

## Willie's First Boots.

Do you hear that funny sound,  
Curious sort of creaking,  
Every time I step around?  
That's my new boots squeaking!

Sounds like men, or grown-up boys,  
When I walk—just hear me!  
Mamma doesn't like the noise,  
Makes her say, "Oh dear me!"

These are my first stoga boots,  
Made of good stout leather;  
Papa says they're just what suits  
Rugged roads and weather.

Ever see soles thick as these?  
Just the thing for playing!  
Jerk the straps hard as I please,  
They're put on for staying!

They're as stout as stout can be—  
Proof against all leaking;  
But the best of all to me  
Is their squeaking!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *July Wide Awake*.

## The Golden Rule.

"O Ted, just see what you have done," and Nannie looked ruefully at the scattered contents of the work basket which her brother had carelessly upset while he was pushing past to take the window seat that he might have light enough to finish the book he was reading.

"O! well I didn't see," and without offering to repair his mischief, Ted was soon absorbed again in the pages of his book.

"Ted, will you show me just a little about this sum?" asked his youngest brother. "I've been trying all the afternoon and can't get it right, and I do want to finish it by tea time."

"O! don't bother me now," answered Ted, without raising his eyes from his story.

"How I wish I had another spool of silk," said his mother, a little later. "I could finish your dress to-night, Sadie, if I had."

"Can't I go to the store and get it, mother?" asked the little girl.

"No, dear, it would be too dark for you to come back alone," answered her mother, "and besides, I want you to take care of the baby while Nannie helps me get supper."

"O! Ted, won't you go!" pleaded the child. "I do so want my new dress to wear to school to-morrow."

Mother says she could finish it, if she only had another spool of silk. Please get it, won't you? You can read your book after supper."

But Ted pushed the little pleader away.

"Do you suppose a fellow likes to be interrupted in the middle of a story to get a spool of silk?" he said, crossly. "No, I won't get it, so there's no use teasing me."

Uncle Charlie looked up from the paper he was reading in the next room. The door was open, and he had heard everything that passed, and he was not pleased that his eldest nephew toward whom he had been much attached during his short visit in his sister's family, should display such a selfish spirit.

"Here, Sadie, give me a sample of that silk, and I will go down to the store and get it for you. It would be too bad to have you disappointed when you are so anxious for your new dress to-morrow."

Ted looked up from his book in surprise. Was his uncle really willing to leave his paper and take a cold walk just to gratify a child's wish? He felt rebuked for his own refusal, and springing to his feet, cried:

"Here, Uncle Charlie, I'll go."

"No—no, my boy," said his uncle, kindly but firmly. "You can't be interrupted this way in your story. Go on with your reading, and I will do this errand."

Ted went back to his book with an uneasy feeling as Uncle Charlie started out. His uncle's tones had been kind, but somehow the boy felt that there was a suggestion of reproach in his words, and he was sorry that he had displeased this new uncle whom he had admired so much.

That evening when Ted was on his way to bed, he stopped at his uncle's room to say good night, and that gentleman laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Ted, my boy, I had reason to be a little disappointed in you this afternoon," he said, kindly, and the boy's face flushed at the gentle reproach which he knew he deserved.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Charlie," he said. "I suppose you mean because I wouldn't go to the store for Sadie?"

"No, not that alone, but several other things of the same kind gave me the impression that you are apt to seek your own comfort first and forget the pleasure and convenience of others. You are forming your character now while you are young, Ted, and it is because I want to see you grow up into a noble, unselfish man that I speak of this."

"I don't mean to be selfish, but I forgot," pleaded Ted.

"I quite believe that," answered his uncle, "but you must cultivate forgetfulness of self in the place of forgetfulness of others. You must be on your guard continually against selfishness, for it is very easy to drift into it. I will bring you a rule to-morrow by which you can measure every action, and then you will know when you are doing right."

"A rule?" queried Ted in surprise. "What kind of a rule, uncle? Do you mean one that I can measure my actions by, just as father measures things by his foot-rule?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Charlie, smiling. "I will not tell you what it is like but I will give it to you to-morrow."

The next day when Ted came home from school he ran eagerly up into Uncle Charlie's room. His uncle handed him a long, flat package, and Ted hastily opened it, anxious to see this rule which had aroused his curiosity. He found an illuminated text, beautifully framed, with these words:

"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Ted looked up in amazement. "This isn't a rule to measure by, uncle."

"Yes, my boy, it is the Golden Rule. Try all your actions by this rule, and you will never be selfish or self-seeking. Hang this in your room, but let the words be engraved on your heart, and it will guide your conduct and make you generous and unselfish."

I wish all boys would measure their actions by this Golden Rule.—*Christian at Work*.

## Bad Company.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked:

"What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty polly?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably disperses them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

## Doing The Father's Will.

Joseph was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of a thing, she thought; and then Baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her.

It was true that was only put off—the present was to come—but still Joseph felt out of sorts; and when mamma called her to get her Bible verses she broke out into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a sermon instead. Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked a little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"Ah! Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Joseph.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come'?"

"Thy will be done on earth as it is

in heaven," repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said her listener slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly but of some things we may feel confident: I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Joseph, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get to-day," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to learn by heart. Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Selected*.

## A Friendly Gander.

The following story is given as true by an exchange:—

"A certain man owned a blind horse. A flock of geese occupied the pasture jointly with him. A gander, seeing the difficulty the horse had to get around, attached himself to the horse, leaving his fellows for that purpose. All day long the gander could be seen going in front of the horse, giving signs of his presence by a constant cackle, the horse following the sound. The gander led the horse to the best pasture and to water. At night, the gander accompanied the horse to the stall, sat under the trough, and the horse would occasionally bite off a mouthful of corn and drop it to the ground for his feathered friend; and thus they would share each other's meals. Finally, one Sunday, the old horse died. The gander seemed utterly lost, wandered around disconsolately, refusing food; and at the end of a week he too died, although his life had just begun, for a goose will live many years."

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 the 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 draught 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 SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 28.)

No. 210—Pen-man-ship.—Penman ship.

No. 211.—[We have received one answer to the "Prize Story," and defer printing any answer this issue. We hope to receive many answers besides this one, some of which we shall publish.—Ed. Y. F. C.]

## The Mystery.—No. 31.

## No. 220.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. What ancient king employed dromedaries as mail carriers?

2. By whom was the first temperance society organized?

3. Who did the Lord help in battle with hailstones, which slew more than the sword?

4. What prophet was found ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen?

5. Where do we read the words: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird?"

## No. 221.—SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.

1. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."
2. "Our God hath not forsaken us."
3. "He careth for you."
4. "Good is the word of the Lord."
5. "My Lord and my God."
6. "Thou God seest me."
7. "God will provide."
8. "He will keep the feet of his saints."

The initials of the authors of the above quotations give the name of a celebrated Israelitish judge.

## No. 222.—BURDEN-BEARERS.

Five men, all carrying burdens, but not all the same burden, went up once to a house. All of them, when they left it, left their burdens behind. One of them, however, to the general astonishment, brought another burden away, and that with manifest joy. With unfeigned joy, for the simple reason that his ability to carry this burden was the most convincing evidence of his having been delivered from the other. What persons and burdens are here referred to, and where do we read of them in the Bible?

## No. 223.—RIDDLES.

1. To nothing add six, and five hundred more,  
It will name a poet much famed of yore.
2. Why is an infirm old man like a musical character?

## No. 224.—ANAGRAMS.

1. The bar.
2. The law.
3. Yourself.
4. To love ruin.

## No. 225.—P.

[N. B.—The centre of the text stands, the rest is "pied."—Ed. Y. F. C.]

Gdfoarnda keep his sdmocmatnmen.

## QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Ques.—What causes a pitcher filled with cold water to "sweat" when brought into a warm room?

## INQUIRER.

Ans.—What is called the "sweating" of a pitcher filled with cold water, is not the result of water flowing through the pores of the pitcher, as some suppose, but the gathering on the outside, as it would on any cold surface; the moist air condensing by coming in contact with the cold surface of the pitcher, as it will on any cold surface.

When we breathe on glass, the moist air from the lungs gathers, or is condensed, on the glass. When such moisture collects, we say it is a "sign of rain," simply because there is moisture enough in the air to make rain form; a little coolness in some places in the air making it collect and fall.

## The Mystic Fountain.

M. S. has been received from "Greely" and Emma L., in answer to Prize announcements. Come one! Come all!

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196 196

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D. POTTINGRR,  
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