

How To Make Up.

Two little people who couldn't agree were having a tiff, and were "mad as could be." They looked at each other in silence a while, Then a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she, "Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie?" "Well, no," said the other, "nor you, are you, Jessie?" "Then, let us make up," little Jessie suggested, "Well, you be the one to begin," Bessie requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still, While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will, When, what do you think brought about sunny weather?

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged At lessons or at work, And say, "There's no use trying," And all hard tasks should shirk, And keep on shirking, shirking, 'Till the boy became a man, I wonder what the world would do To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict Gives up at first defeat; If once repulsed, his courage Lies shattered at his feet. The brave heart wins the battle Because, through thick and thin, He'll not give up as conquered— He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened, Because at first you fail; If you but keep on trying, At last you will prevail; Be stubborn against failure; Try, try, and try again; The boys who kept on trying Have made the world's best men.

Taking The Boy's Measure.

Jimmy Jackson was in high glee. He had just been measured for his new spring suit, and was to have it next week, in time to wear down to Squadunk on the picnic excursion.

"Pin-check," said Jimmy; "picked it out myself; that is, mother and I did. Didn't we, mother? Smith says he can fit me to a T. Good shape. Some boys have crooked shoulders, and some grasshopper legs. Hard to fit. Take a twenty-four, I do. Remember all the measurements, 'most—twenty four breast, fourteen collar, twenty-nine long, two—Say there, Dick, let that bat alone, I tell you! Yes, mother, I'm going in a minute—didn't I tell you so [impatiently]—soon's I settle Sue, here, for nabbing my ear."

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Harry?" "O, nothing much! Just thought what a chance it was for the recording angel to take your measure—that's all."

Jimmy went on about his errand, and when he got back it was high bedtime and a little past; so, after the usual amount of teasing to wait for just another game, and grumbling at the injustice of sending a boy to bed before it was dark, when all the other boys in the town could sit up until ten, he stumbled up the stairs in very bad humor.

He got out of his clothes, but how, no one but a boy in bad humor and a hurry to have it over can tell. How he was to get into such a tangled, criss-cross muss the next morning was another puzzle.

"Blessings on the man that invented sleep!" would have been a very appropriate motto to tack on Jimmy's bed that night; for embraced in its arms, he soon forgot Dick's felonious intentions on his bat, the pending settlement with Sue of the "nabbing" case, and the ill-humor of the last moments, aroused by his sense of ill-treatment, and was living again the proud moments in the merchant tailor's room, where the soft, hand-some folds of the "pin-check" goods were being admired, and the hum of the tailor's voice, as he said, "Open your vest, please; now lift your arms, so; stand straight, please; fourteen, twenty-four; that will do," etc., rang in his ears.

Presently it became indistinct and confused. Then it began to ring out again with new distinctness:—

"Stand straight, please. Humph! Very much shrunken calves, these. One, two,—only two errands for mother to-day, and a good deal of growling over those. Open the vest, please. Thirteen breast measure; small heart inside; cold and selfish; wants everything for himself. Some boys with generous hearts measure twenty-five. Stand straight, please! Nineteen high; good deal of a baby yet; whines and pouts like one. A boy with sense and manliness enough to take things reasonably ought to measure thirty."

By this time Jimmy was tumbling and rolling at a precious rate. Great beads of sweat stood on his brow, and

something suspiciously like groans broke from his lips. "Pretty crooked, shriveled specimen this. Hard to make his robe look decent at all. Got in by the skin of his teeth."

You would have thought Jimmy was trying to put himself through a knot-hole, he shrank into so small a ball in one corner of the bed.

"Cut a sorry figure before the throne. If he'd only thought as much of how his spirit grew, as having a well-shaped bod!"

A long, low, gurgling sound came from under the bed clothes, which were gripped tight in both Jimmy's fists. Tiptoe, tiptoe, came footsteps down the hall, and a light gleamed along the wall, and then shone into Jimmy's face.

"Oh, how it shines! Let me go away,—away back, please, Mr. Recording Angel! I'm so un!"

"Jimmy, Jimmy! Wake up! What's the matter, boy?"

"Oh! Mr. An— Why, Uncle Harry! I'm so glad! I—I guess I've been dreaming; but I tell you it was mighty natural. Don't go yet!"

But what about the recording angel?

"Why, don't you know what you said last night about—about—"

"Taking your measure, eh? As good as Smith's?"

"No; but I mean to make it so, Uncle Harry."—*Rev. J. F. Cowan, in S. S. Times.*

WHO STOLE THE HONEY.

A True Story.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

The honey was in Deacon Bird's store. What child living in the country has not seen just such a store? It has barrels of potatoes, kegs of molasses, piles of codfish, and on the counter, pieces of pink and white calico for little folks' frocks and aprons. There is always a glass showcase in this kind of a store, where are kept pen-knives and thimbles and letter paper, and perhaps a little case of glittering finger rings. And behind the showcase, on the high shelves, there are glass jars full of candy. Fascinating sticks a penny a piece, some white, some red, some with ribbon-like stripes, are in these jars, and pink cinnamon lozenges and delicious lemon drops.

Besides having all these melt-in-your-mouths to sell, Deacon Bird dealt in honey. A few boxes of the sweet, golden stuff always stood in the back of the store, near a window. One summer day Deacon Bird discovered that a large part of the honey had been taken from one of the boxes. Had his little errand boy, Dick, a sweet tooth?

"Come here, you, Dick," said the deacon.

Dick came, barefooted, curly-headed, with his ragged straw hat in his hand.

"Have you been meddling with my honey, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Prove that you haven't by finding out the thief," said the deacon. "Do you hear?"

Poor Dick! How was he to find out the thief? A few days passed, and another box was nearly emptied.

"I've watched," said the deacon, "and no boy goes into the back store but yourself. If you don't clear up this mystery in a week, you leave my store. I want no thieves in my place."

To be called a thief! That was harder than hard work. Dick would have left the deacon's employ that very minute had it not been that his father was a poor man, with little ones younger than Dick to clothe and feed. No, he must stay and find the culprit.

One day Dick went into the back room, and sat down on a bag of meal. The deacon had gone home to dinner, and Dick was tending store. But there were no customers, and the boy, feeling very disheartened, sat down among the barrels and boxes to think what he should do if the deacon turned him away. Suddenly he heard a sound that caused him to look up.

"Ha! ha!" said Dick, "there are the thieves!"

There they were, indeed, talking away to each other, coming in and going out, as busy and important as if their doings were honest and above board. Above board they really were, for not one of the pilfering gentry made the slightest pretense to secrecy.

"I will tell the deacon you are here," said Dick, "and he may catch you if he can. I guess he'll have a merry chase of it."

Then Dick fell a laughing, and in a paroxysm of mirth rolled off the meal bag on to a bag of Brazil nuts. The nuts did not make a very comfortable bed, and he sprang up just as the deacon came in.

"I've found the thieves, Deacon Bird," he said. "Come and catch them."

But the deacon was afraid the ras-

cals might do him mischief. So he locked the door of the back room, making Dick a prisoner with the highwaymen, and ran off after a constable. He was back presently with burly Billy Barrett, who had locked up many a sinner. Pushing the constable ahead, the deacon, well covered by his broad shoulders, entered the back store.

"Where be they?" he asked, forgetting his grammar.

"Don't you see them?" asked Dick, pointing to a score of bold invaders.

"Now, Mr. Barrett, now's your chance."

Mr. Barrett laughed a loud, roaring laugh.

"Bees, by my yardstick!" said the deacon. "Boy, you may have the rest of the honey if you won't tell o' this."

But somehow the story got out.—*Congregationalist.*

Preachers' Sons.

DeCandolle affirms that the sons of clergymen have out-numbered for two hundred years, in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists, any other class of families, not excepting those of the directly scientific professions—physicians, surgeons and chemists. Among the sons of pastors who were distinguished as scientists and scholars are, Agassiz, Berzelius, Boerhaave, Encke, Euler, Linnaeus, Olders and a host of others. Among historians and philosophers, he cites Hallam, Hobbes, Emerson, Sismondi, and a long list of equally great names. The opportunity for sons to follow their father's calling, he claims, makes divinity conspicuously hereditary in such note-worthy pulpits lights and writers as Jonathan Edwards, Archbishop Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, the Wesleys, Lowth, Stillingfleet, the Beechers and Spurgeons. Among the eminent sons of ministers, DeCandolle names, of poets, Young, Cowper, Thompson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson, Lowell and others. Then as the distinguished lights in intellectual philosophy, there are such sons as Dugald Stewart, Cudworth, Reid, Brown, Abercrombie, and Bentham. In the field of literature, ministers' sons have been numerous and notable, as witness, Swift, Lockhart, Sterne, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Bancroft, Emerson, Holmes, Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold. There may be included as architects, Sir Christopher Wren; as artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and among heroic characters, Lord Nelson. Nor are the daughters of clergymen overlooked, since in this list are mentioned Mme. Trollope, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Carter, the Brontes, and Mrs. Stowe. Critics who have delighted in giving currency to the exploded slander that the sons of ministers turn out badly will find some wholesome information in this learned Frenchman's discoveries.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

GOD BLESS THE BABIES.—God bless the babies! What a world this would be without them, says some unknown enthusiast, possessed of a big heart.

What a souring and curdling up there would be of the milk of human kindness for want of an outlet, if there were no little cherubs to caress and be foolish over. Often and often when entering with some misgivings, the great hall of a new place, my heart has leaped up at sight of a tiny, woolen bootee, a very rainbow of hope, lying on the waxed floor, while the sight of a wrecked tin train, has been as welcome as a card of invitation to a ball is to a young lady.

God bless the baby! it is a better tonic than all the bitters ever advertised.

The baby has a mission and fulfills it; it has an object in life and accomplishes it. If ever it becomes necessary to thin out the population I hope the process will not begin at the small end of the human race, for I affirm and maintain that there is not one baby too many in the whole world.

A woollen cloth is preferable to a brush for polishing the stove, as it occasions but little dirt and gives a softer gloss to the iron.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try, again.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 46.)

No. 296.—No. 297.—"Jesus is the Rock of Ages, and the lily of the valley."

No. 298.—1. (a) Death, 22; 19; (b) " " 11; 30; (c) " " 19; 5; (d) " " 17; 16.

- 2 Kings 18: 4.
- (1) Hephzibah. Isa. 62: 4.
- (2) Beulah. Numb. 24: 14
- Ruth 4: 4.
- Isa. 8: 16. 6. Isa. 14: 23.

No. 299.—Must-ache. Mustache.

No. 300.—ABNER
BLARE
NATAL
ERASE
RELET

No. 301.—CHRISTMAS
HENRIETTA
RA KE
ID LE
SE AT
TE LE
ME AL
AUNTANIE
SANTSTORF

No. 302.—EVA. No. 303.—1 Ant.
VAN. 2 Moth
ANT. 3 Fly.

No. 304.—1. Jacob. 2. Isaac.

No. 305.—Lady's slipper.

The Mystery—No. 49.

[N. B.—Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.]

No. 319.—CHARADE.

(BY DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock.)

My first is pleased; my second is a hard substance; my whole is one of England's greatest men.

No. 320.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In wine, not in brandy;
In time, not in hour;
In man, not in boy;
In sun, not in moon;
In John, not in James;
In broom, not in dirt;
In east, not in south.
Whole is to be merry.

No. 321.—PUZZLE.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

Sometimes I pitch my tune on C;
But, if it is too high for me,
I must go down and stop at E.
If that's not right, why then you see
We must go up again to B,
Add fifty now to B, I say,
And then go back again to A.
Where we begin you now must see,
Our key-note must again be C.
At this you carefully will look,
And read as plain as in a book.
The letters taken from the same—
You'll see a most familiar name.

No. 322.—CHARADE.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

A fair maid went blithely forth, and the first on her did second. May her heart always be full of total, that others may enjoy it.

No. 323.—HIDDEN TREES.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

1. I was caught in a shower and am soaked through.
2. They have placed arches all along the route of procession.
3. The box fell with a crash, and nearly all the dishes were broken.
4. Mamma, please may I go to the party?

No. 224.—DROP LETTER PUZZLES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. "e o o e e m o e i; b t
v r o e v l i h o d."
2. "o r i o s h t r w d w i d e."
3. "d u l m n e m n s n t h e n l h s a s."

No. 325.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

"Sa now ni muserm, dai sa nair ni varshie, so nohrou si ton meesly rofa loof."

No. 326.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

In cat, but not in dog;
In branch, but not in log;
In stove, but not in pipe;
In lark, but not in snipe;
In lesson, but not in task;
In hum, but not in sing;
Whole, was a son of a noted King.

No. 327.—PIED PROVERB.

(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

"A tihato ni mtei vaeas noin."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

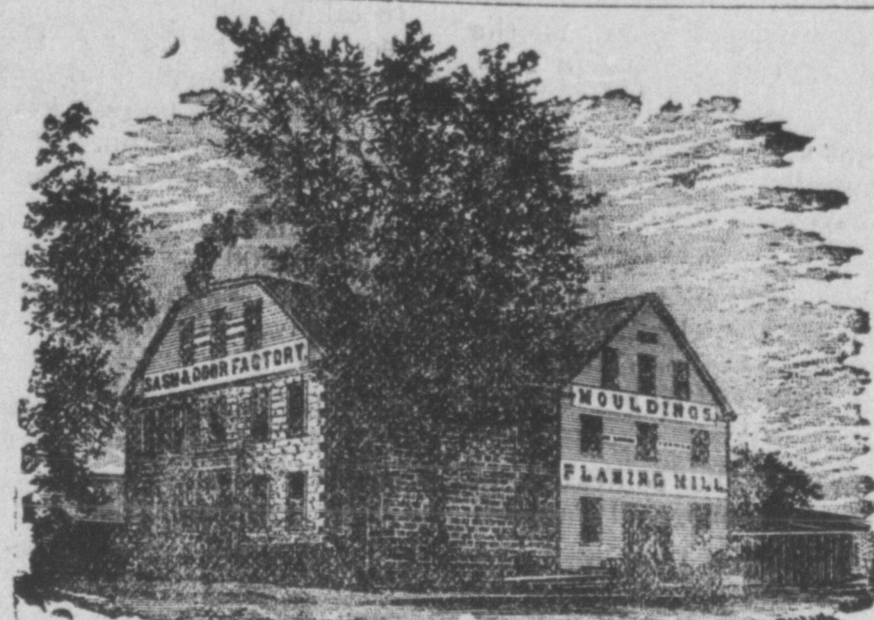
The Mystical Circle.

DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock, has thanks for nice puzzles. No. 291, 292, 297 and 303 correctly answered.

EMELINE L. HAMMOND, Lockport, sends Prize Bible Story. "APPLEBLOSSOM'S" Prize for Alliteration story has been sent. Please acknowledge receipt.

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