

## Room At The Top.

Never mind the crowd, lad,  
Or fancy your life won't tell.  
The work is the work for a' that  
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad;  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;  
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,  
There's a space in the old world yet;  
The better the chance you stand, lad,  
The further along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,  
Never despair or drop;  
Be sure that your path leads upward  
There's always room at the top.

## Rob's Lesson.

It was Saturday night and Rob sat by his mother's work-table for an hour's study of the Sunday-school lesson. He was an earnest little fellow, giving himself to whatever was in hand at the moment with enthusiasm, and now, at fourteen, he had given himself to the Saviour with the same heartiness which had characterized both his work and his play. Slowly and thoughtfully he read these words: "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

"That sounds fine," he thought, "but I didn't quite get it. Mother," he asked, "what does he mean by 'running not as uncertainly'?"

"He refers to the races of the ancients," she replied, "where, though all do their best, both in training and running, only one receives the crown, so all run certain of success; but in the Christian race every one who truly strives is certain of victory. There are many points of resemblance and of difference in these two races. He most successfully runs the Christian race who does the most to help the other runners on their way. The same apostle tell us in another place that 'we, then, who are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.'"

Rob was silent for a long time, and his mother, supposing him to be intent on his lesson did not speak again. But the boy was not thinking about the words in his book. His mother's answer had started a new train of thought, and he was applying her idea to a very practical question. It was near the close of the school term when the prizes were to be awarded. Nobody doubted that Rob would win the prize in mathematics, but of the one for original design he was by no means sure. He had a close rival in this in the person of Frank Dean; but Frank had seemed somewhat disconsolate of late, and, in fact, he said that he "was afraid he couldn't do much, the work at home was so pressing."

Frank was an orphan who found a home in the family of his uncle, a kind man, but one who would consider a prize for "drawn" a very small matter when compared with the prize for the "best bantam fowls" which Frank's pet had taken at the last country fair. His uncle was careful that the boy should not work beyond his strength, but during the busy seasons of the year the odd jobs which fell to Frank's lot were greatly multiplied, and took nearly all of his time out of school hours. All this Rob knew, and was thinking of as he sat there over his books.

He was a boy who would rather be beaten in every game than to win by tripping another, or by taking the least unfair advantage, and he said to himself: "It wouldn't be exactly tripping him, but if I stood by and saw somebody else trip him, and then walked up and took the prize, it would be about the same thing."

Monday night he joined Frank after school, and walked toward home with him.

"How are you getting along with your design?" he asked.

"I had something I thought would be pretty good," said Frank, modestly, "but I can't finish it up, so I have got to do something simpler."

"I am going up to the house to see your uncle," said Rob, as they reached the gate.

Mr. Dean, was at the well, and Rob walked up to him, while Frank carried his books into the house and then started at once for the woodpile.

"Mr. Deane," said Rob, "I came to ask you if you would be willing I should do part of Frank's work, so he can have more time for his design." The farmer looked at him in astonishment. "I didn't say anything to Frank about it," continued Rob, "I thought I'd see if you were willing first. You see I don't have much to do at home, because my father isn't a farmer, and I could work here an hour every night, and that would give Frank an hour."

"Why, yes, I'm willin'," said Mr.

Deane. "Frank didn't say anything about not havin' time for his lessons."

Rob had been so much with Frank that he knew what his work was, and he went at once to the barn, mounted to the loft, and threw down the hay for the cows.

Then, as he went out, he said, "I'm going to drive home the cows to-night, Frank, and every night till you have finished your design."

And, without waiting for an answer, he started for the pasture, nearly half a mile distant. It required some self-denial and a great deal of perseverance to carry out the programme every night for three weeks, but Rob did it, encouraged by a few helpful words from his mother, who heartily approved of the agreement. Once, when the boys invited him to spend an hour after school in a game of foot-ball on the common, he declined, and then hurried on before the game commenced, lest the temptation should be too strong, for no boy of them all could enjoy this game more than he. As for Frank, his gratitude knew no bounds.

At last the final examination was over, and the committee appointed for the purpose brought in their report, awarding the prize for original design to Frank Deane, and commending him warmly for the originality of the design and accuracy of detail. Rob received the prize for mathematics and the second prize for design, and, as he looked at Frank's face, flushed with pleasure, he said to himself, "It would have been a mean shame if he hadn't had the chance."

Several years later Rev. Robert Sinclair was sitting in his study when a visitor was announced who did not send up his name. He was shown to the study, and Mr. Sinclair, raising his eyes from his writing, waited for him to speak. The visitor smiled slightly, and then Mr. Sinclair sprang from his chair and held out both hands in his old impetuous boyish fashion, exclaiming, "Why, Frank Deane!"

"Yes," said the other. "It's Frank Deane, and I have called for your congratulations, and to thank you for the start you gave me."

"I gave you?" said Mr. Sinclair, looking puzzled.

"Yes," returned the other, "I have just accepted a partnership with Crafts & Clemmer, the most successful designing architects in the city. You remember that when I won that prize for original design at the old B-Academy? I made up my mind then that I would turn my one talent to account, and it has brought me work as enjoyable as it is remunerative."

Chris. Inquirer.

## A Sad Story.

Looking over the daily papers not long since, this heading appeared among the local items, "A Sad Story." It was a short, concise story, printed in ten lines of the column devoted to items of a local nature. "Frank Talbot, a young man twenty-six years old, died in the jail last night of consumption. He had been committed for drunkenness the week before. When he was told that he could not live long, he gave his story to the physician. He had been living in the city under an assumed name for a year, because he did not wish to disgrace his friends. His family did not know where he was, although they had always been kind to him, and tried to do all they could to save him. But liquor had made a complete slave of him. He had a good position in his native town, but lost it, because his head was not kept level enough to fill the responsibilities. He would have his sprees. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, the exposures incident to a vagrant, drunkard's life, had told upon him. His friends were notified of his illness, but he had passed away before their arrival."

A sad, sad story indeed! But the boy who heard it read said, "He needn't have been a drunkard; he might have behaved himself."

Yes, yes, he might have been somebody of whom his friends would have been proud, but instead of that he was a source of sorrow and of shame to them. That young man had good parents and good Christian teachings, but liquor was his master. Once he was a temperate, happy boy, but some time he took a first drink, and that was the beginning of all his ruin and shame. You boys may not have as yet been tempted by this form of evil, but the temptation is sure to come to you, as it has to others. Many a boy as bright, as well beloved, as well brought up and cared for as you have been, has become a drunkard. Older tempters have argued with him that a man who cannot drink as much as he thinks good for him, and no more, is not a very strong character. But let me tell you, my boys, the only safety from being overcome by strong drink is to let it entirely alone. No arguments for or against will be necessary

then. The power of the habit of liquor-drinking once formed, is something very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper a few weeks since, the arrest of a middle aged man for a serious crime was mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds of all the crimes committed, were due to the same cause—strong drink. Following the notice was this statement made by the prisoner: "Drink was the cause of my ruin. Nobody knows the power of such an appetite but the man who has suffered from it. Years ago I took my dying mother's hand and promised her I would never take another drop. I meant just what I said. I tried hard to keep my promise, but the terrible thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a few weeks I was drinking as hard as ever. Two years ago my little girl died. She begged me on her death-bed to stop drinking, and I promised her I would. I called upon God to witness the promise. I wanted to keep it, but after my little girl had gone, the terrible thirst for liquor came again. I fought against it, but it overpowered me. Drink had destroyed my will-power. I loved my child, but chains were forged about that I could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is to reform after one has formed the habit of drinking. The problem of rescuing the country from this terrible curse, is agitating the wisest heads. They feel that it must be driven out; but what is the best way to do it? That is the question. You boys can solve the problem, as far as you are individually concerned, by being determined that you will never take even one drink. If every boy would make that resolution, and keep it, old King Alcohol's head would soon tumble off, and roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in view of the ruined lives—thousands of them—the broken-hearted mothers, the sorrowing friends, and the unlimited amount of human misery caused by this power for evil, I beg that you will consider this momentous subject, and pledge yourselves to do all you can, in the name and with the help of the Lord, to exterminate "the Serpant of the Still."—Susan Teal Perry, in N. Y. Evangelist.

## Young Folks' Column.

Devoted to Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades, Stories, Letters, Solutions, &c. All are invited to contribute.

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

Try again! Puzzlers' Pastime. Persevere

The Mystery Solved.—No. 24.

No. 138.—1. Aster; tares; stare; tears; rates. 2. Pears; spear; pares; asper; spare; reaps; rapes; parse.

No. 139.—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heartthrobs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, act the best."

No. 140.—1. A. 2. J. 3. J.

ANN TAP TUB

ANGUE JACOB JUDAH

NUT POT BAT

E B H

No. 141.—"Hear my cry: O God attend unto my prayer."

The Mystery.—No. 27.

No. 150.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Words of 6 letters.)

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

An Irish town; a town in N. Y.

state; a Swedish lake; guarded; a

town in Africa; an English river; a

fish; a town Ala.; to injure; on; he

who cursed David; a country of

Ireland; to inlay; harsh.

Primals, name a town in Canada.

Finals, a town in Norway.

No. 151.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY WESLEY CLARK, Woodstock.)

In leave, not in come;

In win, not in loose;

In tack, not in nail;

In cat, not in dog;

In Tom, not in Will;

In three, not in six;

In hide, not in seek;

In out, not in in;

In wrought, not in cast;

In wish, not in have.

My whole we all like to be.

No. 152.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Th fthr hmlf s apng

T th n h lv tdy

trst tht h wds wll and th

Trmptly n th w."

No. 153.—ANAGRAM.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

O, PEER ME.

No. 154.—HALF-SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A pain many have; to wait on; a

question; combats; tunes; clamor;

a pronoun; a letter.

No. 155.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. Where is, "If thine enemy hun-

ger, feed him?"

2. Where is, "Now is the accepted

time, now is the day of salvation?"

3. Where is, "I love them that love

me, and they that seek me early shall

find me?"

4. Where is "field of blood?"

5. Where are "dog" and "den"

found in the same verse?

6. Where are the words "fire, hail,

snow, vapor, stormy winds" men-

tioned in one verse?

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

Come, dear friends, we want your

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along the work. "Work will bring

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135 and 137 correctly solved. Write

again.

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tions of the throat and lungs.

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saw you a year ago, your face was

covered with pimples; it seems to be

all right now." "Yes, sir; that's be-

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world. I was never so well in my life

as I am now."

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