

### Those Dear Little Ones in the Pew.

In the morn of our early Sabbath,  
How I love in the church to see  
Those dear little ones who are gathered  
To worship with you and with me.

And I think that our dear old pastor,  
Whose words are so kind and true,  
Loves to see, as he gazes around him,  
Those dear little ones in the pew.

With faces so bright and happy,  
Thoughtful, rapt, and sweet,  
I think as I look upon them  
Of lilies among the wheat.

And methinks that their loving Saviour,  
Whose promise is ever true,  
Has a special love and tenderness  
For those dear little ones in the pew.

High in the music sounding  
With the organ's swelling chord,  
They raise their sweet young voices  
Trying to praise the Lord.

And I think their songs and praises  
Have a promise deep and true  
Of lives that are grand and noble,  
For those dear little ones in the pew.

When they hear from the Holy Bible,  
"Suffer the children to come,"  
They know that their tender Saviour  
Has given to them a home.

A place in the heavenly mansion,  
Where there's room for me and you;  
But close to His bosom he gathers  
Those dear little ones in the pew.

—Selected.

### Good Leading.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"What shall we do?"  
"That's just it. What shall we do?"  
The boys had gathered at Jack's  
house for a Saturday afternoon play.  
Each one of them had done his good  
share of morning's work at home, and  
now considered himself entitled to a  
good frolic.

"It's too muddy for base-ball."  
"Too slippery for leap-frog."  
"Too cold for good fishing."  
"Let's begin with 'follow the leader,'"  
proposed one.

"Perhaps we shall strike on something  
else by the time we're tired of that."

"And Jack for leader."  
It was agreed. None of them were  
old enough to sniff at such sport as  
might be found in the game. Jack  
was a popular leader, sure to lead  
sooner or later into fun of some sort.  
It was simple enough. Just to follow  
in every step the leader might take, to  
make every motion he made, to repeat  
every word he spoke. Any one who  
failed was put out.

Mother smiled as she saw the row of  
a dozen or more boys taking its way  
about the place. They stamped  
through the big barn, stopping to take  
a slide down the hay mow and to give  
a pat to the old horse spending his last  
days peacefully in his stall. They came  
through the yard with a shout and a  
laugh, each shout and each laugh  
copied after Jack's and then struck  
into a jolly song, in which, however,  
all took part together. They came up  
on the back porch for a drink of water,  
taking turn at the mat with grotesque  
motions of fear of making foot-tracks.

Then circling the house they took a  
somerset down the trellis, and with a  
louder shout went down the quiet  
village street.

"Look there!" at length exclaimed  
the leader with an earnestness which  
seemed not to belong with play. But  
still, "Look there!" "Look there!"  
"Look there!" rang down the column.

"That's a shame!" "Shame!"  
"shame," "shame," echoed along the  
line.

On the other side of a low fence was  
a little bit of a gray-haired woman  
bending over a garden bed. She was  
well known to and liked by all the  
boys, having for many years made a  
business of going to nurse in the vil-  
lage families. Not one of them but had  
been petted and made much of by  
Aunt Debby.

"Why, Aunt Debby, what does  
this mean?" asked Jack, forgetting for  
the moment his leadership. "You  
with your rheumatism! Out on such a  
damp day."

"Why, my dear boy, I mean boys,"  
she said, perceiving in her first bright  
glance toward them that it was a host  
of her friends, "you see that the  
weeds are growing in my nice little  
bed of early onions. I don't dare to  
stay out long, but by taking a row at a  
time I shall get them done."

"Follow!" cried Jack, taking a leap  
over the fence. Down on the gravel  
walk he went with a howl which turned  
Aunt Debby toward him in quick  
alarm.

"Sprained your foot?—my dear  
boy!"

But other leaps and howls came as  
each boy doubled himself up on the  
walk. The next moment a boy was  
bending over each row in the onion  
bed. It was but a short time before  
every weed had disappeared. Jack  
again heading his company as they  
carried an armful of wood apiece to  
Aunt Debby's shed kitchen.

"Hurrah!" Over the fence and off  
again with a rush on the keen outlook  
for something new. Out of the village  
and into the fields which gave room  
for more extravagant capers.

"Hello!" cried Captain Jack, as  
they ran down a hill and struck into a  
country road, "what's all this?"

"Ho, it's Jerry," was the next ex-  
clamation.

Jerry it was, sure enough, a boy  
heartily disliked by all the other boys.  
Surly and sulky, they called him,  
ready to give a snarl or growl to any  
one, never ready to do a good turn, so  
the boys declared. But none of them  
ever guessed how entirely all the snarl-  
ing side of poor Jerry's nature had been  
nurtured and brought into full view by  
the life he led. An orphan, hired to  
work for a crusty old farmer, he had  
known in his short life little except  
cuffs and hard words. Just now Jerry  
was in a hard place. In going down  
the rough hill his load had been so  
shaken as to be ready to topple over.

His wheels had stuck firmly in a half-  
dried mud-hole, and he stood in a con-  
dition of great dismay and perplexity,  
trying with the reins in one hand to  
urge on the horses, while with the  
other he tried to steady his tottering  
load.

"Serves him right," said Jack, tak-  
ing in with a glance the situation as he  
passed him.

"Serves him right."  
"Serves him right."

Down the line travelled the words,  
some loud in thoughtless glee over  
poor Jerry's trying position, others  
lowered with a half-laughing shade of  
sympathy. The road had gone down to  
go straight up again. As he bound-  
edly nimbly along it Jack could hear his  
words repeated from one another. And  
with every repetition he liked them  
less. They seemed to sound harder  
and harder, and as they passed from  
one mouth to another he found him-  
self wondering how they must sound to  
the boy engaged in such a struggle  
with difficulties, and was glad when  
the last ugly word was said.

At the top of the hill he stopped  
short.

"Game's off," he said, and as they  
crowded around him, he added: "I  
think you'd better get a better leader'n  
me."

"What do you mean?"  
Jack jerked his head towards Jerry.

"I mean that I'm not fit for anybody's  
leader. Look at that chap down there  
—having it about as hard as anybody  
can have it. And we're a dozen to his  
one. And instead of stopping to help  
him we're making it worse for him by  
our mean talk."

"That's so."  
"But he's mean himself."

"Then we don't want to be like him  
do we?"

"No, we don't." Glances, some in  
contempt, some in pity, were cast at  
Jerry.

"But what shall we do?" A few  
earnest words from Jack were followed  
by a laugh and a whoop.

"Charge!" cried Jack. With a long  
howl the boys rushed down the hill.

"Get out! Get out!" cried Jerry in  
great fright as they made directly to-  
ward him. No wonder he did not know  
what to make of such an on-  
slaught. Two dozen hands were laid  
on his wood.

"Get out, I say," he repeated, lay-  
ing about him with his whip.

But with shouts and laughter he  
was seized and carried a little distance,  
when he was held down while the  
enemy worked its will on the load.

What were they going to do? Jerry  
struggled in impotent rage and dismay  
as many hands, in a few minutes, had  
thrown half of the wood on the ground.

Then Jack, with a little coaxing, easily  
started the horse and drove him up  
the hill.

"Good-bye, Jerry!" was shouted  
back to him. Were they going to run  
away with the horse and wagon? But  
still he was held down in spite of all he  
could do or say—and though he could  
do little he said a great deal. But his  
tormentors were returning. With a  
few lively runs up and down they had  
carried the remainder of the wood and  
piled it on the wagon. Then with a  
louder yell than before they descended  
and pounced upon Jerry. With  
screams of merriment they carried him  
up and seated him upon the wagon.

Before the bewildered boy had time to  
gather his wits he found himself with  
the reins in his hands upon a well-  
arranged load, free to go on in comfort.

"Good-bye, Jerry." "Good-bye,  
Jerry."

Jack had again taken the lead of his  
column, and the shout went along. In  
a few minutes they were out of Jerry's  
sight. After a few more capers Jack  
led for home and down some outside  
steps into a cellar where each boy  
helped himself to two goodly apples as  
he passed the bins. Next up the porch  
this time paying real heed to the door-  
mat, and into the large sitting-room  
where, as they ate their apples, Jack  
told his mother of the fun with Jerry  
and with Aunt Debby.

"As there has been a little real work  
with it, I think you need something to  
go with the apples," she said, bringing  
a good supply of ginger-bread. It was  
highly relished, and the boys depart-  
ed, voting Jack as a capital leader.

"Have you ever noticed," said his  
mother to Jack when they were alone,  
"how easily boys are led either in  
right or wrong?"

"Well, I think I noticed it to-day,"  
said Jack, thoughtfully. "When I  
was unkind and cruel to Jerry they all  
followed suit, and when I proposed  
that we should help him out they were  
all full of it."

"Exactly, my boy. It was not hard  
to do a little kindness to Aunt Debby,  
because you all like her. But you did  
not like poor Jerry, and it was the  
Master's own spirit which prompted  
you all to raise a hand to help him.

One kind act always warms the heart  
for another; so, dear, I hope you will  
always bear in mind that a leader,  
even in sport, bears a weight of re-  
sponsibility. Men, like boys, are  
easily turned in either direction, and  
only one who strives to follow in the  
steps of the great Leader is fit for  
leading others."—Interior.

### A Bad Fire.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire  
that burned up the man's house and  
lot?"

"No, Smith; where was it?"  
"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was  
it a good house?"

"Yes; a good house and lot—a good  
home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire  
begin?"

"The man played with the fire, and  
thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say that the  
lot was burned too?"

"Yes, lot and all—all gone, slick  
and clean."

"That is singular. It must have  
been a terribly hot fire; and then I  
don't see how it could have burned the  
lot."

"No; it was not a very hot fire.  
Indeed, it was so small that it attract-  
ed but little attention, and did not  
alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire  
burn up a house and lot? You haven't  
told me."

"It burned a long time—more than  
twenty years; and though it seemed  
to consume very slowly, yet it con-  
sumed about one hundred and fifty  
dollars' worth every year, till it was  
all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet.  
Tell me where the fire was kindled  
and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the  
end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he  
himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or  
\$150 a year, and that in twenty-one  
years would amount to \$3,150, besides  
all the interest. Now, the money was  
worth, at least, ten per cent., and at  
that rate, it would double once in  
about every seven years; so that the  
whole sum would be more than \$10,-  
000. That would buy a fine house and  
lot in any city. It would pay for a  
large farm in the country. Don't you  
pity the family of the man who has  
slowly burned up their home!"

"Whew, I guess you mean me; for  
I have smoked more than twenty  
years. But it doesn't cost so much as  
that, and I haven't any house (if my  
own; have always rented; thought I  
was too poor to own a house. And all  
because I have been burning it up  
What a fool I have been!"

The boys would better never light a  
fire which cost so much, and which,  
though so easily put out, is yet so  
likely, if once kindled, to keep burn-  
ing all their lives.

### A Fable.

BY DOROTHY WOOD.

"You will never have a 'head,'"  
said the cabbage one day to the turnip.

"See, you must crumple your leaves  
up as I do, not dangle them in your  
silly fashion."

"My leaves are much the more  
graceful!" snapped the turnip. "Be-  
sides, I do not want a 'head'; my  
sweet, nourishing juices are hidden  
away in the earth, as yours ought to  
be."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the cabbage.  
"You are growing upside down! You  
will be of no use to the farmer. Come,  
—coaxingly,—'change your ways and  
grow as I do.'"

"Grow as you do, indeed!" shouted  
the turnip, derisively. "I always  
thought you were a stupid: now I am  
sure of it. You are upside down your-  
self."

"It is a Great Public Benefit,"  
These significant words were used in  
relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil  
by a gentleman who had thoroughly  
tested its merits in his own case—  
having been cured by it of lameness of  
the knee, of three or four years' stand-  
ing. It never fails to remove soreness  
as well as lameness.

"What will he say to my neighbor  
upside down?" thought the cabbage.  
"Fine vegetables this year," said  
the farmer, and smilingly gathered  
them both.

"I have learned a lesson," said the  
turnip, sheepishly, as she blushed a  
little at her top.

"So have I," whispered the cabbage,  
drooping her looser leaves. One's own  
method is not always the only or the best  
one."—Exchange.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK.—  
St. JOHN, N. B.  
Devoted to  
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 23.]

No. 125.—Morning.

No. 126.—(a) "Hatred stirreth up  
strife; but love covereth all sins."  
(b) "Lying lips are an abomination  
to the Lord, but they that deal truly  
are his delight."

(c) "He most lives that thinks most,  
feels the noblest, acts the best."  
(d) "Inasmuch as ye have done it  
unto the least of these—ye have done  
it unto me."

(e) "They that sow in tears shall  
reap in joy."

No. 127.—Envelopes.

No. 128.—  
I. B. 2. F.  
A R E E R A  
B R E A K F R O W N  
E A R A W E  
K N

3. A  
A L E  
A L T E R  
E E R  
R

—[The Mystery.—No. 26.]—

No. 142.—BIBLE PUZZLES.  
Where in the Bible are found the  
following:

(1) Wood and stone;  
(2) Wicked men;  
(3) Iron and brass?

—:—  
No. 143.—ANAGRAM.

—:—  
No. 144.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.  
(one word.)

(1) -u-e-c-l-z-t-o-  
(2) -a-w-a-t-r-d-.

—:—  
No. 145.—CHARADE.

My first is a kind of bird;  
My second is a rod;  
My whole is a farmer's utensil.

—:—  
Middleton, N. S.

—:—  
No. 146.—DIAMOND.

A vowel.  
An insect.  
A country.  
A metal.

—:—  
ABBIE H. RING.

No. 147.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 2, 3 is a pronoun.  
My 10, 5, 1 is to chew and swallow.  
My 4, 5, 6 is a girl's name.  
My 2, 9, 4 is to sew.  
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is some one that  
rules over us.

My whole is one of Tennyson's  
poems.  
—:—  
MYRA McLEOD.

—:—  
The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

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the benefit I received from it. After  
suffering from headache and loss of ap-  
petite for nearly four years, I tried B.  
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ing it gave me great relief and good  
appetite. I now enjoy good health  
which I owe to your valuable medicine.  
MISS MINNIE BROWN, London, Ont.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."  
These significant words were used in  
relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil  
by a gentleman who had thoroughly  
tested its merits in his own case—  
having been cured by it of lameness of  
the knee, of three or four years' stand-  
ing. It never fails to remove soreness  
as well as lameness.

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duras sarsaparilla, and other powerful  
alteratives.

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urge all who are troubled with lameness or  
rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure  
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done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West  
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

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**By Taking**

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fect health—weighing 230 pounds—and am  
now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsa-  
parilla."—James Pety, Mine Boss, Breck-  
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afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood.  
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three  
bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall,  
P.M., Loe, Utah.

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Even if they only cured

**HEAD**

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