

## Waiting to Grow.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,  
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup;  
Think of the flowers that are under the  
snow,  
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little  
seeds,  
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of  
weeds,  
Are under the leaves and under the snow,  
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,  
Reaching their slender brown fingers  
about,  
Under the ice and the leaves and the  
snow,  
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,  
Will you have to wait behind that door,  
Listen and watch and wait below,  
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small and hidden so well,  
That God will not find it, and presently  
tell  
His sun where to shine, and his rain  
where to go,  
Helping them grow!

## Doing His Best.

"Yes, dear, if you can only keep  
that station we shall get along very  
well."

"Keep it! I must keep it." Robert  
spoke with determination. "It will  
take me a long while, mother, to for-  
get the walks I have taken up and  
down these streets looking for some-  
thing to do. If my very best trying  
will keep it, you may be sure that  
there I will stick."

"Your best trying will include a  
great deal when others have a right to  
your time and efforts."

"Of course, mother, I shall keep  
honestly in view the interest of my  
employer."

Robert had found a situation at the  
muslin counter of a large dry-goods  
house. It took him some little time to  
acquaint himself with qualities of  
goods which he sometimes impatiently  
thought were more in the line of  
women's work. But he remembered  
that a person who cannot do what he  
likes, must do what he can. Unable  
through force of circumstances to  
choose his employment, he wisely re-  
solved to do his very best with what  
came to his hand. As to what that  
best might be, he soon found that his  
opinion slightly differed from that of  
his employers.

"You needn't be so particular in  
measuring the goods for a customer,"  
said Mr. Merrill one day. "All these  
are assumed to be a yard wide."

"But she asked me the width,"  
said Robert.

"Then you should have simply said  
that they are yard wide goods."

"But some of them fall a little short,  
sir."

"What is that to you?" Mr. Merrill  
spoke with a little impatience. "It is  
your place to sell goods, not to be too  
particular about the width of them.  
There isn't one customer in a hundred  
that will go home and measure her  
goods if she thinks that in a general  
way the width is all right."

"In a general way," Robert knew  
what that meant, for he had heard some  
of the ways by which some of the other  
clerks, without telling an exact false-  
hood, clearly avoided telling the exact  
truth. "I don't feel at all sure I've  
got a place," Robert concluded in great  
discouragement after, during the first  
few weeks, he had several times given  
offense to his employer by acting firm-  
ly upon his own sense of what alone is  
up to the very letter and spirit of fair  
and honest dealing. The time seemed  
to have come to him, which comes to  
so many, in which a choice must be  
made between worldly gain and the  
royal standing by the fixed principles  
of right and wrong in which he had  
been trained.

"It seems to me this piece of goods  
is not the same make as the last I  
bought of you." The question was  
asked by a lady who frequently came  
to Robert's counter and always made  
her purchases without haggling over  
prices, or giving unreasonable trouble.  
"No, ma'am, it is not," said Robert.  
"Have you any more of the same?"  
"No, we have sold it out."

"Do you think this," pointing to a  
piece she had been examining, "is as  
good?" It doesn't seem so to me, but  
you assure me that it is, I will take  
it." Robert caught sight of his em-  
ployer within easy hearing distance.  
Mr. Merrill had a way, a good way it  
was, of keeping his own eye over his  
own interest. And for one moment  
the boy hesitated. Quickly to his  
mind came the thought of going home  
to tell his mother that he had lost his  
position for which he had searched and  
waited so long. Nothing else in the  
case, he felt sure, was open to him.  
As leaving Mr. Merrill's would mean  
leaving his home and his widowed  
mother to find employment elsewhere.  
A few smooth words and a trifling  
reason he could easily lead Mrs. Den-  
by to believe he thought what he did

not think. That was one side of it.  
But there was a better, higher, nobler  
side, and Robert will never cease to be  
thankful for the grace granted him in  
a moment of sore temptation.

"No, ma'am," he quietly answered.  
"I do not think the quality quite up  
to what you bought last."

"And yet it is the same price?"  
"Yes. The other was a lot of goods  
which Mr. Merrill happened on at a  
forced sale, and he was able to put  
them low. I really think, however,  
that this is about as good as any you  
can get for the money."

"I will look a little further," she  
said, and went out. Robert, without  
looking, had felt the angry eyes of his  
employer, and he now heard his angry  
voice.

"Is that the way you drive off my  
customers? That is one of the best I  
have. She brings in no end of country  
friends."

"I'm sorry if I have driven her off,"  
said Robert, "but I did the best I  
could."

"Best you could?" The low tone  
which Mr. Merrill was obliged to  
maintain, through danger of being  
overheard, lent an added rancor to his  
words.

"Have you forgotten that your pay  
depends largely upon the amount of  
sales you make?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"It looks as though you had. Well,  
have you thought of looking for an-  
other place in which to do your very  
peculiar 'best'?"

With a weight at his heart Robert  
turned to attend to the wants of an-  
other customer. He had feared this,  
and yet had hoped that time would  
have been given him in which he  
might have been able to recommend  
himself, by faithful and unremitting  
attention to duty, as to lead Mr. Mer-  
rill to overlook the matters of consi-  
deration in which he more and more saw  
they could never agree. But here it  
was. He was ready to do his very  
best by Mr. Merrill, but he must do  
his best by himself also—must perse-  
vere in the seeking of the only great  
best, which means, first and foremost,  
faithful service to the Lord. Surely  
he would reward such service by ten-  
der care of his own. And while still  
sleeping eyes and wits on the alert for  
the duties of the hour, Robert was able  
to resolve within himself that nothing  
should ever turn him from the full  
measure of that service. And close  
upon the determination came the  
peace growing out of the added resolu-  
tion to accept such fortune as might  
come to him as its result, even though  
it might be far from what he would  
have chosen for himself. And in tell-  
ing of the sorry outlook to his mother  
he found great comfort in her loving  
words.

"That's right, my boy. Do your  
own best, and be very sure the Lord  
will do his best by you. Perhaps Mr.  
Merrill will not turn you off."

"Perhaps so," said Robert. "Mrs.  
Denby came back later and bought a  
good lot of the goods, and Mr. Merrill  
heard her tell me that she would take  
anything I recommended." At the end  
of the month it would have been easily  
guessed by any one who closely ob-  
served Robert as he went to Mr. Merrill's  
office that his mind was not greatly  
perturbed as to what might be the re-  
sult of the interview. Mr. Merrill  
paid his salary without comment, and  
was turning to other things when  
Robert said:

"You spoke of my looking for an-  
other situation at the end of the  
month, sir."

"Did I?" Mr. Merrill looked as if  
he had forgotten. "Oh, yes, we had  
a little difference of opinion about one  
or two small matters. But we will let  
that pass. Except on the points we  
touched on, I do not mind saying you  
have given very good satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir. But I will give  
you the month's notice if you please—"

"What's that?" Mr. Merrill gazed  
at him in surprise. It was he who was  
accustomed to giving the month's  
notice. Could it be that this boy was  
leaving his employment of his own will  
and pleasure?

"Mr. Denby has offered me a place  
in his hardware store."

"H'm!" Mr. Merrill took a mo-  
ment for rather chagrined thought as  
Robert closed the door. "That is  
Mrs. Denby's work, of course. They  
know that perfectly reliable boys are  
not found every day. I know it too.  
But in spite of my knowledge I have  
let this one slip through my fingers."  
—*Sydney Dayre in The Interior.*

## The Happiest Little Boy.

"Guess who was the happiest child  
I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his  
own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess  
it was a very rich little boy, with lots  
and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich,

he had no candy and no cakes. What  
do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy,"  
said Joe, who was always wishing he  
wasn't such a little boy, "and I guess  
he was riding a big high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big;  
and, of course, he wasn't riding a  
bicycle. You have lost your guesses,  
so I'll have to tell you. There was a  
flock of sheep crossing the city to-day  
and they must have come a long way,  
so dusty and tired and thirsty were  
they. The drover took them up,  
bleating and lolling out their tongues,  
to the great pump in Hamilton Court,  
to water them; but one poor old ewe  
was too tired to get to the trough, and  
fell down on the hot dusty stones."

"Then I saw my little man, ragged  
and dirty and tumbled, spring out from  
the crowd of urchins, who were watch-  
ing the drove, fill his old leaky felt  
hat, which must have belonged to his  
grandfather, and carry it one, two,  
three, oh, as many as six times to the  
poor suffering animal, until the creature  
was able to get up and go on with the  
rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'Thank you!'  
papa?" asked Jim, bravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa.  
"But the little boy's face was shining  
like the sun, and I'm sure he knows  
what a blessed thing it is to help what  
needs helping." —*Christian Observer.*

## Little Morning Glory.

Her name was Marion, but her  
father called her his little morning  
glory.

Some little girls are very cross early  
in the morning; they do not want to  
get up; they are late at breakfast, and  
they pout and look so unpleasant that  
no one is glad to see them.

But that was not the way with  
Marion. She loved to get up almost  
with the birds and the sun, and she  
came down stairs with such a sweet,  
smiling face that her father always  
called out: "Ah, here comes my little  
Morning Glory."

Once he had her picture taken with  
morning glories in her hand and on  
her dress; and he put the picture in a  
frame that had morning glories painted  
upon it.

Is it not nice to be like the beautiful  
flowers? I know another little girl  
who is called Heart's-ease, because she  
is such a comfort to everybody.

But there are some little folks who  
are very much like an ugly weed called  
a nettle. When you touch that weed  
it stings you, and makes your hand  
very sore. Do you like best the girls  
and boys who are like nettles, or those  
who are like sweet flowers?

The best way in the world to im-  
prove a poor memory is to make it  
work. If you tie your right arm in a  
slang 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 he must remember or fail utterly,  
he found his memory stronger than he  
had thought, and after that made it  
"walk alone." —*Ex.*

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. 15.]

No. 86.—

(1) D (2) O  
EAR ARE  
DAVID ORGAN  
EIM EAR  
D N

(3) P  
TAR  
PAPER  
REX  
R

No. 87.—Be good, do good and you  
will be happy.

No. 88.—Primrose. No. 89.—

Adelaide.

No. 90.—"All work and no play  
makes Jack a dull boy."

No. 91.—

Boys flying kites haul in their  
White-winged birds,  
You can't do that way  
When you're flying bad words.

—[The Mystery.—No. 18.]—

No. 106.—ENIGMAS.

(BY ALANDA M. BROWN, *Arthurette.*)

(1) In Amsterdam I'm common;  
In Rome I do appear;

I'm twice in every moment,  
But not once in seven years.

(2) I'm the beginning of eternity,  
The end of time and space,  
The beginning of every end,  
And the end of every place.

No. 107.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Where in the Old Testament are the  
words uttered by the Saviour on the  
cross:—"My God, my God, why  
hath thou forsaken me?"

ALANDA M. BROWN.

No. 108.—ENIGMA.

My first can be found in river;  
My second is in plain;  
My third is part of interest;  
My fourth you will find in flame;  
My fifth in leather also;  
My sixth is first in lane;  
My seventh is part of ripple;  
My eighth you will find in grain;  
My ninth is last in Eagle;  
My tenth is also in main;  
My eleventh is always in circle;  
And twelfth is second in reign;  
My thirteenth you will see in gather;  
By puzzling over you will find what  
we read with pleasure.—H. D. McM.

Upper Gagetown.

No. 109.—DIAMOND.

(BY H. D. McMULKIN, *Upper Gagetown*)

A letter.  
The first vessel built.  
A largest body of salt water.  
Low grass lands.  
Name of a bush.  
The name of a young preacher.  
A river mentioned in the Bible.  
State of the air.  
Machine for grinding grain.  
A body of salt water.  
A vowel.  
The letters down and across spell  
the name of a young minister in a  
town of New Brunswick.

No. 110.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I.  
In zinc, not in gold;  
In chair, not in box;  
In cup, not in plate;  
In barn, not in stable;  
In window, not in door;  
Whole is a useful article.

II.

In high, not in low;  
In chain, not in link;  
In iron, not in lead;  
In chair, not in bed;  
In fly, not in bird;  
Whole is a boy's name.

III.

In lamp, not in candle;  
In saucer, not in cup;  
In tree, not in bush;  
In yellow, not in blue;  
Whole is a girl's name.

Douglas. J. B. DeLONG.

—[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]—

ALANDA M. BROWN, *Arthurette*, has  
thanks for puzzles. Nos. 81, 82 and  
83 correctly solved.

—[OUR LETTER BOX.]—

YARMOUTH, N. S.,  
April 19th, 1892.

Mrs. C. E. BLACK—I write to ac-  
knowledge the receipt of my prize.  
Thank you very much for it. I shall  
always keep it as a souvenir.  
Yours Truly,  
T. M. GAYTON.

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Burns, &c.

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have as good a growth of hair as I ever  
had.

MRS. ALBERT MCKAY.

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have a good head of hair after having  
been bald for several years. It is the  
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lameness and stiffness are relieved by  
it, and it may be used with equal bene-  
fit externally and internally.

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therapeutic discoveries. For the most  
part they content themselves with ad-  
ministering judiciously what is pre-  
scribed in the books. To Dr. J. C.  
Ayer, however, is due the credit of  
discovering that greatest of blood-  
purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medi-  
cines. Many are injured by trying ex-  
periments with compounds purporting  
to be blood-purifiers, the principal  
recommendation of which would seem  
to be their "cheapness." Being made  
up of worthless, though not always  
harmless, ingredients, they may well  
be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are  
dear. The most reliable medicines are  
costly, and can be retailed at moderate  
prices only when the manufacturing  
chemist handles the raw materials in  
large quantities. It is economy,  
therefore,

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terest, they would never use any other; for  
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concentrated strength and purity, it is the  
most economical."—James F. Duffy, Drug-  
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Dr. A. L. Knorr, Druggist, Liberty,  
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remarkable success has been shown in curing  
Even if they only cured

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Even if they only cured

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