

The Little Lad's Answer.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His playtime had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door
He put away his hat and ball.

"I wonder why," his aunty said,
"This little lad always comes here
When there are many other homes.
As nice as this and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then, with the love light in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here; that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother-heart was very glad,
A true, sweet answer he had given—
That thoughtful, loving little lad.
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did;
"This home, for mother's living here."

Jamie—A Telegraph Messenger.

He was only a telegraph messenger.
Like most of that class he possessed
The usual amount of liveliness, and
was up to most boyish tricks. Yet
withal one read in his face and eyes
that something which comes from an
honest heart. He was a favorite with
the other lads in the office, for not
only would he play his pranks on
them, but he would stand what tricks
were played on him by others. One
forenoon Jamie was despatched with a
telegram to an address in one of the
poorest districts in the city. He reached
the locality, but failed to trace the
person to whom the message was ad-
dressed. High and low he sought. It
was no small thing to do this, for
though it was only his duty, few mes-
sengers were so ardent in performing
the same when their weekly earnings
depend so much upon the number of
their daily messages. However, he
continued the search and got a clue.
The person wanted was an old man
living in a garret up a six story stair.
Finding the entrance to the stair,
Jamie treaded his way up between its
narrow, broken walls, along dark pas-
sages, and in amongst open doors,
which only too well displayed the
wretched lives lived within their pre-
cincts. When he thought he must be
near the top he stopped to ask the
way. Looking in at one of the open
doors he asked, "Can you tell me
where a Mr. Cameron stops here
about?"

An elderly dame, with half-a-dozen
youngsters at her feet and of the type
familiar to the scenes—"down at the
heels and out at the elbows" rose from
her seat at the fireside, and moved to
the door, followed by her brood. The
uniform of the lad seemed to startle her,
for with a big gulp at the throat she
said, "Ee, what was ye saying?" Jamie
repeated his question—

"Can you tell me where a Mr.
Cameron stops here about?"
"Ay, but what may you want wi'
Mr. Cameron? He's an auld doited
body no fit for ocht."

"Maybe that's the way I want him,"
said Jamie.
"Ah, man, but yer a smert callant
for yer years," said she. "Weel, gang
up another stair, an' turn along the
dark passage till ye come tae a door
wi' a broken keyhole lettin' through
the licht, an' knock wi' a yer micht,
an' ye'll get him there."

Jamie did as directed. He mounted
the rickety stair, and like an ardent
disciple of faith, groped his way with
both hands along the dark passage.
On he went, and as he came close up
to the door with the broken keyhole
he heard a wheezing sound as of cough-
ing, come from the inside. He knew
there was some one within. As he
was told, he drew his strength to-
gether to knock "wi' a' his micht." At
the first knock so much "micht" did
he put into it that the old crazy door
 swung open, and there, sitting before
the fire, such as it was, was an old
grey-haired man. Something made
Jamie lift off his hat as he entered that
low-roofed, small, dull, but cleanly-
kept room. Why he did it he could
not tell, but he could not choose. The
old man, with his quaint, solemn,
shrunk face and thin white hair,
swayed him to the action.

The man had a big, old-fashioned
book spread open on his knee. It was
the Bible. As he turned round, sur-
prised by the loud knock and the
opening door, his eyes fell on the boy.
"Are you Mr. Cameron?" asked
Jamie.

"Yes, my laddie, I'm Mr. Cameron."
"Well, here's a telegram for you.
Will there be a reply?"

The old man's whole frame shook.
"Wha is it frae?" he asked, without
taking it from Jamie's hand.

"I don't know. You'll have to open
it and see," answered the boy.

"Will you open it, my laddie, an'
tell me what it says?"

Jamie laid down his hat upon a little
table near the old man. Being accus-

tomed to use his finger as a paper-knife
to cut his weekly penny worth of
literature, he inserted it under the
flap of the envelope and cut it open.
He drew out the form and held it to
the old man.

"Read it to me, my laddie," said
he.
Jamie began—
"From Thomas Forbes, Aberdeen.
To John Cameron, —Close, Cowgate,
Edinburgh. — Jessie is dying. Can you
come quick?"

A quiver went through the old man;
his eyes overflowed with tears, which
ran down his deeply-furrowed cheeks.
His broken voice sobbed out—"My
bonnie bairn! my bonnie bairn!" The
laddie's eyes too, filled with tears, for
his heart was full, although he scarce
knew why. A minute or two passed,
and then Jamie broke the silence—"Will I
take any reply?" he asked.

"What did you say, my laddie?"
"Will you send any answer, mister?"
replied Jamie.

"Weel, my laddie, I would like tae
sen' an answer, for Jessie was my eld-
est lassie and my best bairn, but when
she married Tammy Forbes he was
over rife in this world's gear, an' she
forgot her auld folks. Her mither lang
ere this was laid away, and I hae war-
sell'd on mysel' just waiting on the ca'
tae join her. I hae naething left tae
spare, but I wad like tae sen' a bit
answer, it might cheer the lassie's heart
as she gangs into the dark valley." A
deep sob stopped his utterance. "How
much will it tak' tae sen' a bit word
or twa?"

"What would you like to say?" asked
Jamie.

"I wad like tae gang an' see my
lassie's en', but I've nae desire to
meet Tammy Forbes. Maybe he's
been a guid husband tae my lassie, but
he's been but an ill frien' tae her folks.
But I'll sen' a bit text tae my lassie,
it'll maybe cheer her up a wee, I'll tell
ye what tae write, my laddie."

With a faltering voice the old man
began—"Though ye walk through
he valley of the shadow of death, I—
Jesus—shall be with thee." Tak' yer
father's God as guide, my lassie, and
though I canna come the noo, I'll come
tae ye by-an'-by."

Yes, the text was misquoted, but
what of that? The spirit was there.
Jamie wrote the words on the back
of the telegram form and counted
them up, including the address.

"It will be one and tenpence ha'-
penny," he said.

The old man drew from his breast a
little woolen bag and emptied its con-
tents on the table.

"Wall there be enough there, my
laddie? Coont it an' see. It's a' I
hae in this warl' of money kin, but I'm
wullin' tae pairt wi' it if I can cheer my
lassie's heart. The Lord has never
forgot me yet. He'll no forget me
noo."

Jamie summed up the coppers, which
were chiefly comprised of halfpennies
and farthings.

"There's only one and threepence
ha'pny here," he said.

"Weel, my laddie, what wull ye
dae?" asked the old man, putting con-
fidence in his young and willing helper.

"I could tell you a shorter text that
I heard at the bible class, and it would
make the message cheaper," said
Jamie.

"Very weel, my laddie, what wad
ye say?"

"Fear not—for I—the Lord—am
with thee, and then you could write
the other words after that."

"Just that, my laddie, that will do.
Just write that, an' syne coont it up."

Jamie re-wrote the form, and counted
it up.

"It's one and sevenpence now," he
said. "Still threepence halfpenny too
much."

The old man gazed vacantly at the
fire, then said—

"I won'er what we can dae noo, for
I wad like tae say it a'."

Instantly Jamie's hand was into his
pocket, and he brought out a few
coppers.

"I'll maybe can make it up," he
said, and counting up his penny for
his 'piece' which he had got from his
mother that morning, and two pence
halfpenny he had got in 'tips,' he laid
his contribution down beside the old
man's gathering. "That's right now,"
he said.

"Thank you, my laddie; may God
bless your kind young heart."

"But will you have anything left for
the day?" asked Jamie.

"Naething but what the Lord sen's,
my laddie."

There was a thoughtful look on
Jamie's face, and his hand slipped into
his pocket again, and he drew out a
half-penny.

"Well, I'll leave you this ha'penny,"
he said. "It's all I have, but perhaps
it will do to something else comes."

The old man was quite overcome.
He took the boy's hand in his—the
fresh, young healthy hand in that lean
and shriveled palm—he drew him close

up to him, placed his other hand on
Jamie's head, and with tearful eyes
and broken voice said, "God bless you,
my dear bairn."

Jamie, with something rising in his
throat, left the old man to himself.
To himself—ah, no! What innumera-
ble companions the following hours
would bring to him—companions of
long ago revived by that short mes-
sage—"Jessie is dying." He would
sit and think, and think, and think,
and life would be lived o'er again.

But his hair would be whiter, and his
grasp feebler, and his eye dimmer, be-
cause of that long journey back on the
ways of life so far into the past.

Jamie found his way out to the
fresh air. He delivered his message
at the office and paid the fee. The
message was flashed along the wire and
the big world moved on, and never
knew it bore upon its breast so grand
a hero in such a common boy. But
God remembered.

Perhaps the light of that short mes-
sage, given from a long-forgotten but
still-loving father's heart, shed a glory
through the gloom of the dark valley,
and lighted the departing soul up to
the Father's home. Perhaps—we
cannot tell. But shall we forget the
lad who helped? Surely no. I am
often told that boys are heartless
creatures. It is hard for me to believe
it true.—*Temperance Appeal.*

Her Brother.

A handsome, stately youth of sixteen
passed one day through the playground
of a public school.

"There goes my brother Robert,"
called out a little girl in the midst of a
group of scholars. "Isn't he hand-
some?"

"Why? Why?" cried out several
voices at once.

"Oh, he is so good! He never
swears, nor chews or smokes tobacco,
neither does he ever drink any liquor.
I am glad that I have such a brother."

The children all looked again with
admiration upon the youth, when one
of them earnestly remarked: "I hope
my brother will be like him."

The next day two young men in a
buggy drove rapidly past the same
children. One of them had a cigar
stump in his mouth, and he was so
drunk he could scarcely sit up.

"That is Will Burton," said one of
the children. "He tends in a saloon,
and he is drunk the greater part of his
time. I would be ashamed to have
such a brother."

None of them noticed that a little
girl ran away and hid herself. In a
few minutes her playmates missed her,
and hunted her. They soon found
her, weeping and sobbing as if her
heart would break. She refused to
tell the cause of her trouble; but it was
clear to all of them, as a little girl
whispered to another, "That drunken
boy was her brother."

Boys, see that your action and lives
may be so that your sisters may be
proud of you. Never give them any
cause to be ashamed of you.

SOME POOR CHILDREN.—We owe
more to poor children than we think.
Columbus was a poor boy, often need-
ing more food than he could get.

Luther sang ballads in the streets to
get funds for an education. Franklin
used to buy a roll for a penny, and
eat it alone. Lincoln and Garfield were
poorly clad, and worked very hard.

Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a
book on his loom, while at work.
Emily C. Judson used to rise at two
o'clock in the morning, and do the
washing for the family. Gambetta
was poor, and slept in an attic. Lucy
Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland
was poor, and a school teacher. Cap-
tain Eads was barefoot and penniless
at nine years old. None of these
people have been idle, or whiled away
their time on street corners, or in
games of cards or billiards. They
were too busy.

"I Won't."—The other day a boy
burst out crying in school, and he
cried as if his heart would break. Did
another boy pinch or hurt him? No.
Was his spelling lesson too hard?

What were those tears for? His
teacher called him to her and asked
Freddy what the matter was. "I
want to go home. O, do let me go,"
sobbed Freddy. "What for, dear child?"
asked the teacher in her own way.

"O," said Freddy, "I said 'I won't' to
my mother before school, and I want to
go home and tell her how sorry I am
and ask her to forgive me."

A healthy adult, doing an ordinary
amount of work, will require from ten
to twelve ounces of meat a day.

England has more women workers
than any other country, in proportion
to population; twelve per cent. of the
industrial classes are women.

A grain of fine sand would cover one
hundred of the minute scales of the
human skin, and yet each of these
scales in turn covers from 300 to 500
pores.

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. 30.]

No. 170.—Nathaniel.
No. 171.—Prov. 22:1.

No. 172.—Bootjack.
No. 173.—Ethel.

No. 174.—Ezek. 35:5.
No. 175.—Job 17:1.

No. 176.—
(a) m (b) s
c o t t u n
m o n e y s u g a r
t e n n a p
y r

No. 177.—"I would not waste my
spring of youth in idle dalliance: I
would plant rich seeds to blossom in
my manhood, and bear fruit when I
am old."

[The Mystery—No. 33.]
No. 190.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.
(BY SORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner).

(1) In come, not in go;
In John, not in James;
In hand, not in foot;
In sea, not in ocean;
In you, not in me;
In man, not in boy;
In open, not in shut;
In tin, not in iron;
In ink, not in water;
In long, not in short;
In run, not in walk;
Whole is a disease.

(2) In hew, not in chop;
In young, not in old;
In bright, not in dull;
In write, not in mark;
In orange, not in lemon;
In light, not in dark;
Whole is a boy's name.

No. 191.—DROP-LETTER.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)
N-w-h-n-e-t-s-a-c-m-i-t-e
r-v-n-e,-f-e-t-r-e-a-s-e-s-e-d-d
r-m-a-s-r-a-o-o-e-u-a-e.

No. 192.—DROP-VOWEL.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)
Bnh th Prthnt, Hdd f th brks f
Gah, blbn th rbht, zmth th Brhmt.

No. 193.—DROP-VOWEL AND BIBLE
QUESTION.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)
H mn tms nd hr, s Jss mntnd, n
th Bbl nd hs dsndnt s e?

No. 194.—DROP-LETTER PROVERBS.
(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)
(1) -h-r-n--d-s-th-r-th-f-r-
g-th--t-s-h-r-th-r-s-n-t-l-b-r-r
th-str-f-c-s-th.

(2) -l-v-th-m-th-l-v-m--nd
th-s-th-t-s-k-m--rl--rly-sh-l
f-nd-m.

(3) -n-y-th-n-t-th-ppr-s-r-nd
ch-s-n-n--f-h-s--s.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—
From 90,000 to 120,000 hairs grow
in a human scalp.

Minard's Liniment for Rheu-
matism.
PERFECTION AT LAST is found in that
exquisite Perfume, "Lotus of the
Nile."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for
the blood.
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the blood.
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the blood.
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The itching of the scalp, falling of
the hair, resulting in baldness are often
caused by dandruff, which may be
cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills
are constantly receiving letters similar
to the following, which explains itself.
Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont.,
writes: "I never used any medicine
that can equal Parmelee's Pills for
Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Com-
plaints. The relief experienced after
using them was wonderful." As a
safe family medicine Parmelee's Vege-
table Pills can be given in all cases re-
quiring a Cathartic.

The well known strengthening prop-
erties of Iron, combined with other
tonics and a most perfect nerve, are
found in Carter's Iron Pills, which
strengthen the nerves and body, and
improve the blood and complexion.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.
Many of the worst attacks of cholera
morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc.,
come suddenly in the night and speedy
and prompt means must be used against
them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at
hand for emergencies. It never fails
to cure or relieve.

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McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,
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