

Don't You See?

The boy who in the corner stands
With open mouth and listless air,
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care;
Who idly dreams—who rarely works—
Who needful task or duty shirks;
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking—Don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For game of chance, or bat and ball,
For gun and dog, or rod and hook,
Or for a dance—no one or all—
Will find he's made a grand mistake.
Can games the place of knowledge take?
When on the top round he would be,
He'll find he's lacking—Don't you see?

The boy who smokes a cigarette,
Or drinks with friends a social glass,
Is forming habits to regret,
Whose ill all other ills surpass.
Though solid rock is near at hand,
That boy is building on the sand,
With scoffing mates and boisterous glee,
His course is downward—Don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
With idle hands and dreamy look;
Who, by her actions, says she hates
The household work of maid or cook!
Who lets her mother work away
While she indulges in a play!
How'er refined that girl may be,
There's much that's lacking—Don't you see?

The girl whose recitations show
No earnest work—no careful thought;
Who fails in what she ought to know,
When skillful test of work is brought;
That girl will fail to win the prize—
Will fall, while earnest workers rise—
A grand success she'll never be—
There's too much lacking—Don't you see?

When one would build a house to stand,
He builds upon the solid rock;
He takes the best at his command;
He piles the granite, block on block.
No soft, shale rock shall have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tested rock shall polished be
For lasting structure—Don't you see?

Build thou for time—on solid rock,
Give thought and care; build broad and deep.
Then, tempest wild, with rudest shock,
Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.
With knowledge gained and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command.
From all their pow'r thou shalt be free:
Thy power the greater—Don't you see?
—John M. Morse in Boston Courier.

Little Joe's Gift.

Grandpa and Grandma Stebbins had the Bible in their homes, but they seldom read it. It lay upon an upper shelf, and the dust was often allowed to collect upon it. They were so intent upon gathering together this world's goods that they found little time to think of the world to come. Joe, their little grandson, was a brave little boy, and they laid by every cent they could spare in order that they might educate him. It was for Joe that they toiled early and late. When he first went to the district school, how proud the old couple were of the reports of his behavior! No boy gave less trouble to his teacher, nor was more loved by her.

This teacher was a Christian and she told him about Jesus and the boy's tender heart was touched, and that evening he ran all the way home in haste to tell grandpa and grandma the story. The aged parents had long been familiar with it, and they listened, not untouched, by the boy's enthusiasm. Joe kept the story in his heart and pondered often of the blessed Jesus who died for sinners.

While Grandpa Stebbins was never idle yet he had not prospered as many another and his heart hardened as he thought of what he would, but could not, do for his boy. When vacation came, Joe, who was bright and active in word as well as study, said:

"Grandpa, I am not too young to lend a hand."

So, when grandpa went to the woods with his axe to hew down trees, Joe went down, too, determined to help. The old man was proud enough of the little man who ran by his side and grandma, as she watched their departing forms from the window, smiled as she resumed her knitting a pair of warm stockings for Joe.

Grandpa never could tell how it happened, but when the oak at which he was hewing fell, Joe fell, too, crushed beneath its trunk. One leg must be taken off, the surgeon said, and the little fellow clung to grandma's neck, striving vainly to smother the sobs that shook his frame.

It was a sad household and Joe, as he lay upon his bed, strove vainly to cheer the hearts of his grand-parents. "Don't cry, grandma," he would say, "I can get around on one leg, and there is lots of things a boy with one leg can do."

He made a rule to speak to them each day of Jesus. In his sufferings the dear Lord was very near to him and he thought often and wonderingly of the life and death of the Saviour.

One day his teacher brought him a

mission paper and in it was the story of a child who worshiped idols and when told of Jesus wept for joy and said, "Tell father, too," and turning from the wooden image, he bowed his knee to the living Jesus.

Joe's form daily wasted, and his dear ones saw that his earthly life was short. "Grandpa," he said one day, "have I cost you much?" The old man hid his face and sobbed. "I want to know grandpa," Joe continued, "just how much I cost a year."

"Well, grandpa, I am going home soon, and I want you to give that money to some other boys to teach them of Jesus, that they may come to the same home where I am going."

Grandpa sobbed "yes," and the boy stroking the white hairs of his head, said: "Won't you and grandma come too?"

This is how Joe performed his work for missions, and brought his grand-parents into the kingdom.

Soon the wasted form was laid to rest, but the old couple never forgot their promise to little Joe. The Bible was brought down from the shelf, and each year into the mission fund there came the offering of one hundred dollars, bearing the words "Little Joe's Gift."

The Sailor Lad.

There lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly, and she finally consented. As the boy left home she said to him: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie; and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a very decided tone, "None of that here, sir!"

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night the devil put it into the boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody could observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, dragging him out by the neck, he said:

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London this profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the "Great Eastern" was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie? When the "Great Eastern" returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.—*Exchange.*

The Boy's Victory.

Money was not overplenty in the Wilder homestead, with all the mouths to be fed and feet to be shod, and Ben having his heart set on a "wheel," came over to Bob's almost head over heels one day to tell him that Frost, the storekeeper, would take all the berries they could pick, and give them a dime for every quart.

The dimes rolled themselves into a bicycle like snowflakes in their growing castle, and the bargain was quickly struck, and the boys could almost feel the thrill of the spinning "Safety," whose ownership was now only a question of pluck and work.

Ben turned about with a boy's half-curious question, "What'll you do with all those berries?"

"Make wines and liquors. You see I belong to a liquor firm in the city."

The boy's gait fell off like a spent ball, and then they faced each other. No cowardice in either pair of eyes, but the honest, brave stuff out of which the world has carved its heroes and reformers. "We can't do it, Rob," said Ben. We can't help make drunkards.

Mr. Frost was white with rage and shame when they turned back and, telling him why they could not pick berries for him, let him see his sin and cowardice in the shining mirror of their manly self-denial for principle.

They have not yet had even their first spin on the bicycle. The dimes and pennies and quarters gather slowly, but never a whisper from these brave little men. They would rather be right than to fly over the roads on the beauty of the wheel. Good appetites and a good conscience keep up courage, and when the bicycle comes, as sure it will, no stain of sin or cranker of dishonor will put brake on its progress, or mar the perfect bliss of its possession.

These two lads will be men, all too soon—just the sort that banks and merchant princes are after. The path their boyhood feet are treading is the highway to honor and success, and boys the country over may safely set foot in the same steps of courage for the right, and scorn to touch money or work that has on it the stain of dishonor or wrong to a fellow-traveler. Domestic Journal.

A True Gentleman.

It is often said, "Boys are naturally cruel," but I do not believe it. Some boys do, it is true, find pleasure in tormenting cats and dogs and other helpless animals, but not all boys care for that kind of fun (?), and most boys have gentle hearts, though they are sometimes thoughtless.

A lady, whose little girl had the misfortune to be sadly marked about the face, hesitated about sending her to school, fearing the boys would make fun of her. Persuaded by the teacher to make the trial any way, the little girl was sent, and timidly came into the school-room one morning after all the pupils were seated. To their honor be it said that, instead of "making fun," or even smiling slyly, every boy in the room, after a hurried, pitying glance at the marred face, quickly looked the other way, and the little one has never met with any but the kindest treatment, and has never been made to think herself different from the rest of the children.

That is true politeness, and is as far removed from cruelty as anything can be. Here is another incident, told by the Detroit Free Press.

On the corner of one of the business streets of the city the other morning a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well dressed and gentlemanly man. The latter was unfortunately in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked of the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"O, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy. "Five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on.

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. 38.

No. 190.—(1) Consumption. (2) Habert.

No. 191.—Acts 25:1.

No. 192.—2 Saml. 23:30.

No. 193.—How many times and where is Jesu mentioned in the Bible, and whose descendant was he?—Once, Numbers 26:44. A descendant of Asher.

No. 194.—(1) "Where no wood is there the fire goeth out, so where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth."

(2) "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

(3) "Envy thou not the oppressor and choose none of his ways."

The Mystery—No. 36.

No. 205.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A vowel; a sheep; holder; ever; a letter.

2. A letter; an adjective; a roguish person; ever; a letter.

3. A letter; a deep hole; a boundary; a metal; a letter.

No. 206.—ENIGMA.

(BY G. McCULLOCH, Waasis Sta.)

In lock, not in key;

In dog, not in cat;

In you, not in me;

In month, not in year;

In take, not in give;

In sweet, not in sour;

In rain, not in snow;

In pin, not in needle;

In day, not in night;

In ant, not in fly;

In open, not in shut;

My whole is a covering.

No. 207.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

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

My 1, 2, 5 is a division of time.

My 12, 2, 3, 7 is very useful on a farm.

My 6, 7, 11, 10 is a vale.

My 4, 8, 9, 10 is to incline.

My whole is a newspaper.

No. 208.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

"Resthe naym a spil wittz het uppe dan hte ilp."

No. 209.—DIAMONDS.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

(k) A letter; a covering for the head; something to write on; to hang things on; a letter.

(b) A letter; looking on the sly; a reel; a pronoun; a letter.

(c) A letter; for the neck in winter; an animal; a bible name; a vowel.

No. 210.—ENIGMA.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

In short, not in tall;

In round, not in ball;

In flour, not in wheat;

In picnic, not in treat;

In dance, not in skip;

In lash, not in whip;

In young, not in old;

In silver, not in gold.

The whole is what all school-children like.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

A SURPRISE.—"You know, Dorothy, these biscuits of yours—" he began, as he reached across the breakfast table and helped himself to the seventh.

"Yes?" said his wife, with a weary, feeble smile. "Ah! they're nothing like mother's." "No?" And the smile was gone. "No! Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy and gave me the dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about—why, what's the matter, Dorothy?" She had fainted.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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