

Poetry.

"TO EACH ONE HIS WORK."

The Master came away
From the earth where he while He wrought,
And the shadows about Him lay,
To the glorious land of day,
And we follow Him in our thought.

He has left, that there be no loss,
In the land of His love below,
Where gold is mixed with the dross,
His servants to bear His cross
And to teach till all peoples know.

Each day when the morning breaks
Each worker, happy and strong,
The voice of His Lord awakes,
And gladly his task he takes
And begins his work with a song.

Each one do his work he will,
But whether the Master sends;
By the side of the flower-blend rill,
Or to climb the difficult hill,
Alone, or with troops of friends.

And each in the setting sun
Turns gladly his grateful thought
To the day's work faithfully done,
The triumph his heart has won,
The deed that his hands have wrought.

And the Master pays each night
The wages the man loves best,
The comfort and deep delight
That are his who does the right,
The blessedness and the rest.

But He keeps for the greater day
His final reward to men,
Oh, happy indeed are they
Who labour and do not stay,
But, alas, for the idlers then!

—Marianne Farnham.

The Fireside.

POLLY GARDNER AND THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

By JULIA K. HILDEBRATH.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy," but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block idly looking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off to visit to a sick neighbor.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and tumbling slowly in his coat drew out a white envelope, and read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked, sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's me," cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is auntie. Please give my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, of course," said Polly, indignantly. "I'm nine next week."

This was the letter:

DEAREST POLLY—Mamma finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:30 p. m., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us at her home. Love to all, and a thousand kisses from MAMMA AND PAPA.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station, and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a drawbridge. Polly liked to watch the train open and shut the draw, as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week before, and the flowers were not then open, and now, as Polly ran down the road, she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock saw that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw some distance down the river a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I went to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond, where she saw the lilies looking over the water. But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she plucked them into her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in, he found it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry, "The train!—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the crew of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would be dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground, just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! O, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll never over me, but if mamma and papa are killed, I don't care to live," she said to herself, as she approached the great black noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting, and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine and gasped out, "The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about, and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised, and scratched as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people!"

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering, "Please take me away to find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled led back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets, and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly spoke first of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain untroubled for the short distance she had to go. When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enameled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."—*Harper's Young People.*

CHILDREN WELL BROUGHT UP.

There is sometimes a family in which the father and mother know how to enjoy life sensibly in its hours of play and rest, and around them grow up boys and girls fit to live, fit to do all the duties of life, fit to be their own lives happy and useful.

From childhood they know that life is surrounded by thousands of wonders, whether of man's making or of God's creation. Nature and art alike furnish them with sources of knowledge and pleasure. You don't see those children dawdling around hotel drawing-rooms when the family are travelling. The boys go fishing, and the girls go hunting for flowers, or both may go together and share the other's enjoyment.

I met two of such a family the other day in the pine woods, a mile from the hotel. I did not know them, nor they me. I was digging up the bulbs of a plant, and as it came out of the ground I heard an exclamation: "It is hullo, about all, Tom!"

Then I saw a bright and pleasant countenance of a seventeen-year-old girl, who had come near. She had the same curiosity about the flower which I had. Then for a while she and her brother Tom rambled about with me. They were out for a walk. Talk to them about the enjoyment of pretty much all they saw. Trees, flowers, and the most beautiful observation to them. She caught half a dozen lizards as we walked along, handled them gently, examined them carefully, and let them go unharmed. He talked of the fishing. He had seen some going on coming in. He knew all about the fishing in his own part of the country, and a great deal about the habits of the fish. The two, brother and sister, seemed very much at home in the ordinary environments of country life. And I was not surprised when she caught sight of an engraved gem in my ring, to find that at seventeen she, and at fifteen he, knew enough about art to talk intelligently and without blunders.

We had a very pleasant chat as we strolled hither and thither in the old pine woods; and they two were very happy children. I doubt not they confer a great deal of happiness and do a great deal of good in the circle in which they live. We met in the woods, and they left me in the woods, and I did not see them again.—*Dr. W. C. Prime.*

ABOUT THE DUNCE.

We wish to say a kind word for the dunce, for we fear he is consigned to much. The teacher must bear with him, for he may improve in time. His brain works slowly now, but its rate of speed may yet increase. If it does not, then pity the youth, and cheer him, but do not cease unless you know the fault is his.

Dr. Arnold, the great teacher of the Rugby school, once let his patience over a boy who was reciting badly, and he uttered some harsh words. "Indeed, sir," said the boy, "I am doing the best I can." The manner of the boy showed that he was, and words were therefore unkind.

Perhaps the child fails to learn rapidly because he is growing rapidly. His mind can not at present keep pace with his body. After his growth is reached he will begin to improve as a scholar. A generous diet of food, sleep, and exercise will must precede a diet of books. First, in the order of nature, strong muscle, and then a disciplined mind.

Sometimes the teacher is to blame. The child is put into a study which is far too difficult for his young mind to grasp. The hard points are not explained clearly, and the child is repelled, when it might have been attracted. Perhaps the teacher lacks enthusiasm. How, then, can he inspire in others that which he does not himself have? To have more good scholars, we must have more good teachers.

Many boys do not lack the ability to master a study, but the motive. The great Newton was in his early days pronounced a dunce, but was aroused to diligence by the contempt of a schoolmate. The mind may break through present dullness as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds.—*S. S. Journal.*

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STORIES.

BE TRUE.

There are persons whom you can always believe because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size but not in truth, and by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives until it is largely unreal, and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks who stretch things so.

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. "Never stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolish and false "funny" remarks. There are enough true things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass. One who has well said, "Never stretch the truth, for a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend."

Dear young readers be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely, true. Always speak the best you can. Life is but short; therefore do and speak that which is right. Ask God to help you, and He will strengthen you and enable you to speak and act right.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 191.—SQUARE WORD.

1. The father of Saul.
2. The father of Ezzel.
3. To avoid.
4. A libellous name.

St. John. LOTTIE R. STEVENS.

No. 192.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. Of whom it is said that when frightened the hair of his head stood up?
2. What criminal in his confession said, "I am, I confess, I confess?"
3. What chapter of the Bible has 12 verses alike?
4. Clarke's Harbor, Shelburne, N. S.

EVA M. SWIN.

No. 193.—OMITTED VERSES.

1. Sk th lrd n sh th hth vristng H. Ed.
2. H th bth n th Sh hth vristng H. Ed.

No. 194.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 9 letters, was a King of Gerar.
My 5, 5, 1, 9 was a wife of Jacob.
My 4, 3, 8, 1, 9 is a book of the Bible.
My 2, 5, 6, 2, 7 is God's Word. "Elova,"
Waterbury, Me.

No. 195.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My 1st is in shovel, but not in pan;
My 2nd is in soda, but not in Dan;
My 3rd is in egg, but not in shell;
My 4th is in gold, but not in bed;
My 5th is in gold, but not in ring;
My whole is the name of a cruel King.

Upper Brighton, Carleton. "Poo Nose."

No. 196.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a book of the Bible; the house of the Shepherd; a wise King; an Apostle; used by Moses at the Lord's bidding. "Scuse."

St. Mary's, York.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(August 15th.)

No. 174.—Once. Palm exi. 9.
No. 175.—Luke xlv. 6.
No. 176.—D. J. N. E. R. D.

No. 177.—(1). Malachi. (2). Daniel. (3). Samuel.
No. 178.—Isaiah xli. 10.
No. 179.—"Open rebuke is better than secret love."

CHAT.

COME.—To the one who sends the largest list of passages containing the blessed invitation "come," I will send a package of beautiful papers for the young folks. Each list must be accompanied with three (3) original puzzles, and must be in my office within two weeks from this issue. Take your Bible and search diligently. Read and profit thereby.

STORY.—This issue we publish a beautiful story. We hope each boy and girl will give it a careful perusal. Read it to your companions. Encourage truthfulness.

PUZZLES.—Six original puzzles are published this issue. We would like to have more puzzles from the pens of our young friends. Make *The Mystery* interesting and attractive.

"BLAKE," QUEEN.—Of Aug. 8th, you have correctly solved Nos. 164, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172 and 173. With joy we hail you. Of Aug. 15th, all are correct. List of passages received.

LOTTIE R. STEVENS, St. John.—All of *The Mystery* of Aug. 15th, except No. 177, correctly solved. List of passages received. Prize awarded next issue.

GEORGE A. LONDON, Brookville, Carleton.—List of passages received. For a little girl of 12 years you do well.

NELLIE A. MORENO, Sussex.—"Mystery" passages received. Write again.

"FRANK," Upper Brighton.—Nos. 164, 167, 172, 173 solved correctly. Thanks for Drop Letter Puzzle. Nos. 174, 175, 178 and 179 are correct. List of passages received.

"Poo Nose," Upper Brighton.—Glad you received the prize safely. You have correctly solved *The Mystery* of Aug. 8th, except No. 170.

M. M. TRACY, Tracy's Mills.—List of "Mystery" passages received. Come again.

EVELYN M. SUTHERLAND, Barrington, N. S.—Nos. 161, 162, (Aug. 1st); also 164, 165, 166, 171, 172. Thank you for your puzzles.

A. M. NEWCOMB, St. John.—No. 174 is correctly solved. Thank you for the solutions to your puzzles. They will be published.

PAUL.—The prize will be adjudged next week. Glad to see so many taking an interest in the Column.

SCROFULA

and all eruptions, diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itchiness, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and all eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for forty years been recognized by our best medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of morbid matter, and proves itself a complete master of all eruptions of the skin.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.—"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The humors were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and in a few days the sores were healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me."

Yours respectfully, Mrs. ANS O'BRIEN, 18 Sullivan St., New York, June 21, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to send to Mr. O'Brien, also upon Rev. Z. E. White, of 18 East 24th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in sending you a copy of the book, *Ayer's Sarsaparilla*, not only in the cure of skin diseases, but in all cases, and many others within his knowledge.

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