

Good Enough.

Dear boys, I want to give you A motto safe and good, 'Twill make your lives successful, If you heed it as you should. Obey it in the spirit, Obey it in the letter— Don't say a thing is "good enough" Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons, Or at your daily work, Don't be a half-way dabbler— Don't slip and slide and shirk, And think it doesn't matter That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"— Fer until your task is perfect, It is never "good enough."

If you sweep a store or stable, Be sure you go behind Every box and bale and counter; It will pay, you'll always find, To be careful, patient, thorough, Though the work be hard and rough; And when you've done your very best, 'Twill then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto, If you ever mean to work To any station higher Than a stable boy or clerk. It will make you independent, It will make you no man's debtor; Then never say "it's good enough" Till it can be no better.

The Power of Music.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Dear father," said Mary Edwards, "don't go out this evening;" and the young girl, who had scarcely numbered fourteen years, laid her hand upon the arm of her parent.

But Mr. Edwards shook her off impatiently muttering as he did so—"Can't I go where I please?" "Oh, yes, father," urged Mary, drawing up to him again, notwithstanding her repulse. "But there is going to be a storm and I wouldn't go out."

"Storm! Nonsense! That's only your pretence. But I'll be home soon—long before the rain, if it comes at all." And saying this, Mr. Edwards turned from his daughter and left the house. As soon as she was alone, Mary sat down and commenced weeping. There had been sad changes since she was ten years old. In that time her father had fallen into habits of intemperance, and not only wasted his substance, but abused his family; and sadder still, her mother had died broken-hearted, leaving her alone with a drunken father.

The young girl's trials, under these painful circumstances, were great. Night after night her father would come home intoxicated, and it was so rare a thing to get a kind word from him, that a tone of affection from his lips would move her instantly to tears. Daily the work of declension went on. Drunkenness led to idleness, and gradually Mr. Edwards and his child sank lower and lower in the scale of comfort. The pleasant home where they had lived for years was given up, and in small, poorly furnished rooms they hid themselves from observation. After this change Mr. Edwards moved along his downward way more rapidly; earning less and drinking more.

Mary grew old fast. Under severe trials and afflictions, her mind rapidly matured; and her affection for her father grew stronger and stronger, as she realized more and more fully the dreadful nature and ultimate tendency of the infatuation by which he was led.

At last, in the anguish of her concern, she ventured upon remonstrance. This brought only angry repulse, adding bitterness to her cup of sorrow. The appearance to which we have alluded, gave Mary an excuse for urging her father not to go out. How her remonstrance was received has been seen. While the poor girl sat weeping, the distant roll of thunder indicated the approach of the storm to which she had referred. But she cared little for it now. Her father had gone out. She had spoken of it only with the hope that he might have been induced to remain with her. Now that he was away, the agitation within was too great to have any concern for the turbulent elements without.

On leaving his home, Mr. Edwards, who had not taken any liquor for three or four hours, and whose appetite was sharpened by the accustomed stimulus, walked quickly in the direction of a drinking house where he usually spent his evenings. On entering he found that there was a little commotion in the bar-room. A certain individual not over-friendly to landlords, had introduced himself; and his character being known, the inmates were disposed to have a little sport with him.

"Come now, fellow," said one just

as Edwards came in—"Mount this table and make a first rate temperance speech."

"Do, and I'll treat you to the stiffest glass of toddy the landlord can mix," added another. "Or perhaps you would like mint julep or gin cocktail better? Anything you please. Make a speech and call for the liquor. I'll stand the treat."

"What d'ye say, landlord? Shall he make the speech?" said another who was eager for sport.

"Please yourselves," said the landlord, "and you'll please me."

"Very well. Now for the speech, old fellow! Here mount this table." And two or three of the most forward took hold of his arms.

"I'm not in the humor for making a speech," said the temperance man, "but, if it will please you as well, I'll sing you a song."

"Give us a song, then. Anything to accommodate. But come let's liquor first."

"No," said the other firmly, "I must sing the song first, if I sing at all."

"Don't you think your pipes will be clearer for a little drink of some kind or other?"

"Perhaps they would," was replied. "So provided you have no objection, I'll take a glass of cold water—if such a thing is known in the place."

The glass of water was presented, and then the man, who was somewhat advanced in years, prepared to give the promised song. All stood listening attentively, Edwards among the rest. The voice of the old man was low and tremulous; yet every word was uttered distinctly and with a pathos, which showed that the meaning was felt. The following well-written temperance song was the one he sang; and while his voice filled the room every other sound was hushed:—

Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long ago—long ago? Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer, Long, long ago—long ago?

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low, Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now, I am degraded, for rum was my foe— Long, long ago—long ago!

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head— Long, long ago—long ago. Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead! Long, long ago—long ago: She was an angel—my love and my guide— Vainly to save me from ruin she tried, Poor broken-hearted! 'twas well that she died Long, long ago—long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth— Long, long ago—long ago. I was no stranger to virtue and truth, Long, long ago—long ago. Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day! Oh, for the joys that were purer than they! Oh, for the hours that I've squandered away— Long, long ago—long ago."

The silence that prevailed in the room when the old man's voice died, or might rather be said, sobbed away, was the silence of death. His own heart was touched, for he wiped his eyes, from which the tears had started. Pausing scarcely a moment he moved slowly from the room, and left his audience to their own reflections. There was not one of them who was not more or less affected, but the deepest impression had been made on the heart of Edwards. The song seemed as if it had been made for him. The second verse, particularly, went thrilling to the very centre of his feelings:—

"Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head!"

How suddenly arose before him the sorrow-stricken form of the wife of his youth at these words! and when the old man's voice faltered on the line—"Poor broken-hearted! 'twas well that she died!"

the anguish of his spirit was so great, 't'at he only kept himself from sobbing aloud by a strong effort at self-control. Ere the spell was broken, or a word uttered by any one, he arose and left the house.

For many minutes after her father's departure, Mary sat weeping bitterly. Tenderly did she love her parent, but this love was only a source of the keenest anguish, for she saw him swiftly passing along the road to destruction without the power to save him.

Grief wastes itself by its own violence. So it was in this instance. The tears of Mary were at length dried; her sobs were hushed, and she was about rising from her chair, when a blinding flash of lightning darted into the room, followed instantly by a deafening jar of thunder.

"Oh, if father were home!" she murmured, clasping her hands together.

Even while she stood in this atti-

tude the door opened quietly and Mr. Edwards entered.

"I thought you would be afraid Mary, and so I came home," said he in a kind voice.

Mary looked at him with surprise. This was soon changed to joy as she perceived that he was perfectly sober.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, unable to control her feelings, and leaning her face on his breast as she spoke—"if you would never go away!"

Tenderly did the father draw his arm round his weeping child, and kissed her pure forehead.

"Mary," said he as calmly as he could speak, "for your mother's sake"—but he could not finish the sentence. His voice quivered, and became inarticulate.

Solemnly, in the silence of his own heart, did the father, as he stood thus with his child in his arms, repeat the vows he had already taken. And he kept his vows.

Wonderful is the power of music! It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from God and should ever be used in a good cause.

Child Heroism.

Two touching occurrences are reported in the English papers illustrating the pathetic heroism sometimes to be found in children. The wonderful presence of mind, fortitude and self-command shown in both cases awaken a sense almost of reverence towards the little lads who, each in his own way, risked his own life to save others.

The first is the account of an inquest held at Walthamstow, near London, on Henry James Bristow, aged eight years. This little boy had been left alone in the house with a younger sister of three, their mother having gone out on an errand. In her absence the little girl climbed on a chair to reach a paraffine lamp and upset it over her clothes, which, of course, took fire at once. The boy immediately tore them off her and laid her upon the bed; but in lifting her on the bed his own clothes caught fire, and it took the child a long time to tear them off, which, however, he at last succeeded in doing, but not till he was so seriously hurt that, though taken at once to a hospital, he died within a week. His little sister's life he succeeded in saving.

By a curious coincidence about the same time the story of another almost equally brave little man is reported from Folkestone, where a cottage in which a whole family were sleeping was carried away in a landslide, burying in its ruins the father, mother and infant sister of the youthful hero. When the accident took place William Heyward, aged only ten, was sleeping in the same room with his sister Jane, aged eight, and a little brother just one year and eight months old. He woke up feeling very cold, and found that he was lying in the open field with nothing over him. His first thought was to call for his sister and baby brother, and, hearing their answering cries, he went to them, and lifted off a large piece of thatch from the roof, which covered them. Then taking the baby in his arms, his sister leading the way, the three children made their way, in the darkness and the rain, and over fences and wattles to a neighbour's house, who got up, heard their story, made a fire and then put the children into his own bed. The child was so occupied with his own care that he did not seem to think, as he said, about his father and mother. The coroner might well commend this brave little boy who showed such presence of mind, and told in the court so simple and straightforward a story. The mayor of Folkestone has formed a committee to raise a fund for the maintenance of the little orphans.

A Brave Kangaroo.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At last she approached the water-pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement; for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo—New York Telegram.

Young Peoples' Column.

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

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 10.

No. 53.—v rat rolis rozette valentine titters stirs ens e

No. 54.—1. Ass. 2. Herod. 2. Shem 4. Ham.

No. 55.—Miss Hooper No. 56.—Whip pou-will.

No. 57.—C. E. BLACK.

The Mystery—No. 13.

No. 69.—BIBLE QUESTION. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Where are "gold, silver, precious stones, pearls, fine linen, purple, scarlet, silk, wood, ivory, brass, iron, and marble" mentioned in one verse?

No. 70.—DROP LETTERS. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"H-r-h-e-e-n-r-o-e-s-o-a-u-k-e-s-o-r-v-l-r-n-r-v-o-t-o-e-r-h-b-i-h-r-t-h-k-n-d-m-f-o."

No. 71.—TRANSPOSITION. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Eh halt yubs a eshuo dyrai rowught thae yman a nipa dbai roe ghtuon.

No. 72.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. (BY "FANSY," F'ton Junction.)

In knit, not in sew; In tub, not in pail; In red, not in blue; In kneel, not in stand; In eat, not in drink; In key, not in lock. Whole is a domestic fowl.

No. 73.—TRANSPOSITION. (BY "FANSY," F'ton Junction.)

Thaw meit teh sady sedek hte urege, Yht tceain covci ew rahe: Tash uho a rats ot udeig hyt hatp, Roe rank teh glolrin reya?

No. 74.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

My 1, 2, 3, 6 is to lend. My 12, 13, 4, 1 is part of the foot. My 1, 4, 8, 3, 7 is to go away. My 6, 7, 8, 11 is tidy. My 3, 4, 8, 1 is a calf. My 11, 12, 14, 13, 7 is a number. My whole, fourteen letters, is a command of God.

No. 75.—DIAMOND PUZZLES. (BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

(a) 1. A letter. 2. A pouch. 3. A tool. 4. What a traveller carries with him. 5. An organ of the body. 6. Past. 7. A letter. (b) 1. A letter. 2. A hoard. 3. A colourless fluid. 4. A silly fellow. 5. A letter.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has thanks for nice batch of puzzles. Come again.

"FANSY," F'ton Junction, will also accept thanks for nice puzzles. Nos. 61 and 62 correctly solved.

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