

## The "Coming Man."

A pair of little chubby legs  
Encased in scarlet hose;  
A pair of little stubby boots  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kil, a little coat,  
Cut as a mother can,  
And lo! before us strides, in state,  
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,  
And search their unknown ways;  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light,—  
Those eyes that now are wistful bent  
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell  
In solemn, secret state;  
Where fierce ambition's restless strength  
Shall war with future fate;  
Where science from now hidden caves  
New treasures shall outpour,—  
Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,  
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,  
Will plead, or pray, or teach;  
Whose whispering words on lightning flash,  
From world to world may reach;  
That, sternly grave, may speak, command,  
Or smiling, win control,—  
Are coaxing now for gingerbread,  
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—  
So sticky, small and brown,  
Those hands, whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down,  
Who knows what hidden strength may lie  
Within their future grasp,  
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick  
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone!  
And blessings on those little feet,  
Whose race is yet unrun!  
And blessings on the little brain  
That has not learned to plan!  
What'er the Future hold in store,  
God bless the "coming man."

## WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE.

"It's rotten clear through: it won't bear us," said Joe, surveying with an unbelieving look the mossy tree that had fallen across the brook at some unknown date.

"Why, of course it will," insisted Tom. "It's a regular old giant. I'll risk myself on it, anyhow."

Neither of the boys could swim, and they were in the middle of the dark wood in company with the old farmer with whom they boarded. They had come trouting; but the farmer was revolving in his mind some doctrinal thoughts called forth by a late neighborly discussion.

"There is a good bridge above here," said Joe.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Tom; "come on!"

Joe looked at the farmer. "Going over by the tree, sir, or round by the bridge?"

"Well," said the farmer, "they say it does not make any difference what you believe, if you are only sincere about it. Tom thinks the tree is safe, and you don't. That's the difference. We ain't all constituted alike. We must have different beliefs for different people. If each one is only honest and sincere in his belief, it don't make any difference."

The boys looked at him as though they thought he was crazy.

"Constituted?" echoed Joe; "what has constitution got to do with it? Tom might believe the tree was a carriage-road, and it would not make it so. If it isn't safe, Tom's thinking it won't make it so; will it, Mr. Bright?"

A twinkle came into Mr. Bright's eye.

"Certainly, certainly, Joe. If he is only honest and sincere, that is all that is necessary. God is too good to let Tom suffer any harm, anyway."

"Well, Mr. Bright," said Tom, "I don't know what you mean; but if I didn't believe that tree was safe to cross on, I wouldn't do it of course. I'm willing to take any chances."

"All right," said Mr. Bright. "If you go over safely, Joe and I will follow." Tom turned toward the brook, and Farmer Bright, throwing off his coat, said in a quick undertone to Joe: "Keep still. You can't swim, but I can."

Tom sprang quickly on to the tree, and with such force that he hardly knew his first step had snapped the bark which wrapped the fallen monarch. Fair and perfect in strength, as it looked to Tom, it was held in shape by its bark; and the second step was a head-long plunge through the crumbling mass into the brook.

Mr. Bright was not long in helping him, dripping, on shore.

"Much obliged to you for trying the bridge for me, Tom," said Joe mischievously; "I'll take a ducking for you some day."

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Bright, "I suppose you would like some dry clothes; but Joe is out for a good time, and we don't want to spoil it. Let's just believe our clothes are dry, and it will be all the same."

"O Mr. Bright," said Tom, with a shivery laugh; "I honestly believed that tree would hold! I am wet to the skin; I am going home."

"Never mind me, Mr. Bright," said Joe. "You and Tom have scared the trout off for one day. It's no use fishing now."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Bright, "always remember that sincerity doesn't save a man; he may be honest and yet be in the wrong. Be very careful to find out whether what you believe is right or not, and stand at the right."

Then they took the shortest cut home, crossing the brook by the legitimate bridge. *American Messenger.*

## HARRY'S DIARY.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Harry's face was radiant with delight when Aunt Bessy gave him a pretty little diary on New Year's morning. He loved to write, and he was sure that he would spend many happy hours in filling its pages with a record of his daily doings.

Upon the first page he wrote in a plain, round hand, a list of the resolutions he had made for the new year; and he determined to record the broken ones as well as those he succeeded in keeping.

Aunt Bessy was surprised, one afternoon, to discover Harry sitting in his room, mournfully turning over the pages of his diary.

"Why, Harry, my boy, what is the matter?" Aunt Bessy asked, sitting down beside the manly little fellow, and putting a loving hand on his knee.

"It's my diary. There are so many bad things in it that I can't bear to look over it. I've broken all my resolutions ever so many times, though I've tried to keep them, and I'm so discouraged. I don't want to keep a diary any more. I don't want all the wrong things I do to be written down in a book, and I've been trying to rub them out."

"Did you ever think of that other Book where every word and thought and deed of your life is continually being recorded?" asked Aunt Bessy, as she smoothed his tumbled hair. "If your diary is so full of wrongdoing that you cannot bear to look over it, what must the record be in that other Book?"

The tears almost started, and Harry said, with a little show of effort in his voice:

"O aunt! that must be nothing but sins. I can rub things out of my diary, but I never can take anything out of that book,—can I?"

"No, darling, you cannot blot out one wrong deed; but do you know what will make it pure and white?" asked Aunt Bessy tenderly.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," she repeated softly, as Harry looked up with a questioning face. "That will blot out all our transgressions; for we have God's own promise for it. We might well be discouraged, and give up in despair, if we had only our own righteousness to depend upon; for not even an hour is sinless, but we can trust ourselves to Christ's righteousness. You may rub the record of your failures out of your little diary, and no one will know of them but yourself; but the page will not be pure and white as it was before, for it will show the marks of the rubbing. It will not be so with the pages of that other Book; for the Saviour's blood will blot out all the dark records of sin, and make it spotless. Are you trusting in him, Harry, or are you trying to walk in your own strength?"

"I am trusting Jesus," said Harry, as he straightened himself up with a manful determination. "I am trusting Jesus." *S. S. Times.*

## THE TRADING RATS.

Studies in natural history, calculated to excite the wonder of a young student, abound in the western regions of America. I know I was vastly entertained during a trip through Arizona and New Mexico, by my own observation of the mountain rats popularly known there as "trading rats." I used to lie awake sometimes in order to watch their pranks by the light of my campfire. Their antics and gambols reminded me of young kittens at play. They often appeared to be at a game of "tag." They look like common rats, save that they are lighter in color, their tails shorter and thicker, and their noses less pointed. They live in hollow trees and in the rocks.

But the very funny thing is that though they are born thieves, like kleptomaniacs every one, they always return something in the place of every article taken away; and a queer thing, too, is the fact that they rarely steal articles of food. One night I felt a slight stir about my head. Cautiously opening my eyes I saw one of these rats tugging manfully at my saddle

which I was using as a pillow. As the saddle was one of the California style and weighed about thirty pounds, the efforts of the little rascal seemed to be very ambitious for an animal of his size. They take away cartridges, knives and forks, or anything else they can carry. I have been told by an old prospector that he had a whole outfit of such things "rustled" (i. e. stolen) in one night, and that various objects were returned in their place.

Articles taken from one place have been found in a shanty twenty miles distant. I met one day at a railway station an old ranchman who lived at least twenty miles from the road, and chancing to speak of these rats he said: "I found in my 'shack' the other day quite a collection of spoons, forks, and knives hid under a pile of rubbish that had been brought there by the little thieves. Where they came from I don't know, but I do know that they carried off in turn a whole box of 45-75 Winchester cartridges." I laughed and replied, "Well, I have your cartridges; and you probably have my spoons, for out of a dozen I have only two left. And as the cartridges will not fit my sharps 40-70 they are of no use to me, so if you will bring the spoons to Flynn's store, I'll see that the cartridges are left there, and you can get them."

The exchange was effected in a few days, and the spoons proved to be mine and the cartridges his.—*C. W. Conant in Jan. Wild Birds.*

## LEARN TO OBEY CHEERFULLY.

"When I get to be a man, I mean to do just as I please."

I suppose every boy thinks that, but I wonder how many men will say that they do, or even have done, just as they please. The truth is that as long as we live—and that is forever—we shall have to obey. That is the reason, doubtless, why we have to begin life as helpless babes, so that we can learn obedience the first thing.

If we shall always have to obey, it will be well to learn to do it gracefully. At first we must obey parents, then teachers, then laws, and over and above all the laws of God.

"But we can disobey these." "Certainly, and if we do, we are only obeying something else. The boy who rebels against the authority of his father obeys his own ungoverned nature, or the suggestions of evil companions. The man who steals or murders disobeys law, but he obeys his own wicked propensities. Which, then, is wiser, to yield to the just authority of parents, teachers, laws of man and God, or to the evil influences which oppose them?

Boys often think it manly to rebel, but the greatest men have been those most obedient to proper authority. General Grant was one day walking on a government wharf smoking, when the guard said to him that smoking was not allowed there. Grant did not rebel, because he was a general, and the command had been given him by a subordinate; he at once threw away his cigar, remarking that it was a very good order. You see he knew the dignity of obedience.

General Sherman did not approve of General Grant's plan for taking Vicksburg, and wrote a protest. Then he obeyed Grant's orders as heartily as if he himself had conceived the plan, and Grant said that Sherman was a hero. Boys think it grand to be soldiers, but soldiers must obey before they can command. Sheridan was so prompt to obey orders that he was advanced to the command of a large part of the Army of the Potomac, and Warren, who did not obey promptly, was superseded.

Boys sometimes question the wisdom of their father's commands, but they should obey cheerfully, and in after years they may see that the command was good and wise. Perhaps you have never thought that your son will be apt to be like yourself, even in your faults. Aristotle said that a man accused of filial disrespect excused himself by saying, "My father beat his father, and he his father, and my son will beat me when he is a man, for it runs in our family."

Don't let disobedience run in your family. Stop it right now and here, in your own person. Resolve that, as obedience is a necessity of existence, you will choose to obey God, rather than evil.—*Congregationalist.*

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 7.)

No. 49.—Ezekiel xxvii.20.

No. 50.—Psalms xl.7.

No. 51.—Proverbs xxiii.29.

No. 52.—S OWE SWINE END E

No. 53.—Lamentations.

No. 54.—MULE USED LEAD EDDY

No. 55.—R E DATES I N U E

No. 56.—Isaiah xxx.26.

No. 57.—1. D—ale. 2. A—sp.

No. 58.—1. Albert, alert. 2. Trout, trot. 3. Plate, pate. 4. Psalm, palm. 5. Linden, linen.

No. 59.—s t s o a r h a h o a r s e a r r t e p e a r

The Mystery.—No. 10.

No. 76.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 24 letters, is the name of a well-known poet.

My 15, 7, 24 is a decree; my 6, 20, 7, 12, 5 is to tire; my 19, 11, 15, 8 is a pen; my 13, 2, 17, 13, 12, 5 is a class of people; my 3, 23, 4, 13, 1 is of the compass; my 10, 7, 13, 20, 4 is a liquid; my 21, 5, 12, 2 is a musical instrument; my 9, 22, 16, 13, 1 is idleness; my 14, 23, 4, 9, 20 is an animal.

HARRY C.

St. John.

No. 77.—SQUARE WORD.

A seat; a sign; part of the body; small insects.

"TABITHA &amp; JEMIMA."

Apoahqui, Kings.

No. 78.—A PUZZLE.

Wos dna elok wmdora, udwpra, Erweh hte rysty ghll paerpa,— Rwehe, ni tsiep foeth wdesorandbouti, Ro yruo who shaert btrmglien rfaes Oyu lshda apre ni oylt hte vhsaar Uyo vahe wosn ytdon in rtea.

FAY ROBINSON.

St. John.

No. 79.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

—a—h—t—h—r—e—d— —u—t—h—w—i—s—l—r—e—d—y— —n—h—r—s—r—e—d— —h—t—e—e—h—l—s—r—h—n— —r—e—t—e—

J. McDUGALL.

Carleton, St. John.

No. 80.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. Where is "chapel" mentioned?

"Where is "ferry-boat" mentioned?"

LOTTE STEEVES.

St. John.

No. 81.—DROP PUZZLE.

A vowel; an animal; a man's name; a measure; a letter.

"NICK."

Millville, York.

No. 82.—DROP-LETTER.

—l—t—l—f—c—o—e— —l—f—G—d—i—e— —l—t—l—b—r—f—o—n— —o—e—d—o—e—v—n—

"FLORENCE."

Lakeview, Queens.

No. 83.—SQUARE WORD.

A lake; black; away; fragments.

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 84.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

I send 20 cents for 20 pencils, the prices being 4 cents each, 2 for a cent and 4 for a cent. How many of each kind will the shopman send me?

"MINA."

Kings.

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