

My Friend and I.

He and I walk different ways,
He seeks pleasure and what pays;
I a lowlier path pursue,
Doing what I am bid to do.

He has found the way of wealth,
I am satisfied with health;
He has climbed the hill of fame,
My chief pride is Jesus' name.

He has pictures, I have peace;
He has splendor, I have ease;
I have comfort, he has care;
He has parties, I have prayer.

He is prospered, I am blest;
He is harassed, I have rest;
He has acres of grassy sod,
I have heaven and Christ and God.

His proud home shall pass away,
Mine shall shine in endless day;
He may lose his fair renown,
I shall win a fadeless crown.

—Christian.

Johnny's Readings.

Now Johnny, while not renowned for scholarship, is an omnivorous reader, much to his mother's satisfaction. "It is an inherited talent," she once said to me in confidence, "and I know by experiment that the perusal of reading is a liberal education, and keeps John Henry out of mischief."

Now, while my sister-in-law is a most estimable woman, and makes the best strawberry shortcake I ever ate, her judgment is rather at fault on literary matters. I do not here refer to the fact that she regards Mrs. Southworth as the greatest of all novelists, living or dead, or because I once heard her say that the descriptions of "low" life as given by Dickens and Thackeray are "nonsensical to the tastes of defined natures"—no, indeed! What I particularly object to is that, so long as she sees Johnny reading "something literary," as she calls it, my sister-in-law is quietly content, and asks not whether it be "The Werewolf of the Wild Wee-hawken," or "Young's Night Thoughts."

Now, Johnny's father goes to the other extreme. He is a nervous, careworn man with a large family and a small income. His nervousness comes in part from too much indulgence in mental gymnastics. Don't know what I mean? Why, trying to make both ends meet; and a very trying kind of exercise it is, I assure you.

But, as I said, Mr. Briggs goes to the opposite extreme. He had no time to read anything but a morning paper and a few hurried verses from the Bible at night; at least, so he says. Hence he sweepingly comprehends all and every work of fiction under one head—"confounded trash!"

Of course he has forbidden his children to touch, taste, or handle the pernicious stuff. But this was a long time ago, and of late he has never really seemed to notice whether they read anything except school books or not, till a few weeks since. Then, coming home from town earlier than usual one evening, he surprised Johnny poring over "Dash-away Dick, or the Young Road Agent."

And instead of a serious talk with him on the subject of mind poisoning, and how much such literature has to do with it, Mr. Briggs, who had a headache, and was very irritable, did nothing. That is, he angrily snatched the book away, and boxed Johnny's ears with it soundly, after which he threw it in the fire; but I think he should have done this first.

I am sorry to say that Johnny did not set his father a good example in his reception of this unexpected setback. Indeed, striking an attitude that nearly paralyzed Mr. Briggs with dumb amazement, Johnny exclaimed in his most defiant voice:

"Tyrant! Beware! Lay but the weight of thy hand upon me, and, bold sun in the be-lieve he's above us, that this night I leave the shelter of thy roof forever!"

As soon as Mr. Briggs recovered his breath he rated Johnny soundly for filling his mind with such melodramatic trash in place of his studies.

"Don't let me catch you reading anything more of the kind, sir!" he said, sternly.

"What shall I read then?" muttered Johnny, descending to the ordinary language of prosaic mortals.

Perhaps Johnny thought that he was literally obeying in not letting his father catch him reading fiction again. I say perhaps, for Johnny, as well as every other boy, knows when he is acting a lie.

Or, it may be that, when he read the columns of such papers as *The Juvenile Flash*, or *The Sporting Youth*, he soothed his conscience by glancing at the heading. For both these papers boastfully announce that they contain "the cream of useful and instructive reading for youth," which perhaps they do, but the cream comes from some such vile compound as the "swill milk" of which we sometimes read. Well, so things went on—Mrs. Briggs too careless, Mr. Briggs too busy, to see which way they were going.

One morning last June Johnny did not come down to breakfast. Furthermore, he was missing from the bed room. Mrs. Briggs, remarking wildly that the dear child had probably committed suicidal intent in a torpid state of mind induced by over insertion of the brain, promptly fainted away. She recovered just in time to hear Mr. Briggs, with one hand clutched in his scalp-lock, read the following note, which one of the children had found pinned to Johnny's pillow:

When you read this I shall be far away in the boundless west. Persoot is useless I will NEVER be took Aliv you did not mene to be crewel But I wil never Go into a stoar at too fifty a weak And bord as i heard you And Mother say the uther Nite. my Sole revolts for i pant For the wild life of the planes i shall dror my munny From the cavings Bank to by A tickket i Am bound To be a trappir. Good bydere mother i dont mene to be wikked. Yore afeckshunait sun JOHN.

Johnny had written to me twice of late; once with reference to the pleasure of a sea life, and the last time inquiring about going West to grow up with the country—or words to that effect. Remembering this, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs sent for me at once.

It was then 8 o'clock a. m. Knowing that the Savings Bank containing Johnny's reserve fund (\$19.50) was not open till 9 a. m., I hurried down town, and, by rare good fortune, surprised my erratic nephew counting his money in the back entry. I touched him on the shoulder.

"Come, Johnny," I said, quietly, "let's go home."

I hope it was my fancy, but it seemed to me that at my touch Johnny's hand involuntarily moved in the direction of his hip pocket, after the most approved style of the "boy hero" of fiction. But after a melodramatic scowl, he accepted the situation with as good a grace as possible, and we returned home together.

"What shall I do with that boy?" said Mr. Briggs despondingly to me on the eve of that eventful day.

"Well," I said, "if he was my boy, first of all, I would have a kindly talk with him, show him the harm his trashy reading has done and is doing him."

"And then?"—seeing that I hesitated a little.

"Then," I said firmly, "I would subscribe for"—and here I mentioned the names of the only four or five standard publications for youth which are fitting for our young people to read.

Mr. Briggs frowned, and muttered something of which the only intelligible word was "trash."

"Very good," I replied. "You asked my advice, and I gave it; so now I presume there is nothing to be said on the subject."

"It takes every cent of my salary to support my family," nervously remarked Mr. Briggs, "and I'm sure I don't know how to squeeze out ten or twenty dollars every year for tr—reading matter."

As he spoke he mechanically lit a cigar—his third that day, as I mildly suggested, and also pointed out to him that thirty cents a day—

But no matter about my argument. Not being a smoker myself, I can preach total abstinence charmingly. But, certain it is, Mr. Briggs is not nearly as nervous nowadays, and Johnny's taste in reading has undergone a complete change. "If fellows know what they're about," he said to me not long since, "they'll drop that blood-and-thunder kind of reading; they can get something to help 'em learn to live decently for the same amount of money." And I heartily agree with my nephew.—*Christian Union.*

A Happy Home.

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, where joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however,

was in his nine children, though it was no light task to support them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantities of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very small quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But the father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately, "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wondering, "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with prompt decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest, and said: "Sir, if death were to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say"—here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy. One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor of Oberlin.—*Selected.*

One Rainy Day.

Drip! drip! drip! The clouds were black in the sky and the rain would not stop, although Hattie and Ray stood by the window wishing for bright sunshine to dry the grass so that they could run over to auntie's to see Grace.

Mamma was nearly beside herself with their noise and teasing. She had tried every way to quiet them, and she was so tired.

The door opened and Aunt Lettie came in, wet and dripping. "Why, what's the matter with my boys?" she asked.

The story was soon told, and she said, "Is that all? I thought the express train was smashed up, or the rocking-horse had his leg broken. We'll soon have the sun shining in the house at least."

Then she begged some old newspapers of mamma, and taking a pair of scissors, sat down by the fire with a boy in a little arm-chair on each side.

Such wonderful things as those sharp scissors cut from those old papers! There were team-horses and trotting-horses and saddle-horses with men on their backs, and horses that could only stand still. There were cows and pigs and hens and dogs and cats—and—everything!

Hattie and Ray shouted for joy and forgot all about the rainy day, and when at last Aunt Lettie said she must go, mamma bade her good-by with a rested look in her poor tired face and she said she was a sunbeam.

And the boys had paper animals enough to last them a week.

The Right Kind of A Boy

If a boy is always ready for little deeds of kindness; if he is willing to give up his own plans to help along the plans of others; if he tells the truth, though it may be against himself; if he obeys his parents cheerfully and promptly, even when the task is hard and disagreeable, it is easy for any one to see what that boy desires most. His wish is to do right; and such a wish is always granted, because the Holy Spirit is ever ready to lead the willing feet into the path of righteousness.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 38.)

No. 254.—Eli, Plato, its.

No. 255.—

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Antioch. | 6. Paris. |
| 2. Salem. | 7. Vienna. |
| 3. Weld. | 8. Mobile. |
| 4. Wales. | 9. China. |
| 5. London. | 10. Mexico. |

No. 256.—Heliotrope.

No. 257.—Through some means this number was not published, probably the puzzle was too difficult to be set up. It was a wheel puzzle from "Greely," Johnston.

The Mystery.—No. 41.

No. 267.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY "VAN," YORK).

In land, but not in earth;
In gay, but not in mirth;
In hand, but not in arm;
In woods, but not in farm;
In hale, and also in cabbage;
In unite, but not in marriage;
My whole is a four-wheeled carriage.

No. 268.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY EMMA L., EAST PUEBLO, N. S.)

1. In cat, but not in kitten;
2. In hood, but not in mitten;
3. In lady, but not in miss;
4. In hug, but not in kiss;
5. In ball-room, but not in ball;
6. In baby, but not in doll;
7. In thumb, but not in hand;
8. In soap, but not in sand;
My whole is the name of a distinguished discoverer.

No. 269.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, KINGS.)

In day but not in night;
In run, but not in walk;
In play, but never in fight;
In dumb, but not in talk;
In June, but not in July;
In plenty, yet not in supply;
My whole is a poet of such renown, England gave him the Laureate's crown.

No. 270.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

A large number; to excel; a cup; a box; a less number.

No. 271.—SIX-POINTED STAR.

(BY "GREELY," QUEENS.)

11 * 2 3
10 4
9 5 6 7
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

From 1 to 2 is a repast; 2 to 3 is to adorn; 4 to 3 is a joint of the body; 4 to 5 is a degree; 6 to 5 is an animal; 7 to 6 is to be dry; 8 to 7 is a girl's name; 9 to 8 is to scold; 9 to 10 is a bird; 12 to 1 is a layer.

The six points of this star commencing at Point No. 1 and going to the right, names the grandson of a patriarch.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

What is meant by foreshortening in drawing?—Y. ARTIST.

In perspective to represent figures in such a manner as to convey to the mind the impression of the entire length of the object when represented as viewed in an oblique direction; to represent any object as pointing towards the spectator standing in front of the picture. The projecting object is shortened in proportion to its approach to the perpendicular to the plan of the picture.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism, after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

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June 15, 1887.



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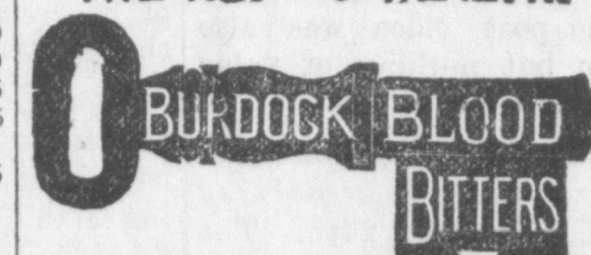
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