

Let the Barmies Play.

Oh, let the barmies play themselves;
I like to hear their din;
I like to hear each restless foot
Come trippin' out and in.
I like to see each face sae bright,
And each wee heart sae gay.
They rained me o' my ain young days—
Oh, let the barmies play.

Oh, dinna check their sinless mirth,
Or mak' them dull and wae
Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,
But let the barmies play.
Auld duncie wae folk should ne'er forget
They aye were young as they,
As fu' o' fun and mickle cheer too—
Then let the barmies play.

And never try to set aheid,
Wi' auld age grim and gray,
Upon a wae saft, snawy neck;
No! let the barmies play.
For oh, there's mony a weary night
And mony a wae'ful day
Before them, if God spare their lives—
Sae let the barmies play.

—Scottish American.

An Unbidden Guest.

The night was deliciously cool and clear, as all summer nights in Florida are; and the doors and French windows of our bungalow were wide open to admit the slight air which was stirring, and bringing to us the fragrance of the orange-blossoms in the grove. Our house stood in the centre of an orange-grove, which gently sloped toward a small but beautiful lake; and this lake, sheltered by the grove and a belt of pine-trees beyond, was always a refreshing sight through the long, hot summer days.

Cool though the night was I was unable to sleep. I was lying under my mosquito net, and consequently safe from the external irritation produced by those pests, the mosquitoes; but I was bothered in my mind, and its colleague, my body, would therefore take no rest.

With one thing and another, I was feeling rather sick of the whole life, and getting a bit sentimental over "the old country," when suddenly I heard heavy but rather stealthy steps on the piazza.

"Is that you, Jack?" I called out. Jack was my friend, and he and I were "batching" together,—that is to say, we were endeavoring in double harness, to practice the noble art of housekeeping.

No answer, only more steps. "Then it's the dog come back," I thought. My dog was a Floridian, and consequently an utter brute,—perfectly faithless to everything but his own stomach.

I whistled. Again no answer. No; it was not the dog. Rather astonished, I jumped up, and, in my flannel pajamas, hurried across the large central room, which we used as hall and sitting-room as one, to Jack's bedroom. I found him sleeping, but I soon shook him back to this world, and asked him to come and find out with me who our nocturnal visitor might be. He grumbled fearfully at first, but at last, taking his gun in his hand—I had a revolver in mine—he followed me.

When we reached the central room, we paused and listened. The steps were clearly audible, and without the shadow of a doubt they were now in my bedroom. We hurried across and entered the room. At first nothing was visible; but in a few moments, by the dim moonlight which glimmered under the broad piazza, we made out, horribly clearly, an immense alligator, swinging and flapping his huge tail from side to side, and viciously snapping his cavernous jaws.

Jack, without a moment's hesitation, let fly both barrels; but his sportsman-like sense was evidently lost in that of self-preservation, for he never brought his gun to his shoulder, but blazed away from his hip. Moreover, as the cartridges were only loaded with quail-shot, the effect on the alligator was nil, at least as far as damage went. But it clearly annoyed him, as with a bang, whop, went his tail, and down came my camp washing-stand to the ground. As it seemed evident he was making up his mind to go for us, we beat an orderly retreat to the door. My revolver, in the dim light, was not likely to be of much use; and, as my Winchester rifle stood in the corner behind our foe, Jack rushed back to his room for his. In the mean while the alligator moved in a strategic manner on my position. As I had not formulated any plan of campaign, I fairly made a bolt for it, and banged to the door.

Jack now returned, and we held a council of war. Our mode of attack was soon decided on. I got the stable lantern, lighted it, and fastened it to the end of a long pole, and then we both crept softly out on to the piazza, round to the window of my bedroom. The idea was to hold the lighted lantern well into the room and right into our visitor's eyes, so as to temporarily blind him, while Jack took a good aim. This, we flattered ourselves, was

la guerre indeed, and a manoeuvre worthy of a Walseley!

Well, to cut the story short,—the whole thing was over in a few minutes—I thrust my lantern several feet into the room, right over the alligator's tail. Round he swung in a second. Up went his hideous head, and wide gaped his jaws—just in front of the lantern—a splendid shot.

Bang! bang! went the rifle, aimed true and steady for his mighty mouth. A rush, swish-sh, whop! went his tail. Crash! went the lantern; and we—well, we went too. He was bound to die, we knew; but why make such a disturbance about it? And, above all, why should he be so particular about dying in the open air? Jack's bullets told, however; and before the alligator had got off the piazza, he rolled over once, twice, and with one last stroke of that terrible tail, expired. When we measured him, we found he was eleven feet six inches long, from the snout to the tip of the tail, a monster indeed. Of course, his visit could easily be accounted for. In the cool of the night, he had left his habitat—the lake—and waddled up through the grove to the house, and was doubtless as much surprised as we were to find himself in such unwonted quarters.

I clearly recollect each incident of that night's adventure, and the feelings of each successive moment; but it took place more than two years ago, and as I write, my feet are now resting on the very handsome mat which I have had made from the skin of our unbidden guest, that Florida alligator.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

Walter Lyman's Lesson in Politeness.

"Why can't that horrid old woman do her calling in the day time?" exclaimed Walter Lyman as he looked up from the interesting story he was reading. "I don't want to go way round to Twelfth street with her."

Mrs. Lyman stood by her son's chair, and she touched him gently on the shoulder. "My son, would you allow that poor old woman to go home alone to-night? What if it were your mother?"

"I couldn't imagine such a transformation, mother. You'll never be like her. She's as ugly as—as—well so ugly that there is no danger of any one's running off with her between here and Twelfth street," and Walter laughed in derision.

"It is very icy, Walter, and just think how terrible it would be for her to slip down and hurt herself, it might be the cause of her death. She was very anxious to see your father, and she cannot see him any time but in the evening, you know."

Walter was just going to say "Why doesn't father go home with her?" but he remembered that his father was always quite tired at night for his work through the day was very arduous. Walter got his cap, but he was not in a pleasant mood, and it did not make him feel any pleasanter to hear his younger brother say as he went out of the door, "If it was only a pretty girl, Walt, that you had to go home with, you wouldn't have any objections to make, would you?"

"Now, Walter," said his mother, as he waited in the hall for Mrs. Hawkins to finish her conversation with his father, "I want you to be very kind to the poor old lady, and give her your arm so she won't fall. She isn't the most agreeable person I know; but she has had a great many sorrows. She is all alone in the world. She had a boy like you, but he died, just when he was able to be of some help to her. The Lord took her boy, and now in her old age he expects other mothers' boys will care for her."

Walter was touched by his mother's words, for he was a tender, kind-hearted boy, and he really was very polite and thoughtful on the way home. He listened attentively to all Mrs. Hawkins' grievances, which she poured out in a confidential manner to him. He began to feel a sort of championship of the poor old body.

When they got to the one room in the tenement house that Mrs. Hawkins called her home, she said, "Well, now, you're a good sort of a boy to be so kind to an old body like me. Most boys don't want to bother with old folks. Come in and rest you awhile."

Walter left his story in a place where his hero was in great danger of being lost at sea, but his heart was so touched by the old lady's evident pleasure at the attention he had shown her, that he went in for a few minutes.

She showed him all her treasures; the geranium in the window that had its first blossom just coming out; she unlocked the bureau drawer, and brought out the old daguerreotypes, and told Walter that this one was her husband's picture, and that one her boy's, and although he had been dead over forty years, she dropped a tear on the glass over the picture. Once Walter would have laughed at the quaint manner in

which the boy was dressed, but it was too sacred a thing to make fun of.

"I think I must go now," he said, when the pictures were put away. "You make me think of my boy," she said, as she followed him to the door. "Won't you come round sometimes of an evening and cheer me up a little?"

Walter promised he would, and did not forget his promise either. It became his particular missionary work to look after poor old Mrs. Hawkins. The school boys laughed about it and joked him a great deal, but they soon learned to respect him for the work he had chosen to do. It was old Mrs. Hawkins' last few miles of the journey on earth. She soon went home to be with those loved ones who went away from her so many years before.

Walter received her dying blessing and her little Bible, soiled and worn with so many years of using. He keeps it as a reminder of his lesson in true Christian politeness, and he says he will always pay his first attentions to the wants of the aged, who have travelled so long on the way, and are worn and feeble from the cares and sorrows they have had.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Christian Shepherd Boy.

There was once a little Christian boy who tended the flocks for a very religious man. This man hated religion himself, and always ridiculed it in others. Do you not think this was a hard way to confess Christ? Would not you suppose the little boy would conclude he could do no good here? But William Milne did not think so. The worse people were, the more he felt they needed the Gospel to make them better. He tried to do his own duty faithfully; and example goes a long way with the worst of people. But he did more. He talked with his master and mistress often; and so respectfully and solemnly that they were awed in spite of themselves. They believed in William's religion, if they did not in any one's else. By and by he got them to go to church with him, and at last the poor hardened man and his un-Christian wife were all broken down and humble at the feet of Jesus. They established family prayer, and lived consistently the rest of their lives. So much for the influence of a Christian shepherd boy.

There was a man employed in the place who was very profane. Little William talked with him so much of the fearful sin of taking God's name in vain, that he had no peace until he left off the wicked practice and gave himself to the Lord.

The poor boy had no closet to pray in, no little room of his own, where he could read his Bible in private. His only place of retirement was a little sheep cote, which became the dearest spot on earth to him. Years after, when he was far away in a heathen land, toiling hard for the perishing millions of China, his heart turned lovingly to that cold little shelter from the winter's storms, where his lonely heart used to commune with his dear Father above.

There is no child so poor and lowly but he may do good, if he loves Jesus. God loves such little workers in His vineyard, and he helps them on to higher and higher usefulness. I dare say if this little lad had been a prayerless boy, he would have remained among the sheep cotes, instead of being the world-known and beloved missionary.

Age of Animals.

A whale lives 308 years.
A sheep lives ten years.
A cat lives fifteen years.
A tortoise lives 100 years.
A lion lives twenty years.
A camel lives forty years.
A bear lives twenty years.
A dog lives fourteen years.
A squirrel lives eight years.
An elephant lives 400 years.
An ox lives twenty-five years.
A guinea pig lives seven years.
A horse lives twenty-five years.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 12.)
No. 69.—Flamingo. No. 70.—Patriot.

No. 71.—I. M. II. E.
SAD ITS
MABEL ETHEL
DEN SET
L

No. 72.—Papineau.

No. 73.—(a) Ezek. 21:12.
(b) 2 Kings 6:26.
(c) Amos 6:10.
(d) 1 Cor. 9:4.
(e) 2 Sam. 1:13.

No. 74.—1. Riga. 2. Elbe.

No. 75.—Tame, acid, mild, Eddy.

No. 76.—Gen. 14:18.

No. 77.—Psa. 115:29.

The Mystery—No. 15.

No. 92.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY MABEL J. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

My whole, consisting of 7 letters, is a Bible name.
My 1, 2, 4, 3 is a fluid.
My 4, 5, 6, 7 is unwilling.

No. 93.—EASY SQUARE WORD.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, WILLIAMSBURG.)

A useful animal; malt liquor; a number.

No. 94.—BURIED ANIMALS.

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Did you see that lovely pear at Brown's?
2. Come, Fred, do go and get that water!
3. The ship is hoisting anchor; see Fred!
4. Did you see the row of oxen standing at Day's?

No. 95.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY EDWIN GRISWOLD, PORT LA TOUR, N. S.)

1. Where are the words, "For wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy slayeth the silly one?"
2. Where are "bellows," "dandled" and "philosophy" found?

No. 96.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY E. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)

First in pause, not in stop;
Second in grain, not in crop;
Third in scale, not in fish;
Fourth in plate, not in dish;
Fifth in snare, not in catch;
Sixth in fasten, not in latch;
Seventh in pear, not in fruit;
Eighth in drum, not in lute.

Whole we hope you write to often.

No. 97.—RHOMBOID.

(BY "VAN," LOWER PR. WM.)

Across:—A small South American animal; a small pie; a rank; over again.

Down:—A consonant; a preposition; an animal; a song; a number; a note in music; a vowel.

No. 98.—PIED PROVERB.

(BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLEFLEUR BAY.)

"A riloign notes sartheg on soms."

No. 99.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY LOUISE LARKIN, EAST PERNICO, N. S.)

A letter; a liquor; a tree; a girl's name; a vowel.

No. 100.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEBEC.)

Where are the following found:

1. "Keep thee far from a false matter."
2. "Surely the fear of God is not in this place."
3. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."
4. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."
5. "The tongue of the just is as choice silver."
6. "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not?"

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

G. W. W. Boundary Creek, correctly solves 63, 65, 67, 68, 74 (2), 73, and 77.

"APPLEBLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S., has our hearty thanks for puzzles. We are sorry that you have not yet received your prize. Will mail another if you do not receive it soon. The prize was to be mailed from Fredericton—sent by a friend there who offered several prizes for this year. Nos. 62 (1) and 67 correctly solved. Write again soon.

"A FRIEND," Carleton, N. S., will accept our thanks for the puzzle. We prefer original puzzles always, but shall publish your first efforts, and hope to receive more work from your pen.

"VAN," Lower Prince William, enters the prize contest. Thank you for the nice lot of puzzles. Why do we not hear from you more often?

M. S., post-marked Carleton, N. S., and dated Mar. 27th, without signature, address or nom-de-plume, with three Bible Questions and Diamond puzzles, also solutions to Nos. 65 and 67, correct. We thank the sender for puzzles sent, and hope to be favored with name and more puzzles, etc. Always send name and address, or a nom-de-plume.

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