

He Never Was A Boy.

Of all the men the world has seen
Since Time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man;
And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youth time, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone,
He never with a pin-hook fished
Along the brook alone.
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hockey played, nor tied
The ever ready pail,
Down in the alley all alone,
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimmin' came,
His happiness to cloy
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He might refer to splendid times,
"Mong Eden's bowers, yet,"
He never acted Romeo
To a six-year Juliet.
He never sent a valentine,
Intended to annoy
A good but maiden aunt, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite-string, no!
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantalons
A-playing mumble-peg.
He never from the attic stole
A coon-hunt to enjoy,
To find "the old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ,
I think of him, Earth's only man,
Who never was a boy.

Frank, Harry, Tom and Ned.

"Mamma, I get puzzled over the Bible as often as I study. The deeper I go the worse it gets—I mean, the more puzzled I get."

The speaker was Harry Marston, a bright youth of fourteen, who never passed over anything without understanding it. Mamma paused from her sewing as Harry went on with characteristic dash:

"Matthew and Mark do seem to contradict each other, and I am not quite certain that Luke and John are in perfect accord. Set things in order for me, will you not, mother, dear?" And Harry's flushed but earnest face gazed eagerly into Mrs. Marston's.

"Certainly, my son, to the best of my ability—at another time. Your mind is tired from overwork. Ned is calling you now and I saw Frank and Tom Rosser entering the gate a moment ago."

Harry was off like a flash of lightning. In a few moments he returned with Ned and the visitors at his heels.

"Mamma, please may we go to Folly Dam Bridge and fish all the morning? We—"

"On one condition only," answered Mrs. Marston "and this condition has four strings to it. Four boys must be at home to a three o'clock dinner, after which each one must write me a description of the morning's frolic from the time of setting out until the return."

The boys' faces clouded a little as though they did not enjoy the conditions, until Mrs. Marston added:

"I do not want a dull 'composition', but a natural, happy recital of what I hope will be a happy time."

Off they went, joyous because innocent, glad because free. Three o'clock found the quartette at home and a little later they were doing justice to the funny demonstration that the morning's work had not been in vain. After dinner Mrs. Marston brought out four pencil-tablets and, after enjoining perfect silence, the work began. In due time the four youthful scribes made credible returns. Frank Rosser was a born painter and so naturally he drew a vivid picture of scenic surroundings. Harry dashed along, describing accurately, but in rapid succession the morning's doings. Tom was careful and precise, telling many little things that were omitted by the others. Ned was meditative and, while he related the facts, he drew moral lessons as he passed along.

"Altogether," said Mrs. Marston, approvingly, "they make a charming and, I doubt not, perfect narration. The facts are the same, but how different each sketch! You, Harry, say that as you were crossing the bridge Tom fell down, while Tom avers that he and Ned fell across the bridge. Which is correct? One must be wrong!"

"O, no, mamma! Both are right. We were crossing and the boys fell on the last plank. I didn't see Ned fall."

"And," pursued Mrs. Marston, "Frank says you were all standing at Farmer Gray's gate, while Ned distinctly affirms that you were sitting under a tree in his yard. How about

this grave error? One must be entirely in the wrong."

"Not a bit of it, mother mine!" replied Harry. "Both are facts. The tree is exactly at the gate."

"That being so," continued Mrs. Marston, "then I will draw a helpful lesson for you from today's pleasure. I think the supposed discrepancies in the gospel narratives may be disposed of in much the same way to oft-time weary puzzlers."

The appearance of Bridget called Mrs. Marston's attention to domestic matters and the boys went to batting balls. That night as the boys clung to mamma for their good night kisses, Harry asked:

"Little mother, didn't you make us write those pen-sketches to illustrate the real harmony of the gospels?"

"Yes, my son. Don't you think it was a good way?"

"A very good way; and I know I shall never forget it."

"Nor I," put in Ned. "Tom and Frank said it made things seem new to them and they are going to tell it at home to-night."

"I hope they will," said Harry, "for old Mr. Rosser is always harping on the contradictions of the Bible."—*Sunday School Times.*

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time"? I mean. The one who has the biggest and best bicycle, or who has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into another room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

On Truthfulness.

Above all things tell no untruths, no, not in trifles. The custome of yit is naught, and let yit not satisfie yew that for a time the hearers take it for truth, for after, yit well be known as yit is, to your shame."—From a letter of Sir Henry Sidney's to his "little Philippe."

Jennie and I were reading together the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and we came to the passage which I have quoted above in a quaint and beautiful letter which was written to Sir Philip when he was a little boy at school by his father. When I had read to the end of the sentence I paused.

"I wish," said I, "that I could print that sentence in letters of gold upon the walls of every schoolroom in the land. I wish I could tell it to every boy and girl whom I know, and make them feel its force."

"Why," said Jennie, in a surprised way, "do you think boys and girls are so untruthful?"

"I am sorry to say it," I answered, "but I think a good many of them are not perfectly truthful."

"I never told a lie in my life," said Jennie, proudly; "and I know plenty of other girls who never did either."

"I am sure, Jennie," I answered, "that if you discovered that you had made a misstatement about anything you would at once correct it, but was it not you who gave Maggie Upjohn no less than five correct dates in her history examination, and helped her on two examples, and let her copy from your definitions beside?"

"Well," said Jennie, "yes I did; but I don't call that anything."

"Did Mrs. Annersley know it?" I asked.

"Of course not."

"Would she have allowed Maggie's examination to pass if she had?"

"Certainly not," answered Jennie.

"I see what you are aiming at Miss Margaret; of course I would not ac-

cept any help on my examinations, but the girls would have thought me awfully mean if I had refused to help Maggie."

"That is where the school girl's code of morals is often defective," said I. "You helped Maggie to do what you knew to be wrong, and what you would not do yourself, because the girls would think you mean if you didn't. To put it in plain English, you helped Maggie to deceive your teacher, and what is that but untruthfulness?"

It is not always that one can trace the consequences of such a deceit, but in this case the effect is very plain. Maggie did not gain her promotion by honest work, and therefore she will not be able to keep her position in her class. Mrs. Annersley was speaking to me of her yesterday. She said Maggie had been so idle that she was surprised at her being able to win a promotion, and that she was evidently unable to keep her new position now she had it, and she would be obliged to put her back where she was before.

That will be a just punishment for Maggie, but," said I, pausing, and speaking gently, "how will the girl who helped her to commit the fraud be punished?"

"Dear me, Miss Margaret," said Jennie, "you do call things by such dreadfully plain names. I suppose now that I cannot rest till I have been to Mrs. Annersley and told her about it."

"You forget that you will be obliged to involve Maggie in your confession," said I.

"Never tell on a schoolmate was one maxim of my code when I was a school girl, and it is a rule that I still believe in."

"Mrs. Annersley never wants us to tell on each other," said Jennie, quickly. "I will tell her about it, but I will not mention Maggie's name of course. It was a mean thing to do," said Jennie, reflectively, "a very mean thing for Mrs. Annersley always puts us on our honour during examinations, and then trusts us perfectly. I will never do such a thing again."

Exaggeration is a very prevalent form of untruthfulness, and it is a fact that a person who long indulges in the habit becomes at last incapable of telling the truth. The moral vision becomes so blurred that one is unable to perceive the outlines of any truth clearly, and to present it as it is.

Pretence is only another form of untruthfulness. How many a school girl pretends to be brighter and better than she really is—pretends to a genuine knowledge when she has only a smattering—pretends to qualities which she never possessed, and to virtues which she never practised.

Ah, if people could realize how useless such things really are; for we are always estimated at our true value in this world. We can deceive no one for long. It is only by being genuinely noble and good and true that we can win love and trust and honour in return, and such a character is not built easily or soon.

Once some One lived in this world for more than thirty years a boy and man, and one of His names was Truth. He felt every temptation that can come to boys and girls, and He resisted them all; and if we watch Him closely and try to mold our lives after His, we have His promise that we shall succeed. "We shall be like Him," and there is no other way than this by which we can attain perfect truth and honour.—*Exchange.*

LISTEN! BOYS.—Hon. A. D. White, late president of Cornell University, writing in the *Youth's Companion*, says: "Let me say here that I never knew a young student smoke cigarettes who did not disappoint expectations or, to use our expressive vernacular, 'kinder peter out.' I have watched this class of men for thirty years and cannot now recall an exception to this rule. Cigarette smoking seems not only to weaken a young man's body but to undermine his will and to weaken his ambition."

Life is a reckoning we can not make twice over. You can not mend a wrong subtraction by doing your additional right.

Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.
Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 39.]

No. 226.—I. Brantford. II. Esala.

No. 227.—

(a) H (b) J
L E T N O P
H E N R Y J O N A S
T R Y P A N
Y S

No. 228.—J A N E
A R E A
N E A R
E A R N

No. 229.—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall on the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."

No. 230.—

1. a 2. e 3. a
a p t e r a l e
a p r o n e r a s e a l t e r
t o p a s k e e r
n e

No. 231.—Subtle.

No. 232.—

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight."

—[The Mystery No. 42.]—

No. 243.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY "EDWIN," Cornhill.)

In man, not in boy;
In Ben, not in Roy;
In dog, not in cat;
In pig, not in sow;
In tea, not in coffee;
In kettle, not in pot;
In run, not in walk;
In are, not in be;
In seat, not in desk;
In window, not in door;
In slate, not in book;
In barn, not in house;
In fun, not in play.
Whole is a part of the waters of the earth.

No. 244.—PUZZLE.
(BY "EDWIN," Cornhill.)

Two thirty persons cast away on a desert island find an eight gallon cask of water. They wish to divide it equally between them, but have no other measures than the 8 gallon cask, a five gallon cask, and a three gallon cask. How can they divide it?

No. 245.—BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead something we do, and leave a place of amusement; again, and leave a black liquid.
2. Behead a kind of grass, and leave a beau; again, and leave the other side.
3. Behead a fruit and leave a part of the head.

EMILY HICKS.

No. 246.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a verb; useful in the kitchen; a girl's name; a vowel.

EMILY.

No. 247.—DROP-VOVET PUZZLES.

(BY DALE MCMULKIN, Upper Gagetown.)

Sh-ll - - - h-s-s - - - l-s-r-l-ght-d
- - - - - s-d-m-fr-m-n-b-g-h
Sh-ll - - - t-m-n-b-n-ght-d
Th-l-mp-f-l-ght-d-n

(Second.)

J-s-t-n-d-r-sh-ph-r-d-h-r-s
G-r-d-th-l-l-t-l-l-m-b-s-t-d-
M-k-r-r-h-r-t-s-l-l-p-r-r-nd-l-v-ng
L-t-s-n-v-r-fr-m-th-str-

(Third.)

-nd-J-s-s-c-l-l-d-l-t-l-ch-l-d-nt-h-m
-nd-s-th-m-n-th-m-d-st-f-th-m.

No. 248.—ENIGMA.

(BY "PEARL," Bervick.)

In mouse, but not in rat;
In bonnet, but not in hat;
In carpet, but not in rug;
In kettle, but not in jug;
In ceiling, but not in floor;
In window, but not in door;
In foe, and also in friend;
My last you will always find in the end.

No. 249.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What man fell dead because he touched the Ark of the Covenant?
2. What judge fell and broke his neck when he heard the ark of God had been taken by the enemy?

"PEARL,"

Bervick.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

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