

Our Boys and Girls.

TIME FLIES.

BY FRANK ELLS.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
So my father used to say.
What you've got to do, do it,
Or 'twill not be done to-day:
For so fast the seconds fly,
You can't catch one—nor can I.

Sixty minutes make an hour,
So my father used to tell;
While you've got the strength and power
Do your work and do it well;
Or at night you'll have to say:
"I've done nothing all the day."

Twelve fast hours make the daytime,
So, my child, I say to you:
Some is work-time, some is play-time,
Do what you have to do;
For though, fast you run down hill,
Time is running faster still.

"WILL YOU—WON'T YOU?"

It was Friday afternoon. Anita went back to the little country schoolhouse after her exercise book, and overheard them plotting. When she came out it was to take a way home that was entirely different from the one which she had returned.

"She's going to tell on us!"

"That's so! I'll fix her!" and Gabe Saunders, the bully of the school, went after the little girl. "Hello, there!" he called. Anita turned. "Where are you going?"

"Home."

"That isn't the way."

"I'm going by the mill road."

"It's farther."

"I don't mind that."

"Well, I tell you to go home by the pike."

"What if I say I won't do it?"

"Then we'll lock you in the schoolhouse, and you shan't get home to-night."

Anita looked at him and saw the evil in his face. She remembered certain stories of his hateful deeds. "All right," she said. "I'll go home by the pike; but I don't see what difference it makes to you."

"You'd better go that way!" Then, as the little girl turned into another road, he went back to his comrades.

Anita walked till beyond their sight. She was thinking the matter over and over in her mind, wondering what she would better do. "I must warn her!" she said, "Poor Mrs. Daveridge!"

But a wide stretch of woodland lay between her and the widow's little home. Anita's heart beat fast as she turned into this woodland. Would she be able to find her way? She had crossed it but once before with a party of chest-nutters. But this afternoon was cloudy and the shadows were deep before her. At different points she came upon the path. Across it lay fallen trees, broken branches, and a swift little brook. Every noise sent a shiver through her, and the voice of a screech owl in a high tree set her to running.

At last, just as her heart was beating its fastest, the shadows grew less dense, there came an opening in the trees, and the small garden-spot of Mrs. Daveridge appeared. Anita climbed over the fence as if a wild Indian were after her, flew across the melon vines and around the strawberry bed, and in at the kitchen door.

"Why, child alive! Where did you drop from! You're pale as a ghost!"

"I came to tell you that Gabe Saunders is going to steal your honey to-night. He has it all planned. I heard him. They'll be here at midnight. And they'll bring quilts to wrap 'round the hives, so's not to get stung. And I know how you'd lotted on that honey to take you through the year. And I know I must let you know!" Then Anita burst into tears.

"You blessed lamb! There, there, don't cry! And I think that I was going to take the honey out of the hives to-morrow! Lem Sawyer was going to carry it to town for me, where the new hotel man will pay a big price for it. Gabe Saunders! Well! he's a bad un! Always into some mischief. But he'll be headed off this time—thanks to you, dearie! Here, let me give you a glass of milk and a nice slice of bread and butter with white clover honey on it. There, there! But why did you come through the woods, child?"

"They wouldn't let me go 'round by the mill. Gabe must have guessed I would tell you. He made me go by the pike; but when I was out of sight I cut across. And, oh, how lonesome it was!"

Mrs. Daveridge caught the child in her arms. "You brave little thing! Hark! There's a wagon! Maybe it's Lem and his wife. They'll let you ride home with them, you poor dear!"

Mrs. Daveridge ran out, while Anita was busy with the bread and butter and nice white clover honey, and told the farmer and his wife all about it.

"Aha!" said the farmer. "Well, suppose I send my hired man and dog down to stay with you to-night?"

"Oh, that would be kind! I was wondering what to do."

"Well, Anita," called the farmer's "you're a good child. We'll have you safe home in a twinkling. I suppose your mother'll begin to worry pretty soon."

That night, when, with quilts and ropes, the sly thieves came skulking about after the delicious white clover honey, they received an unexpected greeting from the dog, which was on watch and had a terrific voice. Several shots, fired into the sky from the hired man's gun, aided their haste to get away. Quilts, blankets and ropes were left behind in their hurried flight.

At school the next Monday Gabe went up to Anita. "You told on us. You sent word to the widow."

"I didn't send word. I took it—through the woods."

"I've a mind to lick you to-night, when you go home."

Fearlessly Anita looked into his face. "Oh, Gabe!" she said, "why won't you be different? You could be so nice, if you would. Before this happened I was going to ask you to help plan a surprise picnic for the teacher's birthday. Now I don't know what to do. Mr. Sawyer says we may have his team and hay-wagon. And I wanted you to drive, 'cause I think one of the scholars ought to do the driving on a school picnic. And you're the biggest boy in the school. You can make the others do things when you want to. You could make everybody like you, Gabe, if you would try. And it's ever so much nicer to have friends. You'd be a lot happier than you are now. I haven't any big brother or cousin to ask. I—I wish you'd be good and do things. Say, Gabe! will you—won't you?"

He looked down at her. Some desire to be thought well of by this little girl, who had outwitted him, stirred in his heart. He began to be ashamed of

himself and to feel that he was growing smaller and meaner under the gaze of those clear eyes.

"There ain't any use trying," he said. "Nobody'll believe it."

"I'll believe it. And I'll make the rest of them believe it, too. Mr. Sawyer said that it was a pity. That you could be such a fine fellow if you only would. And—oh, Gabe! will you—won't you?"

The queer little appeal touched him. He waited a good while. Then he said: "Yes, Anita, I will do my level best to be square and decent; and I won't go in for sneak work any more."

"Will you shake hands on it?" Then, he he hesitated, "Won't you, Gabe?" He looked at her big hand. "Wait till I'm fit to shake hands with you. But I'll make myself fit."

A good many fights he had with his evil nature before it was conquered. But the picnic helped to begin. The people were surprised at him there. Some of them looked for a trick to come out of it; but as the day wore away and they saw that he was in earnest, everyone began to encourage him. An Anita had said, he found it much pleasanter to have friends. The weeks went by, he grew glad at being trusted, and felt pleased when he could do a kindness for any one. Whenever he felt tempted to return to the old ways that queer little appeal of Anita's came to help him: "You can, if you will. Oh, Gabe! will you—won't you?"—*Christian Advocate.*

OPEN YOUR EYES, BOYS!

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

It is not always the blind who do not see. There are many persons who go through life with their eyes shut. "Having eyes they see not," and life consequently is a failure. Boys, open your eyes!

Alertness and attention are worth more than half the education obtained in schools. They have a very expressive idiom in Germany which you will hear every day on the lips of the common people—"To look a thing deep in the eyes." This is what you boys need to do. Pay attention to your tasks. Open your eyes wide and keep them open.

Open your eyes. See what there is about you. Linnaeus, the great botanist, was one of the boys who kept his eyes open. The smallest, most obscurely plant could not escape his notice. Buffon was another boy that used his eyes, and he became the greatest naturalist the world has ever seen. All the successful men of history kept their eyes open.

Samuel Johnson once told a fine gentleman who had returned from an extensive tour and was bragging of the things he had seen, that he knew of men who would learn more in one trip in the Hempstead stage than others would learn in the tour of Europe. Did you never notice how much more some men will see in a journey than others? That depends upon the way they use their eyes. Learn to observe by keeping your eyes open.

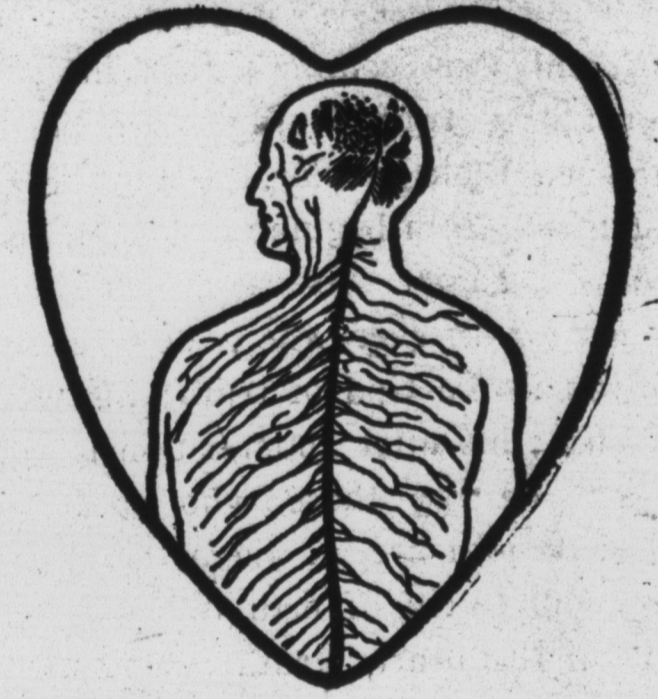
"What did you see on your way to school," a teacher asked a pupil one morning.

"I didn't see anything but a man and a cart I met in the road."

"And you," he asked another boy.

"Oh, I saw a blackbird's nest in the thicket, and I ran upon some young partridges, and I saw a turtle carrying a little one on its back, and I found some queer blossoms which I do not know."

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

One boy used his eyes; the other might as well have been blind for all the good they did him.

The Russians have a proverb which they apply to a man of small understanding: "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." Back in King Solomon's time they expressed the same idea in a different way: "The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness." In another place he says about the same thing: "The eyes of a fool are in the end of the earth." Have your eyes open. Look! look! straight before you.

A small company of fugitives were crossing the desert a good many hundreds of years ago. They came to a place where it was necessary to choose one of two routes. Their leader, a sharp-eyed, alert, sinewy Arab, after a brief inspection, said, "Take this route," indicating the one that led to the south. He had seen the print of a silver horse-shoe in the sand, and knowing that one of his enemies had his steed thus shod, this had determined his course. If he had not kept his eyes open, Mohammed would have fallen into the hands of his enemies who had formed an ambush, and the history of the world would have been very different.

Open your eyes, boys, and keep them open.—*Good Cheer.*

We need more private prayer. To neglect this simply means the loss of spiritual life. I mean private prayer, not family prayer, or general communion with God while about your household or business duties. A "place" to pray for "yourself" alone where you can tell God what you do not care for others to hear. Such praying and spiritual life will be easily sustained and gloriously developed. This is a world of hurry. But, my young friend, be sure you take time to be holy.