

That Dreadful Boy.

I'm looking for a dreadful boy
(Does anybody know him?)
Who's leading all the other boys
The way they shouldn't go in.
I think if I could find that boy,
I'd stop what he's a doin'—
A bringing all the other boys
To certain moral ruin.

There's Tommy Green, a growin' lad
His mother does inform me,
The way that he is getting bad
Would certainly alarm me.
She feels the blame should rest upon
John Brown—a recent comer—
For Tommy was a lovely lad
A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown,
Her inmost soul was shaken,
To think that Mrs. Green should be
So very much mistaken.
She did assure me Johnny was
As good a child as any,
Except for learning naughty things
From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because
Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;
She fears he's taught young Benjamin
Some wicked tricks already.
Yet Fred is such an innocent
(I have it from his mother),
He wouldn't think of doing wrong,
Unattempted by another.

Oh! when I think I've found the boy
Whose ways are so disgraceful,
I always learn he's some one else,
And live some other place in.
And if we cannot search him out
He will (most dreadful pity!)
Spoil all the boys who otherwise
Would ornament our city.

—Babhood.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

'Well, I used to think that no one
could do two things well at once, but
that boy seems to have managed it,
and no mistake.'

So spoke an English traveller who
was inspecting one of the great cotton-
mills in the west of Scotland, not far
from Glasgow. And well might he
say so. The lad whom he was watch-
ing—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy,
employed in the mill as a 'piecer'—
had fixed a small book to the frame-
work of the spinning-jenny, and
seemed to snatch a brief sentence
from its pages every time he passed it
in the course of his work.

'Ay, he's just a wonder,' answered
the Scotch foreman, to whom the
visitor had addressed himself. 'We
call him "Busy Davie" here, for he's
readin' like any minister; but he does
his work well for a' that.'

'And does he really understand
what he reads?' asked the Englishman,
looking wonderingly at the young
student's book, which was a treatise
on medicine and surgery that would
have puzzled most lads four or five
years older than himself.

'Tis warrant he does that,' replied
the Scotch with an emphatic nod.
'There's no quicker chiel than Davie
for the mill.'

And then the visitor passed on to
look at another part of the works, and
forgot all about 'Busy Davie' for the
time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of
him two hours later, when the mill
hands' knocked off for dinner.
Coming back across the yard when his
tour of inspection was over, the travel-
ler caught sight of a small figure in a
corner by itself, which he thought he
recognized.

A second glance showed him that he
was not mistaken. There sat 'Busy
Davie,' holding in one hand the big
oatmeal 'bannock' that represented the
dinner, and in the other a soiled
and tattered book without a cover,
which he was devouring so eagerly
that his food remained almost un-
touched. The Englishman stole softly up
behind the absorbed boy, and glanc-
ing over his shoulder at his book,
saw that it was one written by himself
a few years before, describing the most
perilous of all his journeys through
the wild regions beyond the Orange
River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the lit-
tle student, quite unaware that the
author of the book was standing be-
side him, read half aloud one of the
most exciting passages, following the
lines with his roughened forefinger:

'The progress of our party was nec-
essarily very slow, as we could only
march in the mornings and evenings,
and the wheels of the wagons often
sank up to the very axle in the loose
sand. In some places the heat was so
great that the grass actually crumbled
to dust in our fingers. More than
once our supply of water ran out al-
together, and men and beasts stagger-
ed onward over the hot, dusty, never-
ending plain, with parched tongues
and bloodshot eyes, silent and despair-
ing.'

At the thought of these difficulties
which he himself was one day to meet
and overcome a few men have ever
done before or after him, the boy's
thin face hardened into the look of
indomitable firmness which was his
habitual expression in after life. But

it softened into a smile the next
moment, as he read as follows:

'In several of the places where we
camped our chief food was a species of
the large frog, called by the natives
"mantle-metto," which was kind
enough to assist us in our hunts for it
by setting up such a tremendous
croaking, that we could easily find it,
even in the dark.'

Here the boy turned over a leaf,
and came suddenly upon a startling
picture of a man lying prostrate on the
ground with a lion's forepaw planted
on his chest, and its teeth fastened in
his shoulder, while several negroes,
with terrified faces, were seen making
off as fast as possible in the back-
ground.

'How would you like to travel
through a country like that, my lad?'
asked the explorer. It would be rough
work, wouldn't it?

'I would like weel to gang there, for
a' that,' answered the boy, 'for there's
muckle to be done there yet.'

'There is indeed, and it's just fel-
lows of your sort that we need to do
it,' said the traveller, clapping him on
the shoulder. 'If you ever do go
to Africa, I think it will take more
than a lion in your way to stop you.'

The whole world now knows how
strangely those lightly spoken words
were fulfilled twenty-eight years later,
when the boy did actually come alive
out of the jaws of the hungry African
lion which had broken his arm with
its teeth, to finish those wonderful
explorations that filled the civilized
world with the fame of Dr. David
Livingstone.

Farmer's Wives.

No class of men are more in debt to
their wives for the success that comes
to them than farmers. The wife and
mother who has the courage to go out
with the husband of her choice and
commence the struggle of life with him
on the prairie, or on a new farm, with
but little capital except head and
heart, is worthy to stand by the
Spartan women on whom the poets
have exhausted their words of praise.
Upon her falls the brunt of the strife,
no matter how hard the husband may
toil; his work closes with the day, but
hers continues long after, and, with
her children and the small chores that
many of the beginners look after, her
lot is not one to be envied. And when,
after years of struggle, success, with
reluctant feet, comes to crown the
husband with honor, the biggest
wreath should adorn the brow of the
noble wife, who was the stay and
anchor, the comfort and the source of
all hope in the stormy day of trial.
The wealth should crown her queen.
We hear much of the men. We hear
that so-and-so is making money, and
he gets the credit of being a forehand-
ed man; but it is quite as often that
the noble little woman, who has toiled
and complained not, who has pinched
and saved and murmured not, is the
one to whom the State and nation is
most indebted. These are the women
who lead men up to higher manhood
to that shrine where, like knights of old,
they bend the knee of homage, not to
beauty, but to wealth and royal
womanhood.

How to treat a Horse.

There are many men who will try to
whip more out of a horse than the
animal can do; but there seems to be
one driver, at least, who had better
sense. A heavily loaded sleigh was
stuck on a car-track in Scollay Square.
The street was badly blocked, and a
crowd gathered as usual.

The horse pulled well, but could not
move the load. The crowd shouted and
offered advice.

'Why don't you whip him?' one
man asked, at the same time he lifted
a whip and was about to ply it around
the animal's legs. The horse had be-
come restless and pranced about with-
out pulling effectively.

'Don't you strike that horse!' the
driver shouted. 'I've driven this
animal a good many years, and know
just what he can do. I have never
struck him with a whip, and I don't
intend to now. If you fellows will
only stop your yelling, the horse will
be all right. He is so frightened that
he don't know what to do.'

Patrolman Ruby quieted the crowd,
and in a few minutes the horse calmed
down. Then the driver stroked his
head and said, in a quiet tone, 'Come,
John, it's all right now.' The horse
made another effort and succeeded in
clearing the track.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to father and
mother is likely to be polite to every-
body else. A boy lacking politeness
to his parents, may have the semblance
of courtesy in society, but is never
truly polite in spirit, and is in danger,
as he becomes familiar, of betraying
his real want of courtesy. We are all
in danger of living too much for the

outside world, for the impression
which we make in society, not covet-
ing the good opinion of those who are
in a sense a part of ourselves, and who
will continue to sustain and be inter-
ested in us, notwithstanding these de-
fects of deportment and character.
We say to every boy and girl, Cultivate
the habit of courtesy and propriety
at home, in the kitchen as well
as in the parlor, and you will be sure
in other places to deport yourself in a
becoming and attractive manner.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 40.)

No. 262.—
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No. 263.—PETER.
A LIKE.
T I N E D.

No. 264.—Mexico.

No. 265.—Rainbow.

No. 266.—b r a m b l e
c h e e r
a r t
I
a b b
t e a s e
p u s h p i n
m a k e r
m a t
D
r u s t y
l i c h e n s
M E R I D I A N—K A D E S H.

The Mystery—No. 43.

No. 275.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY H. E. WANNAMAKE, APOHAQUI.)

1. In broad, but not in narrow;
2. In house, but not in hovel;
3. In drag, also in harrow;
4. In tongs, but not in shovel;
5. In verse, but not in rhyme.

My whole is a poet for every time.

No. 276.—SQUARES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

1. What all have been.
2. A book of the Bible.
3. One of the many isms.
4. Farewell.
5. Matrons.

I.
A tree; a tree; a passion; what all
should be.

II.
A prophet; a tree; an African river;
affirms; over a gateway.

No. 277.—HOLLOW SQUARE, WITH
DIAGONALS.
(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

1 * * * * 2
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4 * * * * 3

From 1 to 2, an adversary; 2 to 3,
all have done; 3 to 4, an ape; 4 to 1,
two colours; 4 to 2, allied to dialects,
and from 1 to 3, separated.

The Mystic Fountain.

With this issue we again utilize all
the puzzles contributed. Dear
young friends, are we going to hear
from any of you again. Do write!
and send us some puzzles, solutions,
and queries for our "Question De-
partment." Who will be the first to
respond? Next week we shall probably
offer another voting contest and shall
doubtless intimate some new feature,
To the front!

NOW.

Dear children, there is a text to
which I would call your attention.
(Isa. i. 18.) Notice the little word
which tells us when we are to come,
'Come NOW.'

Return ye
Turn ye
Prove me
Do ye

every man from his
evil way, (Jer. xxxv. 15)
from your evil ways.
(Zech. i. 4)
saith the Lord of Hosts
(Mal. iii. 19)
believe? (Jno. xvi. 31.)

To illustrate the importance of
obeying the word "NOW," I will
relate an incident which happened to
three Sunday-School teachers, during
a ramble in the summer vacation.
Having ascended a very high mountain,
they were resting after their hard, but
successful clamber, when a dense cloud,
gathering immediately below them,
concealed the whole of the mountain
side. They began to descend, but the
path was quite hidden, and diverging
from the beaten track, they ran
through the thick grass, in what they
considered, a direct line to the bottom.
They were descending very rapidly,
when the cloud suddenly lifted, a
flood of sunshine burst in upon them,
and instantly the foremost called out

in terrified tones, "STOP!" His com-
panions threw themselves on their
backs, and to their horror, learned that
they were on the verge of a steep
precipice, overhanging the rugged
crags of some dangerous rocks; a few
moments more, and they would have
been dashed down, down headlong to
certain destruction.

Immediate, unquestioning obedi-
ence to the call of their friend alone
saved their lives.

Dear unsaved child, you, too, are de-
scending a terrible decline, even "the
broad road that leadeth to destruction."
(Matt. vii. 13.) At the bottom is the
"lake of fire." My word to you is
"Stop!" "stop at once," or you may be
lost, and lost forever; for the
Word of God warns us that—

Swift
and
everlasting
D E S T R U C T I O N.
(2nd Pet. ii. 1)
(1st Thess. v. 3)
(2nd Thess. i. 9)

is the awful portion of those who
"know not God, and obey not the
gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

If you are lost, you alone are to
blame, for God's message is, "Deliver
him from going down to the pit, I
have found a ransom," and that ransom
is more than His beloved Son, the
Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is said,
"There is one mediator between God
and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who
gave Himself a ransom for all." (1
Tim. ii. 5, 6.) Let me then ask you
now to

"Look to Jesus, look and live;
Mercy at His hands receive;
He has died upon the tree,
And His words are, 'Look to Me.'

Come to Jesus, come and live;
He has endless life to give;
He from sin will set you free;
For His words are, 'Come to Me.'

Rest in Jesus, there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes;
Let His name be all thy plea,
For His words are, 'Rest in Me.'

What precious words are these!
"Look to ME."
"Come to ME."
"Rest in ME."

Why have you not accepted those
sweet invitations? Why are you not
resting in Jesus? Many a child has
given that "look" to Jesus. Many a
one has "come" to Him, and found
"rest," proving the reality of His own
unfailing promise.

"See that ye refuse not Him that
speaketh. For if they escaped not
who refused Him that spake on earth,
how much more shall not we escape if
we turn away from Him that speaketh
from Heaven?" (Heb. xii. 25.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—In Matt. 23:5 we find the
word "Phylacteries." What was a
phylactery?

BIBLE STUDENT.

A.—A phylactery (fil-lak'ter-ee) is
an charm, spell or amulet worn as a
preservation from danger or disease.
In Jewish antiquity a strip of parch-
ment inscribed with certain texts from
the Old Testament, and inclosed with-
in a small leather case, which was
fastened with straps on the forehead
just above and between the eyes, and
on the left arm near the region of the
heart. Among the primitive Christians,
a case in which they inclosed the relics
of the dead.

The amulet, referred to above, was
something worn as a remedy or pres-
ervation against evils or mischief. They
have been used from ancient times,
and are still worn in parts of the
world. The early Christian Amulets
were commonly inscribed with the
words ichthys, fish, or with the shape
of a fish, because this represented the
initials of the Greek words for Jesus
Christ.

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from those who have realized, by per-
sonal use, the curative powers of Ayer's
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in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
believing as I do that, but for its use, I
should long since have died from lung
troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

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Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on
by a distressing Cough, which deprived
me of sleep and rest. I had used vari-
ous cough balsams and expectorants,
without obtaining relief. A friend ad-
vised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
I did so, and am happy to say that it
helped me at once. By continued use
this medicine cured my cough, and I
am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E.
Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
for over a year, and sincerely believe it
should have been in my grave, had it
not been for this medicine. It has cured
me of a dangerous affection of the lungs,
for which I had almost despaired of ever
finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen,
Windsor, Province of Ontario.

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which settled on my lungs. I consulted
physicians, and took the remedies they
prescribed, but failed to obtain relief
until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral. Two bottles of this medicine
completely restored my health.—Lizzie
St. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

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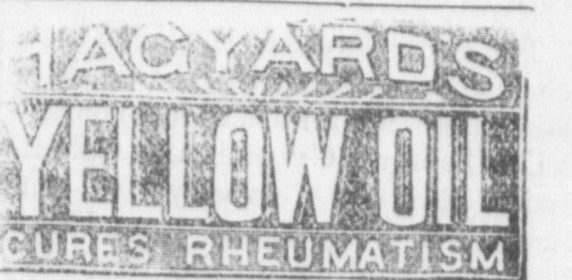
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