

Showing Love.

"What shall I do for Jesus?"
Asked little Bessie Lee.
"I want to do some splendid thing,
He's done so much for me."

"You're but a child," said mother;
"Great things you cannot do:
Such work as grown-up people can,
He'll not expect of you."

"But you can serve Him daily
In many little ways;
To be obedient, kind and true,
Your love to Him displays."

"Be helpful to your mother,
Learn all your lessons well,
And never fear to be ashamed
Of His great love to tell."

"Try to be like Jesus,
To act as Jesus would;
This is the way you best can take
To show your gratitude."

"He will accept the praises
That little children sing;
A poor and loving heart, my child,
Is your best offering."

The Story of Susan.

BY M. P. NEALL.

"Stop, boys! For shame!"
Patrice Kimball's voice trembled
with indignation. The boys were
rolling an old felt hat across the road,
actually using it for a foot-ball while
its owner—poor little Susan Rice—
stood helplessly looking on; but she
did not cry. Patrice picked the hat
up, shook out the dust, and gave it to
the child. "Did they ever do so
before, Susie?" she asked kindly.

"Yes'm; it falls off so. I can't
keep it on very well."
"I should think not; it has no
elastic nor strings. Why don't you
tell the teacher?"

"Oh, no," said the little girl; "they
would only plague me harder, when
they got a chance. They don't always
do so. They wouldn't do nothin' to
you now, 'cause your things are
pretty. I don't have anything pretty,
you know."

"I think you've got a pretty good
disposition to bear it so well. But
come, we must hurry to school."

When recess came, Patrice called
the girls of her class around her, and
told them the story of Susan. "Now,"
said she, "I've got a plan. My cousin
Josephine helps to take care of a girl
in India, she and some others. They
send money and clothes and playthings
to her, and they have named her
Mario. Now, why can't we have
Susie here for our missionary girl, and
fix her all up so she'll look good? I've
got two or three hats at home all
trimmed, and I'm going to ask mother
to let me give her one. Some of you
can give her something else."

"I've got a dress I've outgrown,"
said Emma Jones.

"And I've an apron," Minnie Ames
said.

"I'll give her a ribbon to tie up her
hair," sang Lil Roberts.

"I'll give her a toothpick," said
Robert Bessie Clark; and of course the
girls laughed.

"We'll take up a collection, and
get her some stockings and shoes,—
that's the way folks do; and I'll tell
the boys she is our girl now, and they
won't even dare to look at her again."

And Patrice appeared to be very much
in earnest.

"Let's have another meeting to-
morrow at recess time, and have our
reports ready; and we'll ask the
teacher about it and our mothers,"
said Dora Franklin, who was almost
as much interested as Patrice in the
project.

The teacher encouraged the girls,
spoke privately to the boys and smiled
with unusual sweetness on poor little
Susan. The mothers good-naturedly
helped their daughters in their chari-
table plans, and Susan was never so
well dressed in her life. But one day
she came to school with the old dress
on and the first tears in her eyes the
girls had ever seen. Her father had
taken away her clothes to pawn them
for money to buy liquor to drink.

Her mother wanted her to stay at
home till she could work and earn
enough to get them again; but she
had rather come to school in her old
rags than not to come at all," she
said.

"Isn't she brave?" said Patrice,
with flashing eyes. "Something is
going to be done about this."

Mrs. Kimball went down to see the
Rice family. She found the mother
with many children, almost discourag-
ed at the father's conduct.

He would work steady for weeks,
and then have a spree and spend every
cent he could get hold of, and pawn
everything in the house, unless she
could prevent him,—sometimes she
could, and sometimes not, she said
sadly.

Mrs. Kimball sent for the man, and
talked with him. She found out his
falling. The gin-shops were a terrible
temptation, he said; and there were
six of them near where he lived and

worked. Mrs. Kimball told her hus-
band about it. She said these places
seemed to her like cruel spiders' webs,
to entangle poor, weak men, like flies,
in their meshes.

Then she fitted up a back room, re-
covered the clothes from the pawn-
shop, and here every night and morn-
ing little Susan stopped to change and
leave them, and put on the old ones
before going home or the new ones
before appearing at school. It was
the only safe way.

At the very next Mother's Meeting,
the story of Susan was told again, and
the danger set forth the children were
in from the presence of so many
saloons in their neighborhood.

The mothers told the fathers; and
slowly but surely the great wheels of
public sentiment began to revolve and
threaten to crush out these black spots,
until at last one election day, when a
large no-license vote was cast, they
were swept quite away.

All this happened a few years ago,
but the change is quickly seen. The
poor mothers look happier, the child-
ren cleaner, and the fathers prouder
because of the good work.

Susan's father has moved into a
better house; and she now has a room
of her own in which she is not afraid
to leave the clothes, books, pictures,
and playthings her schoolmates from
time to time give her.

As for Patrice and the girls of her
class, they still call her their home
missionary girl.—*Chris. Register.*

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 fumbled
with the latch, a voice seemed to
speak 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
vessel 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 feel,
She'd say, 'On, 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 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 shoved uneasily along behind a
horse 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 snap was heard, and the crowd of
spectators sprang back as the ship
began to move, and gathering head-
way, 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 tug-boats, and the ringing
of bells. This would have been a mo-
ment 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
hookey 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 prowl off in this
way, instead of attending to my busi-
ness, it 'll be"—
"At the next launching, eh?"
"No, sir! It will be when a sneak
thief is thought more of than a gentle-
man."—*Sunday School Times.*

The Monkey and the Drunkard.

Mr. Pollard states that in his drink-
ing days he was the companion of a
man in Arundel county, Maryland,
who had a monkey that he valued at a
thousand dollars. We always took
him out on our chestnut parties. He
shook off all our chestnuts for us and
where he could not shake them off he
would go out to the very end of the
limb and knock them off with his
foot.

One day we stopped at a tavern and
drank freely. About half a glass of
whisky was left and Jack took the
glass and drank it all. Soon he was
merry, skipped, hopped and danced
and set us all in a roar of laughter.
Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six
of us, that we would come to the
tavern next day and get Jack drunk
again and have sport all day. I called
at my friend's home next morning and
went out for Jack. Instead of being
as usual on his box he was not to be
seen. We looked inside and he was
crouched up in a heap. "Come out
here," said his master. Jack came out
on three legs; his forepaw was placed
on the side of his head. Jack had the
headache. I knew what was the
matter with him. He felt just as I
had felt many a morning. Jack was
sick and couldn't go, so we waited three
days. We then went, and while drink-
ing a glass was provided for Jack. But
where was he? Skulking behind the
chairs. "Come here, Jack, and
drink," said his master, holding out a
glass to him. Jack retreated, and as
the door was opened slipped out, and
in a moment was on top of the house.

His master went out to call him
down but he would not come. He
got a cowhide and shook it at him.
Jack sat on the ridgepole and refused
to obey. His master got a gun and
pointed it at him. A monkey is much
afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the
backside of the house. His master
thengot two guns, and had one pointed
on each side of the house, when the
monkey, seeing his bad predicament,
at once whipped up the chimney and
got down in one of the flues, holding
on by his fore-paws. The master was
beaten. The man kept that monkey
twenty years but could never persuade
him to taste another drop of whisky.
The beast had more sense than a man.

Young

Folks' Department.

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

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories,
and other work of interest to the young.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 2.

No. 6.—Psa. 18: 9. No. 7.—(1) &
(2) Isa. 41: 1. (3) Isa. 44: 12.

No. 8.—"And make straight paths
for your feet, lest that which is lame
be turned out of the way, but let it
rather be healed."

No. 9.—Christmas present.

No. 10.—I. m. 2. C
hyp RHE
myxon TERAH
pox RETIRES
n CHRISTMAS
EARTHED
HEMEN
SAD
S

The Mystery.—No. 4.

No. 20.—ENIGMA.
(BY A. L. BREWER, Nashua, N.H.)

In mat, not in carpet;
In right, not in wrong;
In will, not in won't;
In them, not in us;
In sod, not in earth;
In many, not in few.
Whole is the name of a poet.

No. 21.—ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
In nine, not in four;
In mote, not in ditch;
In mate, not in lady;
In art, not in man;
In cat, not in dog;
In lamp, not in candle;
In bind, not in tie.
Whole is a precious stone.

No. 22.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY "PANSY," F'ton Junction.)
I. A letter; a verb; a small vessel;
a number; a letter.
II. A vowel; to perform; a colour;
to attempt; a letter.

III. A letter; a plural noun; to put
off; a sleep; a vowel.

No. 23.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
"Seuache fo couapion: sion tres, a
dimn tique cavant si a dimn stresside."

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our
thanks for nice puzzles and cheering
words. Write again. Carrie sends
her vote, too, in late Contest.

SORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner,
also, enters Voting Contest by casting
her vote. No. 9 correctly answered.

MATTIE B. SIPPRELL, Somerville,
solves all in No. 2, except No. 10.
Come often.

"PANSY," F'ton Junction, has our
heartly thanks for puzzles. No. 287 is
correctly solved. By some means your
letter became mislaid and overlooked.

We are pleased to hear from The
Mite Society again through Dale Mc-
Mulkin. No. 280 is rightly solved
Yes, Yes, are my answers to your
queries.

UNCLE NED.

UPPER GAGETOWN, Jan. 9, '91.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am only a
little boy, but I want to send the
answer to that puzzle, No. 280. It is
the old whale who swallowed poor
Jonah.

Well we had two letters from
India, one from Mrs. Boyer, and a
good long one from Miss Hooper—
with a photograph of the house Mrs.
Boyer lives in in hers, and some ferns
and other leaves in Miss Hooper's,
which grew on the Himalaya
Mountains. Bessie got her quilt all
right "UNCLE NED" looked very nice
written on it. We felt Xmas to be
merrier, thinking of the boys and girls
over there being made glad with the
cards we sent them. Danny, you
know, our native preacher, was pleased
to be remembered by our Mission
Band. We don't forget any of them
over there, and when we grow up we
will work for money to send them all
some nice presents. Miss Hooper and
Mrs. Boyer are going to write us (I
mean our Band) letters, and then we
will send them to you to read. Uncle
Ned, aren't you glad your name was
on Bessie's quilt? It makes a pleasant
feeling to do good, don't it? Just as
nice as to skate, or get presents. I
like the Young Folks' Column. I
must try to send some puzzles, so
good-bye, from your nephew,

DALE McMULKIN.

P.S.—With Miss Hooper's letter
came two silent prayers, some tissue
paper cut with some queer looking
marks on them. I suppose they meant
something for their idols to read. Oh!
they are terrible poor things for
prayers, I think!—D. McM.

AN OLD FRIEND.—The memory of a
horse is remarkable. He keeps the
recollection of people and places to
which he is driven. Six years ago a
diaryman had a colt of very quick in-
telligence. He was easily taught to
bow, to lift his foot, and shake hands
every time his owner appeared at the
barnyard gate. The horse would
recognize his step and go prancingly to
meet him, and without command lift
up his foot of welcome. The young
creature was sold, and the diaryman
did not see him again till last summer.
Then the man was walking in a strange
city, and, as he passed a team fastened
to a hitching-post, the horse instantly
gave the old, gladsome whinny and
began to bow his head and lift his
foot. The man's attention was arrest-
ed; he recognized his former pet pony,
and there was a mutual pleasantness
in the renewal of friendship.—
Exchange.

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You may be sure of the quality of your
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purifier, the most effective and
economical.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread
and deepen, that often in a few weeks
a simple cough culminates in tubercular
consumption. Give heed to a cough,
there is always danger in delay, get a
bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medi-
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lung troubles. It is compounded from
several herbs, each one of which stands
at the head of the list as exerting a
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