldest son of Jacob.
7. The youngest son of Jesse.
8. A distinguished teacher at Antioch.
9. A Roman officer who saved Paul's life.
10. A warrior who killed Goliath's brother.
11. A scribe who carried a message to Isaiah.
12. A king's son who killed his father.
13. One of the Judges of Israel.
14. One of the best of the kings of Judah.
15. One of the ancestors of our Lord.
16. One of Job's comforters.
17. A great man among the Anakims.
18. A prophet who rebuked King David.
19. A prophetess who judged Israel.
20. The father of the first King of Israel.
21. The steward of Abraham's house.
22. The mother of Timothy.
23. The third Apostle called by Jesus.
24. An orator who accused Paul.
25. A king reproved by John the Baptist.
26. A false prophet who withstood Paul.
27. A true prophet in the land of Chaldea.

The initials express an affectionate wish and devout benediction.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—If anybody can give any better "signs" of a tip-top state of things than the following, let us see the list:

- Where spades grow bright and idle swords grow dull;
- Where jails are empty, and where burns are full;
- Where church-paths are with frequent footsteps worn;
- Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
- Where doctors' feet it, and where farmers ride;
- Where age abounds and truth is multiplied;
- Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
- A happy people and well governed state.

