

# What a Boy Can Do.

There are some of the things that a boy can do:

He can whistle so loud that the air turns blue;

He can make all sounds of beast and bird, and a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck as well as a rooster, hen or duck; he can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,

And a cat, itself, can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain,

He can thunder by as a railway train, stop at the stations a br. and then apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command he can turn right into a full brass band, with all of the instruments ever played, and he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill if he's wide awake and keeping still; but earth would be—God bless their noise! A dull old place if there were no boys.

—San Francisco Call.

## Lending a Helping Hand.

"Why, Mrs. Richards, how in the world did you get that girl? She worked for the Pembertons, and they had to dismiss her because she stole some money!" said Mrs. Parker. She was calling on Mrs. Richards, and caught a glimpse of Nora passing through the hall.

Mrs. Richards changed color, partly with annoyance that her friend had spoken so distinctly that Nora must have heard, and partly with dismay. They had had such a time, and Nora had seemed so like a godsend.

Dick, Bobby and Jennie had all been sick with the measles, and right in the midst of it Bridget had coolly announced her intention of leaving the house at once. That very night Nora had stopped at the door to inquire for work. Mrs. Richards had hesitated; she did not like taking a stranger so, but what could she do? The girl told a sad story: she was left alone in the world, and must do something; housework was all she could do; wouldn't the lady just try her?

There was a tired, discouraged look in her face that touched Mrs. Richards' tender heart, and she took her without any more questions.

She had proved such a vast improvement upon her predecessor that Mrs. Richards had been only too thankful that Bridget had thus opportunely taken herself out of the way.

"But it is too lovely to last," she had said at the breakfast table only that morning.

"Then I should certainly take solid comfort out of it while it lasts," said her brother Jack. "Will you kindly pass the muffins again. I thought I was sufficiently supplied, but if we are likely to return to Bridget's leaden bill of fare, I'll improve the moment and these delicious muffins as they pass."

Mrs. Richards laughed and sighed with the same breath.

"I wish it could last, but it won't; something will turn up before long." And sure enough here it was. Her first impulse after her caller was gone was to dismiss Nora at once; then something within pleaded for the girl.

"What will she do if you send her away? Won't she very likely lose heart and courage? Perhaps she had been sorry for that sin and might become honest if she had a little help."

"But how disagreeable to be on the watch all the time. No, I can not bother with her; she must go."

Just then, however, Mrs. Richards' eyes fell on one of Dick's cards on the table:

"Look up and not down, Look out and not in, Look forward and not back, And lend a hand."

"And lend a hand." Was that what she was doing, lending a hand up or down?

"You're confined at home with the children; you cannot get out to do much outside work. You were regretting only the other day that it was so; has not the Lord put this bit of work into your very hands? Here is a poor tempted and erring fellow creature beside you: will you push her aside to fall lower, or will you help her up? She is one for whom Christ died; will you refuse to help her the little you can?"

No, Mrs. Richards dare not do that so after much thought she decided that Nora should stay and all should be as though she had heard nothing.

But much to her surprise, Nora herself had something to say.

Just before tea she came to the door, her eyes swollen and tear-stained.

"I should like, ma'am, to go before tea, if you please."

"Go—go where?" asked Mrs. Richards, not thinking for a moment what she could mean.

"I don't know, I am sure, ma'am. I've no place anywhere; but I heard

what the lady said. I couldn't help it, she spoke up so clear; and of course you'll be after sending me away now. I'd like to go before dark, if I could."

Mrs. Richards' eyes filled with tears as she looked up into Nora's hopeless face.

"My dear girl," she said very kindly, "I am not going to send you away. You have been very faithful to me; if you did wrong in the past you are sorry for it, are you not, and will try never to do so again?"

Then Nora broke down completely.

"Oh, indeed ma'am and I will, and I'm trying that hard now that I don't see how I can try any harder. I never did the like but that once. They were all sick and starving at home. I saw the dollar bill on the stand and took it before I thought. I'd have put it back if I had a chance, but they wouldn't believe me. It's followed me everywhere since. I've tried to be good, but nobody gives me a chance. I said I'd try once more here, then I'd give up. I should like to know how folks can expect a poor girl to be honest and good if they don't give her a chance?"

"But you shall have a chance here, Nora," said Mrs. Richards, "and I will help you all I can. I believe you are truly sorry, and I am sure I can trust you now."

"May the Lord reward you!" sobbed Nora. "I can't, but I'll serve you faithfully."

"It wasn't much that I did," said Mrs. Richards afterward.

"I don't know," answered Jack; "I think it was. I fancy you will find Nora a pretty bright star in your crown; and besides she is passing it along all the time, for they say she's a real help to her friends and associates."

"I hope so; anyway it was my opportunity then, and I tried to use it aright."—American Messenger.

## Setting an Example.

Polly Jenkins came into my room the other day with a very tired look on her usually bright face. She threw herself into a corner of the sofa with the expression of a person who has very little strength left.

"Why, Polly, dear child, what is the matter?" I exclaimed. "Why are you so doleful on this beautiful day?"

"The truth is, Aunt Marjorie," said Polly, sitting very erect and speaking as if she had the weight of the world on her little shoulders, "I'm all worn out with having to set a good example from morning till night. If I frown or answer anyone impatiently, mamma says, 'Polly, you are setting your sister a very bad example.' If I fail in a recitation, Miss Laura keeps me after school to say, 'It doesn't make so much difference, my dear, you having missed your lesson this time, but the example to the others is so unfortunate.' One day not long ago I was late at breakfast and papa remarked: 'I'm sorry my eldest child forgets that her brothers copy her behavior. Don't be late again, Polly. I depend on you to set a good example.' And so, Aunt Marjorie, Polly concluded, with a deep sigh, 'I am simply worn out. I almost want to be bad and to shock everybody.'"

"O, no, you do not, Polly," I said, laughing at her puckered forehead, mournful eyes and pursed-up mouth, until her set features relaxed and she laughed too. "I see plainly where the trouble is in the case; you have fallen into the habit of considering yourself too important."

"Why no," she protested eagerly. "It is not I; it's other people who do that, Aunt Marjorie. You are not a bit kind."

"But you don't quite understand me. The oldest daughter is really a personage in the house, and a personage of great importance. Her manner of speaking and acting influences the rest more than she can imagine; yet much of the pleasant effect is lost when she becomes conscious of herself, and stops to think she is doing this or that thing with a view to its impression on the family. Perhaps I ought to find fault with the grown people and not with you, dear. But now for my advice. If I were Polly Jenkins I would stop trying to set an example; I would not try to think about that for an hour in the month. What I would do would be this: to try to remember that being is of more consequence than doing, that what we are is always of more importance than what we do. I should say to myself, 'Polly, your business is to be as nearly right as you can for your own sake and not for that of anybody else in the home or in the school-room. Depend upon it, dear, you would set a much better example when not planning to do so than when giving your whole mind to it.'"

Polly thought a little while and being a very bright little woman my meaning came to her. She sprang up, hugged me with both arms till she rumpled my hair and my ruffling, and then ran away, saying:

"You are a dear old comforter, Aunt Marjorie Precept!"—*Harper's Young People.*

## JACK.

Jack was cross, and nothing pleased him. After giving him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and providing for all his wants with tender care, while he did nothing but fret and complain, his mother finally said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on every garment wrong-side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. And she did mean it. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings even; and when his mother came to him, there he stood—a forlorn and sunny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant, but not quite clear in his conscience.

"Now this," said his mother, turning him around, "is what you have been doing all day; you have been determined to make the worst of every thing. In other words, you would turn every thing wrong-side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shame-faced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"You may, if you will remember this: there is a right and a wrong side to whatever happens—I mean a pleasant part and a part you do not like as well; and you must do as you prefer to with your clothes, wear them right-side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong-side out.—*Selected*

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."—"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for a crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin." Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!

LEARNING IN YOUTH.—Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it until to-day," he said.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Something you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place some time. Then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

## Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, N. B.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 34.]

No. 195.—1. Abel, Cain's brother. 2. Man, creeps in babyhood; walks on two legs in manhood, with a cane (3 legs) in old age. 3. Shilleboleth.

No. 196.—Concord.

No. 198.—

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No. 199.—Paper.

No. 200.—Psa. cxii. 10.

—[The Mystery—No. 37.]—

N. B.—LOOK OUT FOR PRIZE COMPETITIONS NEXT WEEK. BE PREPARED!

## No. 211.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY EDWIN, Cornhill.)

1. A letter; a useful article; a girl's name; a deed; a vowel.

2. A letter; a man's name; a city in Africa; a useful article in winter; a vowel.

—Price Competitions next week.—

## No. 212.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY H. B. S. MERRITHREW, Keswick.)

"Ym wenor si ni ym rteah, ton no ym dhæ, ton kedced thiw midonad dna ndinai tesnos, ron ot be nees; ym rownc si laced teotun; a woronti si taht seldom knis jenyow."

## No. 213.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY DALE MCMLULIN, Upper Gagetown.)

1. Where in the Bible do we find summer parlor mentioned?

2. What is the shortest name of a city mentioned in the Bible?

3. Where is mentioned in the Bible of trees choosing their king?

4. Where are cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions and garlic mentioned all in one verse?

## No. 214.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In post, not in stake;  
In open, not in shut;  
In space, not in room;  
In tap, not in cork;  
In end, not in top;  
In rap, not in knock;  
In nap, not in sleep.  
Whole is a gate.

## No. 215.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

A-d-h-n-e-u-t-t-f-r-i-o-n-h-e-h-g-e-h-e-o-e-h-m-n-t-e-h-e-f-l-o-h-m-o-t-e-k-o-h-s-o-c.

## No. 216.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

1. A kind of palm tree. 2. Merry. 3. A succession of years. 4. A species of file. 5. Frolic. 6. Annually. 7. Supposed to be a compound of sulphur and carbon. 8. Measure. 9. To grant. 10. Stop. 11. To worship. 12. A girl's name. 13. A wild animal. My initials and initials form a greeting.

## No. 217.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

A tubn diltch adders het erif.

## No. 218.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

1. A letter. 2. A vessel for containing hot water. 3. An arrow. 4. The act of forming cloth. 5. One that visits foreign lands. 6. A protection. 7. A flower. 8. An instrument for catching fish. 9. A letter.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

OUR LETTER BOX.

CORN HILL, N. B., Sept. 1st.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I thought I would drop you a few lines, telling that I am still in the puzzle business, and feel interested in it. I see you have a new niece at Blissville, N. B. I am glad that the nephews and nieces of the puzzle department are increasing, and I hope it may increase till we shall have a regular puzzle army. I send some few puzzles and answers.

With good wishes to the puzzle department, I will draw my letter to a close.

I remain your nephew,

EDWIN.

[Thanks for kindly interest and puzzles. Diamond published this issue. Nos. 197 and 199 correctly solved.—UNCLE NED.]

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