

Poetry.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a world's prayer,
The dream of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That gives a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrowing of a sorrowing heart,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Be firm and just and true,
And let a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
"These things shall never die."
—The Guardian.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And weeped for a groan;
But how he laughed! You do suppose
He struck his funny bone!

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
His ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and moan, and sigh.

—George Cooper.

The Fireside.

OLD KING COAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Casad, in company with their young son Clarence, were seated in front of a glowing fire one cold evening, not long since, when a messenger came, requesting their immediate presence at the bedside of a very sick neighbor; and would they come at once?

"Expect us in five minutes," said Mr. Casad, and the young man departed as quickly as his legs.

"But what are we to do with you?" exclaimed his mother, who, already cloaked and hooded, had forgotten her boy.

"Why, I'm to stay and keep a fire until you get back, you know," said Clarence, in a very decided voice, for a lad just turned nine years.

"I don't know about that," returned Mr. Casad, doubtfully. "Courage such as the average young gentleman of your age possesses, comes away quite suddenly, when left alone in a large house."

"But my kind don't come," returned Clarence, rather indignantly, as he rose and attempted to throw a shovelful of coal into the stove, half of which fell on the floor. "I am going to stay, for you won't be gone long; and, didn't you say, yesterday, I was a man, pa?"

"So I did," replied Mr. Casad, laughing. "That settles it; you may stay. Keep up a good fire, and expect us in one hour, without fail."

So father and mother opened the door, and left our hero alone.

Clarence suddenly awoke to the fact that the silence was oppressive. He poked up his lips, and began whistling; but how dreadfully loud it sounded! He stopped, quite abruptly, and, getting up, walked about the room, trying to remember a ghost story he had heard Teddy Jenson tell once. His parents had told him there were no such things, and there were not; of course not. So he looked the front door, and the one leading into the parlor, looked carefully under the lounge, and felt bare as a lion.

And now he climbed up into the big rocking-chair, and rocked himself gently, and thought, as he moved back and forth, how pleasant it was to be monarch of all he surveyed. When he got to be a man, he would build a house near, even than this one, and buy sugar by the bowl, and get the lumpy kind, too. This put him in mind of the sugar-bbox in the pantry. There were some elegant lumps there, too. Guess now would be a good time to see how they looked. His conscience smote him, but he had got his legs unfolded to brave the outside darkness, for sugar's sake, when he heard a great commotion in the coal-hole.

It is unnecessary to state that our young friend got into the chair again in great haste, but with his eyes fixed on the coal, which was jumping about at a great rate. And now a peculiar form slowly appeared, rising and broadening, until it stood a giant, clad in queer-out garments, of some strange fabric, his shaggy head surrounded by a broad, brimmed slouch hat, in which burned a small, smoky lamp. An enormous beard reached to his waist, and a thin, but frightfully prominent, Roman nose, only made deeper the caverns in which twinkled his small, black eyes.

Clarence tried to scream, but couldn't. He actually put his hand in his pocket in search of his knife, but thought better of it. Finally, he mustered up courage sufficient to cry:

"You'd better get away, mister; my pa is coming pretty soon!"

At this the giant burst into a loud laugh.

"And what do you suppose I care for your father?" he shouted. "I could carry a dozen of him, tied together, on my back. But he knows me; I'm his friend. Ha! ha! ha!"

Once aware that this giant and his parent were on intimate terms of friendship, Clarence began to gain confidence.

"You don't ever call here, do you? Maybe, you've run for office, and coaxed pa to vote for you?"

"No levity, boy," growled the giant, with a frown. "I'm a public benefactor. Without me, to-night, your ten votes would be colder than they are. They call me 'Old King Coal.'"

"Oh, yes," laughed Clarence, who now felt on quite familiar terms with his visitor. "I know him; at least he's sung him to me. This way, you know:

"'Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
And a merry—'

"Stop!" roared the giant. "That Cole is no relation of mine. It's a cold night, but you have insulted me. I'll show you the difference between that rollicking monarch and myself," and, grasping the now agonized Clarence, he was in the open air in a moment. Having now room to grow, he increased to twice his former dimensions, and dropped our hero in his pocket, striding off with steps a rod apart.

After a time, Clarence, who found it very comfortable in the pocket, knew by the motion that he was descending into some unknown deep. And now the giant stopped, as if, taking our hero from his pocket, placed him on his brawny hand. "What a sight was his view!" They were in a dark cavern, far below the surface of the ground, and the only light came from the little lamp in the old king's

hat; and above and around him were walls of solid coal, and he almost felt to the ground, as a terrific blast echoed through the dreary place.

"This is my home, youngster, and it is not that of your jolly and worthless King Cole, with his pipe, and his bowl, and his fiddlers three. I pre- side over dominions, without which civilization, which is but another name for progress, would tremble. Look around you. What do you see?"

"Coal—great walls of coal."

"Look closer. Do you see anything in that lay- er overhead?"

"Yes, I do; I see something like leaves, and even the trunk of a tree over yonder. It'm tone, is it?"

"Yes. This coal all about you was once vegeta- tion of some kind. Right here is where the plants grew, and right here the coal was formed. I was born in the Carboniferous Age. I saw it done. Ha! ha! ha!"

The giant's laugh echoed and re-echoed through- out the cavern, but Clarence did not feel afraid. He began to realize that neither one of the old kings was very cruel, so he ventured to say some- thing like this:

"I don't see how trees and things could grow here. I thought the sun would have to shine on 'em?"

"Right, boy, right; so it did. This vein of coal was once on top of the ground, but it sank."

"What! settled? What gave way under it, sir?"

"Listen, now," replied the giant, with a tremu- lous grin. "The interior of this earth is hot—hot- ter than any fire you ever dreamed of. In your father's day, islands have been reared above the ocean level, and valleys created, all by the action of the earth's internal heat. Now, thousands of years ago, vast plains, covered with this vegetable matter, slowly sank, and fresh deposits of sand and mud formed over the plants, finally hardening into rock. Thus buried below the surface, under a pres- sure of millions of tons, the matter carbonized—turned black—became coal."

"But how did there come to be veins of coal, one on top of the other?" Pa said there was."

"Because, when the first layer sank, and took it into its head to stop, a fresh layer of earth was formed above it, on which trees and plants again grew, to sink again, and go through the same pro- cess. So you see there may be many layers of this coal, some thick, some thin, according to the amount of the deposits."

"Then coal is nothing but plants, or any stuff that grew, hardened into rock by squeezing it?"

"Until transformed into carbon," returned the giant, gruffly.

"What's carbon?"

"No reply."

"Clarence, Clarence, what is the matter? What do you know about carbon? Wake up!"

"Our young hero did so. He rubbed his eyes. The fire was almost out. His parents had just re- turned, and he was afraid he had been dreaming."

MANKIND'S MISTAKES.

It is a mistake—
To labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish a meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the after-effects.

To take off proper clothing out of season, simply because you have become heated.

To sleep exposed to a direct draft in any season.

To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases flesh is heir to.—Index.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET- TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND ANSWERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

STORY.

LITTLE THINGS.

Depend on it, little friends, it is attention to little things that makes the beauty of life. Little deeds of charity, little words of kindness, little acts of self-denial, little moments of diligence—care against little sins, a grateful use of little blessings, improvement of little chances, a cultivation of little gifts—these things make men great in the sight of God.

God's work is perfect as a whole because it is perfect in every part. He makes a leaf with as much care as He does a world. The soul of the little child is as dear to Him as the seraph in the highest heavens. Be faithful in the least, as well as in the greatest. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Learn to speak truth, even about the small- est things. Scatter the tiny seeds of kindness everywhere, and when your work is done, it will be precious in His sight.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above."

POETRY.

LITTLE CHILDREN, YOU MAY COME.

"Then were brought unto Him little children."

—Matt. xix. 13.

JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

Little children, pressing near
To the feet of Christ the King,
Have you neither doubt nor fear?
Or, some tribute do you bring?

Are your little hands so filled
With bright gold and rarest gem,
That you dare to press so close
Even touch His garment's hem?

Nay, you know not Christ the King;
He no costly gifts demands;
More than gold or sparkling gems,
Jesus loves our little hands;

Empty tho' they be, and weak,
He will take them in His own;
He will bend to hear our prayer,
Ever from His gracious throne.

Well we know that we are touched
With the deep, dark stain of sin;
Well we know its shadow falls
All around, without within;

But our Saviour knows it too,
And He bids us still to come;
Trusting in His tender love,
Press we fearless toward His home.

He will cleanse our guilty stains;
Give us robes so fair and white,
That we shall not dread to stand
E'en before God's piercing sight;

Holy angels cannot sing
Such a joyous, glad song,
As the happy little ones,
Who to Christ the Lord belong.

Little children, you may come to Him;
If you want Him, you may come to Him,
For He waits this very day,
All your sins to take away.

THE BEST REVENGE.
Never cher's a thought of revenge, little ones.
To better this, you keep the resolve, will not you learn this little verse?

Th' best revenge is love—then calm
Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm,
Give water to thy thirsting foe,
The sandal-tree as it to prove
How sweet to conquer hate by love
Perfumes the axe that laid it low.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 32.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.
FROM "VAN," YORK.

A place visited by Paul; to wander; a plant; a verb; found in Agos.

No. 33.—SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.

Dan eh halls eb as het gith feth gimmo, newt het nus stireh, neww a roimnag towhi soling; as eth redut gags gimmo ten fo het heart y'real gninhs fatir anir.

No. 34.—BIBLE QUERY.

FROM L. MACKINTOSH, ST. JOHN.

What were the names of the four heads of the river that went out of Eden?

No. 35.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE NAMES.

FROM "BRUCE," PORTLAND, N. B.

1. The morning is cold and stormy.
2. No, a hail-storm is not like a snow-storm!
3. The little boy may warm his hands.
4. Yes that will do—eggs and butter.
5. You can get them in the market.
6. I did not buy the sausages.
7. She may bake the bread.
8. We will go and sit in the hammock.
9. Do not say na'm; say na'mad.
10. Speak the truth always.
11. Did your Uncle Victor give you that sled?
12. George tied a-kick on her kitten's neck.

No. 36.—SCRIPTURE JUMBLE.

FROM JENNIE McDUGALL, ST. JOHN.

Eth mteb eh shehada nad nufuenedo ethorete tath kee fatre ym loue of syrtide t; let mteb eb viderm kwadreb nad upit emash att shw em vlie.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(No. 5.)

No. 19.—Psalm xxxvi. 16.

No. 20.—Mahershalhashaz.

No. 21.—Psalm xvii. 1.

No. 22.—

B—ORE.

E—DEN.

T—HUS.

L—EVITIES.

E—ISHAB.

H—EROD.

E—ATHER.

M—ANASCH.

BETHLEHEM.

CH A T.

OUR LETTER BOX.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Is it not pleasant to get letters from one's friends? THE YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN thinks it, and hopes that he will hear this year from all his friends. He purposes the establishment of a Letter Box. If you have anything to say to him, or a word of cheer to others, or questions to ask, write it on a sheet of paper. Send him puzzles (P.S.—WANTED—Puzzles). For THE MYSTERY. Place all in an envelope, directed as seen at the head of this COLUMN, and send them on. Let all take a deep interest in the work. Speak words of cheer. Make the COLUMN bright and attractive. Who will be the first to respond to this?

BIBLE STUDY.

TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.

FOR PEACE OF CONSCIENCE, COME!

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Some sinners seem to be at peace, but it is only by refusing to think. They will not consider. But such thoughtlessness is not worthy to be called peace. It is like a man in a sinking ship, who will not examine what is the danger; or like a tradesman, who fancies all is not going on well, but will not look into his accounts, lest his mind should be disturbed. So the sinner fancies something is wrong, and, fearing to be unhappy, he banishes reflection about God and his soul. Yet every sinner thinks sometimes, and then he must be wretched. When death visits a neighbor's house, or enters his own, or threatens himself, and at many other times, the thought will come, "God is angry—my soul is in danger—I am not fit to die." And how must such a thought damp his pleasure, and disturb his repose.

No! you cannot be at peace until you feel you have obtained pardon. You may try all the pleasures of the world in turn; you may seek to drown thought by plunging deeper and deeper into sin, but you cannot be happy. But when we come to Jesus, all our sins are at once forgiven. We still think of them with sorrow, but we need no more think of them with terror. God says to us, "Your sins and your iniquities I will remember no more!" He blots out "all trespasses." He "casts them behind his back—into the depths of the sea!" They will not be mentioned at the judgment day. "He will abundantly pardon." He now regards us with love; we need not be afraid of Him. He invites us to trust Him as a kind friend. Instead of hiding from Him, as Adam did, we may hide in Him, as David did, saying, "Thou art my hiding-place." O, what a happy change! I am a sinner still, but a sinner pardoned, reconciled, saved! And whatever dreadful things conscience may tell me, Jesus says: "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace!" "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." "Peace, justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Poor sinner, you and peace have long been strangers to one another. Worldly pleasure is not peace. Nothing can give peace while you and God are enemies, and your sins hang heavily on your soul. Come, then, to Jesus! He both makes and gives peace. Seek pardon through Him, and you will soon know what is meant by "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." See Isa. lv. 7; Ivi. 21; Micah. vii. 19; John xiv. 27; Rom. v. 1; viii. 31-34; Phil. iv. 7.

LITURGY.—We have received and examined The Illustrated Christian Weekly, published at 150 Nassau St., N. Y., price \$2.50 per year. We have, also, an excellent paper, and well illustrated, which received Every Other Saturday, an excellent journal of select reading, Boston, price \$2.00, and City and Country, published at Columbus, Ohio,—a farmer's journal of 28 pages, price \$1.00 per year.

LIZZIE A. COLWELL, Northdale, York, sends us some puzzles. Thanks, Lizzie. You have correctly solved the PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS, but too late for the prize. Write again.

"BRUCE," Portland, has sent us a batch of puzzles. Thanks. Nos. 9, 10, and 11 are correct.

JENNIE McDUGALL, St. John, sends us correct solutions to Nos. 19, 20, and 21.

OUR PUPILS will please bear in mind that we are not now offering the monthly prizes.

A FARMER who lets everything go to waste around him soon begins to complain that "farming don't pay."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaint so common as the throat and lungs, and no other remedy so effective as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a simple, yet powerful, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cure.

"In 1871 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed long nights after night without sleep. The doctor gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it cured me. I am now a healthy man, and I can say that it is the best remedy for coughs and colds I ever used."

—J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds I ever used."

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