

The Sum of it All.

The boy that by accident grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction.
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving
To sure success at all will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

—Dr. Ray Palmer.

A Wish.

I'd like to be, for a day,
A little girl I used to know—
A little girl who used to play
With happy heart and cheeks aglow,
In frock of dim blue calico.

I'd like to go again and look
Where slender spindwells used to grow,
And dangle o'er the meadow brook
Their tender blue, long, long ago—
Where played a child in calico.

Where painted cups made fiery dew
On grassy knolls, in meadows low,
I'd look for butterflies that knew
Their tender blue, long, long ago—
Where played a child in calico.

With tousled hair and sunburned face,
I'd let the breezes o'er me blow,
And watch field spillers spin their lace,
And meadow-larks toss 'o and fro,
As did the child in calico.

But I am dreaming idle dreams;
'Tis but a radiant afterglow
That in my memory glints and gleams,
The past is dead. I know, I know!
And where's the girl in calico?

—Morning Star.

John's Victory.

BY ANNIE A. CHESNEY.

The school-room showed signs of great excitement. To be sure, that had not been wanting any time during the past two weeks, for an entertainment to which an admission fee is to be charged is at all times an exciting affair, and each day new questions about the dial, or the drill, or the choruses, came up for discussion and settlement. But the commotion of which I speak was not even to be explained by the fact that the great day itself had arrived, for notice the looks of vexation on all faces, and coming nearer some of the groups which are standing in various parts of the room hear the exclamations—

"I think it's too mean for any thing."
"He might play anyway, even if he won't speak or sing." "Don't you think Miss Clark will make him take part?" and so on.

In the mean time the subject of these remarks, John Crawford, the largest boy in the school, was at home feeling more unhappy, I am sure, than those whose pleasure he was spoiling. John was a good natured, large-hearted boy, very popular with the rest of the pupils and his popularity had been greatly increased by his share in the entertainment in question. Not only was he to be one of the chief characters in the boys' dialogue, and sing a solo, but he was to play for the other singers, and also for the girls' fan drill. Into all these he had entered with great spirit, and everything promised to be highly successful when this happened.

The day before the one on which the entertainment was to come off, Miss Clark had given John a mark which he thought he did not deserve. And now John's evil genius was uppermost. He would show Miss Clark what he would do, or rather what he would not do.

"Say," he called to one of the girls in the fan drill, as he was going home that afternoon, "you'll have to get someone else to play for you to-morrow. I'm not coming to the entertainment."

His resolution seemed to gather strength as he gave it voice, and he repeated it to other boys and girls, most of whom tried to coax him to give in. One or two came back to the teacher to tell the news, but she listened without comment, thinking that when the time came John would repent of his words and all would be right.

The entertainment was to take the place of the regular exercises of the afternoon. When the pupils were dismissed, at noon, they were told to re-assemble, as usual, at one o'clock, although the programme was not to begin until half-past one. When John and his brother Raymond went home to lunch they found their mother ready to return with them to school, but, though Raymond, as soon as he had eaten, hurried to his room to don his best clothes, John made no movement to accompany him.

"You haven't any time to spare," said his mother glancing toward the clock.

"I'm not going," said John, sulkily. "Why, what in the world is the matter?" asked Mrs. Crawford.

Then John burst forth and told his grievance. Miss Clark had called on him to recite, and he did not know her question. She would not repeat it, but marked him a total failure. He was not inattentive, but had really not heard her.

"Did you tell her so?" asked his mother.

"Yes," replied John, rather reluct-

antly, "and she only said that I had not heard her a good many times lately."

"And is that true?" queried Mrs. Crawford.

"Yes," admitted her son, "but I was listening yesterday."

"John, suppose Miss Clark had been unjust to you, what has that to do with your not taking part in the entertainment?"

"Why, if she is so mean, I am not going to do anything for her."

"That is, if she is mean, as you call it, you are going to be mean too? You know that is neither right nor manly; besides you are gaining nothing by acting so; your mark is not taken off."

You only saw Miss Clark, disappointed the boys and girls, and, I am sure, you do not make yourself any happier."

Raymond's step was heard on the stairs. Mrs. Crawford continued:

"I will not say you must take part, for if you do not do so freely and cheerfully it will be worth nothing, but you must return to school this afternoon, as I do not want any absent marks against you."

Raymond came in as she finished speaking, and the two passed out together, leaving John alone.

He knew all that his mother said was true; it was meant to spoil the entertainment, and, after all, if Miss Clark had been mistaken yesterday, it was no great wonder, for she was always speaking to him for inattention. He believed he would dress, get his banjo and take his place among the performers. But then came the thought that he had told so many of the fellows that he would not sing or play. What a ninny they would think him, and how they would tease him after it was all over. No, he couldn't stand that. Seizing his hat he hurried along and entered the school room, where Miss Clark was anxiously awaiting him.

Her heart sank when she saw that he wore his school suit, and still worse, that he carried no banjo. The school had not yet been called to order but John took his seat and was soon surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls. Somehow it did not seem such a fine, brave thing to do now that he saw their disappointment and caught a glimpse of Miss Clark's worried face. He answered the pupils sullenly enough, and, angry and indignant, they gradually left him.

Miss Clark was helpless. The afternoon would be ruined if John persisted in his stubbornness, and yet she felt, as his mother had done, that it was no time to command obedience. But she would give him a chance to conquer himself. Calling him in the hall she placed her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Is it true that you have not brought your banjo, and do not intend to play?"

The boy's eyes filled. He was not so brave, or rather so hard-hearted as he had supposed, but he answered:

"I don't think you should have marked me yesterday when I told you that I was listening."

"Ought that to influence your action in this affair, John?"

"No, Miss Clark, it ought not. I have done a lot of mean things, but I think I never did anything as mean as this," and the tears were in danger of overflowing.

Miss Clark, could have hugged the boy to see his better nature triumph so completely, and then too, the relief on her own account was great. But she postponed any sympathy or praise, for the moments were precious.

"You will have time to run home for your banjo," she said, "and if you are a little late we will wait for you."

Her smiling face, as she re-entered the room, told the pleasant news without the need of words, and bright, happy looks were reflected on all sides. The pupils were in their seats when, exactly at half-past one, John appeared in the doorway. He was breathless, but his face beamed with pleasant excitement. He had changed his clothes, and had stopped to gather a rose for his coat; best of all, the banjo was under his arm.

As the children caught sight of him they greeted him with a vigorous clapping of hands, in which the teacher joined heartily. Flushed and smiling he walked to his place, and it is safe to say that no applause won by him in the exhibition which followed sounded half so sweet as this given in honor of his mastery over anger and self-will.

—The Presbyterian.

A Faithful Apprentice.

An electrical machine was in the window of a scientific instrument maker's shop, and a youth stood looking at it with eager eyes. He was observing every part with intense curiosity. At length, after a long absorbing gaze, a neighborhood clock struck; he started like one awakened from a sleep, and ran with all speed to his master's workshop. The boy was the son of a workman, a blacksmith, was

intended also for a workman, but at not quite so laborious a trade. As he was not strong enough for this, he was apprenticed to a book-binder. He was a diligent youth, fond of work in business hours, and as fond of a book in leisure hours.

His master, noticing this, encouraged him and, while his fellow-workers were smoking or card-playing during the dinner hour, he was storing his mind with profitable reading. The books he loved most to read were such as treated on scientific subjects. Books on chemistry, and more especially on the wonders of electricity, he greedily devoured.

One day he found the shop window, with the electrical machine, and at every spare moment he haunted that window, taking the shape and measure of every knob and wire and wheel and plate with earnest eye. Then he resolved to try and make one for himself. So by the light of the early summer mornings he was up and working away at his machine. In time he completed it, and found it would act. He touched the brass knob, and the shock that went through him was nothing compared to the joy that throbbed in his heart at seeing the success of his work.

He showed it to his master, who, being a kind and sensible man, was pleased and surprised at the ingenuity of the lad. The master was fond of showing the electrical apparatus of his industrious apprentice to every person likely to be interested in a clever youth. Among them were some members of the Royal Society, who secured for the youth now and then a ticket to the exhibition. On one of these occasions, when he had become a young man, he witnessed some of Sir Humphry Davy's wonderful experiments in chemistry. Our youth did not know which to admire most, the beautiful apparatus, the wonderful experiments, or the eloquent lecture, all so new to him. But it was for the lecturer himself that he had the greatest admiration. From his reading he knew that Sir Humphry Davy was not born of rich parents, but that he was a self-taught and self-made man, and the wish came into his heart, Oh that I could follow in the steps of such a man!

So strongly did this wish take hold of him that he determined to try to write a letter to the great chemist, telling him he wished to follow some other trade than that to which he had been apprenticed, that he loved science and would think himself happy to be employed in any way in the laboratory of so great a man.

It was a bold step; and the letter so impressed Sir Humphry that he at once made inquiries concerning him. His master, though reluctant to part with his faithful apprentice, was glad to speak a word for him, and called the chemist's attention to the electrical machine. The result was that he was taken into the laboratory of the great man, and made such good use of his time and opportunities that, when Sir Humphry died, leaving a name dear to the philanthropist as well as the man of science, his place was filled by this youth, now a wise man grown, and his lectures were attended by great and learned men of all countries; for his name was Prof. Faraday.—Ex.

RECIPE for doughnuts which is as old as my grandmother. Three eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sour cream, 1 cup butter-milk, 2 ounces of butter, 6 ounces of sugar, 1 pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg, saleratus to foam and flour to handle well. Cut in strips, twist into six inch lengths and fry them in sweet lard.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

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

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OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 20.

No. 111.—George.

No. 112.—I.—Devils not evil against thy neighbour seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.

II. The wise shall inherit glory; but shame shall be the promotion of fools.

III. Enter not in the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

IV. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.

V. He shall die without instruction and in the greatness of his folly shall he go astray.

VI. Go to the ant thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise.

No. 113.—Water. No. 114.—Milton.

No. 115.—

"The Father himself is speaking
To thee in his love to-day;
I trust that his words will send thee
Triumphantly on thy way."

—The Mystery.—No. 23.—

No. 125.—CROSS-WORD.

(BY M. R. MCLEOD, F'ton.)

In morn's, not in eve's;
In flowers, not in leaves;
In rook, not in cow;
In Nell, not in Floe;
In ink, not in pen;
In now, also in then;
In get, also in give;
Whole, has not very long to live.

No. 126.—PIES.

(BY J. D. BENNETT, Kingsley.)

a
Thread rittresh pu firtes: the elvo
reetovch lal nias.

b
Gnlyi plis rea batnaminio ot het
dlor btu yhte htto adel luryl rae sh
lghdtie.

c
Eh stom vies hwo khtsin tmos lesefe
het bonset tasc hte tebs.

d
Anicmhu saey vaeh node ti trou
het talae fo asht ey vaeh node ti trou
me.

e
Hyte hatt wso in rstae asall prea ni
yjo.

No. 127.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In new, not in old;
In night, not in day;
In vice, not in folly;
In little, not in big;
In lame, not in weak;
In open, not in shut;
In pin, not in needle;
In empty, not in full;
In stand, not in fall;
Whole are useful articles.

No. 128.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A letter; a verb; to shatter; part of the body; a letter.
2. A letter; a fixed point of time; to look crossly; wonder; a letter.
3. A letter; a drink; to change; ever; a letter. 2 BY CARRIE WADE.

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE AWARDS.

The following are the successful contestants in the late prize contest.

1st Division—12 years and under—
Reginald R. Gates, aged 10, Middleton, N. S., who correctly answers five and two-thirds puzzles and sends six original puzzles.

2nd Division—12 years to 15 years—
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