

The Right Sort of a Boy.

He is the boy who is not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk;

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day;

The boys who always means to do
The very best he can,
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

—Selected.

The Broken Saw.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys,—they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit: so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard,—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always hard to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age: nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He doesn't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting, and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy; "he was afraid. Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd better have owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel, and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house, the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid, if I put it off, I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot; then, stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand: shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke: it shows the mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to live with. "It was his conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—Scotch Tract.

EXCLUDED.

"Why did you and the little Brown girls go off by yourselves this morning, and leave Susie Smith crying on the corner?" asked a young girl of her little sister the other day. "She wanted to go with you, and was almost heart-broken when you laughed at her and wouldn't let her come. She leaned

her head against the fence post, and sobbed for nearly half an hour after you were out of sight. What made you treat her so? What had she done?"

"She hadn't done anything," answered the little sister, half sulkily and half apologetically. "Only we had a secret, and she wasn't in it, and we didn't want her tagging round."

"Tagging round!" echoed the elder, hotly. "I should like to know what harm it would do if she did tag you round, poor child? I don't believe your precious secret was anything she couldn't have known just as well as the Brown children. Something about that Christmas fair, I suppose. It was cruel to shut poor little Susie out of the good time and make her miserable."

A silence followed this reproach, broken by the girl's mother speaking from the next room to ask how the new Charade Club was coming on, and who had been elected at the last meeting. The answers to these questions turned the conversation in another direction, and the elder girl chattered gayly about the new scheme for some minutes before her mother asked if the Jones sisters had been invited to join.

"The Jones girls? Why, no. Nobody knows them very well, and there are enough without them."

"But perhaps they would like to belong."

"I dare say they would, and they are pleasant enough and well-bred, and clever, and all that sort of thing; but they have never been exactly in our set, and the club is a little bit exclusive. They really have no claim to be asked. It isn't ever very easy to explain that sort of thing; but you understand, don't you, mother? You see how it is?"

"I see exactly how it is," was the quiet reply. "They haven't done anything to deserve exclusion, and are particularly fitted to belong; but you have a club, and they shan't be in it, and you don't want them tagging round. It is perfectly safe, my dear; they are too old to enlist sympathy by crying on the corner."

Big sister and little sister exchanged startled glances, and the elder opened her mouth to speak, but changed her mind and shut it again in silence; but little Susie Smith was initiated into the Christmas secret next day, and before the month was out the Jones girls were elected to the too exclusive Charade Club, at the suggestion of that member who had been assisted to imagine their feelings by the sight of Susie's tears bedewing the front fence.

Sarah Simonds' Scholar.

A little girl who resides on Long Island sent the following story not long ago to the *St. Nicholas*. She explained that she composed the story with the assistance of her mother, without using a dictionary, with words beginning only with "S".

"Sarah Simonds sought some Sunday-school scholars. Scholars seldom sit still," said she, so she selected six straightforward, sober, steady, serious—save Stella Stark's small sister Susan. Susan seemed stubborn, sullen. Stella started scolding. Seeing she seemed sorry, she soon stopped—said sweet, soothing sentences.

"Soon she seemed satisfied, serene. So Stella spun some startling stories. She said she saw seven ships sailing southward Sunday.

"Suddenly she saw some ships slowly sinking. She screamed several seconds. Strangely she saw six sailors swim swiftly shoreward, seeking succor. Sad scene! Six sole survivors! She simply said, 'Sabbath-breaking!'"

"Susan sighed."

Judge Not.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room, where his mother was sewing. "Sydney is breaking a Commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal,'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother, in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"Oh," said mamma, in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here Jack," and taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a Commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sydney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say No.

Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are; you think you

would not break a Commandment, but because you are so able to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true, about any one; but Sydney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it." At that moment the door opened, Sydney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he were ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.—*Sunbeam*.

Helps to Remember.

The trouble with such devices as "tying a string on the finger" to make you remember some errand is that those who resort to such means usually have such very poor memories that they cannot remember what the string was put on for! The experience of a girl who declared she never could remember dates is told in this way:

"Why, I have no idea when America was discovered!" she cried one night at a party. "Was it in 1776? No, that must have been when Washington was born. Tell me, somebody."

"I'll tell you how you can always remember, Mary," said a dear friend. "Learn this rhyme:

'In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue.'

Mary was delighted, and expressed her confidence that the prescription would never fail. Later in the evening, however, her friend mischievously resolved to test her memory.

"Well, Mary," said she; "I don't believe you can tell when Columbus discovered America."

"Of course I can," returned Mary, promptly, with some indignation: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-three, Columbus sailed the dark blue sea."

The best way in the world to improve a poor memory is to make it work. If you tie your right arm in a sling for a few weeks it will be of no use to you; if you make it work it grows stronger every day. To tie your memory up with strings on your fingers or rhymes in your head will not give you a good one. As long as you use crutches you will limp. A boy at school who always had to be prompted in his declamations was entirely cured by leaving his book up stairs, knowing that no one could prompt him, and that he must remember or fail utterly, he found his memory stronger than he had thought, and after that made it "walk alone."

What a Boy Accomplished.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out into the country the past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:—

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said: "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will go."

The man felt the rebuke and he said: "If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw all your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.—*Selected*.

Here I Am.

A lawyer had a cage hanging on the wall in his office, in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charley came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned the bird was gone. He asked: "Where is my bird?" Charley replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said he, "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage door was open, and he guessed that the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out: "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, and said just as plain as it could, "Here I am!" Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had

stolen the bird and had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from his own pocket which told the story of his guilt. It was a testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that the boy was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us as starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pocket, but in a mere secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our conscience will reply; and give such testimony that we cannot deny nor explain away.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, —

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OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 12.]

No. 64.—GILGAL.

No. 65.—GEOMETRY.

No. 66.—"Love your neighbour as yourself."

No. 67.—"Fear not for I am with you even unto the end of the world."

No. 68.—Fear not in the dark for the Lord is with you.

No. 69.—Clouds afar look blacker gay
Closely seen they all are gray

No. 70.—

Fain would the cat fish eat
But she is loth to wet her feet.

—[The Mystery.—No. 15.]—

No. 86.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A letter; part of the body; a boy's name; a part; a letter.
2. A letter; a verb; a musical instrument; a part of the head; a letter.
3. A letter; a distance; a useful article; a boy's name; a letter.

—[?]

No. 87.—TRANSPPOSITION.

EB odgo od dogo dan uoy liwl eb phayp.

—[?]

No. 88.—ENIGMA.

In Paris, not in London;
In Greece, not in Spain;
In Russia, not in Hungary;
In Madrid, not in Austria;
In Ireland, not in Holland;
In Norway, not in France;
In Scotland, not in Austria;
In Sweden, not in Alaska.
My whole is a flower.

—[?]

No. 89.—ENIGMA.

In axe, not in hatchet;
In down, not in up;
In deer, not in wolf;
In milk, not in cream;
In salmon, not in trout;
In lead, not in iron;
In beef, not in pork;
Whole is a girl's name.

—[?]

No. 60.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

A-l-o-k-n-n-p-l-y-a-e-j-c-a-u-b-y.

—[?]

No. 91.—PI PUZZLE.

Soyb yilgnf tskei ualh ni etrih ihtew wengid drish
Ouy atne od litat awy hnaw uroy iylgnf a abrasow.

—[?]

D. McMULKIN.

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