

## Pegging Away.

Oh, well! Remember the clustering faces,  
That in wonderment peered through the  
shoemaker's door,  
When to sound of his whistle and tap of  
his hammer,  
He often regaled us with bits of his lore.  
As often he'd say, with a nod that was  
knowing,  
And a smile that was bright as the sweet  
summer day,  
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing  
worth having,  
But what you must get by pegging away."  
"You may run the swift race and be  
counted the victor,  
And yet you but just get there a step at  
a time,  
And up the steep ladder where fame kneels,  
If you want to get one you must certainly  
climb.  
The world, it is only a broad piece of  
leather;  
We must shape it ourselves to our last  
as we may,  
But we can only do it, my lads, as I tell  
you,  
By pressing, and moulding, and pegging  
away."

Oh, the years have been long, and the  
shoemaker's vanished  
A down the dark road we must journey  
alone;  
But often I think of the wisdom hid under  
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone,  
And often I've proved the truth of his  
saying,  
As misfortune and I together still stray,  
That all the best gifts the world has to  
offer,  
It only gives those who keep pegging  
away.

—Lutheran Observer.

## The Missing Composition.

BY ADELAIDE TAYLOR.

Among the boys in one of the public  
schools in the city of B— some  
years ago were two of whom I once  
heard the story I am about to tell you.  
It shows strikingly how great weight  
is attached to the simple word of one  
who has established a character for  
truthfulness.

Alfred King and John Morris were  
classmates of about equal rank in their  
studies, but no two boys could be more  
unlike in character. Nobody could  
ever be quite sure that what Alfred  
said was really so, he had been detected  
in so many falsehoods. John, on the  
contrary, was a frank, truthful  
boy, whose word could always be de-  
pended on, and who scorned to hide a  
fault or screen himself from punish-  
ment by a lie or any thing approaching  
one.

All the boys in their department  
were required to write compositions  
once a week, and Wednesday morning  
was the time appointed for them to be  
brought in. On Wednesday Mr. Hart,  
the teacher, as was his custom, gather-  
ed up the compositions which had been  
brought to his table, and put them in  
his drawer just before striking the  
signal bell for the boys to go down  
stairs into the chapel for prayers. As  
he stood in the doorway, while the last  
of the long line of boys marched  
through the hall, Alfred King came  
hurriedly up the stairs and entered  
the school-room, passing Mr. Hart,  
who told him to lay down his books  
and join the others as quickly as pos-  
sible. When he had done so Mr.  
Hart followed his boys to the chapel.

After the usual exercises the principal  
of the school said that a friend of  
his, who had traveled a great deal in  
foreign countries, was present, and  
had consented to give the pupils some  
account of what he had seen there,  
but as he preferred to speak in a  
smaller room than the chapel he  
would first address the older ones in  
the girls' room up stairs, and the  
younger children afterward in one of  
the rooms below.

So when the boys of the higher de-  
partment were again seated in their  
own room, Mr. Hart said that, as the  
gentleman's talk would occupy the  
time of the first recitation, the books  
need not be taken out, and as soon as  
he had seen if the compositions were  
all in they would go into the adjoining  
room. On looking he found that all  
were there except Alfred King's, and  
remembering his tardiness that morn-  
ing he asked him for his composition.  
Alfred replied that he put it on the  
table when he came into the room with  
his books.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Mr.  
Hart; "it is nowhere to be seen here."  
"Yes, sir," said Alfred, "I had it  
right in the cover of my grammar, and  
I laid it on your table when I went  
by."

Mr. Hart thought it pretty certain  
that the composition had not been put  
on the table, for, if it had been, what  
could have become of it? There was  
nothing on the table except the bell,  
as he kept his books of reference, etc.,  
on a set of hanging-shelves close by.  
If a composition had been laid there  
it must have been there still when he  
returned from the chapel, and he must  
have seen it, unless it had fallen on  
the floor; but neither was it to be  
found there. He himself had been the  
last to leave the room and the first

to enter it again, and no one could  
have come in during the interval,  
since in order to reach it from the hall  
and stair-way it was necessary to go  
through the chapel, and the only other  
way of entering was by the door con-  
necting the boys' and girls' rooms,  
which was always kept locked until  
after the opening services. So he told  
Alfred that there was no composition  
of his there, and he must set about  
writing one immediately.

It was the rule that if a boy did not  
have his composition ready at the pro-  
per time he was not allowed to go to  
any recitation until he had finished it.  
Of course, Alfred knew this, but he  
asked if he might not go to hear the  
address, asserting again that his com-  
position had been ready on time, and  
that he was not to blame for its disap-  
pearance. But Mr. Hart answered  
sternly,

"No, there is no time now for any  
further talk. I have already told you  
what to do."

During the latter part of this con-  
versation John Morris had been eagerly  
trying to get permission to speak,  
and now in answer to Mr. Hart's,  
"Well, Morris," he said:

"Alfred did have his composition  
this morning. I saw him put it on  
your table. At least he put a paper  
there folded just like a composition."

There was a broad window in the  
wall between this room and the hall,  
placed there to assist in lighting and  
ventilation, and John explained that  
happening to look that way as he  
passed by it he saw Alfred put his  
books on his desk and snatching a  
paper from one of them lay it on the  
table and hurry away toward the door.

When Mr. Hart heard this, although  
he did not see how it could have disap-  
peared so entirely from sight, he was  
convinced that a paper, probably a  
composition, had been put on the table  
as Alfred claimed, for he knew John  
too well to think that he could be  
telling an untruth to help his class-  
mate out of trouble. He therefore  
told Alfred that this corroboration of  
his story put a new face on the matter,  
and that he might go with the rest to  
hear the address, and they would try  
afterward to find the composition.

While he was saying this the prin-  
cipal entered, having come to say that  
arrangements for seating the boys in  
the next room were completed. He  
heard Mr. Hart's remark to Alfred  
and, taking from his pocket a crumpled  
paper, said that if there had been a  
case of mysterious disappearance he  
thought he could throw some light  
upon it. He then went on to say that  
this paper was a composition of Alfred  
King's, dated that day, and it had  
been brought to the school-house just  
before by a gentleman who introduced  
himself as the new occupant of the  
house next-door, and who told an  
amusing story of the way in which it  
had come into his possession. Chang-  
ing to look toward the school-house  
he was startled to see his pet monkey  
sitting in one of the upper windows  
holding the paper before him. He  
called him home, and the monkey  
sprang from the window ledge into a  
tree which stood near and whose  
branches filled nearly all the space  
between the two buildings, and climb-  
ing from one limb to another soon  
reached the opposite side and jumped  
into a window of his master's house,  
so returning the same way as that by  
which he had probably entered the  
school-house. The creature had kept  
the paper, and the gentleman, on tak-  
ing it from him, saw what it was, and  
thinking its loss might inconvenience  
the owner, and also fearing that Zip  
might have done some damage, came  
immediately to the principal.

I do not know whether or not Alfred  
was led by this lesson to appreciate  
the value of a reputation for truthful-  
ness and to gain one for himself, but  
we will, at least, hope that he did.

—Advocate.

## "Good Enough Boys."

"I made a bob-sled according to the  
directions given in my paper," said  
Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it  
wouldn't run."  
"So I believe," said his friend,  
George Lennon. "You also made a  
box telephone, and that didn't work."  
"How do you account for it?" asked  
Fred, curiously. "I do everything  
just according to the book, but some-  
how nothing comes out right."

George smiled as he answered  
quietly, "I can account for it very  
easily, because I saw you make both  
the sled and the telephone; and you  
did not make them according to  
directions."

"What do you mean?" demanded  
Fred, flushing up. "Didn't I put in  
everything required? What did I  
omit?"

"You omitted exactness," replied  
George, gravely. "Now don't get  
angry, Fred, and I will tell you what  
I noticed. When you made the tele-

phone you did not draw the wire  
tight, as directed. You left it hang-  
ing slack, and when I spoke to you  
about it, you said it was 'good  
enough.'"

"I know that," admitted Fred;  
"but I thought it would do."  
"Of course you did! Then, in  
making the sled, you made two mis-  
takes in your measurements. You  
nailed the forward cross-cleat about  
six inches from the end, thus interfer-  
ing with the play of the front bob;  
and the guards were so low down that  
a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground.  
The consequence was, that there was  
no satisfaction in riding on the sled."

"And I broke it up," exclaimed  
Fred, crossly. "It was no good."  
"It was a 'good enough' sled," said  
George, with a smile. "Instead of  
being careful to have every measure-  
ment exact, you guessed at some, and  
made mistakes in others; and to every  
objection you replied that it was good  
enough. That generally means not  
good at all."

Fred turned angrily away from his  
friend, but he knew he was right.  
How many "good enough" boys are  
reading these lines? The boy who  
sweeps his employer's store, and neg-  
lects the corners and dark places, is  
sweeping "good enough." So is the  
boy who skims his lessons, or does the  
home chores in careless fashion.

"Good enough" boys rarely attain  
more than subordinate positions, and  
if, by any chance, they get into a po-  
sition of trust, they can not keep it. It  
is the thorough boy, the careful boy,  
the exact boy, who makes his mark in  
the world.—Selected.

## Don't Tell a Lie.

"Let's play ball," said Teddy.  
"Yes, let's," said Dottie.  
Teddy had a tennis racket; Dottie  
got a ball, and they had a fine game.  
Crash! went a pane of glass in the  
window.

And then both the naughty little  
tots remembered that mamma had told  
them not to play ball in the dining-  
room.

"What shall we do?" said Teddy.  
"Don't let anybody see it," said  
Dottie. "And when they do, let's say  
we don't know."

They picked up the glass and threw  
it away. Then Teddy sat down before  
the broken pane in the window. He  
grew very tired of sitting there. But  
he was afraid to get up lest some one  
would see it.

At last it got dark, and the shade  
was pulled down. Then Teddy got up.  
But when Teddy and Dottie went to  
bed they both felt very sober.

Mamma heard them say their pray-  
ers, then she kissed them and went  
quietly down stairs.

Then Teddy said, "Let's tell."  
"Let's," said Dottie.  
They called mamma and said to her:  
"Mamma we broke the dining room  
window."

"We played ball," said Dottie.  
"And we thought we wouldn't tell,"  
said Teddy.  
"And then we thought we would,"  
said Dottie.

"My dears," said mamma, "I am  
sorry you did not obey me about play-  
ing ball in the house. But I am very  
glad you did not make things worse by  
telling a lie. Our Saviour forgives our  
sins when we are sorry for them, but a  
lie leaves an ugly stain on a little heart  
and a little tongue."

When mamma was gone down Teddy  
said: "I'm glad we didn't tell a lie;  
for, don't you see, we couldn't ever  
untell it."

Dear little children, remember that  
you can never untell a lie. Be thank-  
ful if you can say, "I have never told  
a lie." And try with all your hearts  
always to be able to say so.—The Sun-  
beam.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 2.)

No. 6.—  
"Why should I say 'tis yet too soon  
To seek for Heaven or think of death,  
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath."

No. 7.—"Love one another."  
No. 8.—"gold," Gen. 2:11.  
"weeds," Jonah 11:3.  
"coffin," Gen. 50:26.

No. 9.—Matt. 5:4.

## The Mystery—No. 5.

N. B.—Contributions and answers  
respectfully solicited.—UNCLE NED.  
No. 20.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.  
(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, STANLEY.)

1. Who said, "When I washed my  
steps with butter?"  
2. Who said, "If they obey and  
serve Him, they shall spend their  
days in prosperity?"  
3. What king began to reign when  
eight years old?  
4. How much was an ass' head sold  
for in the time of famine in Samaria?  
5. Where is, "Cast thy bread upon  
the waters for thou shalt find it after  
many days?"

6. Where is "Can a maid forget her  
ornaments or a bride her attire? yet  
my people forget me days without  
number?"  
7. Where is, "The child sneezed  
seven times?"  
8. What king was slain by his ser-  
vants?  
(Please give Bible references.)

No. 21.—LOGOGRIPH.  
(BY MARY CLARKSON, STANLEY.)  
Whole to go down. Behead me, I  
am a most useful liquid. Curtail me,  
I am a preposition.

No. 22.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(BY JOANNA GILMORE, STANLEY.)  
\* A letter.  
\*\*\* A plant.  
\*\*\*\* A jewel.  
\*\*\* A verb.  
\* A letter.

No. 23.—DROP-LETTERS.  
(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)  
1. L—v—y—o—e—n—t—e—  
2. —o—e—o—r—n—m—e—.

No. 24.—SQUARE WORD.  
(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)  
... A Bible king.  
... A Bible name.  
... A Bible name.  
... A mimic.

No. 25.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY E. E. B., SUSSEX.)  
In dress, not in coat;  
"muffler," "boot";  
"jacket," "sack";  
"front," "back";  
"table," "room";  
"bell," "broom";  
"sound," "tone";  
Whole's a precious stone.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.  
The Mystical Circle.  
Geo. A. RIECKER, Belleisle Bay,  
acknowledges with thanks the receipt  
of the rewards.  
ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg,  
sends correct answers to Nos. 1, 3 and  
4.  
R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williams-  
burg, will please accept thanks for the  
nice puzzles and the story.

Our Letter Box.  
[BELLEISLE BAY,  
Jan. 10th, 1889.]

DEAR UNCLE NED.—I thought I  
would write you a few lines to tell  
you that I would have written before, but  
I have been very sick for nearly a fort-  
night. I am able to get around the  
house a little now. I hope next time  
I write I will be able to send you a few  
puzzles. Wishing you good health, I  
remain,

Your sincere friend,  
"WINTERGREEN."

[We trust you may be again restored  
to your health, and may enjoy many  
happy and prosperous years. We  
await another letter from you hearing  
of your recovery and bearing some  
puzzles.]

UNCLE NED.  
Our Literary Circle.  
BEST MEN. (Not original.)  
(FROM R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)

"Come in," said Andy as he opened  
the great high back-gate, which looked  
like a door and found it was George  
Moore who was rattling the knob so  
hard.

"What you got that thing on for,"  
asked George pointing to Andy's apron  
instead of coming in.

"It's to keep me clean while I scour  
the knives for mother," said Andy,  
looking down proudly at his little  
apron made very like his father's  
printer apron; "mother made it on  
purpose for me to work in," added he.

"Cleaning knives is girl's work and  
aprons are made for them," said  
George.

"Cleaning knives is boys' work in  
our house," said Andy quickly. "We  
have no girls, you know and I like to  
help mother. Will you come in,"  
added he.

"Can't." Came to see if you'd come  
out and help fly my new kite. S'pose  
you won't though if you have to do  
girls' work."

"Yes, I will, when my work is done  
if mother'll let me and I guess she  
will," said Andy, too manly to "get  
mad," at what George chose to say  
about "girls' work."

"Beats all the boys at running with  
the plaguesy thing," said George, when  
telling his father what a hard time  
they had flying the kite.

"Boys that work well generally  
play well," said Mr. Moore, "and are  
always in demand. Give me a boy  
every time that likes to help his  
mother and is not ashamed to wear  
an apron. They make the best men!"

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relief. I became reduced to almost a  
skeleton and thought that death must soon  
intervene and put an end to my sufferings.  
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worth. I would recommend it to all the  
sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly  
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

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