

Our Boys and Girls.

OLD YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,

The worrying things that caused our souls to fret

The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us

Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,

The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;

The pride with which some lofty one disdained us

Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,

The yielding to temptations that beset,

That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,

Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,

Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,

The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,

Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving

When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,

The fragrance of each life of holy living

Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,

Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,

What love of God or man has rendered precious,

Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,

We tenderly may bid the year "Good-by,"

Holding in memory the good it brought us,

Letting the evils die.

—Susan E. Gammons.

WITH THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

"This foolishness must stop!" exclaimed the foreman of the gang of riveters, as he stood on the bank below, and saw one of his workmen poised between heaven and earth on a huge iron beam that was being hoisted to its place five hundred feet above the river.

"We've had accidents enough," he continued, sharply. "The next man who goes up on a girder or beam will be discharged."

That night the order went forth. The more conservative of the men greeted it with wise and approving nods of the head. There were dangers and accidents enough in their business without inviting unnecessary ones. There was no earthly reason why anyone should go up on a beam, sitting astride of it, or standing upright to show his comrades how cool he could be.

But not all of the younger men and apprentices viewed it in this light. "I guess no one will get hurt riding on a beam," said Henry Cleveland, one of the most daring of the riveters' ap-

prentices. "It's no worse than hanging on the beams to hold hot rivets, or walking the narrow girders. I guess the foreman has indigestion."

Several of the other apprentices and assistants applauded this sentiment; but Harry Motley, one of the youngest of the boys, shook his head doubtfully, and said:

"I don't think we should take unnecessary risks, anyway."

There was a shout of derisive laughter at this sage remark.

"Say, Harry, you must have lost your nerve," one of the boys replied.

"Never had any," said Henry with a grunt. "Did you ever see him walk a beam? He keeps as far away from the edge as possible, and looks at the sky instead of the water. I'll bet he could not walk this beam here and look down."

Henry indicated a narrow steel girder which had just been placed in position. It extended across from one cable to another. In the wind it swayed a little, and it was certainly a precarious foothold for anyone.

"Come now, dare you do it?"

"Yes, I dare do it, but I'm not going to," replied Harry, with a flush suffusing his face.

"A nice thing to say. Well, I'll show you how to do it."

In an instant Henry had climbed out to the beam and was walking across it, balancing himself deftly on the narrow surface, and calling back to his companions when he reached the other side.

"That's the way to do it," he shouted. "Now do you take the dare?"

Harry was strongly inclined to show his comrades that his nerves were as strong as their leader's. The dizzy height had no terror for him. He had time and again looked down from a high perch and knew that his head was perfectly level. He hesitated, thinking that he was foolish not to earn the good opinion of his comrades, and then a rush of thoughts overcame him. What right had he to imperil his life for nothing—simply for a dare? Did he not have a mother and tiny brother dependent upon his wages for their happiness?

"That was well done, Henry," he said, with a smile and laugh, "but you don't expect me to do it simply because you did."

"And why not? The other fellows will do it."

They were dominated by Henry, so that when he ordered them to walk the beam they did so without a word of expostulation. But there was one moment when all hearts suddenly stopped beating. Williston Young, a new worker on the bridge, hesitated an instant on the way back, swayed, and turned pale. For an instant it seemed as if he would fall into the river below. It was a cause of sudden fright and fear that comes sometimes to almost all workers on high places.

The boys stood stock still, fear clutching them at the heart. Only Harry Motley grasped the situation and acted. Without apparent hurry or excitement he stepped toward the beam, and pointing to the derrick above said in his most natural voice:

"See that gull on the top of the derrick, Williston. I believe it's a big Labrador gull. They do come down this river in summer. I saw one once stuffed in a museum."

The frightened, trembling boy on the beam looked up at the gull, his attention being so diverted from his perilous position that he forgot it temporarily. When he looked down again Harry was standing on a neighboring beam, frailer and narrower, but swung parallel to

the first, with one hand touching Williston on the shoulder. It required all the strength and nerve of his body and mind to hold himself under control, but the danger in which Williston was placed gave him strength.

"We'll cross arms this way," Harry said, slowly, placing a hand on Williston's shoulder. The frightened boy saw the plan, and instantly extended an arm toward Harry. Thus locked together they formed a firm and steady support for each other. A dozen steps brought them safely to the platform.

Williston was so overcome with giddiness that he sat down and buried his pale face in his hands. Henry Cleveland had been a silent witness of the deed. He walked up to Harry Motley and said:

"That was a great—a brave deed. I couldn't do it myself. I was frightened to death when I saw your plan. You weren't a bit afraid, and as cool—"

Harry interrupted him with a nervous laugh. "No," he said, "I must confess it. I was frightened too—terribly."

And he shuddered at the remembrance, and buried his face in his hands. But his confession of fear brought no words of taunt from Henry. Instead, he said, "I wish I could be frightened that way sometimes. When I'm frightened it controls me; but when you are frightened you seem to control yourself."—*N. Y. Advocate.*

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Hurrah!" New Year's coming. The old year's almost gone!

A quiet, pleasant-faced man looked up as George burst into the room with his usual shout and bound.

"Where is it gone," he asked.

"Where, uncle?—what, the old year, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Why, it's just gone. I don't know where. Where does a candle go when it goes out? It's gone, and that's all there is to it."

"Not all," said his uncle. "It has gone into eternity to carry its record with it—"

"No. It will meet you one day."

George took a few steps up and down the room, and said with a poor attempt at a smile:

"Uncle, you have such a fearful way of putting things."

"It is not my way, my dear boy. It is the way things are put for us. When you take the trouble to think seriously you must realize that I have only given expression to what you already know."

"But—I don't like to think of it. I don't like the record I've sent ahead of me with the year."

"Not such a bad one, I hope," said the other, kindly.

"Oh, nothing so dreadfully bad. Only the small bads all the way along."

"It was given you a fair new page to write on," said the uncle, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and I've blotted and marred and scarred it. I wish I could blot the whole of it out."

"You cannot do that. It is a solemn thing to reflect on, that all the days of all the years of our lives are waiting to testify against us; that they keep with cruel exactness the account of our use of the great gift of time—precious time—with its blessed opportunities for our own improvement or the doing for others."

"But another year is coming," began George.

Heart Palpitated.

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

COULD SCARCELY EAT.

TWO BOXES OF

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS

Cured Mrs. Edmund Brown, Inwood, Ont., when she had almost given up hope of ever getting well again.

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"Yes, let us be thankful for that; for the reasonable hope that its day of privilege may be granted us. What are you going to do with the new year?"

"You tell, uncle. You can say it better than I can. All that a boy who wants to—for I truly do—can do and be in a year."

His uncle gazed at the eager face with an affectionate smile.

"The practice of all that goes to the make-up of a noble character—"

"That's indefinite. A boy, you know, wants to get down to the real things."

"That's right. Well, then, more kindness, gentleness and helpfulness toward all whom you love and who love you, or any with whom you come in contact."

"Good," said George, jotting down the points with his finger. "More industry in study and all good work. More attention to all the small cares and neatness which go to make you more pleasant to others. More care and willingness in all the small duties you are called on to do for others. More effort to be in all things sincere, generous and noble. In short, to show yourself in all things a true follower of the Master. That gets it all in," said the boy in a low voice.

"Yes. You need not be afraid to send before you a year so filled."—*N. Y. York Observer.*

Miss Bessie Nason, a well-known lady of Clover Hill, N. B., writes: "I gladly recommend Laxa-Liver Pills to anyone suffering from constipation. They cured me entirely before I had finished the third box."

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.