

A Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently plying;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's
Young People.

The Sunbeams.

"Now what shall I send to the earth to-day?"
Said the great, round, golden sun.
"O, let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the sunbeams every one.

So down to the earth in a shining crowd,
Went the merry busy crew;
They painted with splendor each floating cloud
And the sky as they passed through.

"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried;
"We'll weave a golden screen,
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the moon may peep between."

The sunbeams then in through the windows crept,
To the children in their beds;
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all their little heads.

"Wake up, little children," they cried in glee,
"And from dreamland come away;
We've brought you a present; wake up and see:
We have brought a sunny day!"

—The Kindergarten.

TED.

BY RAY RIPLEY.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now."

Clearly and sweetly the words, sung by happy childish voices, floated out through the open windows of the little district school house upon the still summer air. A Sabbath calm brooded over the fair landscape which lay smiling in the level rays of the afternoon sun; a silence unbroken save for the cheerful chirp of a cricket hidden in the grass and the low hum of a great bee hovering over a wild rose blooming in solitary beauty by the road side.

Two persons only appeared in sight: a young man standing with bent head and abstracted manner beneath the sheltering boughs of a silver birch which grew close by one of the schoolhouse windows; the other a barefooted boy, whose wiry figure was neatly balanced on a Virginia rail fence hard by.

As the last words of the hymn died away upon the breeze the stranger, looking up, encountered the sharp gaze of a pair of bright hazel eyes. "How long has that youth been making me a subject of contemplation, I wonder? was his first thought; then, obeying a sudden impulse, he stepped forward and addressed the boy.

"How is it that you're this side of the schoolhouse door?" he asked pleasantly.

"Me? Well that's a good 'un. No, I never go to Sunday-school. Why, sir?" and the boy emphasized the last word by a decided negative motion of his head, thereby nearly losing his equilibrium.

"So you don't believe in Sunday-schools?" queried his interlocutor, smiling.

"No, can't say as I do. They're well enough for little shavers, but a chap of my size wants something livelier."

"And sitting all alone here on a fence with nothing in the world to do quite comes up to your idea of a lively time?" and the stranger keenly eyed the sunburned lad before him as he spoke.

The boy removed his tattered straw hat and ran his fingers through his bushy hair before he made answer slowly. "You've got me there, mister. Fact is, the only reason you makes me come here is because I've nowhere else to go. Hilton's a dreadful slow kind of a place anyway," he added confidentially, yielding to some subtle attraction in the man, total stranger that he

was. "And Sunday's the worst of all; then there's nothing going on."

"Except—" and the speaker pointed significantly at the schoolhouse. The boy nodded and laughed. "And now, if we tell each other our names, I think we'll get on better. Mine is Marvin Osborne, and yours—?"

"Ted Colburn."

"And how old are you, Ted?"

"Fourteen last March," with an air of conscious pride.

"And I am just twice fourteen," Osborne said, as if half to himself, adding after a slight pause, "As you haven't anything better to do, Ted, shall we stretch ourselves under that oak yonder while I tell you a story?"

This proposal young Colburn accepted with an eager alacrity, and they threw themselves at the foot of the ancient tree. Ted, whose stock of a certain virtue was small, waited with ill-concealed patience for the story to begin; but Osborne's eyes were riveted on the schoolhouse and he had apparently forgotten his promise. A jerky twist of the figure beside him recalled his wandering thoughts, and he began, "Once upon a time—"

"That's first rate," interpolated the listener with such unmistakable satisfaction in his voice that Osborne laughed as he went on.

"There was a boy who lived in the country. He had to work on his uncle's farm—"

"Just like me," interrupted Ted again. "But, I say, where was his dad?"

"His father and mother died before he was ten years old, and then his uncle took this boy—Abe we'll call him—and gave him a home. Abe had plenty to eat and drink and wear and could go to school in winter, although he did have to work pretty hard through the summer. But he didn't make the most, even hardly the least, of his chances. He wasted his time drawing horses and dogs on his slate instead of doing his examples, and after a while his teacher gave him up in despair. As this didn't suit Abe either, he revenged himself by giving her as much trouble as he knew how, which, as he devoted all his energies to the matter, was considerable. This was the winter he was fourteen; quite old enough to know a great deal better, don't you think so, Ted?"

"Yes, sir," and the boy gazed intently at the acorn he was carefully detaching from its cup. Osborne, however, noted the flush on the brown cheek.

"Seeing that Abe made no progress with his studies, his uncle took him from school early in the spring and set him to planting potatoes, hoping in this way to keep him out of mischief. But Abe, though he did his work fairly well, consoled himself with entertaining visions of the happy moment when he could go out into the wide busy world and carve his fortune as his own master. But this blissful period being yet afar off, Abe was obliged to go on with hoeing and do his daily chores."

"Now Abe's uncle kept a few boards during the summer, but Abe usually paid little attention to them. This year two young ladies were to stay at the farmhouse, and to Abe the prospect of having a couple of city girls around was dismal enough, especially as he had been informed that one of them was an invalid, and he firmly resolved to have as little as possible to do with them. This resolution, however, he didn't keep, for the very next day after they came Miss Sadie asked him to drive her to the village, and by the time they had reached it she and Abe had become the best of friends. Just how she managed it he never knew, but before the end of the drive he had told her a great deal about himself, and as she seemed really interested he confided to her his positive intention of leaving the farm as soon as ever he could. Though Miss Sadie looked rather grave when she heard this, she only asked him if he liked to read, and offered to lend him some books. On hearing this Abe, who had prepared himself for a lecture, congratulated himself on his escape, and promptly voted her 'altogether jolly' on the spot; and he didn't change his opinion, though one thing she did want sorely against his grain at first."

"What was that?" inquired Ted with an air of flattering interest.

"Why, she started a sort of Sunday school in the old schoolhouse, and after much coaxing she persuaded Abe to help, and finally to come to it himself. You see, Ted, the boys of the neighborhood used to go fishing and berrying Sunday afternoons, and Miss Sadie's idea was to get them to come to the schoolhouse and spend an hour or so in telling them Bible stories and teaching them familiar hymns. Of course she couldn't do all this alone very well, so she pressed Abe into the service, having him go round with her when she visited the children. But there was one trouble: Abe, though

willing enough to invite others, was not willing to go himself.

"But, Abe," urged patient Miss Sadie, "how will it do for you to tell Matt Thompson to come to Sunday-school (Matt was Abe's particular chum) and then say no yourself when he asks you if you're going to be there?"

Abe acknowledged himself cornered.

"Besides," and Miss Sadie put both hands on his shoulders and her clear eyes looked straight into his, "when I leave here I want you to carry on the work which I can only begin, and to do this you must enlist under the banner of the cross and be ready to bravely defend the Captain whose soldier you will be."

"Abe's eyes wavered, then fell, and muttering something to the effect that he'd 'think it over and see,' he hastily retreated to the shelter of the barn, his ark of refuge in all seasons of doubt or perplexity."

"And did the chap really turn over a new leaf?" asked Ted as Osborne paused.

"Yes Abe has never forgotten that hour he spent up in the hayloft, where he did his first serious thinking and realized how vague his notions of right and wrong had been. From that day he honestly tried to be a better boy; he helped Miss Sadie all he could; but she did more for him than he ever can repay."

"Wish I could ha' known that feller," and Ted drew a long breath; it sounded suspiciously like a sigh.

"You have already made his acquaintance," returned Osborne, smiling at the amazed expression which this announcement evoked.

"You, mister?" and the hazel eyes opened to their widest possible extent. "Then you left the old farm after all?" eagerly.

"Yes, I worked my way through college and then studied law. But do you suppose I had any reason for giving you this bit of my own experience, Ted?" Osborne had to wait a long time for an answer to his question. Ted lay motionless as a statue, with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

He too was doing his first serious thinking. How many times he had been trout-fishing and blackberrying on Sunday! He owned a Bible certainly, and he read it once in a while. Wasn't there something in it about keeping the Sabbath day holy?

"Botheration!" Ted suddenly sat erect and cast away his hat with an air of fierce determination. "I s'pose, mister, you've told it to me because yer wanted me to strike off on a new track."

"Exactly," smiled Osborne. Just veer round and set sail for the only safe port where we shall all want to anchor by-and-by. Take Christ for your Captain, and you need not fear contrary winds and counter-currents. Will you do this, Ted?"

And this time there was no hesitation as the response came in a clear, ringing tone, "I will!"

And so abbs away this day that will be forever memorable to Ted Colburn as the turning point in his career.

The Lad That Wins.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

In my rambles through the fields of Northern tradition, I meet a lad I should like every American youth to know. He has eyes that see and ears that hear, a retentive mind, a kind heart, a bright intellect, a will to make the most of the talents that have been intrusted to him. There is a lesson for him in everything with which he comes into contact. He is a close observer, and is always ready to mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

His elder brothers are heedless conceited fellows, who consider themselves above noticing the petty affairs of every-day life, and waste their days waiting for some great good fortune to turn up. They have a contempt for their younger brother because he is so painstaking in the performance of services that to them seem menial. He is always busy. Even when apparently idle, he is thinking and planning. When he lies by the hearth of an evening, dreamily poking the ashes, he finds helpful hints in the bright light of the glowing coals, and is searching for hidden treasures.

He finds them, too; and, in the course of time, his brothers are compelled to respect him. By perseverance and earnest determination, he succeeds, when every one else has failed, in cutting down the huge oak that has long shut out God's sunshine from the king's palace. It is he who discovers the mysterious source of the crystal spring, and turns its blessed waters into the well at the palace. He gains the golden apples from the charming princess, who sits on the lofty hill of glass, because he has tamed and brought under his control the fiery steed that alone can scale the hazardous heights. He slays whatever giant may assail him, because he wields the invincible sword given him as a re-

ward of merit. He does not wait for something great to come to him: he works his way upward from small to great things. In the words of the proverb, whatever his hand finds to do he does with his might. He grasps the golden opportunities, the rare prizes that lie strewn about every path.

It is not strange that he wins the princess and half the kingdom, that he becomes prosperous, blessed, and happy, while his brothers are absolute failures. They scornfully called him "Ashes-lad," when they were all young together; but they lived to see his toil-stained garments give place to radiant raiment, that, beautiful though it might be, was far less beautiful than the strong, pure character he had developed.

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OUR MOTTO: ON WARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—Nos. 27.]

No. 148.—(1) "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

(2) "All power is given unto me both in heaven and in earth."

(3) "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

(4) "Because I live, ye shall live also."

(5) So, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

No. 149.—(1) a (2) p
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No. 150.—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee."

No. 151.—Ida, James, Howard, Helen.

No. 152.—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion."

—[The Mystery.—No. 30.]—

No. 158.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In bread, not in cake;
In tar, not in pitch;
In pint, not in cup;
In calf, not in cow;
In pen not in dish;
In Mary, not in Bessie.
Whole is a fruit.

J. F. KNOWLES.
—:—
No. 159.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 is a city in England.
My 19, 3, 24 means sovereign.
My 6, 7, 20 is to tell an untrue story.
My 8, 22, 23, 10, 4 is a mistake.
My 11, 7, 9, 8 is a musical instrument.

My 2, 7, 1 is to strike a person.
My whole is a piece by Macaulay.
—:—
No. 160.—ENIGMA.
My 1st is in rat, and also in cat;
My 2nd is in rug, but not in mat;
My 3rd is in tear, but not in rip;
My 4th is in jump, but not in skip;
My 5th is in mare, but not in horse;
My 6th is in journey, but not in course;
My whole is a season.

2 BY MYRA MCLEOD.
—:—
No. 161.—DROP-LETTER.
—a—a—
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—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

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Bayfield, Ont.

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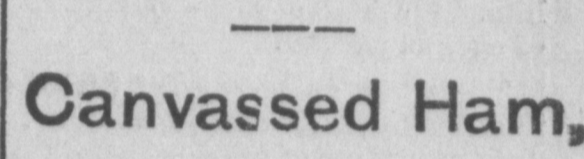
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