

Only a Word.

Only a word his lips let fall, A careless word in wanton play, He did not think of it at all, And idly went upon his way.

But in a heart with sorrow sore The cruel gibe produced its smart, And what he never thought of more Convulsed a crushed and bleeding heart.

Only a word another spoke— A simple word lit by a smile— And mantle clouds their darkness broke Which shadowed all the clouds erewhile.

A life which hope had seemed to leave, Grew stronger from his generous might— A heart bound down with utter grief Felt the rare radiance of his light.

The future rose serene and fair, And sorrow lost its bitter sting; A single word, though light as air, May seem a very little thing.

But hope, joy, sorrow and despair, By it in human hearts are stirred; There is no thing more foul or fair Than one slight utterance of a word.

—Youth's Companion.

A Pretty Game.

The Congregationalist says: "It is often difficult to know how to entertain an evening company without resorting to cards or dancing, and it is noticeable that some form of intellectual entertainment is becoming more and more popular each year. Among these is the 'literary salad,' described as follows in the Youth's Companion. Though designed primarily for an afternoon tea-party, it can easily be adapted to any social gathering."

A few days beforehand dainty little invitations are sent out. These are written on pale green note-paper, but in other respects are in the usual form. The material part of the feast need not be described, as it is like any delicate menu now served under the name of ladies' lunch.

After the tables are cleared, the hostess seats herself before a table, on which is a plate of green leaves, and with a rap of her knife calls the ladies to order, thus: "Ladies, I want to serve a salad, and you are now invited to come up in turn and select a share."

Of course each one comes up in haste eager to solve the mystery. The leaves are pieces of green tissue-paper, on each of which is pasted a slip of white letter-paper bearing a quotation from some popular or standard author.

As each guest passes the table she selects a leaf, and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author. If she does this correctly, the leaf is hers. If she fails she returns the leaf but some time afterward has another trial in her turn. Some of the quick-witted ones will soon collect a large bouquet of the leaves, and to the one who gathers the largest there is given a pretty prize of some sort.

To make the leaves for the "literary salad," take light-green tissue-paper and cut it into the shape of large lettuce or small cabbage leaves, leaving a small strip at the bottom of each. Fold the leaf lengthwise through the middle and slip it over a hair-pin, pressing it together over the rounding part of the pin. If this is done carefully the leaf will beautifully crinkled, like a real one just from the garden.

Now write the quotation upon some small slips of writing-paper, and paste them upon the piece left for this purpose on the tissue paper leaf. Have a small book with all the quotations and the names of the authors written opposite each other, so that the awarding committee may have its aid in deciding who has guessed the greatest number of names.

A Little Errand for God.

Helen stood on the doorstep with a tiny basket, when her father drove up, and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear; I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh! thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. I have a particular errand to do now."

"What is it, dear?" "It is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled, and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?" "It's a little errand for God."

"Can I help you any?" "No, sir. I was going to carry my big orange, that I saved from the dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?" "No, I hope not, but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread. I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks papa?"

"Yes, I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy and I will drive you to old Peter's, and wait till you have done the errand, and then

show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes papa; here is one."

"Here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too."

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked happy as her fingers fixed the fresh bill on the orange.

Wanted—A Boy.

- A jolly boy. A boy full of vim. A boy who is square. A boy who scorns a lie. A boy who hates deceit. A boy who despises slang. A boy who can say "No." A boy who is above-board. A boy who saves his pennies. A boy who will never smoke. A boy with shoes always black. A boy with some "stick to it." A boy who takes to the bath-tub. A boy who is proud of his big sister. A boy who has forgotten how to whine. A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace. A boy who does chores without grumbling. A boy who stands at the head of his class. A boy who believes that an education is worth while. A boy who is a stranger to the street-corners at night. A boy who plays with all his might during playing-hours. A boy who listens not to unclean stories from anyone. A boy who thinks his mother above all mothers is the model. A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house. A boy who does not wait to be called a second time in the morning. A boy whose absence from Sunday-school sets everybody wondering what has happened.

Did you ever notice a boy whose father always treated him as if he were a man, talking to him sensibly, putting confidence in him as if he were much older than he is? If you have, you have seen a boy that was very manly even at six or seven years of age. Now all the difference in the world between a boy and a young animal, in the matter of training or education, is in the boy's susceptibility of a higher degree of education. Both are pliable when young; both can be readily molded.

Young Folks' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, ST. JOHN, P. O. N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Stories, Letters, and other work.

Puzzlers' Paradise.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 51.

No. 271.—Gal. 6:2, 1st clause.

No. 272.—Dustpan.

No. 273.—

1. A R E T E A P 3. L TRADE PEACE LOUIS ED A ACT PIN E S

No. 274.— CAKE AUNT KNIT ETTA

No. 275.—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

No. 276.—1. Peter. 2. Anna. 3. Andrew. 4. Martha.

No. 277.—PAPER ATONE POLED ENEMA REDAN

The Mystery—No. 2.

N. B.—SEND ALONG THE PUZZLES FOR THE NEW YEAR. LET US HAVE A GOOD START IN THE WORK.

No. 6.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"H. b. . . d th. h. a. v. n. s. l. s. . . n. d. n. d. n. d. d. k. n. s. w. s. n. d. r. h. s. f. t."

No. 7.—BIBLE QUERY. (BY SORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner.)

Where are the following found: (1) Hammer; (2) Anvil; (3) Tongs?

No. 8.—TRANSPOSITION. (BY "PANSY," Fredericton Junction.)

"Dan meak higrtrats taphs rfo urytoef, selt hatt hewsi meal eb nterud to fo teh yaw; btu tel ti rrtahs eb laehde."

No. 9.—CHARADE. (BY L. F. BARNES, Bath.)

My first is in China. My second is in Utah. My third is in Australia.

My fourth is in Ohio. My fifth is in Russia. My sixth is in Ontario. My seventh is in Omaha. My eighth is in Asia. My ninth is in Abyssinia. My tenth is in Pennsylvania. My eleventh is in Berlin. My twelfth is in Oregon. My thirteenth is in Spain. My fourteenth is in Georgia. My fifteenth is in Nevada. My sixteenth is in Turkey. My whole is something that all children like.

No. 10.—DIAMOND PUZZLE. (BY "PHLOMATI," Queens.)

- 1. A Roman numeral; to depress; fish; disease; a letter. 2. A letter; a French town; Isaac's grandfather; retreats; birth of Christ; buried; in hempen; gloomy; a letter.

The Mystical Circle.

In our haste we forgot to begin the New Year as No. 1. We presume you will understand the cause of puzzles, etc., being so numbered this issue.

L. FRANCES BARNES, Bath, has our thanks for Christmas puzzle and Christmas story. We publish both this issue. Prize winners' names will be announced later.

MYRTLE A. VANWART, Apohaqui, has our thanks for puzzles. You should send the answer to ensure of publication. Write again, as we are always pleased to hear from young INTELLIGENCER readers.

MATTIE SIPPPELL, Somerville, Ca. Co., has our thanks for Prize Christmas story. Prize winners announced soon. We publish your story this week.

A VOTING CONTEST.—I. Which of the two Christmas stories published below should have the Prize?

- 2. What is your favourite puzzle? 3. Which is the most nutritious flesh food?

- 4. What is your favourite amusement? 5. Which is the best of Watts' divine songs?

A handsome prize will be given for the first correct list of answers in the plurality. A reward will be given to all others in the plurality. We have no answers of our own. All depends upon the competitors. Write at once! You may answer on a postal card or otherwise. Address as above.

Our Prize Christmas Story.

WHY ELSIE HAD A HAPPY CHRISTMAS. (BY MATTIE SIPPPELL, AGED 13 YEARS, SOMERVILLE, CA. CO.)

It was a bright December morning, the day before Christmas, and little Elsie sat up in bed thinking what Santa Claus would bring her. After a while she laid down again and went to sleep and dreamed she saw Santa Claus come down the chimney all loaded with toys and dolls and lots of other things. He asked her what she would like best. "I would like a nice big wax doll with golden hair and blue eyes that would shut when it laid down." Santa Claus wanted to know what she wanted of a doll; why wouldn't the one she had do. "Had I not better save the dolls for some poor girls that haven't any?" "What would a poor girl want of a doll?" said Elsie. Santa Claus said he guessed she was selfish and wouldn't give her any doll, and he would wait until next Xmas to see if she improved any. When Santa Claus left she felt very sad for being so selfish; she was glad when she awoke and found she had been dreaming. She made up her mind she would not be so selfish. When she got up and went into the kitchen where she smelt the turkey and pies and other good things cooking it made her think what a nice Xmas dinner she would have. She told her mamma her dream and asked her if she could not take her old doll and picture book and some cards and give to some poor girl. Fred, her brother, who had been listening to the conversation, said he would give his last winter's skates and sled too. Elsie got a large basket and put the things in it, and mamma put in some apples and cakes; and Fred and Elsie started off with the basket on the sled. They went a short distance down the street where stood some rather old looking houses. They went up to one of them and knocked. A tired and thin looking woman came to the door and asked them in. The room which they entered was poorly furnished; there was an old table in one corner of the room, two broken chairs in another part of the room on which two boys sat, aged 10 and 6; in another corner was a bed on which a little girl lay. She was very pale and thin. There was hardly any fire in the stove. The mother was trying to make a doll out

of rags for her little girl. Elsie gave the little girl her doll and picture, and Fred gave her skates to the oldest boy and his sled to the youngest. The mother said she was very thankful to them, and she hoped God would bless them, for it had been a great many Xmas since they had got any presents. When they reached home their mother was made glad with the account they gave of what they did. Next morning when they awoke Elsie saw a nice big doll, just like the one Santa Claus had, in a little rocking chair. Fred got a bicycle and a sled. Elsie told her mamma she guessed Santa Claus knew she was going to try and do better. After breakfast they went to see the poor children again and took them a nice Christmas dinner. That night when they went to bed they told their mother they never had such a happy Christmas before.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. (BY L. FRANCES BARNES (AGED 12 YRS), BATH, CAR. CO.)

The first certain traces of the celebration of this day as the birthday of Christ are found about the reign of the Emperor Commodus (180-192 A. D.). While he was keeping court at Nicomedia he learned that a multitude of people were assembled in the city celebrating the birth of Christ, and having ordered the church door to be shut, he set fire to the building and all the worshippers perished in the flames. I am glad we do not have such rulers in these days. I think Christmas is the happiest time in the year. Chambers in his Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge, thinks that "it is almost certain that the 25th of December is not the real birth of Christ as it comes in the height of the rainy season in Judea and that the shepherds would hardly be watching their flocks by night on the plains." If it is not the real birthday of Jesus, I think it is pleasant to celebrate it as such. For while we are receiving presents from our friends and giving presents to them it helps us to remember God's great gift to man—of his only begotten Son, and as that was an occasion of great joy to the world, so may we make it an occasion of gladness and pleasure in our homes. I am sorry there are so many who do not spend Christmas in a respectable and pleasant way, but spend it in drunkenness and gambling and wickedness. I think we boys and girls might help to send the joys of Christmas to a good many homes by dividing our dainties with those children whose parents are too poor to provide for them as our parents do for us. The Christmas Box is a custom that is essentially English, though the making of presents at this time in the year is of great antiquity. A great many years ago the giving of Christmas boxes was carried to such an extent that it became a great nuisance, especially in London. At Christmas (1836) the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs issued a circular requesting a discontinuance of the customary gifts to the messengers of the foreign department. But I think there is no danger of Christmas boxes being too numerous in these days. I think it would be nice if boys and girls would get together and take a portion of their presents, with candies, nuts, apples, etc., and make up little Christmas boxes and send them to the poor children in the neighborhood in which they live. I think it would help them to enjoy Christmas better than if they had kept it all themselves, for they would have the pleasant thought that they had made some one else happy, and that Jesus whose birthday they are celebrating would say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me." Now I think my story is quite long enough and I shall close by wishing Uncle Ned and all my cousins of the Y. F. C. a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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