

Duty and Inclination.

"Stay at home," said Inclination,
"Let the errand wait."
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it snows," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty;
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden
Looked up at the sky—
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Snow unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination:
"Go," said Duty, "go."
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Forth into the snow.

You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

A True Story.

The Arnold children were in high glee. Ned came down the stairs three steps at a time, turned a somersault on the hall rug, and shouted: "Hurrah! I tell you, hurrah! Get lively now!" Margery followed, her eyes dancing and braids flying with each new impulse of delight. Priscilla, though all of five, reverted to her baby method of descent, and came half rolling, half sliding down the long flight, jabbering excitedly about something, and ended with a shrill scream. Surely something was to pay! So thought mamma and nurse, who appeared, one at the landing and one at the parlor door. "Hurrah!" continued Ned. "I tell you all, hurrah! Father's a brick!" "Ooo-oo-ee-oh!" cried Margery.

Out of doors they went with a rush, and saw—what do you suppose—the dearest little white Shetland pony. Papa stood by to enjoy the surprise and delight of the children. How they fondled the pretty creature, praising his long mane and dainty feet. Priscilla rode him all round the yard, and baby, who had just appeared in nurse's arms, poked her fingers in his eyes, as she did with all the eyes, and pulled his foretop without mercy.

Round and round the yard the pony went while the children took turns in riding, and when he was tired brought him bunches of fresh grass, ripe apples and lumps of sugar.

When night came, Ned led him proudly away to the stable, after Margery and Priscilla had put their arms about his neck and said a fond good-night, which I think the pony understood; for he laid his head softly against Margery's shoulder and gave a gentle whinny, which surely meant, "I love you."

Oh, what dreams there were that night! Ned mounted on Victor, lassoed fifty ponies on the prairies, Margery owned a stable lined with gold, furnished with beautiful cushions for the happy Victor. And the pony? I wonder if he did not dream about these dear, kind children, and about others just as dear and kind whom he had known before.

But morning came, and pony was brought out and enjoyed as much as on yesterday. Six happy days followed. Victor and his little owners were becoming very well acquainted. But one night after dinner, papa drew from his pocket a letter, and said: "It seems little Florence Whitcomb misses the pony. Her father writes: 'I never dreamed the child thought so much of him, and as we are to travel in the spring, I thought it was a good chance to place him in careful hands. But if he were not gone, sir, five hundred dollars wouldn't buy him.' You see," said papa, folding the letter, "just at the time the pony came to little Florence, her mother died, and I suppose, he was both playmate and friend."

The children were sober, and after a while Margery said: "I'm very sorry for Florence Whitcomb."

"So'm I," said Ned. "Dreadful to lose your mother."

Priscilla, seated on papa's lap, caught the words, and said: "I sorry for Florence 'tcomb. I div' the pony back, papa."

"Bless you, my darling," said papa. All were silent again. The shadows played hide-and-seek all over the room.

Ned stood at the widow, drumming on the sills. At length he said, "Wouldn't be business."

"What, Ned?" asked Margie. "Ugh! Why—er nothing." Let me be, Margie."

But Margie persisted, giving utterance to her own thoughts: "To—give back—the pony, Ned?"

"Well, yes! It's not business to do that way."

"But if mother were gone—"

"Aw, well, Margie, girls never look to business. Guess I'll go to bed. Good night, father; good night, mother. Margie you can take my book."

Soon Margie came for good night kisses, and crept softly away to her room, and nurse came for Priscilla. "The children are quiet," said papa.

"Yes," said mamma; "there's a struggle in their hearts tonight that may mean a great deal in the future lives of our little men and women. They are unselfish with each other, but here there is no obligation."

"None save that of the golden rule. I wonder if we have taught them this as carefully as we have other things?"

Morning dawned bright and beautiful. The children were to have a new cart to-day, just large enough for the pony.

"Cart comes today, Ned," said Margery.

"Yes," said Ned, but he did not look happy.

"What's the matter, Ned?"

"Oh, nothin'. Bad dreams."

"About Florence, Ned?"

"Well, yes. Tho' she was you, and—well, I'd fix a fellow who'd keep your pony, that is, if mother were gone, and you wanted him back."

"Yes, give him back, Ned: we'll always think about it if we don't and perhaps we can get another."

"Twon't ever be the same, tho'; and it's awfully—well, not like business, you know. But girls don't care for business. I say, you write her a letter and tell her we'll give him up."

Then they went in to tell mother, who said: "Do just what you think is right, my darlings. This is the only way to be happy."

The next day the postman left the daintiest little letter at Florence's home, and when the maid carried it to the nursery, she saw a little girl with a very sad face looking from the window.

"Here's a letter for my little laddy."

Florence took the letter and opened it. This was what Margery had written.

Dear Florence: Your papa says that you cried about the pony, and we've thought about how lonely you must be without him, since you haven't any sisters and brothers, and you can have the pony back again. We all love him very much, and I expect Priscilla will cry when he goes away, but she wants him to go. From,

PRISCILLA AND NED AND MARGERY.

P. S.—Ned says to say he hates awfully to let business slide so, but he thinks he'd better. (He's had bad dreams, you know, and he's always been very kind to cats.) M. A.

Florence read the letter over many times, and when her father came, carried it to him. He said: "Well, we'll have the pony back, Flossy. He shall come tomorrow."

But Florence raised her head quietly from his shoulder and said: "No, papa. I've been thinking. At first I wanted him back, but they love him too, papa, and he's really theirs, not mine. I think he'll love me yet, just as mamma does, though she's so far away."

When Florence's letter came, Ned said:

"Margery, I'm glad to keep the pony, and I'm mighty glad to see that some girls have an eye to business."

So Margery wrote again to Florence, and begged her to come and share the rides and romps with Victor. Florence did come very often, and in the summer when the children were at the seaside they sent the pony on a long visit to his former little mistress.

And this, children, is a true story of real little heroes and heroines. The world is full of just such children, who are giving up their own pleasure to make others happy. Are you one of these right royal little men and women?—N. Y. Evangelist.

The Voice Within.

A little dog is said to have forgotten how to bark. He belonged to two deaf and dumb ladies. He soon discovered that they paid no attention to his barking unless they were looking at him and saw the movements of his mouth. So he stopped barking, and when he wished to get the attention of one of his mistresses, he would go to her and pull the skirt of her gown.

He did not bark for seven years; and it seemed that he had forgotten that a dog was made to bark, and did not know how to do so. The gift of barking was gone, because he had not used it.

If we obey the "I ought," it will continue to speak to us, conscience keeps tender and awake; but if we refuse to mind it, then it becomes hardened, and seems to be dead. It is easier to do a bad thing the second time than it is the first, and much easier the third time. Conscience, like the little dog, may become silent.

Here is a story told by a clergyman: He said that when he was a little fellow he was one winter day playing with some of his boy-friends, when three cents belonging to one of them

suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," says the clergyman, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins for which we had been looking. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when conscience wouldn't keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie B— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had a right to them. Well, I finally spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken in my life. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man; but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him; and, finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now, you may perhaps think my trouble was over. But every now and then those three cents would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were those three cents right in the way. At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charlie B— that I had taken them! He was a man by this time, and so was I; but it did not matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this he could not bless me. So then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, enclosing a note for twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace." We should learn from this story that it is always best to obey our conscience.—John W. Kramer.

A Little Sunbeam.

Railroad engineers and firemen, grimy and taciturn, lead a more dangerous life than any soldier; but their occupation is prosaic, and few give them credit for heroism or the gentler feelings which make up the romantic side of human nature. Yet in their existence there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of sunshine illuminates the smoky cab. The overland train had arrived at Oakland, Cal., and the great iron engine was throbbing and puffing after the long and sinuous trip over the mountain sides and rocky defiles, lofty trestles and marshy stretches.

The din in the depot was deafening; but out of the chaos of sounds a sweet girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little, golden-haired beauty, scarcely seven years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her parents back. At last they took her by the hand, and proceeded toward the waiting ferryboat.

As they passed by the engine attached to the train, the little one broke away, ran up to the big black machine, and patted the driving-wheels affectionately with her small white hands. Then, looking up at the smokestack, she said:

"You good, big, old iron horse, you have brought back papa and mamma safe over the great mountains to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me, because I am so little. And you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully toward the grimy engineer and fireman, who were looking down at her: "I love you all." Then she kissed her hand to them, and was gone.

"Bill," said the engineer to his fireman, "what was that?"

"Peared like an angel," said the fireman, echoing the other's thought.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down in the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot, and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant; and when he turned his head, there were two light spots on his dust-be-grimed cheeks.—Exchange.

How a Fly Walks the Ceiling.

The perambulations of Master Fly are usually a subject of deep interest to children, who can not understand why he can walk safely with his head downward, while their own experience teaches them that the feet properly belong lowermost.

If the foot of a fly is put under the glass of a good microscope, it may be seen how simple is the contrivance that seems able to defy the laws of gravitation. The foot is made up of two pads, covered with fine short hairs, with a pair of curved hooks above them. Behind each pad is a tiny bag filled with clear liquid gum, the hairs also being hollow, and filled with the same sticky fluid.

As the fly glides rapidly over a smooth surface, every step presses out a supply of gum, strong enough to give him a sure footing, and to sustain him in safety if he halts. So strong is the cement that that upon one of his six feet is quite sufficient to sustain the weight of his whole body. But if he stands still the gum may dry up and harden quickly, and so securely fasten the traveller's foot as to make a sudden step snap the leg itself.

When it is remembered that each pad is furnished with at least a thousand hairs or tubes of cement, it is wonderful how many escape unharmed.

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OUR MOTTO: ON UPWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 3.]

No. 11.—E T T A
T E A R
T A M E
A R E A

No. 12.—1. Goose-berry.
2. Winter-green-berry.

No. 13.—Be old when young that you may be young when old, or old young and old long.

No. 14.—A liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man.

No. 15.—Once. Psa. III. 1.

No. 16.—Isa. 55: 13.

No. 17.—Psa. 144: 15.

[The Mystery.—No. 6.]

No. 29.—TRANSPPOSITION.
Lesbde si ehaht halsl ate dreab ni
teh gindkmo fo ogd.

No. 30.—DROP-VOWEL.
-h-s- -v-r d-th n-t b-r h-s-c-s-and
c-m- -f-r m- -c-n-n-t b- m-d- -s-pl-.

No. 31.—ENIGMA.
In tea, not in coffee;
In odd, not in even;
In black, not in white;
In ice, not in snow;
In quiver, not in bgw;
In under, not in over;
In eve, not in morn;
My whole is a river in New Brunswick.

No. 32.—JUMBLE.
Het lreay ribd thease eht ornw.

No. 33.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
Who was the last king of Judah?

No. 34.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.
-s-f -ns- -r -tms- - - - -r th.

No. 35.—TRANSPPOSITION.
Mceo rfo lal snight rae onw adeyr.

[CHAT.]

A. M. BROWN, Arthurette, has thanks for nice batch of puzzles published above—Nos. 31 to 35, inclusive. Come often, and bring more.

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