

An Invocation.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROSSELL.

Our Father, God, we come to Thee,
For Thou hast said, "Where two or three
Together in My name agree,
There in the midst am I."
We come to Thee, our gracious Lord,
To worship Thee with one accord,
And pray, according to Thy word,
"Our present needs supply."

Thou knowest all about us all,
And whether we sincerely call
On Thee, when at Thy feet we fall;
Or whether in our hearts
We entertained debased desires,
As feed and fan old carnal fires,
While yet we know Thy word requires
Truth in the inward parts.

Give us the "faith that works by love,"
Affections fixed on things above,
That we may all the fullness prove
Of Thy redeeming grace,
Then when at last our victory is run,
The battle fought, the victory one,
We all may hear Thee say, "Well done,"
And see Thy glorious face.

The Newsboy Chevalier.

The horse-car stopped at a cross-
ing, and a newsboy jumped on the
platform.
"Have a Times, Inquirer, Press?"
"I'll take a Times," said one of a
group of school-girls.

"O Jenny," said another. "From
such a little monster?"

An old gentleman who was reading
glanced up from his pamphlet. The
newsboy was a dwarf and a haunch-
back. His face, which was bent back
on his shoulders, twitched suddenly
at the girl's words, but he did not
look toward her, as he stood waiting
for his money. The old gentleman's
grave look of rebuke angered the girl.

"It makes me sick," she said, with
a look of disgust. "The conductor
ought not to allow him to come on
board."

The boy turned and looked at her
steadily. Everybody on the car ex-
pected a torrent of vile abuse, but he
said, gently:

"If the Beast was not here, the
people would not appreciate the Beauty
at her real value," and then bowing
other, he went out, amid the smiles
of all the passengers.

The old gentleman—who was a
well-known physician, Dr. Avery—
followed him, but he was already out
of sight.

"Who is that boy?" he asked the
conductor.

"His name's Will, and his route is
on this street. I don't know anything
more."

"He has an educated voice, and he
showed good breeding and sense just
now."

"No doubt. The other newsboys
call him 'Gentleman Bill.' Every-
body likes him. We conductors give
him the freedom of the cars on this
street."

A few days afterward, Dr. Avery
was on a car late in the evening when
Willy came in, carrying a large bundle
of papers. He sold none, and turned
to go out, looking discouraged and
anxious. Dr. Avery stopped him,
drew out a paper, and handing him a
piece of silver, said, "Never mind
the change."

"No, thank you," said the boy,
smiling, as he gave it to him.

"Why not, young independence?"

"I don't need alms, sir. I really
get on very well; and if I did!"

"You would not take it?"

"It would be the hardest thing I
ever had to do. Good evening, sir!"

and touching his cap, the little haunch-
back swung himself off the car.

Dr. Avery after that often met the
boy, who puzzled and interested him.
There was nothing morbid in him; he
was always ready with a laugh or a
merry answer. His voice was con-
trolled and gentle, and there was a
refined courtesy, a tact, a delicate feel-
ing, in all his words that he did not
find sometimes in those who call them-
selves gentlemen. In spite of the
boy's wretched clothes and patched
shoes, Dr. Avery found himself talk-
ing to him as his little friend. Late
one night, when it was storming
heavily, he met him trudging down
Chestnut street.

"You have a hard life, my boy,"
he said, kindly.

"Not so hard as you think, sir,"
he said, cheerfully. "I am never
sick an hour. Then I do a better
business than other boys because of
this," glancing down at his deformed
body.

"Oh!"

The doctor was confused for a
minute.

"Have you any plans, Willy? Do
you ever look forward?"

"Yes! Oh, I have it all planned out!
If I could save enough to start a
street-stall of books and papers, then
after a year or two I would be able to
open a shop, and then a big store.
Some men who began that way in
Philadelphia have become publishers,
and live in beautiful houses of their
own."

"Hillo! Do you care for fine
houses?"

"Not for myself, sir."

He became suddenly silent, and at
the corner of the next street said:

"Good night!" and ran away. A
moment later, Dr. Avery heard cries
and shouts in the direction which
Willy had taken; but such things are
common in a great city. He hurried
home. The next morning, looking
over the paper, he read:

"A little haunchback newsboy,
known as 'Gentleman Will,' was
knocked down by a runaway horse
last night. Dr. Johns pronounced
the injuries mortal. The lad was
taken to the Penn Hospital."

Dr. Avery was soon beside the cot
on which the misshapen little body
was laid. Willy looked up, trying to
smile.

"It is not so bad as they say, is it?
I can't die now! I have too much to
do."

"What have you to do, my boy?
Let me be your friend; let me help
you, if I can."

"I thought you would come, maybe.
I haven't anybody to come. The boys
are good friends, but they couldn't
do anything now."

"I have come, you see. Tell me
what I can do, my boy."

The lad waited until the nurse had
passed his cot, and then whispered:

"It's Letty, sir. She is my sister.
I have her out with a farmer's wife
near Media. She goes to school there.
It takes all I can make to pay her
board and buy her clothes. I like to
see her look nice." His mind began
to wander, and he began to mutter at
intervals:

"If I could start the stall—the shop
—a carriage for Letty!"

The doctor was forced to leave him.
When he came back in the afternoon,
he was rational, and when the doctor
wished to go for his sister, said:

"No, don't bring Letty here. She
mustn't know how poor I am. When
I go out to see her I have my good
suit on. She calls me a 'swell.' Yes,
she does." "I went once with some
papers to a Quaker boarding-school
for girls near town, sir. They were
such lovely young ladies, I always
thought I'd send Letty there when I
could get the money. But now—"

Dr. Avery found out his story by
degrees. He and Letty were the chil-
dren of a planter near Savannah.
Their mother was in Philadelphia
during the war. Her husband was
killed, her slaves and property were
gone. She struggled for years, teach-
ing and sewing to support them, and
at last died, leaving Willy in charge
of his little sister.

"And your name?"

"My father was Charles Gilbert."

Dr. Avery drew his breath quickly.

"I knew a Charles Gilbert in Savan-
nah long ago. No wonder your voice
seemed familiar and that I was drawn
to you so strongly. But you are my
friend for your own sake, my boy."

That evening Dr. Avery sent a long
dispatch to a lawyer in Savannah,
where he had once lived and still had
business interests. He took two of
the principal surgeons in the city to
examine Willy. When they had gone
out for consultation, the boy lay,
holding his hand, watching the door,
breathing quick and hard.

"Do you want to live, Willy? You
have had a hard life, my child."

"Oh, no, no! I did not think it
hard! I have so much to do for
Letty!"

"Had you never any plans for your-
self?"

The boy turned his gray eyes
thoughtfully on him. They filled
with slow tears.

"I used to think—if I could be a
scholar—a gentleman, like my father
—but—"

"If you do not live, my boy," said
his friend, trying to reconcile him to
death, "God will take care of you.
This poor body will not be against you
any longer."

"It is not against me here!" said
Willy, vehemently. "It is not me.
Everybody knows that. If God would
only give me the chance to do some-
thing the body won't stand in the
way." He muttered after a while
again, "It is not me."

Dr. Avery was called out to hear
the verdict of the surgeons. When
he came back Willy gave one look at
him and sank back covering his face.

"There is still a chance, my boy,
though but a slight one. I think it
best to tell you the exact truth. Morn-
ing will decide. Would it comfort
you to have Letty with you? I have
brought her to town."

"Yes! yes! It doesn't matter,
now that she knows I am a poor lit-
tle newsboy."

Letty was a sturdy, red-cheeked
little woman, whose every word show-
ed a heart full of love and a head full
of good sense. She petted and sooth-
ed Willy; while he clung to her, and
then said, cheerfully:

"Now, dear, you must go to sleep.
You are not going to die. The doctors
don't know how strong you are. The
nurse says I may sit here and hold
your hand, and in the morning give
you your breakfast."

For days the boy lingered between
life and death. One morning, after
the doctors had made their examina-
tion, his old friend came to him, and
taking his hand solemnly, said:

"Willy, God has given you the
chance you asked for to do something
in the world. You will live."

When he was able to be removed,
Dr. Avery took the children to his
own home. He laid before Willy a
statement of his father's affairs that
he had received from Savannah,
which showed that enough could be
rescued from the wreck of his estate
to yield a small income for the chil-
dren. It proved to be enough to
educate Letty at the Quaker school
to which Willy dreamed of sending
her, and to give him a thorough train-
ing in college and the law schools.

They both always "came home,"
as they had learned to call Dr. Avery's,
in the vacations. When Willy came
back at the end of his course, with
the highest record of his class, he
said to his old friend:

"All that I am or may be in life I
owe to you."

"No, my boy. I never should
have noticed you more than any other
of the hundreds of newsboys but for
the honor, self-control, and good
breeding that you showed. A true
gentleman will be a gentleman in any
and all circumstances in life. God
helped you to keep yourself separate
and above all the hard circumstances."

Willy's eyes grew dim. "If my
friends and God can see the man in-
side of the 'little monster,' I am
satisfied," he said.

His dream in life does not seem un-
likely to be realized. It is character
that wins and tells.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

To Mothers.

If you say "No," mean "No."
Unless you have a good reason for
changing a given command, hold to it.

Take an interest in your children's
amusements; mother's share in what
pleases them is a great delight.

Remember that trifles to you are
mountains to them; respect their
feelings.

Keep up a standard of principles;
your children are judges.

Be honest with them in small things,
as well as in great. If you can not
tell them what they wish to know,
say so, rather than deceive them.

As long as it is possible, kiss the
children good-night after they are in
bed; they like it, and it keeps them
very close.

Bear in mind you are largely re-
sponsible for your children's inherited
characters, and be patient with them.

If you have lost a child, remember
that for the one who is gone there is
no more to do, but for those left,
everything.

Make your boys and girls study
physiology; when they are ill, try
to make them comprehend why, how
the complaint arose, and the remedy,
so far as you know it.

Impress upon them from early in-
fancy that their actions have results,
and that they can not escape con-
sequences, even by being sorry when
they have done wrong.

Respect their little secrets; if they
have concealments, fretting them will
never make them tell, and time and
patience will.

Allow them, as they grow older, to
have opinions of their own; make
them individuals, and not mere echoes.

Find out all their special tastes,
and develop them, instead of spend-
ing time, money, and patience in
forcing them into studies that are en-
tirely repugnant to them.

Mothers, whatever else you may
teach your girls, do not neglect to
instruct them in the mysteries of
housekeeping. So shall you put them
in the way of making home happy.

RANDOM READINGS.

The noblest characters are those
who have steered the life-vessel
through stormiest seas. A bed of
down never nurtured a great soldier
yet.—*Macduff.*

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
—*Longfellow.*

We cannot conquer a necessity, but
we can yield to it in such a way as to
be greater than if we could.—*Hannah
More.*

You find yourself refreshed by the
presence of cheerful people; why not
make earnest effort to confer that
pleasure on others? You will find
half the battle gained if you never
allow yourself to say anything gloomy.
—*Lidia Maria Child.*

It is well to be willing to remain,
and blessed to be ready to depart.
Soldiers should march or halt, and
servants work or wait as ordered;
and happy are they who know no will
but his who can not err—who say to
God in all sincerity, "Thy will be
done."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 26.)

No. 193.—Jeremiah xvii: 11.

No. 194.—Galatians vi: 2.

No. 195.—1. F-ox. 2. N-one.
3. S-lake.

No. 196.—Contented.

No. 197.—(a) 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32.
(b) Hannah.No. 198.—J-erusalem
O-hi O
A-utum N
B-anj O

JOAB. [MONO, means one.]

No. 199.—H O M E R
O L I V E
M I N E S
E V E N T
R E S T S

No. 200.—"Feed my lambs."

No. 201.—Psalm xxxviii. 13.

The Mystery.—No. 23.

No. 212.—METAMORPHOSIS.

Change one letter at a time.
Example.—Change well to sick in
four moves. Ans.—Well, sell, sill,
silk, sick.1. Change man to boy in three moves.
2. Change cake to bird in four moves.
3. Change pink to rose in four moves.

No. 213.—ANAGRAM.

A uth lee shot ~~~ of birds in
the squire's park; the gamekeeper
said, "I shall put a . to that," but the
uth ~~~ed away and was seen no more.No. 214.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(One Word). -r-n-c-n-e-t-l-s-

No. 214.—ABRACADABRA.

An abracadabra is the writing of a
word as many times as it contains
letters, the last letter being omitted
each time until only one letter re-
mains.For example—c a m e l
c a m e
c a m
c a
cI am a weekly visitor of 13 letters
composed.Please form an abracadabra when my
name you have supposed.

No. 215.—DECAPITATION.

Write me down in perfect form
And I make a garment to keep you
warm.Behold me twice and you will see
That I am left a noble tree.

The Mystic Fountain.

Let all under 12 try for the prize
story and send it this month, not later.
None should forget the puzzle prize
competition. We need good original
puzzles! See last issue.

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come disordered, and the whole system
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tion.—*Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.*Twenty-five years ago I suffered from
a torpid liver, which was restored to
healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills.
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out them. They regulate the bowels,
assist digestion, and increase the ap-
petite, more surely than any other medi-
cine.—*Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.*I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's
Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders.
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pepsia, for eighteen months. My skin
was yellow, and my tongue coated. I
had no appetite, suffered from Head-
ache, was pale and emaciated. A few
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doses, restored me to perfect health.—
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medicine. They strengthen and invig-
orate the digestive organs, create an
appetite, and remove the horrible de-
pression and despondency resulting
from Liver Complaint. I have used
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tion.—*Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.*Ayer's Pills,
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