

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look or praise;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clod-day lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bubble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should
reap,
Girdling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy
boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has
fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's
hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

—Selected.

A Farmer's Boy.

Tom let Zip, the old horse, out of
the stable slowly and with a thoughtful
expression of countenance. He was
naturally a quiet, self-contained boy,
and his general appearance was by no
means prepossessing. He had a firm-
set mouth, however, and a pleasant
smile.

"You can trust the lad," his father
would say with parental pride. "He
ain't handsome, I know; but he's a
deal of common sense and a good
heart."

The neighbors re-echoed this
opinion, for Tom, in spite of his large
hands and feet, his freckles and his
sandy hair, was a favorite with every
one.

He was preoccupied this morning
because his father had determined to
send him away to school; and, as he
patted Zip's neck, he reflected that it
might be the last time for months.
The old farm life, with all its homely
associations, had never seemed so dear
to him as it did now that he was about
to leave it for new experiences.

Nannie, his orphan cousin and adopt-
ed sister, leaned against the apple-tree
opposite the stable door, a suspicion of
moisture gathering in her pretty blue
eyes.

"Zip will miss you, I guess, Tom,
and so shall I—dreadfully; but then,
as Uncle Jake says, you ought to have
a bit of education. How proud we
shall be of you some day! though I'm
afraid you won't care so much for us
then," said the girl.

"Why not, Nan?" asked Tom, in a
tone of astonishment.

"We shan't like the same things any
more, perhaps," she answered. "Uncle
Jake is the best man in the world, but
he knows more about cows than geo-
graphy; and I would rather pull
dandelions in the field all day than to
study anything."

"Now, Nan," began the boy, confi-
dentially, "just between you and me,
I will never be anything else but a
farmer. I hate the idea of living in
the city; and I don't care much to
have an education, either."

"Don't talk that way, Tom," pro-
tested his cousin: "it's hard to have
you go, but you must do your best at
school. Uncle Jake and I expect great
things of you."

"I shan't disappoint you or my
father, Nan, but all the same I would
as lief not have the education."

Nor was he inclined to change his
opinion when, a few days later, he
was ushered into a large square room,
presided over by a gray haired pro-
fessor in spectacles, and crowded with
mischievous, inquisitive boys, all of
whom were disposed to poke fun at
the new comer.

"What a guy!" said one, loud
enough for Tom to catch the whisper
as he passed to his seat near Prof.
Wilkins's stand.

"Strawberry blonde!" exclaimed
another.

Tom affected not to hear, though he
blushed to the roots of his red hair at
these criticisms.

In the playground at the noon re-
cess, his tormentors began again.

"I say, country," sneered Ike Farn-
ham, the tallest of the big boys, "who
made your clothes?"

"Do you want some like them?"

answered Tom, good-naturedly, deter-
mined to avoid a quarrel, if possible.

"Do I want to be a red-headed
country bumpkin?" said his tempter,
provokingly.

"Well, my son," the father said,

Tom felt strongly disposed to knock
him over,—he knew he could do it,—
but he remembered his simple-hearted
old father and little Nannie, and his
resolution was taken. He would not
disgrace himself by getting into a
fight on the day of his arrival. He
clinched his teeth, and said nothing.

"Ain't you going to fight me?" cried
the bully, thrusting his fist into the
other's face.
"No," said Tom, coolly, as he walk-
ed quietly off in the opposite direction.
"Coward!" screamed several of the
boys in chorus; but our young farmer
was homesick just then, and his con-
science was tender. He could bear
their ridicule better than he could en-
dure the thought of wounding his
father or Nannie.

From that day Ike Farnham was
Tom's sworn enemy, though he did
not dare show his hostility again so
openly; for Prof. Wilkins had been a
silent witness of the scene just de-
scribed, and he lectured Ike severely
upon the latter's rude behavior to the
new pupil. As for Tom, the pro-
fessor did not comment upon his line
of conduct. He could scarcely believe
that the boy was a coward, and Ike's
challenge implied a violation of rules;
but, to say the least, Tom's conduct
was not understood, and, rules or no
rules, the professor liked pluck. He
resolved to reserve his estimate of the
stranger's character until he had fur-
ther observed him.

Meantime, many of the boys began
to like Tom. Notwithstanding his
clumsy shoes and ill-cut clothes, it
was soon found that whatever he
undertook to do he did well, and that
he bid fair to lead in his classes.
Moreover, he always had a generous
supply of spending money and was
liberal in the distribution of cakes and
other sweetmeats.

One night, toward the close of the
first half-year, the school was alarmed
by a cry of fire. Most of the boys
slept in the dormitory in the main
building; but Ike Farnham occupied a
small room in a remote wing of the
house, and the flames had broken out
there. It was afterwards discovered
that Ike had, contrary to all rules,
been smoking on the stairs which led
directly to his door, and that a spark
from his cigarette had originated and
slowly spread the conflagration.
Whether he was stupefied by the
clouds of smoke which issued from his
room, or from whatever cause, it was
found impossible to awaken him, and
for a time he was in great danger.

"Something must be done im-
mediately," said Prof. Wilkins. "Before
the fire is under control, that part of
the house will be in ruins!"

Tom stood among a crowd of fright-
ened, shivering boys. "I'll risk it,
sir!" he cried excitedly.

"Risk what, my lad?" asked the
professor.

"I mean," answered Tom, "that I
will climb in through the window."

The stairs were already wrapped in
flame, and the only hope of reaching
Ike was by means of this window,
which opened on the roof of a porch.
He never knew how he did it, but in
a few moments the brave fellow had
crept along the roof into the room,
staggered through the smoke and fall-
ing ashes, and dragged Ike's senseless
body over the charred floor to the life-
giving air outside. A shout went up
from the spectators. In that instant,
the "cowardly" country boy had
proved himself a hero.

The fire did so much damage that
the boys were disbanded next day, in-
stead of three weeks later, as had been
anticipated.

"My young friends," said Prof.
Wilkins when he dismissed them,
"there are two lessons to be learned
from last night's experience. One is
that Farnham's disobedience nearly
cost him his life. The other, that you
should never judge from appearances.
I am persuaded now that Tom acted
from conscientious motive when he
permitted himself to be introduced to
you as a coward; that it was harder
for him to do his duty on that occasion
than it was for him to risk his life last
night, for 'he that ruleth his own
spirit is greater than he that taketh a
city,' and moral courage is the highest
of all courage. Tom," he continued,
with a smile, "has a contempt for
broadcloth, I dare say, and prefers the
life of a farmer to that of a scholar;
but he has that which will insure his
success wherever he is,—in the field
or the classroom,—namely, character."

—Martha T. Tyler, in Rural Press.

Somewhat Eccentric.

A gentleman who is regarded as
somewhat eccentric by the more con-
ventional of his acquaintances, and
whose management of his own son, a
lad of seven years, is especially amaz-
ing to gossip, returned home the other
evening to be met with the news that
the boy had cut a hole in the draw-
ing-room sofa.

"Well, my son," the father said,

after being informed by the lad that
he had done the damage under the
pressure of an irresistible desire, such
as is usually the plea of children in
similar circumstances. "I am very
sorry that you should spoil my sofa.
I have just paid seventy-five dollars
to have it covered, and I cannot afford
to have it done over again. The only
thing I can see for you to sit on that
cut place when anybody is here, so as
to cover it. I know you don't like
company very well, but I know your
mother would be ashamed to have
callers see that hole." The small boy
knew his father too well to protest,
and, indeed, for the moment he was
probably only too happy to get off so
easily. When, however, he had been
summoned to sit on that cut two or
three times things wore a different
aspect. He heard the door-bell ring
with apprehension, and when called to
run to the drawing-room he burst in-
to wailing and weeping so violent that
his presence had to be dispensed with.

"Now, my son," his father said to
him, "I did not make a fuss when you
cut my new sofa covering, and I can't
allow you to make a fuss about bear-
ing the consequence of what you did to
please yourself." The poor wretch re-
duced to a condition of despair pitiful
to behold, when his father said to him:
"Now, Willis, I am going to make a
proposition to you. You may do just
as you please about it. I promised
you a soldier's uniform at Christmas.
Now if you had rather, I will take
that money and have the sofa mended.
I will put enough with it to have the
thing done, but if I do you get no
uniform at Christmas." The lad
chose to have the sofa mended, and at
Christmas he bore his disappointment
like his father's son. He did have,
it is only fair to his father to add,
a good deal in the way of alleviation,
of one sort or another.—Providence
Journal.

"Be You a Lady."

Little acts of courtesy put the sun-
shine into life. Who has not felt the
day brighten from a kindly act done
them, or even from a cheerful good
morning?

The following pretty anecdote speaks
for itself: As a young lady walked
hurriedly down State street on a bleak
November day, her attention was at-
tracted to a deformed boy coming to-
ward her, carrying several bundles.
He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs
most strangely as he walked, and look-
ed before him with a vacant stare.
Just before the cripple reached the
brisk pedestrian she stumbled and drop-
ped one bundle, which broke and em-
ptied a string of sausages on the
sidewalk.

One or two richly dressed ladies drew
their skirts aside as they passed; one
of them exclaimed:—"How awkward!"
A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and
a school-girl, amused by the boys looks
and blank dismay, gave vent to her
feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and
then went on without taking any fur-
ther interest.

All this increased the boy's embar-
rassment. He stooped to pick up the
sausages, only to let fall another parcel
when, in despair he stood and looked
at his lost spoils. In an instant, the
brigh-faced stranger stepped to the
boy's side, and in a tone of thorough
kindness, said:—"Let me hold those
other bundles while you pick up what
you have lost."

In dumb astonishment, the cripple
hastened all he had to the young Samar-
itan, and devoted himself to securing
his cherished sausages. When these
were again strongly tied in the coarse,
torn wrapper, her skilful hands re-
placed the parcels on his scrawny
arms, as she bestowed on him a smile
of encouragement, and said, "I hope
you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to
hear the girl's pleasant words; but,
looking at her with the same vacant
stare, he said, "Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the
surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, her
curiosity quite roused.

"Cause I've seen such as called
themselves ladies; but they never
spoke kind and pleasant to boys like
me, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess
there's two kinds—them as think
they're ladies and isn't, and them that
tries to be and is."

BITEING THE FINGER NAILS.—The
tendency to bite the finger nails is
caused by irritation of the nervous
character about the finger ends—the
little nails are sick and should be
treated accordingly. Trim the nails
evenly, leaving them smooth at the
edges; if they are two short to be
trimmed leave that till they grow.
After washing the hands, brush the
ends of the fingers well with a nail
brush, dipping them frequently in
clean cool water, thus getting all
foreign matter and ragged edges from
above and around the nail. After dry-
ing the hands with a soft cloth, rub
each nail separately until it is very
glossy. Do not allow the skin to grow
over and hide the white root of the
nail. This treatment allays irritation,
and if the child understands you are
willing to do it, or if she likes to do

it herself, she will after a time come
to you instead of biting them; but one
complaint about its being "too much
trouble" may spoil your efforts alto-
gether. The above treatment, if per-
severed in, will cure this troublesome
habit. After a time the nails will be-
come so pretty in the child's sight that
she will suffer some annoyance rather
than mar them.

Young Folks' Column.

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"The secret of success lies in never
stopping to think of a task
being tiresome or difficult
but in going steadily on
with a fixed de-
termination to
succeed."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 29.)

No. 191.—I. Y H. T
H A T T O N
Y A C H T T O P A L
T H E N A P
T L

No. 192.—C A R M O T
G L E A M S
R A M R O D
C R A I L S
F E I N T S
F I N E L Y
R E M A I N . M A R I N E .

No. 193.—"Seek ye the Lord while
he may be found, call upon him while
he is near."

No. 194.—"Love your enemies."

No. 195.—
1. Jer. 23:30. 2. Gen. 24:31.
3. 2 Kings 4:3. 4. Ezek. 28:14.
5. Ezekiel 46:9.

No. 196.—No great deeds are done
by falterers who ask for certainty.

No. 197.—"That we should be saved
from our enemies, and from the hand
of all that hate us."

The Mystery—No. 32.

N. B.—A MYSTERY! What has
become of all the lovers of the "Young
Folks' Column?"

No. 213.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In black, not in white;
"morn," "night";
"dark," "light";
"red," "bright";
"power," "might";
"dove," "kite";
"race," "kind,"
A city in South America now find.

No. 214.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY GRACIE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)
My whole, consisting of 15 letters,
is a command of God.

My 2, 10, 11 is a number.
"8, 6, 5" "boy's name."
"15, 7, 12" is to collect into a total
"3, 4, 5" is real.
"1, 13, 3, 9" is to abide.
"15, 14, 11" is to perceive.

No. 215.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

I. A vowel; a poem; a theatre; a
virtue; a letter;
II. A letter; a fruit; hair; a cask;
a letter.
III. A vowel; a drink; a pupil; a
woman's name; a vowel.

No. 216.—ACROSTIC.

(BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.)
Christ and his cross be all our trust,
Eternal treasure will not rust;
By faith alone we all must stand,
Longing for that blessed land;
Arrayed in linen white and clean,
Concealed in Christ our life has been:
Know Him is life, and life serene.

No. 217.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)
1. True. 2. A girl's name. 3. A
kind of mineral. 4. To cripple.

No. 218.—PI PUZZLE.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.
"Nda thah serida pu na ourh fo
tanosvial off su niht ushoo fo ihs
vtrnea vidad."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

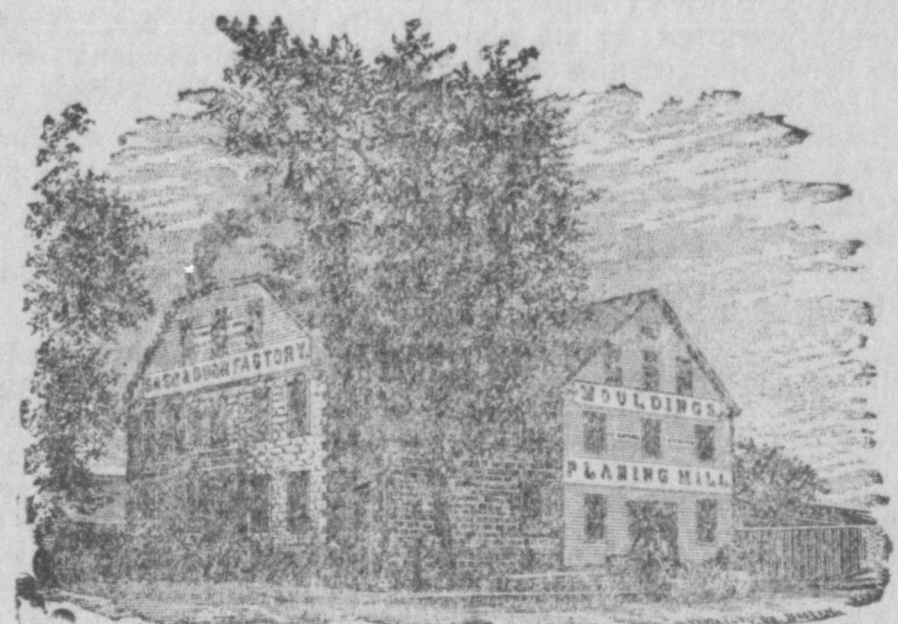
The Mystical Circle.

The following are the prize winners
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