

Help one Another.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said, as they cuddled down in their bed: "One of us there would not be felt, one of us there would quickly melt; But I'll help you and you'll help me, And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the mistle spray said to its fellow leaves one day: "The sun would wit' er me here alone, long enough ere the day is gone; But I'll help you and you help me, And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried, seeing another drop close to its side: "This warm south breeze would drive me away, And I should be gone ere noon to-day; And I'll help you and you help me, And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand said to another grain just at hand: "The wind may carry me over the sea, And then, O, what will become of me? But come, my brother, give me your hand; We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

A Truant For The Last Time.

There was a low whistle just around the corner, and Rob choked his doughnut down, caught up his cap, and started for the door. As he tumbled with the latch, a voice seemed to speak to him from under his vest pocket. "I wouldn't steal off like this," it said. "Go back and ask mother if you can go; and if she says 'No,' brace up and go to school like a man."

"No; I just can't!" Rob argued half aloud. "I do want to see that ressel launched. She's the biggest ship that was ever built at the port, and I've watched 'em at work on her every day. I tell you, she's a boomer; and won't she go in with a dip, though! Mother don't know how boys go. She'd say, 'O! you'd better go to school, Robby.' She wouldn't believe that I just must see that launching. There comes Jim Saunders and Tom Lee. Half the fellows'll cut school today. See here, boys," as they joined him at the gate,—"let's go down by the back road, so we can get there early, and have a good seat on the wharf, where we can see the whole thing."

Rob had other reasons for choosing the back road.

"Guess we're early enough this time," said Tom Lee, when nearly an hour had slipped away, with the three boys as yet the sole occupants of the pier.

"There they come!" cried Jim. "Look at the teams, will you? I reckon half the town'll turn out. I say, Bob, if there ain't your pa and ma in the covered buggy!"

Rob shivered uneasily along behind a huge post. "Sun's in my eyes," he explained, and then fixed his attention upon the carpenters, who had received the signal from the master workman, and were sawing away the braces which held the vessel in place.

A snip was heard, and the crowd of spectators sprang back as the ship began to move, and gathering headway, rushed faster and faster on to the water.

Dipping deep at the stern, she threw up a cloud of spray, then rose, amid the cheering of the crowd, the whistling of tugboats, and the ringing of bells. This would have been a moment of keen delight to Rob, had not that uncomfortable throb, throb, under his vest-pocket taken the edge all off his pleasure.

He was sauntering along the wharf, with his eyes on the ground, when an exclamation from Tom Lee made him start and look up:

"Wonder who all those fellows are, going up the hill? Shan't I die? If that ain't the whole grammar school, with the professor on ahead! He must have let 'em all off to see the fun? Ain't that a joke? We boys might have come free, instead of playing hooky, and running the risk of payin' for it."

"Well, we got here just the same," said Rob, skipping a stone in the water, and trying to drown the voice under his vest-pocket, which was just then whispering reproachfully. "Don't you wish you were up there with the school, like the respectable boy you are, instead of slinking along behind with these two fellows you're half ashamed to be seen with?"

"Well, where'll we go now?" said Jim Saunders. "Rob, you look sick. What's the matter with you? Your pa didn't see where you were."

"No, he didn't," said Rob, bracing up; "but he saw where I wasn't, Jim Saunders. Don't you suppose he looked for me among those grammar school boys, where I ought to have been? I'm going back to school now, and the next time I prol' off in this way, instead of attending to my business, it'll be—"

"At the next launching, eh?"

"No, sir! It will be when a sneak-thief is thought more of than a gentleman."—*Sunday School Times.*

Trust the Children.

"My! Look at the raisins! Let's have some."

"I'll ask mamma," replied the young host.

"Poo! She won't let you. Let's help ourselves; that's the way I do at home, only mamma hides her raisins."

"Hides the raisins!"

"Yes, and the cake and jam, looks 'em up."

"What for?"

"Oh, so I can't get 'em, I s'pose."

"Why, are you a burglar or a thief?"

"No, indeed, I guess not; but I love raisins, and she knows it."

"So do I, and my mamma knows it. She'll give you all you want; but I don't meddle with her things, for she trusts me."

There was the key-note—one boy was brought up to be trusted, and the other was not.

For once he had all the raisins he wanted, was advised to eat them slowly, and chew them fine before swallowing.

Being an inquisitive boy, he asked the why of this, as well as why the mother dared to leave her sweets exposed, adding that his mother hid all her nice things.

"Well, my boy," answered the wise woman, "that it your fault. She finds she cannot trust you. We lock our doors against thieves, but it's pretty hard if we can't trust our dear boys. Show your mother that you are worthy of confidence, and your goodies will not be hidden. Ask for them, and if she can spare them, she will not refuse you; or if for any special reason she cannot spare them, you should be the last one to wish for them. Do you see?"

"Don't you ever hide your money or anything?"

"Not from my children. My boys and girls are honest and obedient. I thought you were so."

"So did I, but I guess mamma don't. I wish she did," he added, with a pathetic, perplexed look on his face.

"Let me tell you what to do. You have probably troubled mamma without thinking that you were doing wrong, and she has taken this way of keeping you from temptation and herself from annoyance. Now try my boy's way. Have a good, faithful talk with mamma; tell her just how you feel—that you'd like to be worthy of trust, and would certainly ask her for all you want. Then be careful not to tease every day, and never, never put your fingers on anything you ought not to touch. Mamma will see that her boy is honest and manly. It will make her very happy, won't it?"

"Yes, indeed."

"As you grow older, the principle will follow you. You will learn to see things and not want them; and, better still, perhaps want them, but be strong and upright enough not to even think of them as possibly yours. You will be a true boy and a true man; every one who deals with you will trust you. It will be worth more to you than raisins now, or any amount of money in the years to come. Try it, and stick to it. Why, if I couldn't trust my boy to look at a silly little raisin and be true enough not to touch it, I should think he was made of poor stuff."—*Christian Observer.*

A Place For Every Thing.

"If you'll learn by the time you are eighteen to put things in their places, when you put them out of your hands, you shall have a nice new silk dress."

So said Mrs. Downs to her daughter Marion. To have a silk dress, a new silk dress, was the rosy dream of Marion Dow's ambition. "I am nine years old now," she said to herself, "and in nine more I shall be eighteen. I think in that time, if I try hard, I can form the habit of putting everything in its place."

But if things are to be put in their places, there must be places for them. So Marion made a special bag and hung it in one special place for her knitting work, which hitherto she had laid down anywhere where she happened to be. Now she always knew where her knitting could be found, and it was really easier to take a few steps, indeed quite a number of steps, to put it in place, than to hunt every-where, high and low, when it wasn't in its place. Then she made a place for her work-box, and was careful to put her scissors and thimble and needle-book back into the box when she was done using them. Little by little she formed the habit. When she came in from church she put her hat and gloves in their places, instead of laying them on the sofa or bed or some chair, and when she went out on the street she didn't have to hunt for them a moment. As time went on she noticed where this article and that that did not belong to her was kept, until, if any one in the family was at a loss to find what he or she wanted, Marion

would be appealed to, and she rarely failed to give the desired information. By the time she was eighteen she had formed the habit her orderly mother had so much wished she should form. And she had grown so capable in some ways that she was able to earn the promised silk by teaching. Of course, this dress lasted a long, long time, but Marion rarely looked at it or wore it but she thought of the morning her mother had promised it to her, and the words would come back, "When you put anything out of your hands, put it in its place."

Marion has been a housekeeper on her own account for forty years, and of all the lessons taught her by her mother, this of putting things in their places is one of the most valuable; for if we put ourselves in the right places, and all our belongings in their appropriate places, we are quite sure to escape a thousand evils and secure everlasting good.

Weighted Down.

John Ransom is one of the most courteous and gentlemanly of boys. He never forgets to lift his hat when he meets a lady, to resign the easy chair promptly when an older person enters the room, to express his thanks for any kindness shown him. It is almost needless to add that everybody likes him, that his teachers rejoice in all his little successes, that his school-mates know no jealousy where he is concerned.

But John is weighted down for the race of life. A fall in boyhood has made him a hopeless cripple. He sighs sometimes when he sees other boys swinging lightly from the bars of the gymnasium, or running like mad across the ball-ground; and he wondered if, even in heaven, his crutches can ever be laid aside. His father grieves that the best and brightest of his sons is so ill-fitted to make his way in the business world; and his mother cries a little in secret at the thought that her boy, who is so upright and manly of heart, is not as tall and straight and handsome of body as any of his comrades.

John's brother Tom is a great, muscular fellow, the athlete of the gymnasium, the pitcher of the baseball club. He has a handsome face, a big bass voice, and the confident air of one who feels himself equal to every emergency.

But Tom's table manners are rather those of a South Sea Islander than of a civilized young American; and he will not reform them, though he knows they are offensive to the well-bred people about him. He walks through the streets with his hands in his pockets, and salutes his acquaintances with careless nods. He tramples on people, and offers no apology. He interrupts, contradicts, laughs boisterously at his own jokes, and is guilty of all manner of conversational barbarities. Though he is a fairly good student, he is the despair of his teachers; for his manners bring discredit upon all their efforts in his behalf. The boys vote him a bear, and every girl of his acquaintance trembles lest accident should make him her escort.

Which of these two boys is the most heavily weighted down?—*Christian Standard.*

CAN TRUST HIM.—A teacher said the other day: "Henry Stover is the only boy in school I can trust when my back is turned." Wasn't that a good word for Henry?

A mother said once: "I can leave any letter I write open on my desk, and if I am called away, no matter how long, I am certain Nellie will never try to read a word of it. These things couldn't be said of every boy and girl."

These children are honest. They do right, not only when others are looking at them, but always, remembering that God's eye is upon them. They do right because it is right. This is what we should all find always do—live as in God's presence, and do what will please Him.

FREDDY'S BOX.—Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown, and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother, "I'm not going to call my box a charity box any more; it is a love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children.—*Selected.*

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Young Folks' Column

Edited by C. E. BLACK, ST. JOHN P. O., N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Stories, Letters, and other work.

{ PUZZLES' PARADISE }

| The Mystery Solved.—No. 48. |

No. 257.—Gypsum.

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|-----------|-------|-------|------|
| No. 258.— | 1. D | 2. P | 3. E |
| BAT | PEA | ANT | |
| DAVID | PEACE | ENTER | |
| TIN | ACT | TEN | |
| D | E | R | |

No. 259.—

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| P | PEA |
| PEKIN | |
| AID | |
| N | |

| The Mystery—No. 51. |

Now is the time to send in the puzzles, stories, etc.

No. 271.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY L. F. BARNES, Bath.)

My 5, 6, 17 is an affirmative.

My 4, 10, 13 is a small animal.

My 17, 3, 16, 10, 14 is a girl's name.

My 15, 23, 21 is a terminus.

My 24, 19, 8 is a great light.

My 1, 9, 11 is a boy's name.

My 2, 18, 27, 20 is a man's name.

My 7, 12 is baby language.

My whole, consisting of 24 letters, is a saying of Paul.

No. 272.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY SORETTA M. GOOD, Good's Corner.)

In dog, not in cat;

In house, not in barn;

In sing, not in cry;

In tree, not in bush;

In open, not in shut;

In cap, not in hood;

In hand, not in foot.

My whole is a useful article.

No. 273.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a verb; commerce; a girl's name; a letter.

2. A letter; a plant; quiet; to perform; a vowel.

3. A letter; a part; a man's name; an article; a letter.

No. 274.—WORD-SQUARE.

(BY "PANSY," Fredericton Junction.)

Something to eat; a relation; to weave; a girl's name.

No. 275.—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

(BY J. T. A., Brookline, U. S. A.)

"Thir fth lrd sth bgning fwsdm."

No. 276.—HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.

(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)

1. The ape terrified the children.

2. Ann, as well as Susan, was asked to the party.

3. John will return and reward you.

4. The mart has been crowded today.

No. 277.—SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A useful article; to reconcile; propelled; clyster; in the Crimea.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

| The Mystical Circle. |

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