

## NOW.

"There is a good time coming, boys!" So runs the poetry of youth; Such is the poetry of youth; When life and hope are strong; But when those buoyant days are passed, Age cries: "How changed are men! Things were not so when I was young; The best of times was then."

"There is a good time coming, boys!" The truth we will allow; But, waiting not for brighter days, There is a good time now. Why not improve the present, then, Where'er the future lead, And let each passing moment's page Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys!" And many a one has passed, For each has had his own good time, And will have to the last. Then, do thy work while lingers youth With freshness on its brow. Still mindful of life's greatest truth; The best of times is now!

—Selected.

## Mrs. Ozmond's Bible.

"Dulcie!"

"Yes, mother, I'm coming in a minute, and a small, light figure moved quickly toward the bed, which consisted of a pile of straw covered with a nearly worn-out comfortable, where lay a wan, sickly-looking woman, her poor thin hands folded gently upon her breast.

One glance at the patient sufferer would have told you that she was wasting away with that fatal disease, consumption. There was the flush upon the cheeks, and that hollow, rattling cough, which seemed like a messenger of death. Her strength, fast disappearing, would have left her long ere this had it not been for little Dulcie, who was her constant help and her only comfort.

Did I say her only comfort? I must correct that statement, for by her side lay a small, worn volume, the only one treasured, always near her. It was the last remaining relic of her girlhood, and had been secreted from her inebriate husband whenever his footfall was heard upon the threshold.

Every article that could be pawned for drink had gone to the rum-seller long ago with the exception of one rickety chair, two or three pieces of broken crockery and a dry goods box, used as a table. The little book which had been so carefully guarded was, as you may have guessed, a Bible. Mrs. Ozmond had read from it from her youth up, and through all her trials it was always the guiding star pointing the way to that land of rest toward which she was fast hastening.

"What is it, mother-dear?" asked Dulcie, as she stood at her mother's bedside; "what shall I do for you?"

"Dulcie, do you see anything of father? Look down the street and be sure."

"No, there's no sign of him. He won't be in yet; it's too early."

The poor woman heaved a sign of relief and said:

"Please read to me, dear, from the Bible."

She partially raised herself from the cot on which she lay, and took from underneath her the precious book.

"Where shall I read, mother?"

"About the beautiful city and the tears being all wiped away."

And so Dulcie read the last two chapters of Revelations, which Mrs. Ozmond always loved to hear.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed as Dulcie ceased. "What a beautiful place it will be! No more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, no more curse!"

There won't be any liquor up there, Dulcie; no saloons on those golden streets. Why must such wickedness be in the world? Oh, that I could fly away and be at rest!"

"Oh, don't speak so, mother! What should I do without you?" And the little girl burst into a fit of weeping.

Just then there was a heavy shuffling step and a tall red-faced man entered the room. It was Norman Ozmond, drunk.

"Here, gal," he shouted, "what are you crying for? Stop your noise and get away from your mother. You've made a baby of her long enough. She ain't sick, it's no such thing. She is going to cook me a stew. Git up, Molly." And he shook her savagely.

Seeing that she did not stir, Ozmond rolled her from the soft bedding upon the hard floor.

"There, now, we'll see if you'll laze around any longer."

He began to inflict heavy blows upon the slender form of his wife.

"Oh, father, don't!" cried Dulcie. "Oh, please stop!"

But the drunkard was the more angered.

"You're going to be just like her, are you? We'll see." And the kicks and cuffs fell fast upon her little body.

I will not relate all his fiendish actions, but leaving both his victims on the floor, prostrated by the many painful bruises he had inflicted, he

began ransacking the straw bedding. He drew from it the hidden Bible.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what is this? I'll have a drink, I reckon!" Chuckling to himself he put the book into his pocket and hurried out to a saloon.

"She won't fool with this thing much more, see if she does," he muttered as he hastened to make known his discovery to the landlord. "Here, I want another drink; you can have this to pay up old scores." He tossed the book to the bartender. The latter started back in amazement.

"Pay with that! What could I do with such a thing? That's a Bible, Ozmond. It ain't worth half a glass. Why do you bring such trash here? But then," he added, "it's all I'll get from you. I'll take it this time—for kindlings. Don't bring any more traps inside these doors. Understand! It's pay or no drinks; I can't trust you. Not another'll you get till you pay me. Come, get out of here!"

The barkeeper pushed him from the saloon, and seeing others coming to be waited on he threw the book into the nearest drawer and proceeded to business.

Dulcie, when she had at length gained strength to rise, helped to assist her mother into the bed. The one precious treasure, so long their only comfort, was gone. Bitterly did they both lament its loss, but the mother gathered the little girl to her bosom and strove to comfort her.

"We still have a hope in God," she said, "and that no one can ever take away. Let us ask him to still care for us and to bless his own Word."

Weeks passed by. In a luxurious chamber a little girl tossed to and fro in a raging fever. A beautiful coverlet overspread the couch, and draperies of lace hung at the windows. On the floor was a lovely carpet, and on a small stand near her were the sweetest of flowers. Yet the child's eyes had a wistful look in them, and she did not seem satisfied. She called out, and a big, stalwart man came to the bedside.

"Well, dear, what does Ina want? What can papa get you? Tell him and you shall have it."

Mr. Barnard, saloon-keeper, bent over and kissed the upturned face.

"I wish, papa," she faltered, "I wish you would bring me a Bible. Haven't you one?"

Mr. Barnard was about to shake his head, but suddenly remembered that he had one at the saloon. Should he humble his pride and get for her the book which he had always despised? Yet how could he refuse this request of his dying child? He went out into the night and around the corner to his saloon. The book was where he had left it. He hastened home with it and soon it was clasped in Ina's eager fingers. She had often heard that the Bible was a wonderful book, but had never read in it herself for her father did not allow it in the house. Now, he himself had brought it there.

As the child took it the worn volume opened to the fourteenth chapter of John, as it had done so often before. The girl's eyes grew suddenly bright as she read of those beautiful heavenly mansions.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "how lovely! They must be much prettier than this house." Then turning the leaves she saw the last two chapters of Revelations, with heavy lines drawn around them. She read in amazement and delight, and, handing the volume to her father, bade him read also. The child found peace in believing, as it was the Father's will she should. When morning came she had departed to the beautiful city of which she had dreamed.

The saloon-keeper broke down completely at this heavy blow. His pride was gone and himself began to study the little Bible he had once scorned. Mrs. Ozmond's prayer was answered, since God blessed his word in the conversion of Mr. Barnard, who henceforth was no longer a saloon-keeper. The little Bible was restored to its rightful owner, and through his instrumentality also Mr. Ozmond, whom his saloon had brought to well-nigh utter ruin, became a changed man, having by the help of God overcome his appetite for liquor. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way,"—The Pioneer.

## A Good Reference.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand, and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly. "Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added, aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said slowly, "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it." The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go!

"You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time, "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him five years, and last year was admitted to the Bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says, the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

## A Country Boy Who Goes To a Great City.

When a boy starts out from his country home to try his fortune in a great city, he needs most of all to take a good stock of principles with him. He must brace up his courage as if he were going into battle, for he is sure to have a fight of it, and he will need all his moral fortitude to stand out against the temptations which will wreck his career beyond peradventure if he yields to them. What he seeks he cannot get except in the fierce competition which results from the struggle of many thousands to obtain the same prize. If he slips, there are multitudes around him to take advantage of his mischance and to leave him far behind in the chase. He must keep himself always in training, both moral and physical, and waste none of his resources. He will require every bit of his energy and every atom of principal in him will be put to the test. He must be prepared to help himself, for he will get very little help from anybody else.

The first thing for a boy coming to a great city to do is to take pains to start with right associations. In every such town there are innumerable circles of society. The community is too large for everybody to know each other, and, therefore, it divides up into many circles of common acquaintances, and in each of these the members are as well known to another as are the inhabitants of a village. They are good and bad, evil in their influences and injurious in their tone and spirit or salutary and helpful.

Where, then, shall the country boy go for society? The best place is to a church. In these days a city church is the centre of many social no less than religious activities. It is a life of industry in which men and women engage, so that something is going on ceaselessly, something to interest and to give scope for the ability of a young fellow, and to satisfy his social instincts and demands. It is a community in itself, and nobody can belong to it for any considerable length of time and exhibit sympathy with its ambitions and projects without fitting into some place where he can display his capacities and win due consideration because of them. He will make friends, and useful friends. He will have the social

life and the social surroundings necessary for him. He should go to church from the first and regularly, make himself known to the pastor, and then, without putting himself forward, take a hand in all the undertakings of the parish. If he is patient the reward will come.

An old man once said to a congregation: "Pray for your preacher, and you will not talk against him." Truer than you think it is that the staid, stolid tongue and the prayerless heart take each other for better or worse in the hands of an unholy wedlock. The prayerful heart makes the righteous tongue. Talk to God about your preacher's work, and you will talk to man about it in the same spirit.

## Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 21.]

No. 116.—Cuba.

No. 117.—2 Kings 23:28.

No. 118.—

(a) c (b) s  
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cheap strap  
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No. 119.—(1) 17½ days. (2) 3 men.

No. 120.—Rehoboth.

No. 121.—Tea-pot.

No. 122.—Rev. 19:13.

No. 123.—"One year's seeding Is nine year's wedding."

[The Mystery.—No. 25.]

No. 141.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY "FLOSSIE," Lakeview.)

"Ho! no hat yda atht lwtrhau ady, hwne ann ot gjntuued kwase mfor lyac. Be huto, O torih, net remsni asyt. Htugoh vhaene nda htree haal saps ways."

No. 142.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY JULIA BABCOCK, St. John.)

No. (1).  
— A letter.  
— A hateful animal.  
— What all must have or  
— A number. [die.  
— A letter.

No. (2).  
— A letter.  
— To decay.  
— A man's name.  
— A part of dress.  
— A letter.

No. 143.—TRANSPPOSITION.

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

"Hobede owh dogo dna ohy selpatna ti si rfo hrebrnte ot wldel grhtetoe ni nyti."

No. 144.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

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

In link, not in chain;  
In day, not in night;  
In lead, not in iron;  
In pin, not in needle;  
In answer, not in question;  
My whole is a girl's name.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

[The Mystical Circle.]

E. N. BARNES, Downeyville, sends solutions to his puzzles sent some time since. Thanks. Write again.

HATTIE B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick, has our thanks for the nice puzzles. All in No. 21 correctly solved.

UNCLE NED.

—PRIZE OFFERS.—  
To any person sending the best original charade on or before the 5th July next, will be given a handsome prize. Remember it must be original and accompanied with the answer.

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