

THE FREE PRESS.

TORONTO MORNING Nov. 18, 1890.

YOUNG FOOL'S CORNER.

The Seven Stages.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.
Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.
Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Covered now by stern rule.
Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.
Only a father,
Bared with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.
Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.
Only a mound,
Overgrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

My Mother's Reen Praying.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. Whilst the storm was at its height, the *Ling Sea*, a stout brig, struck on Long Head Rock, a reef extending from one side of the bay. She sank, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men, clinging to the swaying masts, was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life-line, went booming out of the mast, the ship tooled over.

The rocket met began to draw in their line, when, suddenly, they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious. The *Ling Sea* may describe the final scene.

With skill unexampled he gazed around on the kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked:

"Where am I?"
"Thou art here, my lad."
"Where's the cap'n?"
"Drowned, my lad."
"The mate, then?"
"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his weeping face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayer.

The little fellow was taken to a home near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumbria.

Cleans of Gold.

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

The greatest evils in life have their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

True goodness is like the glow warm in this; that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.

To please, one must make up his mind to be taught many things which he already knows, by people who do not know them.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment.

He it ours to fasten our thoughts not on the passions and parties of the brief today, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow.

He that cannot forgive others breaks his bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

The Christian who prays for grace, for holiness, while all the while he is living so as to frustrate all these prayers, is sowing among thorns.

Christianity does not destroy the social principles, but sanctifies it on earth, and will perfectly sanctify it in heaven. The select society of the universe is in heaven.

Clean oil cloth, with milk and water. A little ginger put into sausages meat improves the flavor.

In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

A spoonful of stewed potatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meat is an improvement.

Short and Sad.
TWO MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS BRIEFLY RECORDED.

No. 1.
Boy.
Gun.
Joy.
Fun.
Gun
Burst.
Boy.
Dust.
No. 2.
Gerrard.
Oil.
Kettle.
Boil.
For
Rest.
See
Inquest.

They Can't Help It.

There is a limit beyond which the housewife who has eagerly plunged into the canning and preserving season cannot go. There are only 1,600 known methods of putting up peaches. It may take some time to get to the last one, but she'll reach it in time. The latest estimate places the number of fruit jars on sale in this country at 30,000,000. No housewife can secure more than a proportion of these. After she has asked her husband seventy-eight consecutive times to stand up another dozen of those cans, there must come a full. She may then demand her share of the crocks and jars and jelly tumblers of this great and growing country, but winter is only three months away. By and by there must come an end to this asking for another twenty pounds of that same kind of sugar. The stock on hand in this country will not allow any family to consume over 5,000 pounds in putting up preserves. The woman who goes beyond that must do so at her peril. While the average husband feels a thrill of exultation as he realizes that plums are played, he must not be plunged into despair to learn that peaches will go down to fifty cents before the last of the crop is in, and that pears were never known to be so plenty. No cellar can hold more than it can. After the jugs and jars and cans and pitchers are stacked from floor to joist, the wife has got to either lay off her big apron and quit or else rent space from the neighbors, and the chances will be that they will have none to spare. In two weeks more she'll have to give up on peaches and pears. Then she'll begin on tomato pickles and catsup, jump to cucumbers—slide off an apple butter—work up a barrel of quince—boil down a barrel of cider, and then sit down and give up the unequal struggle. That is, she'll suddenly remember that every can and jar and jug must be lifted up or taken down and opened and heated over, and if perchance she finishes the job before spring the mince pie season will serve to keep the house up. They were born that way, and men must suffer and endure.

The Soup-Stone—An Old Story.

A lady on the outskirts of Denver was the victim the other day of a tramp's practical joke. Even in those vagabonds there is an occasional vein of humor which is worth preserving. The incident happened in this wise: At about the middle of the afternoon the tramp put in an appearance and asked politely if he could be permitted to cook for himself a plate of soup.

"I have the ingredients with me," he said displaying a cobblerous about the size of an apple.

The lady very naturally looked at him in surprise.

"You can't make soup out of that rock, can you?" she inquired, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, madam. This is what we call a soap stone."

"Well, I should like to see you do it and she forthwith made up a fire in the stove, and the tramp commenced operations. He filled the stove-pen with water, and, after, it commenced to boil, very carefully deposited the stone in the pan of water.

"I shall have to trouble you for a little seasoning," he said, and the lady listened to get him an onion, a piece of meat, and a tomato. These were carefully cut up and put in to boil along with the stone. In a short time a delicious plate of soup was prepared. The lady tasted it and was delighted with the flavor. The fellow sat down and ate, and his hostess immediately added what was necessary to make a substantial meal. When he left he said that he could get plenty of soap-stones on his way, and that he would leave that one with her as an evidence of how sincerely he appreciated her kindness. She was firmly convinced that she had come into possession of a treasure. That night she told her husband of the circumstance. He listened to the recital and then inquired innocently:

"Don't you think the meat and the onion and the tomato would have made a very good plate of soup without the rock?"

Gradually the trick began to dawn upon her, and if you want to make that lady mad you have only to ask her for the loan of her soap-stone.

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