

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## A Bit of Wisdom.

"Grasp the nettle with both hands. And it shall not sting." Take this bit of wisdom, dear, into everything. If the lesson's long and hard, At it with your might! Do not let it conquer you While you've strength to fight.

Foolish people stand and fret, Wonder what to do, Bear the trouble twenty times— Such a silly crew! Let the trial over, dear, Never frown and pout; With a brave and steady look Be the foe to rout.

Carry not to-morrow's load, Little heart, to-day; Trip with happy feet along Life's uneven way; "Grasp the nettle with both hands And it shall not sting." Take this bit of wisdom, dear, Into everything.

## Tommy's Business Venture.

Tommy wanted money. He hadn't many chances to earn it, though willing, and he was willing to work pretty hard for it. He wanted ten dollars before the next winter's winds and snows shut the Lane family in for days, inside the little red farmhouse at Maple Grove farm, five miles from a neighbor.

Ten dollars would, if divided right, bring weekly and monthly bright periodicals from different portions of the busy world into their own little home. And then when the blizzards came, and he sat at the little round table getting his daily lessons, mother and father, too, could spend the hours delightfully, sitting beside the fire reading something very "good."

It's not nice to be a "shut in," when your home is a small cabin away out upon a prairie-neighborhood, and you have nothing new to read and very few neighbors, and those living out of sight.

Tommy's home was part dug out. Their fire in the winter was fed by bundles of twisted grass, sun flower seed, corn-stalks, dry weed stalks, and sparing handfuls of coal. Coal was precious. Wood was very valuable.

Tommy helped with all his strength the loving mother gather, in their seasons, first, the wild strawberries, then raspberries, plums, grapes, and hoe in the garden from planting until harvest time.

Between them they had filled jars and glasses full of nice fruit for winter use, gathered in a supply of pumpkins, squashes, beans, potatoes, and other good things, which were stored in the "cave" for the rainy days when they could not work.

Tommy helped his father, too, in the "crop" tending and gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Lane thought their little lad a "wonderfully bright boy." At twelve, Tommy was stout and tanned.

All through the winter of 1887 and 1888, he had, while "studying" under Mr. Lane's direction, been trying to plan a way to earn at least ten dollars, talking over his desires with both father and mother.

Before planting-time rolled around, Mr. Lane one day said:

"Tommy, couldn't you raise seed corn to sell? I mean if I give you a patch and break it for you, can you plant and tend it without help? The corn that I am planting I paid five cents for each ear. It is very fine for this climate. I have now quite a start, and can supply you with enough to raise quite a crop. You might also try planting the several varieties of pop-corn. There is the rice grained and a large yellow."

"That is the very thing! Of course, I can tend a crop! Mother! mother! we'll have 'em, we'll have 'em by next November!" shouted Tommy, as he ran to pick out his share of the fine corn.

The "ground" was broken, the corn planted. Tommy had managed to get together seven varieties of fine corn besides the pop-corn.

Friends from Buffalo, after hearing of his wonderful plan sent him packages of the very best varieties, the early roasting-ears, also field corn.

Tommy's mother became interested, and could not resist helping "just a little."

The lad laid out his rows with care, saying "I wanted every row straight."

The grains sprouted well, the tender blades grew thickly, and Tommy battled bravely with the crows, taking care that the mules and two cows did not have the opportunity to trample down his growing "crop."

The weeds grew fast, and Tommy's hoe had to "swing" out lively sometimes, to keep them down.

Mrs. Lane, pitying the tired and hot little fellow, often wanted to rest him, but he had a chivalrous care over her, and gently put her aside with "it doesn't seem just right, mother, for women to hoe, when there are boys to do it."

Late in October, that harvest was gathered and packed in large baskets ready for market.

The result was very gratifying to Tommy, whose visions of books and papers to make the lonely days of winter go by more pleasantly, he felt sure would soon be realized.

But where to dispose of the crop to the best advantage was the question now to be settled. While he was talking the matter over with his parents, neighbor Ewing came in, and being informed of the subject of the conversation, suggested that the cow be taken to Carney, a village some ten miles distant. "In Carney," said he, "you will get a good price for it, as this and the adjoining settlement is settled up with farmers that need just what you have to sell. It is always a satisfaction to me to know that the article I'm sellin' is goin' to help somebody. There isn't an inferior variety of corn in the lot you've raised."

"I couldn't have done so well without father and mother to help me. Father thought it out for me," returned Tommy, pleased and happy.

"Tommy has earned a reward, for he has toiled manfully to raise his crop," said Mrs. Lane, proudly, and neighbor Ewing said, "I'll warrant ye, work tells on any crop."

The seed-corn was taken to the nearest town, fifteen miles away, and left with the stockmen, who also kept the post-office. A few weeks, later neighbor Ewing went "to town," and asked about Tommy's corn, if there had been a demand for it. The post master replied:

"A party considerable of a demand. Every grain has been sold, and folks come now askin' for more of that Lane seed-corn. Carry this to Tommy, an' tell him I don't charge him anything for sellin' his corn, as I'm an admirer of such industrious little fellers, and want to lend em' a helping hand."

When the several silver dollars were handed Tommy by neighbor Ewing, he laid it all in Mrs. Lane's lap, saying: "Mother, it'll make us happy all through the long winter. There'll be something for you and father, too. Say, mother, can't we have a school here, for those who will come and study with me?"

Of course, Mrs. Lane said, "yes."—*Arthur's Home Magazine*

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

### A Workingman Who Had a Chance to See and Hear the Kaiser.

At a meeting the other day of the Conservative society at Madgeburg a locksmith named Deppe thus described his impressions of the recent sittings of the council of state before which he appeared:

"Called by the emperor as one having a knowledge of technical matters, I had the pleasure of attending these meetings last week under the presidency of the emperor himself. The sittings, with the exception of a short pause for lunch, lasted from 1 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. The emperor opened, adjourned, and closed the meetings, called on speakers, spoke himself, or stopped a speaker when he made a mistake, as the case might be. First to come and last to go, he followed the proceedings with eager attention. During lunch, where we sat in careless rows, and at which the minister of the interior was our host, the most dutiful of monarchs became the most gracious. When speaking singly or in small groups and discussing various questions, we quite forgot that it was the German emperor before whom we sat. As I stood modestly apart Herr von Boetticher took me by the arm and led me up to the Emperor, and at the same time I had the opportunity of sharing in a discussion with the social democrat Herr Buchholz, who, as a representative of the workingmen and member of the Unfall Versicherung (accident insurance), could boast of the support of 650,000 votes. Herr Buchholz, who wore the iron cross, believed that patriotism and socialism could be united, and had no desire at all that the emperor's rule should be got rid of. Hereupon the emperor asked: 'Do you believe that your leaders in the reichstag will do anything for you?' Herr Buchholz replied: 'Certainly, your majesty; they have promised, and if they do nothing we shall not choose them again.' The emperor rejoined: 'Well, we shall see. If only we could put it to the proof and oblige these gentlemen to bear the responsibility of government. But I can not leave Bebel on the throne.' The Cabinet-maker Vorderbrugge and I rather drove Herr Buchholz into a corner, but when next day the emperor inquired if we had got him round we were obliged to answer no."

## Queer Women.

A woman can faint away at the sight of a bit of blood on her finger, have all the children in the house screaming with fright, require eau de cologne to bring her to and be nervous for twenty-four hours after, yet the same woman can in perfect silence stand by and help a doctor perform an operation that may mean death to some one she loves.

A woman can scorn what she calls made-over clothes, can laugh at indiscriminate charity, and yet the same woman can cry as if her heart would break and take all her spending money to buy an overcoat for a newsboy she met in the street cars because his face was so pitiful.

She can take two hours and a half to dress to go to the theatre and then tell Charley she knows she looks like a dowdy, but the same woman can pack a trunk with things enough to last her for two weeks in twenty minutes when she gets a telegram saying: "Come as soon as possible; your mother is sick."

She will bake a chicken until it is brown and then calmly ask the master of the establishment if he doesn't think the English way of roasting is preferable to any other.

## A Song of Spring.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,  
The swift is brown in its bed,  
Rain from the cloud is streaming;  
And the bow bends overhead.  
The charm of the winter is broken!  
The last of the spell is said!

The eel in the pond is quickening,  
The grayling leaps in the stream;  
What if the clouds are thickening?  
See how the meadows gleam!  
The spell of the winter is shaken!  
The world awakes from a dream!

The fir puts out green fingers,  
The pear tree softly blows,  
The rose in her dark bower lingers,  
But her curtains will soon uncloze;  
The lilac will shake her ringlets  
Over the blush of the rose.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,  
The woods are beginning to ring,  
Rain from the cloud is streaming;  
There, where the bow doth cling,  
Summer is smiling afar off  
Over the shoulder of Spring!

## Nothing to Steal.

New father-in-law—"Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you would wake up some night and find burglars in the house?"

Groom—"I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away."

## Entertaining Journals.

Blinks—"What sort of comic papers do they have over in Europe?"

Jinks—"Excellent."

Blinks—"Are the jokes like ours?"

Jinks—"Exactly. Same jokes, in fact, only a month older."

## Bellamy's Mistake.

Winks—"I see that the publishers of 'Looking Backward' have made \$50,000 on that book, while Bellamy, the author has made but \$5,000."

Minks—"Well, if Bellamy had looked forward instead of backward he would have published it himself."

## After the Slave Trade the Gin Traffic.

With the stoppage of the slave trade the gin traffic only received a more powerful stimulus. To its propagation all the energies of the traders were devoted. For spirits there was already a huge demand, and it was increasing out of all proportion to the taste for better things. It required no exertions on the part of the merchants to set it agoing, and once started it grew and spread itself without any danger of its stopping. The profits, too, were enormous and certain, because the appetite for drink had to be assuaged, no matter what the price. Yet in all conscience the pleasures of intoxication are not expensive in West Africa. Over the doorway of hundreds of traders' houses might be hung the signboard of Hogarth's picture, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence," only the "clean straw for nothing" would have to be left out. With the traffic in useful articles it was entirely different. To push it was a slow and laborious task, and the profits were uncertain, which did not suit men who wanted to make money rapidly.

The result of this state of matters is that the diabolical work commenced by the slave trade has been effectually carried on and widened by that in spirits. I for one am inclined to believe that the latter is producing greater—and what are likely to be quite as lasting—evils than the former. The spirit traffic has a more brutalizing effect; it more effectually blights all the native's energies, it ruins his constitution, and, through the habits it gives rise to, his lands are left as desolate as after a slave raid.

What are the most characteristic European imports into West Africa? Gin, rum, gunpowder, and guns. What European articles are most in demand? The same. In what light do the natives look upon the Europeans? Why, as makers and sellers of spirits and guns. What largely supports the Governmental machinery of that region? Still the same articles.

The ships which trade to Africa are loaded with gin out of all proportion to more useful articles; the warehouses along the coast are filled with it. The air seems to reek with the vile stuff, and every hut is redolent of its fumes. Gin bottles and boxes meet the eye at every step, and in some places the wealth and importance of the various villages are measured by the size of the pyramids of empty gin bottles which they erect to their own honor and glory and the envy of poorer districts. Over large areas it is almost the sole currency, and in many parts the year's wages of the negro factory workers is paid in spirits, with which they return home to enjoy a few days of fiendish debauch.—*Joseph Thompson in the Contemporary Review.*

## In Favor of the Prayer.

A ballot was taken after the performance of Steele Mackaye's play, "Money Mad," at the Standard Theatre last evening, on the question whether *Aunt Phillis's* prayer is scurrilous or not. *Aunt Phillis* (Mrs. Annie Yeamans) is a colored mammy, whose mistress has married a poor artist and has fainted on the stage for lack of food. This is *Aunt Phillis's* prayer.

O Lord you know I's a wicked ole woman, yes a perfect ole sinner, but den my missy be a angel, an' fo' her sake I pray de Lord to hear de sinner's pray'r. Lord you know I's always believed in you an' now dat my po' missy be a starvin' I come to you fo' help. You's all I's got Lord, but den you's almighty an' all lovin' an' all merciful. Dat's your reputation, Lord, an' I sticks my faith by dat. O Lord, let me do all de starvin', fo' I's a worthless thing, no good nor fit to lib. But my missy she be sinless. Spar' her, Lord, spar' my po' little, helpless lamb dat never did nobody no harm. Dear, precious Lord, spar' O spar' my helpless chile. Don't go back on you' reputation dis time, Lord, an' I'll bless you fo' eber an' eber—Amen.

Mr. Mackaye stepped in front of the curtain as it was about to be lifted on the act in which the prayer is uttered and explained his high moral purpose in writing the prayer and the lesson which it was intended to impart. "Those of you who feel with me," said Mr. Mackaye, "that this heart cry of the unselfish servant is helpful to our common humanity will please vote for its retention."

Mr. Mackaye announced that Judge John R. Brady, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, and Mr. Charles Delmonico would count the ballots, and then he concluded: "It is with entire confidence in the humanity and enlightenment which you represent that I look forward to the result of your voting."

There was applause when Mr. Mackaye finished, and the delivery of the words of the prayer which followed presently was greeted with applause.

Nearly 1,000 votes were cast, among which were counted but twenty-four against the continuance of the prayer. Sixteen of these ballots were signed, the others being anonymous.

## The Tory Scheme.

Englishman—"Patrick, what do you think of emigration as a cure for the ills of Ireland?"

Patrick—"Emigration do be all right, sor, but th' landlords must be th' wans to emigrate."

## A Useful Boy.

Irate Subscriber (in thunder tones)—"Where's the editor of this sheet?"

Smart Boy—"He jist stepped in next door. Come along an' I'll show you." [Leads the way to a building occupied by several dentists.]

Irate Subscriber (stopping in hall way)—"Eh! What's that yelling upstairs?"

Boy—"Guess the editor has caught the man he was after."

## A Discouraging Addition.

Cora.—"Doesn't it make you feel nice for people to remark how well you are getting on?"

Merritt.—"Yes, unless they add 'they can't understand it.'" *Lippincott's Magazine.*

## What She Wanted to Know.

"Sense me, ma'am, but I'd like to ask you a question," said a long, lank, keen-eyed woman to an elegantly clad and aristocratic looking lady sitting in front of her on a railroad train.

"Very well," replied the lady haughtily. "Well, then, here goes: I been settin' behind you for three mortal hours trying to figger out if your hair is all your own or if part of it's a switch, and blest if I kin yit. You've a sight of it if it's all yer own, an' if it's a switch it's a very good match. Which air it, anyhow?"

## A QUEER EXCHANGE.

### A Startling Story of the Arctic Ocean.

We were whaling in the Arctic Ocean, to the north of Point Barrow, Alaska, in the old Scotch bark Emma Davis. That was my fifth whaling voyage, and no ship could have had worse luck. When we had been out fourteen months we had to buy a barrel of oil to keep our lamps going. We had sighted a whale now and then, but they were as wild as deer, and twice when we had made fast we had our boats stove and lost two or three men. We had lost topmast, been aleak, had several sails destroyed, been on fire, and it seemed as if the very devil was to pay with the voyage, and yet no one could blame any one else. It was simply "ship's luck," and we had to make the best of it. Finally, late in the season, when we ought to have been heading for the south, we got among the whales. That is, they suddenly appeared all around us, and on the very first day we killed four without accident. We cut them in without trying out, as this was the quicker way to dispose of them, and the last of the blubber was no sooner over the rail than down went the boats and two more whales were secured.

The winter gales were at hand and ice was making fast, but it was our golden opportunity. We drifted slowly to the south, killing and cutting in as we went, and if we could have had two weeks more of it we could have filled the ship. One afternoon, as we had a half-cut whale on each side of us, a gale sprang up, a heavy snow storm came on, and in less than an hour we had to let go of our prizes and look sharply after the bark. It was the beginning of

### THE ARCTIC WINTER.

and while the Captain was satisfied if he decided to take one more chance. There might come a few days of fine weather after the gale, and so we drifted away to the north to wear out the gale. For thirty hours there was no let up, and every half hour we had to turn out and shovel snow over the rails. Just as the gale broke we got among the field ice, and the temperature went down in four hours from 2° below zero to 18° below. From a gale blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour the wind died out until it hadn't motion enough to flare a candle. On that first night, when we were surrounded by field ice and drifting with it, many of the men were badly frostbitten, and the frost cracked through the old ship like muskets.

Morning came without a breath of wind, with the temperature down to 27° below, and now every man knew it was one chance in ten for us. We were drifting very slowly to the south, and while we made everything as snug as possible the Captain hoped for a break before winter actually shut down. Before noon the sea, as far as could be discovered from the crew's nest with a glass, was covered with field ice, and by night the temperature was 32° below. We kept up our fires and got out all the spare clothing and bedding, but many of the men

### SUFFERED WITH THE COLD.

and no one slept more than ten minutes at a time on account of the noises. When morning came again it brought in wind, while the cold was just as intense, and we could now discover a great change in the ice around us. It was rugged and broken, the heave of the sea having piled cakes on top of each other, and the field was four or five feet thick. The old man himself went to the crew's nest and took a long look, and when he came down he said to the men, who were waiting to hear his words:

"Well, boys, it looks very serious to me, and I expect you had better prepare to winter this side of Dundee."

That settled it with us. We turned to and began to caulk and batten to keep out the cold, and in a couple of days we were as ready as we could be. For four days and nights there wasn't a puff of wind, with the cold so intense that ice formed to the thickness of seven feet alongside the bark. At daylight on the morning of the fifth a squall came out of the south-west accompanied by snow, and before noon the ice field was broken up. At noon the wind died almost out, but within an hour it shipped to the north, and away went everything to the south. A wilder sight than a sea covered with great cakes and blocks of ice, each one tossing, grinding, and crashing on its own account, no one ever saw. We dared show only a rag of sail—just enough to give her steerage way—and the smashing she got that afternoon seemed enough to break every timber in her bows. At night the wind fell again, and at 7 o'clock the thermometer marked 42° below. As soon as the heave of the sea subsided the ice was firmly welded together again, and

### WHEN MORNING CAME.

there were hills and hummocks in sight as big as the ship. The men were now told by the mate that our position was about ninety miles north of Smith's Bay, and that our floe was no longer drifting. This signified that the southern edge of it rested against the shore ice, and that we were in for it, unless some unlooked for streak of luck came to our aid.

Next-day there were heavy wind squalls, but the ice did not break nor did the ship move. That settled it. For the next week we had calms and squalls, with the temperature ranging from 27° to 38° below, but the pack was as solid as a rocky ledge. We were housed in by this time, and had established the winter routine, and the Arctic night had come. For the next month, not to weary the reader with details, our life was that so often described in the books. Then a sudden and terrible interruption came.

The bark began to heave out. The first movement occurred at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and filled everybody with dire alarm. After five minutes she heaved again, lifting right out of the solid field, with great cakes clinging to her, as if machinery was at work. As she lifted she canted to starboard, and at noon her decks were at an angle of 45 degrees. It has always seemed to me that powder ought to have been used to blow up the ice around her and let her back. Indeed, had not our Captain got so badly rattled we could have cut and sawed and dragged away half an acre of ice in a half a day. The carpenter, who had a little plan of his own, reported that the heave had shattered several planks in her bottom, and that she would fill if she was cradled back. She took one more heave, canted over until almost on her beam ends, and then we got the order

### TO ABANDON HER.

We got out clothing, bedding, provisions, a compass, and four boats, and at midnight headed away in four gangs for Smith's Bay, each gang having a boat, which was dragged and lifted over the ice. The order to abandon ship has the same effect on the

sailor that the order of retreat has on the soldiers. It creates a panicky feeling, and he loses his judgment. We had not gone five miles before some of the men began to curse the Captain's stupidity in leaving the neighborhood of the bark, and others expressed their doubts of the carpenter's reports. However, all pressed forward, and, after making ten miles, we went into camp. Fortunately for us, there was no wind, while the thermometer was only about 15° below. After a rest of six hours we were pushed on again, and now our marches and rests were marked by hours. It was terribly hard work crossing those ice fields, and five hours of pulling, hauling, climbing, and sliding were enough to wear out the best man in the crew.

We had made forty miles or more, and were strung out on the pack for a mile or more, when a man named Tinkerson and myself, who were ahead to pick the route, turned a large hummock or hill of ice to find ourselves bumping up against a three-masted ship. There she lay, broadside to us and not over fifty feet away, looming up in the darkness like a mountain. We rubbed our eyes and looked around again, but it was not a deception. We sent the news back and waited until all had come up, and then Capt. Tree went forward with his mates and hailed her. There was no response, and after hailing again, the first mate climbed in over the bows. In three or four minutes he reported her abandoned, and we all went on board. We soon found her to be the Bristol ship *Endurance*, a whaler, of course, and two-thirds

### FULL OF BLUBBER AND OIL.

She had a slight list to port, and after looking her over, the officers said that she had hove out, the same as our bark, but had settled back again. She had also been abandoned in a hurry, as there were many evidences, but an inspection showed plenty of provisions aboard, and proved her perfectly sound. We had our bedding and clothing, and when it was decided to take possession of her the crew were pleased. In three hours after first sighting her we were as much at home aboard as if we had formed the original crew. She was a larger craft than ours, and also better found, and we profited by the change.

We had been aboard of the *Endurance* about a month when the carpenter fell sick. In his case it was pure homesickness and nothing else. He was moody and taciturn, refused to make an effort to throw off the feeling, and at length took to his bed. There was really no medicine to touch his case. He was slowly dying because of his desire to get home to wife and bairns. All of us had a touch of his malady, but we shook it off by hunting, trapping, indulging in games, and keeping our thoughts with the ship. Lord! man, but I have often wondered why half the crew did not go crazy. It was endless night. It was ice—ice—ice. It was like being shut up in a dungeon, with the addition that when night came and all was still, the ship was full of groans and sighs from stem to stern—noises caused by the ice heaving and settling. I was appointed to nurse the carpenter, and when he had been brought very low and knew that he must go, he told me a secret. He said he had made a false report to the Captain about the damage to the bark's bottom on purpose to induce him to abandon her and start for land. He hoped in this way to get home the sooner.

This confession was made to me with the promise on my part not to betray the man while living, and he lived on for two weeks after making the statement. When he had been buried in an icy grave I told the Captain, and he at once fitted out an expedition to go back and look up the bark. The first mate and five men composed this party, and after being gone a week, during which time the weather was full of tempest, snow, and sleet, they returned from the west and blundered right up against us before they saw the ship. Their compass had been broken, and they had been lost for six days on

### THAT FEARFUL WASTE OF ICE.

One man died of exposure that night, and two others were used up for a month. Two weeks later the second mate headed a party, but they only went about fifteen miles to the north. They reported travelling so difficult that they had to return. Nothing further was done until the sun and daylight came again. Then the first mate set out again, but after making about half the distance he found open water and signs of a break-up, and returned.

No further efforts were made. Day by day the sun lasted a little longer, giving us more of the blessed daylight, and at last a gale came to break up the great field and show us streaks of open water. When we were finally clear of the icy bed which had held the ship, we headed for Point Barrow, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing ground. One day, I remember, we made twenty miles to the south, but on the very next a change of wind packed the ice and drifted us that far back to the north. We were slowly working down toward the Straits, however, when, one day at noon, after a snow squall lasting about two hours, we got into a channel running southwest. We had scarcely entered it before we caught sight of a bark coming down a channel from the north, and not over a mile to the west of us. Twenty voices at once cried out that the stranger was our old craft, the *Emma Davis*, and as we neared each other, running on the long lines of a triangle, everybody felt sure of it. We also noticed much excitement aboard the bark, but it was only when the two crafts got out their ice anchors within a stone's throw of each other that matters were fully explained.

Who do you suppose the strange men were? None others than the crew of the *Endurance*. They had our bark and we had their ship. A swap had been made of crafts. Their ship had hove out about the same time ours did, and they had abandoned her for the same reasons. Instead of trying to make the land, they had sought to find a brig which they had seen to the north of them. This brig was a myth or some foreign vessel which got safely out and could not afterward be traced.

In hunting for her they came across our bark. Three days only had passed, and yet she had canted back almost to an even keel. They had boarded her, taken full possession, and then worked her out on the break-up. We changed crews and resumed the voyage, and both crafts entered the port of Nuwuk together, whence, later on, both resumed the business of whaling. It was called even up all the way round; and neither was debtor nor creditor.

When you make a mistake don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—[May Riley Litch.