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Work, Work, My Boy.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;  
Look labor boldly in the face;  
Take up the hammer or the spade,  
And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song;  
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;  
There's merit in the brave and strong  
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,  
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;  
It moves the green boughs till they make  
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life  
Should stir our dull and sluggish wills;  
For we are not created idle  
With health, that stagnant torpor kills!

I doubt if he who lolls his head  
Where idleness and plenty meet,  
Enjoys his pillow or his bread  
As those who earn the meals they eat.

A man is never half so blest  
As when the busy day is spent  
So as to make his evening rest  
A holiday of glad content.

Show Your Colours.

"The excitement of the day was over. A splendid game of cricket, nobly contested, had been played and won. A return match had been fixed, and victors and vanquished with their friends were rapidly leaving the field and wending their way homewards. Half-a-dozen young men remained in the tent at a sort of committee meeting. The captain of the club was anxious to get up a scratch team for another club, and he had asked some of the men to remain behind and discuss the matter. There was a good deal of friendly skylarking; good-natured chaff, and boisterous skirmishing, and some of the men were eager to be off; but, after a friendly remonstrance from the captain, they were now ready to listen to his business. One young fellow was anxious to withdraw; but he was silenced by the unanimous chorus of his fellows.

"The date was fixed, and the list was nearly complete when Frank Hodgson, the best batsman in the company, said he was very sorry but he was engaged for that evening, and therefore could not play on that occasion. Remonstrance and entreaty were all to no purpose: he quietly maintained his ground, and one or two of the men gave vent to their disappointment and annoyance when they found Hodgson so unalterable.

"I know what his engagement is," said Jones; "he's going to the Bible-reading at —! I say, old fellow, wouldn't it do as well if my sister went there for you and took notes?"

"Some of the men laughed at this; but Hodgson, though he made no reply, and was quietly listening to the pleading of the captain and others, heard the bantering of Jones, and it cut him to the quick. Hodgson was a frank young fellow of fine physique, and his prowess on the cricket-field was well-known and respected. An ardent lover of the game, he appreciated the admiration of his fellows, and now he felt more than at any time of his life that his great weakness was the fear of ridicule. He dreaded the laughter of his playmates.

"There had been a series of mission services held in the parish, and Hodgson, by his regular attendance, had gained the blessing, though he scarcely realized it. He instinctively sent in his name as one of the members of the Bible-class about to be started as one result of the mission. But he shrank from any personal avowal of his inward convictions. It was easy so he thought, to go to church or even for the matter of that to the Lord's Table without being thought so very eccentric; and a quiet profession of that kind was surely better than any avowed personal confession to his personal friends. He would influence them quietly by his life and principles. Some such thoughts as these had probably passed through his mind during the days of the mission; but now, as he stood in the tent and heard the light banter of his friends, a voice seemed to whisper within his soul, 'Show your colors.'

"Ah! no; that was unnecessary surely, the time and place were alike unfitting, and another voice whispered, repeating a verse from Scripture, 'To everything there is a season' (Eccles. iii. 1). On the cricket-field amid boisterous companions, it was surely inappropriate to enter into religious matters, and sufficient to decline on the plea of being engaged.

"But suddenly Hodgson found himself with a strength of mind which seemed to lift him above all fear of ridicule. How it came about he never knew. Some one quietly said, 'Are you going to Mr. —'s Bible-reading on Wednesday?' and before he could reply he heard a voice outside saying with a sneer, 'He can't deny it.'

"Yes, I am going," said Hodgson. "And therefore, of course, I can't deny it, but why I should wish to deny it I don't know. Though," he

said falteringly, "I confess to you a few moments ago I felt rather ashamed to take you into my confidence. But now I am ashamed of that feeling. I am going to the Bible-reading regularly. No love of recreation shall ever keep me from the study of God's Word. You know," he said, looking round on the men who with subdued looks had gathered round him, "you know how fond I am of cricket, and how pleased I am always to play; but I cannot be with you on Wednesday evening, much though I should like to. However, I shall hope to join you on Saturday afternoon in the game; and, oh, I wish you dear fellows would come with me to these Bible-readings. I know and feel you would never regret it."

"Most of the men had been silent listeners, and when the captain ejaculated, 'We all respect Hodgson and his motives,' a contagious feeling of sympathy was experienced by other members. The wild member of the company shouted out, 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' but was speedily sobered by the conversation. They stood around Hodgson, who, all unconscious of the power of his words, told them frankly how spiritual truths had been borne in on his mind, and how utterly vain and insignificant all earthly pleasure was as compared with the eternal joys which the Lord Jesus had prepared for those that love and follow Him. As he spoke there seemed to burst into Hodgson's heart a regular blaze of Gospel truth, and he not only saw as he never saw during the mission but was able to explain to them, God's plan of salvation.

"The forthcoming game was forgotten until a man, one of the best bowlers, astonished everyone by asserting himself. 'We all respect Hodgson's convictions as much as we admire his play. I for one should like to go with him to this Bible-reading if our captain could dispense with me.'

"So there and then the members present resolved as far as possible to keep Wednesday as an open evening, in order not to interfere with the Bible-reading.

"More like a prayer-meeting than a cricket committee," was the half-jesting remark of the one young fellow who seemed least interested in the discussion.

"And why not, indeed?" said the captain. "Let us close with a word of prayer, and Hodgson will lead us. And as heads were bowed, the young convert poured out his soul in earnest prayer, pleading that all might by faith 'behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (John 1. 29), to the salvation of their souls and the usefulness of their lives.

"As they left the field, 'Show your colours,' was a name given with all honour to Hodgson by the young fellow who had been so ready to banter him. "Courage, brother! Be not ashamed to confess Jesus before men. The very confession will be a means of grace to you. It will be a source of blessing in your spiritual life.

Two Sides of a Question.

Ned Willis was a banker's only son. He had been so petted and flattered, it was a wonder he was not utterly spoiled, especially as he had dollars to spend where other fellows had pennies. But Ned had considerable common sense when it occurred to him to stop and think. One lovely day he went fishing. Going through the woods he passed Judge Allen, who had come out with a surveyor to see about some disputed landmark. Ned was flattered by the pleasant greeting the judge gave him, for Judge Allen was the great man of the village. By and by, when Ned got at his fishing, he began to think:

"This is the sort of man I'll be—the biggest and the most influential in the town. I ought to be mighty glad I've such a grand start. Father is rich, and when I am of age I have a lot of grandmother's money coming to me. How some fellows have to dig, and when they are forty years old they won't have what I will start with. I shall read and study more, of course, but I shall never grind away at books. I shall travel and see life, and have a yacht to go around the world in, give wine parties, and be somebody. Look at Tom Elders now! He is bright as any gentleman's son, if his father is only a poor carpenter. Tom is having to work every blessed day this vacation to pay for his school next winter. When he comes of age, if he is college educated, he will be as poor as a church mouse."

Just then the judge's loud voice

was plainly heard behind the dense foliage:

"Yes, just about the very worst thing in these days for the average boy is money or the expectation of it. Take that bright little chap that passed us just now. I knew his father when he hadn't a sixpence, but he was bound to be 'somebody.' He studied nights and drove an express-cart day-times; never spent ten cents he didn't earn until he was a man grown. He got a good education and business habits. His mother then fell heir to quite a fortune, and, knowing how to care for it, he came to be as rich as he is; but this boy of his—what a difference! Ned will know just enough not to be called a fool. He never will learn, until the knowledge is of no use to him, that money will not buy everything on earth worth having. He will inevitably grow up lazy, self-indulgent, and, nine chances to one in ten, depraved. Even now it is cigarettes and every show that comes to town. Soon it will be tobacco and treats and gambling and theatres. What will he care for business habits, even, leaving principles out of the account? He needs no business habits to acquire money. He has all he can spend without any efforts to make more. O, I tell you, money is usually a curse to a boy like Ned. I expect to live to see it has been to him."

"You won't!" ejaculated Ned, jerking his fishing-rod yards above his head. "No, you won't!" I walked off today because I had a hard algebra lesson. I'll march back again and tackle that lesson, and we'll see if I'll only just escape being a fool—may be not escape, and all because my money was a curse. We'll see, Judge Allen! And I guess tobacco and some other things will have the go-by after this. —Temperance Banner.

Child Life in Siam.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning, they do not go to the washstand to wash their faces, for the simple reason that Siamese houses can boast no such article of furniture. So our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder—for the house is built on posts—to a large jar of water with a coconut-shell dipper. There she washes her face by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face. She needs no towel, for the water is left to dry. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel-nut. Her hair does not require combing, either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot, and not often combed.

After breakfast is over, the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun. Little images of clay washed with lime are their dolls.

The boys in Siam are very fond of pitching coins, and spend much of their time in this game. They play leap-frog, and very often jump the rope. Now, that so many foreigners come to this country they have learned to play marbles, too.

In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing. At this time the Siamese, young and old, are much engaged in playing games with kites, which are fitted with whistles, and the air resounds with the noise produced by the toys and the shouts of multitudes of people engaged in the sport.

As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the Siamese boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim, which they do when they are only four or five years old. —Anon.

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. 36.

No. 205.—  
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No. 206.—Counterpane. No. 207.—Daily Gleaner.

No. 208.—"There's mady a lip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

No. 209.—  
(a) p (b) s (c) h  
c a p s p y b o a  
p a p e r s p o o l h o r s e  
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No. 210.—Holidays.

The Mystery.—No. 39.

No. 26.—ENIGMAS.  
(BY EDWIN, Cornhill).

I  
My first, is in Boston;  
My second, is in Liverpool;  
My third, is in Hampton;  
My fourth, is in St. John;  
My fifth, is in Victoria;  
My sixth, is in Africa;  
My seventh, is in Moncton;  
My eighth, is in Dover;  
My ninth is in Petitedioac;  
My whole is a town in North America

II  
In hen, not in pig;  
In sun, not in moon;  
In sell, not in buy;  
In barn, not in house.  
My whole is a river in Europe.

No. 27.—DIAMONDS.

(a) A letter; to permit; a boy's name; to attempt; a letter.

(b) A letter; an instrument for cleaning; a boy's name; a dish; a letter.

No. 228.—SQUARE WORD.

A girl's name; a space of land; to be near by; what we do when we labour.

No. 229.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Sursulaep ear keil speopeop depasa,  
Uoy zisee het wifree ait mlobo ai dseh  
ro kiel teh wsoo llaf ni hte virer a  
tmenmo weht neht smelt rof veer.

THREE BY L. F. BARNES.

No. 230.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A vowel; perhaps; a part of dress; the end; a letter.

2. A vowel; a point of time; to rub; to speak; a letter.

3. A vowel; a drink; to change; ever; a letter.

CARRIE.

No. 231.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In speak, not in talk;  
In tuck, not in hem;  
In bugle, not in horn;  
In tall, not in long;  
In lake, not in brook;  
In elk, not in horn.  
Whole is wily.

CARRIE WADE.

No. 232.—DROP VOWEL.

Th-d--m-d-n-d-th-d-rk-n-s  
Fills fr-m th-w-n-g-s-f-n-ght  
-s-f--th-r-s-ft-d-d-n-rd  
Fr-m-n--gl-n-h-s-fl-ght.

CARRIE.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has thanks for puzzles. Did not award any prize.

L. FRANCES BARNES, Bath, has our thanks for puzzles, etc.

EDWIN, Cornhill, has, also, our thanks for puzzles and solutions. Nos. 212, 214 and 217 correctly solved.

OUR LETTER BOX.

BATH, CAR. CO.,  
Sept. 19th, 1891.

TO UNCLE NED:—

I have not sent any puzzles for a long time, because I have been going to school and have not had time. I hope you will excuse me. I will try and do better after this. I see you have quite a lot of new nephews and nieces.

I remain,  
L. FRANCES BARNES.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

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Yarmouth.

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AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS  
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR  
CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.

CURE  
SICK  
HEAD  
ACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure 3 while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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