

Remember, Boys!

Little friends, when you are at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic, laughter, and noise,
Don't forget to bow when you meet—
When you meet an old man with gray hairs, my boys.

Is the aged man feeble, decrepit and lame?
Does he lean on his staff with unsteady poise?
Never mock at his sorrow, but stop in your game,
And bow to the man with gray hairs, my boys.

If he sometimes halts in his tottering pace
To witness the flow of your innocent joys,
Don't jostle the old man out of his place,
But greet his gray locks with a bow, my boys.

Remember the years are only a few
Since he, on the streets with his games and toys,
Was healthy and happy and active like you;
And bright as the sun were his curls, my boys.

But age has furrowed the cheek that was fair;
While sorrows have broken his once mel-
low voice;
And now there is many a silvery hair
On the head where the curls were so bright, my boys.

The spring-day of youth is a gem, it is gold;
But time all its glorious lustre destroys;
And, gay little friends, if you live to be old,
Your steps will be slow, your looks gray, my boys.

So, when you are blithely at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic and laughter and noise,
Remember to pleasantly bow when you meet—
When you meet an old man with gray hairs, my boys.

—Independent.

"Never Start Anything You Can't Stop."

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

"Look at Rob; going so fast you can see the soles of his new boots! What's up?"

Rob Kerr paused to answer the boys.

"Going to ride on grandpa's engine."

"Couldn't you squeeze us in, too?"

Say, Rob—

But Rob thought he heard the car bell, and was showing the soles again. The boys followed.

When they got there, Rob's grandfather, Adolph Kerr, was carefully examining the engine, oil-can in hand, while Silas, the fireman, looked out of the little window.

"Hercules is all right, boss; I've looked him over myself," said Silas.

"I know you always do," said Mr. Kerr, "but it is my way to look over the engine myself before starting. We can't be too careful."

"He's right," Silas told the boys. "If he hadn't regular as clockwork travelled all over the Hercules he wouldn't be called the best engineer on the road. 'Dolph Kerr's run the longest, too."

Rob was pleased to have the boys hear that.

"Rob, here, he'll be running the Hercules when grandpa's laid up," added Silas.

"I could now, almost."

"O, hear him!" laughed Silas.

"We may as well both lay ourselves away, boss."

Mr. Kerr made no reply but stepped aboard. How the boys envied Rob as he rang the bell. The conductor shouted, "All aboard," and away they went along the iron track.

They ate supper while the train waited at a junction. Silas made coffee and boiled eggs, Rob toasted bread on the end of the boiler.

Every chance he could get Rob was on the Hercules. All the other engineers knew Rob, the grandson of old Adolph Kerr, and never sent him away if they saw him about the engine house. They trusted him because his grandfather did. Rob was very proud of this.

One day, when he was alone on the Hercules, two schoolmates came along.

"Grandfather away, Rob?"

"Yes, and Silas. They've left me in charge."

"Let us get up there, too?"

"Couldn't think of it," said Rob.

"If Silas catches any boys round here he'll give them a shaking."

"We won't stay but a minute; we'll run when we see him coming."

"If I let you fellows aboard you'll get into mischief," said Rob.

They promised not to touch anything. At length Rob let them come up where he was. Very soon one said:

"My uncle makes engines, so I know a lot about them, too. Wouldn't it be fun to set this a going, just a minute."

"Rob don't dare start up," said the other.

"I dare, but I won't."

"What's the harm?" asked the first. "Uncle showed me how to reverse the lever."

Rob said no but they kept on hinting and coaxing. By and by Rob peered out to see if any body was coming, a strange, guilty look on his face; then there was a familiar sound from the mighty horse—it moved slowly along the siding.

"There, didn't I know how to start it?"

The Hercules went faster; it seemed to be getting ready for a race.

"Now we must stop it," cried Bob. "Reverse the lever, quick?"

But the boy had forgotten how. He jumped from the engine, telling the other to "Come on." So Rob was alone, and in a sad fix. Pale as death, he tried with all his strength to do as he had seen his grandfather. It was useless. He had let loose a force he could not stop. He, too, jumped, throwing himself the same way the engine was going; rolled over and over and down the bank into the bushes.

And now there was a great cry from Silas and Mr. Kerr. With terrified faces they chased the Hercules. They were too late to get aboard; the engine had left the siding for the main road, sped along to a bend and disappeared, the ground trembling beneath its powerful tread.

Rob felt that he never could look his grandfather in the face again. He hid till dark. Then he went home. His mother was crying. And his grandfather? It seemed as if he had grown years older. Silas was there, too, talking pitifully of the Hercules as if it were some living creature that had lost its life.

"Why, here's Rob," said Silas. "Ye won't have no more fine rides with your grandpa and me. They've put us out of a job. Heard how the Hercules got away to-day. Wouldn't be ketching no more'n a wild horse o' the desert; he stove up a coal train and pitched head first into a pasture."

Rob was surprised that no one suspected him.

"Any body killed?" he whispered.

"All living," was Silas's queer reply, "except your grandpa; it's pretty nigh finished him."

"Of course, he'll get another engine, he's so smart," faltered Rob.

Then his grandfather spoke in a deep, troubled tone:

"Nobody would trust the old man again, Rob. They turned him off with hard words. O, it is a cruel ending for the work of a life-time."

Tears filled his eyes; they rushed into Rob's too. He could keep it from his grandfather no longer. He told him all. "If you'll only forgive me," he sobbed, "and trust me as you used to, I'll never touch an engine again, never."

It added heavily to Mr. Kerr's sorrow to find that Rob had caused their misery, but he put his arm about him and spoke kindly. "There are many other things besides engines gets the upper hand, if folks touches them," he said. "I'd willingly suffer if I thought you'd learn this lesson: *Never start any thing you can't stop.* There's men in this town'll tell you they started drinking and swearing long ago; and it is running away with them now, just as the Hercules did with you. Think of this, Rob, when you remember what happened to your grandpa's last engine."

That was ten years ago. The old engineer has gone where faithful service is rewarded. Rob has become a young man, but not an engineer; he has never stepped aboard an engine since that painful experience on the Hercules.—*Advocate.*

The Funny Bone.

Is there a single reader of *Little Folks* who does not know what the "funny bone" is? But why is this bone at the elbow-joint called "funny?" Those who are learning Latin will find it easy to understand the reason, for they will remember that *humerus* is Latin for "shoulder. Now *humorous* is English for "funny;" and it was out of a play on the two words—which when pronounced, are almost alike in sound—that the elbow-bone was named the "funny" bone. Some of you may have heard the conundrum whose answer explains the whole thing, "Why is the 'funny' bone so called?" "Because it borders on the humorous (*humerus*)"—*Little Folks.*

Forks.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perched with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at dessert. But long after her time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I. are three pronged; and but

few of our neighbors can show us four-pronged forks much before the reign of George III., from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of nineteenth-century use. Before the days of forks, the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were much in request after every course: whereas now the basin alone, with a little rose-water makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity.—*Murray's Magazine.*

The Power of Early Influences.

After all has been learned, the old man is a boy again, and turns to songs and prayers that he heard when the nursery was his divinity school and the mother the senior professor. Out of that seminary he may go to groves of philosophy and halls of ethical culture, sit at the feet of wise men, and become himself an interpreter of thought, a founder of schools and sects, and fill the world with records of his inner life and his experience in learning how to live. But at last he must come back to the simple faith that his first teacher taught him. The little child gets the kingdom.—*Selected.*

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 27.)

No. 126.—Faithfulness.

No. 127.—Matt. v. 5.

No. 128.—MILK

IDEA

LEAN

KANE

No. 129.—[Answers not yet received from Sadie D., Grand Manan, U. N.]

No. 130.—G—ale. B—ounce. S—hark.

No. 131.—Sussex. Liffey. Oswego. Tagus.

No. 132.—C—ale — B

L—imb— O

E—de— N

V—ol— A

E—scal— P

L—aur— A

A—moo— R

N—abi— T

D—uk— E

CLEVELAND. BONAPARTE.

SOLUTIONS TO PRIZE-BIBLE COMPETITION.

Owing to circumstances unforeseen we were inevitably forced to keep from beginning the publication of the Prize Bible Competition solutions. We give the first batch of answers this issue, trusting that the competitors will take up the questions and answers and study and compare. We will give all the solutions in the briefest possible manner—merely giving references, unless more is necessary to make the meaning plain.

First Instalment.

(March 7th.)

No. 1.—1. Num. 21:6; Deut. 8:15.

2. Deut. 14:15; Lev. 11:16;

Numb. 11:16.

3. Hosea 7:11.

4. Daniel 10:5; Ezek. 9:2.

5. Jeremiah 17:7.

No. 2.—G—ath. . . . 1 Sam. 17:4-7

I—shosheth 2 Sam. 2:8-10

L—amb. . . . 2 Sam. 12:3-6

B—esor. . . . 1 Sam. 30:21

O—ak. . . . 2 Sam. 18:9-14

A—gag. . . . 1 Sam. 15:32,33

GILBOA—1 Samuel 31:8.

Second Instalment.

(March 14th.)

No. 3.—1. Jer. 2:22; Mal. 3:2.

2. 40 years, Acts 7:23.

3. 1 Sam. 4:18; 2 Chron. 12:9; &c.

4. Shishak, king of Egypt.

1 Kings 14:25, 26; &c.

5. 2 Sam. 20:9-12 [Judges 3 chap. has a quite similar incident.—Ed.]

Y. F. C.]

Third Instalment.

(March 21st.)

No. 4.—1. 2 Sam. 12:31; Jer. 43:9

Nah. 3:14.

2. 1 Sam. 24:13.

3. Ezek. 13:21.

4. Jer. 31:15.

5. Bramble, Judges 9:15.

Fourth Instalment.

(March 28th.)

No. 5.—1. 1 Chron. 13:9; 2 Sam. 6:6

2. 1 Kings 22:38.

3. Genesis 42:18.

4. Lev. 24:23.

5. Num. 4:14; Ex. 38:3.

6. Deut. 4:24.

7. " 21:18-21.

8. " 21:23.

Fifth Instalment.

(April 4th.)

No. 6.—1. 2 Chron. 33:23, 24;

2. Kings 21:23.

2. 2 Chron. 9:6; 1 Kings 10:7.

3. 2 Chron. 6:14-42; 1 Kings 8:23-53.

4. Job 38:31; 9:9.

5. 2 Kings 25:14; Numb. 7:14, 20.

The Mystery.—No. 30.

Third best list of puzzles in the "Van" competition, by Geo. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay.

1.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In valley, but not in plain;
In hill, but not in dale;
In vessel, but not in boat;
In coal, but not in wood;
In pear, but not in plum;
In oyster, but not in shell;
In swine, but not in fowl;
In horse, but not in cows.
My whole is the name of a flower.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An officer who carries a standard;
a meadow; a bar of metal; a pellucid gem;
the fragrant quality of plants; a harbour.

The initials and finals name two noted prophets of Old Testament times.

3.—DIAMOND.

A middle letter of the alphabet; a son of Noah; the father of Jacob's wife; what the prophet Hosea says about the spiritual man; a consonant.

4.—CHARADE.

My first is to enact;
My second is to go on the surface;
My whole is one of the feasts of the Jews.

5.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 17 letters, is a command of our Saviour.
My 1, 7, 5, 5, 16, 8 is an ornamental bunch of silk.

My 12, 7, 9, 17, 8, 16 is trifling talk.

My 15, 4, 8, 13, 7, 10 is the name of a fabled author.

My 6, 14, 3, 9 is a shout of contempt.

My 2, 11, 9, 16, 8 is a house for travellers.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

Geo. A. RIECKER, Belleisle Bay, will please send solutions to Cross-Word Enigma and Diamond published above.

MAUD, Yarmouth Centre, Ont., sends correct solutions to Nos. 108 and 112. Glad to hear from you! Write often. The puzzles to which you refer are not the first of the next competition. We have not yet opened a new competition, but shall ere long. Be on the watch. I am sorry that Hattie Grey had not the first papers of the last Bible Competition, as she did well with those she answered. Tell her to continue in the work.

Our Letter Box.

The friend at Fredericton who offered the two prizes in the Bible Competition writes under date of July 6th as follows:—"The prizes—one to Melissa Pinkney and one to Nannie Durkee—will be forwarded in morning mail. The prize in each case is a nicely bound book of the *Pansy* series. Hope they will be satisfactory. Yes, I will give another prize. Hope the interest in the P. Dept. will continue and increase.

Yours &c.

We hope the prizes will reach winners safely and be satisfactory. You see we have good news. Another prize offered.

Dear Uncle Ned:—I received the prize offered by "Van" in due time. Being a complete surprise, I have both pride and pleasure in possessing it. "Van" has my heartiest thanks for the nice autograph as well as the album.

With many thanks for your autograph, and sincere good wishes for our COLUMN and its editor, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

"ANN DREW."

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