

Mother, Home and Heaven.

The three sweetest words in the English language.

MOTHER.

The first fond word our hearts express
In childhood's rosy hours,
When life seems full of happiness.
As a ure full of flowers:
A word that manhood loves to speak,
When time has placed upon his cheek
And written on his brow
Stern lessons of the world's untruth
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly pondered now,
As time brings back 'midst vanished years,
A mother's fondest hopes and fears.

HOME.

The only Eden left untouched,
Free from the tempter's snare,
A paradise where kindred hearts
May revel without care;
A wife's glad smile is imaged there,
And eyes that never knew a tear,
Save those of happiness,
Beam on the hearts that wander back
From off the long and beaten track
Of sordid worldliness,
To taste those purer joys that come
Like angels round the hearth at home.

HEAVEN.

The end of all a mother's prayers,
The home of all her dreams,
The guiding star to light our path
With hope's enchanting beams,
From out a world where wild and dark
The tempests often rise;
Yet still in every darkest hour
This star shall rise with holy power,
And point us to the skies,
Where mother, heaven and home are seen
Without a cloud to intervene.

—Selected.

About Telling the Truth.

All noble boys and girls tell the truth as a matter of course; in fact, the greatest possible insult that can be offered a person is to doubt his word. No matter what consequences are involved, it is always your duty to tell plainly and clearly just what has really happened, so far as you are concerned. I once knew a little fellow of quite timid and sensitive nature who had the misfortune to break a window while playing ball in the schoolyard. The teacher was thought to be very stern, and Charlie was very much frightened, but he went straight indoors and up to the desk and told what he had done. A day or two later somebody said, "Who broke that window, Mr.?" "An honorable person sir," was the reply, loud enough for everybody to hear.

When truth-telling concerns not yourself only, but others, it is sometimes right for you to refrain from speaking, simply declining to answer rather than to tell tales. You must judge about this when circumstances arise; but of one thing you may be sure, that it is never right to evade or alter or color a statement. Be true, whatever happens. Do not hesitate when questioned, but look the one who questions you straight in the face, and say what it is right to say modestly and frankly.

Candor does not require you, on the other hand, to go about saying disagreeable things because they are true. A little girl I used to know once made a visit in a house where were twin-sisters, one of whom was much prettier than the other. What should little miss do but remark, "I think Eunice is far more beautiful than Elsie, and I've heard Aunt Clara say she thinks so too!" This was true, but it was a true thing which was never meant to be talked of; and the little girl felt very much ashamed of herself when she grew older and recollected it.

Lewis had brought home dreadful reports for four or five weeks, and especially in spelling he had long lists of failures. How he did wish that the teachers in his school would believe in the spelling reform of which his sister's professor talked! So far as Lewis understood it, it appeared to him that the professor agreed with the school-boys that a word should be spelled the way it sounded. But the teachers at the academy only grew stricter every day, and his demerits kept accumulating like a snowball that becomes bigger and bigger as it rolls along.

"Frightful!" mamma would exclaim, shuddering as she gazed at Lewis's reports.

"Disgraceful!" was papa's opinion. "No more pocket-money, sir, till I see some improvements."

"Abominably stupid!" said Uncle James.

So Lewis became deeply discouraged, one day, when he felt sure of only one thing, and that was that he could not spell, he did what I am ashamed to tell you of. He opened his book under the shadowy screen of the desk-lid and peeped. Were there two *ls*? Did *i* come first, or *e*? Alas! Lewis knew. He saw the letters plainly, and he spelled them boldly and clearly.

"Right!" said the trusting teacher, with a smile of approval which went straight to the boy's heart. Oh how sorry he felt and how mortified when he felt that he had gained that pleasant word "Right" without deserving it!

He did not run merrily home at night. He had no desire to go out and play. He was far happier when he knew that a blank failure was written against his name; for then he had not failed in himself; he had been honest if he had not been clever.

That evening he told me the whole story, and ended by saying, "It has taught me a lesson, Aunt Marjorie. All fair and no cheating for me after this. It's awful to feel as mean as I've felt all day."—*Harper's Young People.*

Careless Johnnie.

BY ALICE MUZZY.

"O my! what a deep place!" cried Johnnie Goodwin.

He stood on the edge of a deep cut. Men were at work with a steam shovel, making a road-bed for a new railway.

"And what a noise that big engine makes. It is beginning to go!"

Johnnie looked in open-mouthed wonder. For just then a long beam, at the end of which was a large shovel, began to move. This shovel looked more like a big open box, with huge iron teeth on one side. The teeth dug into the earth, and filled the box. Then the beam moved. The bottom of the box was pulled out, and the earth fell into a car waiting to receive it.

"Look out there, boy!" called a workman; "don't stand so near the edge; you will fall in."

Johnnie jumped. The idea was not pleasant.

"Now, this is the right place for such a little boy as you to stand," said a lady, leading him by the hand to a safe distance.

"O! dear," said Johnnie, "but I can't see nothing."

"But it is better so than not to be able to see at all, as you wouldn't after falling down that dreadful place."

"O, yes'm," returned Johnnie, very submissively.

"Johnnie, be very careful," called his father, roused from a conversation with a neighbor. Johnnie always intended to do what his father wanted him. So he stood cheerfully where he was casting about in his mind what he could do to amuse himself. There were stones, and he could build a house. All would have been well if Johnnie had continued to remember the cautions he had received. But, alas, Johnnie's mind was somewhat like the sand upon the sea shore—and that receives marks so easily, but allows them to be smoothed over and rubbed out just as easily. In other words, it was too easy for Johnnie "to forget."

Johnnie laughed and sung away to himself as he built his houses. He was a very happy boy. Finally he saw a stone, a nice large one, too, near the very edge of the cut. By this time he had forgotten all about his danger of falling in or any thing that had been said to him. He ran for the stone and stood unconcernedly on the brink. He looked over to see what the steam-shovel was doing. Immediately he felt the earth trembling beneath him, and in a second, to his great surprise and terror, he saw he was being moved slowly off.

The steam shovel had come for the earth Johnnie was standing on, and was talking him with it! It did not understand that it ought to make allowance for the little boy's forgetting. It was pitiful to see Johnnie standing trembling and fearful! His long thick curls drooping sorrowfully as though they were moved by the trouble of their owner. His father rushed excitedly to the spot. The workmen were greatly astonished, not to say dismayed, so the peculiar kind of earth their shovel had picked up. It was a trying moment. If Johnnie could keep upright when the bottom was pulled out of the shovel he could slip out. Otherwise he might lodge on the teeth or fall and break his bones. Every body shouted something at him. It is a wonder they did not stun him with their cries. But the long beam moved slowly onward bearing its precious burden. And Johnnie managed to keep his standing. When the string was pulled that caused the bottom to drop, down came Johnnie.

But what was that on one of the teeth of the steam-shovel? A curl! One of Johnnie's brown curls! And do you not think Johnnie was glad to get off without any other harm? I think he was, and I think he will be more careful in future to remember what is told him.

The Boy and the Man.

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window and was severely hurt; but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared to jump after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and, if you will read his life, you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get the color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel, and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like *Lock on the Human Understanding*, wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God, who made all things. This was Jonathan Edwards.

Boys and girls, entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitious passions. Have no anxiety except to aim at what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Vow to yourself and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care.

A Strong Brother.

"Run out to the shed, little one, and bring a bit of wood for mother. I'd go myself, only father will be here to supper soon, and I'm in a hurry. Only a little—you're such a mite of a thing."

Kitty was proud of being asked to do such a big thing, and toddled out with lively steps. Plenty of light wood lay in the shed, and she could have carried a few of the small sticks very easily. But the little girl wanted to do great things, so she piled some of the sticks of hard wood on her arm, and struck out bravely for the house.

But, poor little girl!—they grew heavier every short step, and before she was well out of the shed one stick went one way and one another, and then the whole went down. But she picked them up again and tugged on.

"Don't bring so much, darling," called mother, catching sight of the toiling little figure. "Bring only two sticks."

But Kitty did not like to give up. With uncertain little steps, she kept on until she struck her foot against a small stone. And then lassie and wood and all went over.

Mamma was about to go and help her, when her brother Jim came around the shed into sight. He was ready for his supper, and would have passed Kitty without much notice if he had not caught a glance at the wobegone little face.

"Ho, little sister, what's the matter? Hurt your foot? Such a heavy load? Yes, too heavy for Kitty. But brother's big and strong. See now."

He flung the wood on one arm, and held out his other hand.

"Take hold." With a warm, strong grasp he took her hand, and setting his steps to hers, led her along with petting and encouraging words.

And the tears came into mother's eyes as she watched the two. The way is long and the burden heavy for others than little Kitty. But an Elder Brother stands close beside the over-burdened pilgrim, ready to lift the loads of care and grief, and with his strong right hand to lead and support over rough paths; all the while giving words of loving sympathy and cheer, to weary, sorrow-worn hearts.

She could not have said all that she felt to Jim. But the touch of her hand on his head was very tender as she whispered: "You're a real help and comfort to Kitty and me."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 36.)

No. 245.—
1. Lisbon. 2. Paris.
3. Bath. 4. Perth.
5. Halle. 6. Potsdam.
7. Nice.

No. 246.—Oliver Cromwell.

No. 247.—
I M
A A
M ox A
T L
H E
E ac H
T A
R C
U se R
E A
V B
I am B
N I
E N

Left—"I AM THE TRUE VINE."
Right—MALEHACRABBIN.

No. 248.—"Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than the that is perverse in his lips and is a fool."

No. 249.—Ichneumon.

No. 258.—PRIZE LOZENGE PUZZLE.

(BY "GREELY," QUEENS.)
o o o o Crosswise.—To make
o o o o a noise; a bag; nice;
o o o o the guides.
o o o o

Downwards.—A letter; a verb; an animal; a house; a kind of water; a pronoun; a letter.

No. 259.—CHARADES.

(BY HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, KINGS.)

I.
My first describes the desert sand;
Next is the lion's home;
My whole a poet and a man.
Who went, they say, to Rome.

II.
My first has neither head nor hands,
Yet 'tis a thing of might;
For it men toil, and sin and die;
And for it Nation's fight.

My second is a biped called.
Upon two feet it goes;
My whole a writer charming is,
As the sweetbriar-rose.

No. 260.—A PROBLEM.

(BY EMMA L., EAST PUEBLO, N. S.)

A person has 8 cents, which he spends for eggs. He bought six times as many eggs as eggs were cents per dozen. How many were eggs per dozen? How many did he buy?

No. 261.—PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," YORK.)

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is lofty.

My 5, 6 is an exclamation.

My 7, 8 is an adverb.

My 9, 10, 11 is to discover.

Whole is a town in the United States.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—Who was "Ovid" referred to some time since in the "Young Folks' Column?"

—X. Y. Z.

A.—Ovid, Publius Ovidius Naso. An eminent Roman poet and statesman; born, 43 B. C.; died in banishment, 18 A. D.

A Sluggish Liver

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June 15, 1887.



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Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

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Accommodation..... 12.55
Day Express..... 18.00

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