

Lost—My Boy.

Lost! I have lost him.
When did he go?
Lightly I clasped him.
How could I know,
Out of my dwelling
He would depart,
Even as I held him
Close to my heart!

Lost! I have lost him,
Somewhere between
Schoolhouse and college.
Last he was seen—
Lips full of whistling,
Curl-tangled hair—
Lost! I have lost him,
Would I know where.

Lost! I have lost him,
Chester, my boy—
Picture book, story book,
Marble and toy,
Stored in the attic,
Unless they lie.
Why should I care so much?
Mothers! tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me,
Leaving no sign.
But there's another
Calls himself mine,
Handsomeness and strength of limb,
Brilliant in eye,
Knows things that I know not
Who can it be?

Face like the father face,
Eyes black as mine,
Step full of manly grace,
Voice masculine.
Yes, but the color of life
Has one alloy—
Why does the mother heart
Long for her boy.

Long for the mischievous,
Queer little chap,
Ignorant, questioning,
Held in my lap.
Freshman, so tall and wise,
Answer me this—
Where is the little boy
I used to kiss?
Good Housekeeping.

The Gun on the Dike.

Hans lived in a house that was on ground lower than the level of the ocean. Between his home and the waters of the sea rose a dike, and it stretched out like a strong arm, and, curving about the little fishing village, seemed to say, "Now I will keep from injury all the people in these houses."

But every arm proves to be weak some day, and this arm of earth, the dike, was no exception. Holes would be worn in the embankment by the stealthy, fair-weather tides. In storms the waves would pound like sledge-hammers upon the dike, and might force their way through. To guard against these dangers, there were men stationed at the dike. Their sole business was to keep their eyes open and watch for that enemy who might come any hour, day and night. If the dike-man discovered any sign of trouble, he ran to a gun planted near his station, and off it went—bang! That said in thunder tones, "Trouble, trouble! Everybody come and strengthen the dike!"

The next watchman would hear that gun and he would set his gun bawling, that the people might know that a terrible enemy was up to mischief and they must be down to work.

Hans had great admiration for Jacob, who watched the dike next the house of Hans' mother. Hans and his mother were talking about it one afternoon when the sea, after a storm, was still noisy and sent heavy billows against the dike.

"I would like to be as strong as Jacob, mother," said Hans, looking out of a window that faced the dike. "He is very strong."

"Yes, he is very strong, Hans."

"This afternoon he went in his boat down the canal, and he let two boys go."

"Your cousins Maurice and Daniel? I saw them."

"And I wanted to go. Jacob looked at me, and said, 'Maurice and Daniel are going to help me. You are not strong enough.' Then he got into his boat. I wish I was strong."

"Poor boy!" murmured his mother. There was an empty sleeve hanging where Hans' right arm had been a year ago, and that sleeve told the silent, pitiful story of Hans' weakness. A year ago that very day, in the wind-mill owned by Jacob's father, Hans had been injured. It was not his fault, but the iron wheels had no mercy. He carried an empty sleeve when he arose from the bed on which that accident had prostrated him.

"Why, is it, mother, God lets some people be strong and others weak?" asked Hans.

"I—I don't know. Why does God let the storms come and break through the dike? Why should trouble ever come—trouble, too, where we don't seem to have anything to do with it? We can trust Him though, can't we? He is Father, isn't he? His love is wider than the sea and his power is greater. We must trust him to bring things out right. And if you will have it so, he will make abundance of opportunities for you to do good. God wants small workers as well as big

ones. In your way you may do work just as valuable as Jacob's. I am thinking if you had been strong as Maurice and Daniel, you would have gone off with them and I shouldn't have had the pleasure of your company, and this talk wouldn't have been enjoyed by us. I need it—well as you."

That last sentence was broken into by a big tear that fell upon it softly, but tears have more power than hammers. Hans knew the reason of the tear. She was thinking of her sailor-son William, a wanderer upon the sea somewhere. He had been a soldier, but was now a sailor.

"Don't cry!" Hans whispered, throwing his one arm about her. "I—I will do all I can to make you happy."

"You are a great comfort!" she said; and to herself added, "Yes a great comfort, though you have but one arm."

Half-an-hour later Hans was walking on the dike. He saw the big waves rising up like the heavy sledge-hammers I have spoken about, and then he heard them pounding away at the dike.

"Where is Jacob?" he wondered. "Oh, I remember! He said his wife Mary would watch for him."

Mary, though, had gone off to gossip with a neighbour, saying to herself, "I can run back any moment and look at that dike."

"There is Jacob's gun," thought Hans. "He said it was already to go off. He left it loaded."

What good would that do if the hand to touch off the cannon belonged to a gossip at a neighbour's and not to a watchman on the dike? Hans walked on. He shook his head at the ocean, for the ocean seemed to have a good many heads, and was shaking them all at Hans. If Hans had been a man, a stout, big Jacob, I don't believe he would have had a boy's curiosity, and gone down the beach to see a long, heavy, queerly shaped mass of seaweed that had come ashore. "Oh, oh that is odd!" said Hans. It was near a rocky cavity, and into this recess the water was rushing. Hans ceased to wonder at the weed, and he looked at the dark mouth the ocean was filling.

"Wonder how far that hole goes in!" said Hans.

He climbed to the top of the dike and went down the side, and there he saw water trickling through. His heart almost stopped beating. What if the sea should tear its way through the dike, pouring all over the land, covering the houses and drowning all the people? "Dreadful!" thought Hans, but he could not stop there to think any longer.

"The gun! the gun!" he murmured. Off he went. He knew where the matches were kept in the house of Jacob. He had seen Jacob touch off the gun. "It only takes one arm to fire off a cannon," he said, and promptly applied his match.

"Bang—g—g!"

And then he listened. Not a minute elapsed ere old Martin, the prompt watchman at the next station east, had discharged his gun, and then old Nathan at the next station west made his cannon speak, "Bang—g—g!"

That was enough.

It was a lively scene witnessed there along the dike. Faster, thicker came the people to help in every possible way. They shovelled earth. They carried earth. They banded up the earth. They brought stones, wood, anything, everything.

But who was it that came among the helpers, a curly haired, brown-bearded sailor? He seemed to be a kind of leader, and at the same time such a worker! "I like that man," thought Hans. And John Janvrin, too, who had the general oversight of all the stations in that neighbourhood, noticed and commended this curly-haired, brown-bearded worker.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Janvrin, "where is that Jacob, the keeper of this station? Here is his wife who has been gadding, but where is the keeper?"

He came at last, sputtering and stammering, trying to frame an excuse for his absence; but it was useless.

"It is an excuse that goes on one leg, or tries to, but it can't cheat me," said Janvrin. Janvrin was a great fellow to see through a shirker. They used to say, "Janvrin has eyes on every side of his head." Jacob thought so that day of the leak in the dike.

When it was all over, and the dike was itself again, tight and sound, Hans went home, but whom did he find there? "That curly-haired brown-bearded man!" he thought.

"Your big brother whom you have not seen for so many years," explained his mother. "He is just from sea."

He has come home to be a true son, I hope, mother," said William the wanderer. "I am going to quit my ship and stay at home."

"He—he—made a good b-b-beginning at the dike," said Hans, stammering in his eagerness to say a word for William.

"Yes, yes, a good beginning! And it will make a good ending. I have decided to make him the keeper of the station and watchman of the dike in the place of that Jacob, said one who, halting on the threshold, had caught Hans' remark."

Was it Janvrin? Nobody else. How happily that day went out. All clouds rolled away, and the Western sky seemed at sunset to be full of splendid rockets going off in a great rejoicing.

"Ah, Hans!" said his mother, Janvrin has told me how nobly you did your part. William said it was your gun gave him the chance to get so good a name. He heard it and came running from his vessel. Boys with one arm can do something, and everybody can with God's help. He is a loving Father isn't he?"

Hans smiled and nodded his head. His heart was in the smile and in the nod. That Hans, splendid boy was he!

"He shall be my assistant," said William, who quickly began his duties there on the dike by the wild, roaring sea.

Why I Was Short.

A young bank teller of blameless reputation was detected in stealing money from the bank. When asked how it came about he said:

"Why was I short? Well, the money slipped out of my hands little by little, and before I realized it I was behind."

This would be the story of hundreds who have gone down to ruin through appropriating the property of others. They had money which did not belong to them; they had neither earned it nor borrowed it; they were trusted to handle it, and they stole it!

They did not call it stealing, though it was; they "took it, thinking to return it." This was the devil's device—his plan to get them to take it. If he had said "Steal!" at first, the answer would have been, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" So he did not say "Steal!" he said "Borrow, help yourself, use the money, lend it to your friends, you can easily pay it back; you have money in your pocket, spend it freely, buy what you see, it will all come right by and by." But it all comes wrong by and by, and at last ruin overtakes the offender.

Learn to call things by their right names. No man can "borrow" money from a drawer or a bank without the permission of its owner. He can steal it, but he cannot borrow it. Borrowing is not done in that way. If you propose to steal, say so and steal; but do not fool yourself with the idea that you are "borrowing." When you come into court, borrowing will not be the word used to express it. You may be a defaulter, you may be a thief, but no one will accuse you of being a borrower! If you wish to borrow anything you must ask permission of the owner; if you wish to steal it you can take it without that little preliminary formality.

Stealing is a hard word, but it expresses a hard thing, and the man who takes another man's property without his permission, and uses it or lends it or gives it away, may just as well write himself down as a thief at the beginning as to wait till the courts do it at the end. Learn to let things alone which do not belong to you, and learn to call things by their right names.—The Christian.

TO BE REMEMBERED IN THE HOUSE.

Never enter an apartment occupied by another person, except the common rooms of a dwelling, without knocking.

Ladies should pass through a door first, but a gentleman is to precede in going upstairs.

Do not constantly refer to experiences or honorable positions which may have been enjoyed.

PUZZLERS' PASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK.

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* * * Onward and Upward. * *

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 12.—

No. 57.—Goldsmith.

No. 58.—Raisin.

No. 59.—"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."

No. 60.—Palestine.

No. 61.—A

AGE

AGNES

EEL

S

No. 62.—(1) Bushire. (2) China. (3) Natal. (4) Spain. (5) Archangel.

—The Mystery.—No. 15—

[5 Puzzles by "Geranium," F.Ton.]

No. 75.—HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Better to be poor and sober than rich and dissipated.
2. The fisherman had a net tied fast to his boat.
3. The first lot tied in a bag was for Helen.

No. 76.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Lake, not in wood;
In Ohio, not in Quebec;
In Ontario, not in Florida;
In Germany, not in France;
In Africa, not in Asia;
In England, not in Scotland;
In Italy, not in Spain;
In Lincoln, not in York;
In Somerset, not in Kent;
In Wales, not in Europe;
My whole is a celebrated poet.

No. 77.—PI.

"Beldes era eth mreydu of ethy lshal tobian emryc."

No. 78.—DROP-LETTER.

I-G-d-e-o-u-w-o-a-b-a-a-n-t-s.

No. 79.—DIAMOND.

A consonant.
An animal.
A Bible name.
A precious stone.
A letter.

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—OUR STORY.—

AH, EDDIE!

"May I go into Uncle Mark's rooms and see the pictures, mamma?" asked Eddie.

"No, dear," said mamma, "Uncle Mark is gone out. You must never go in when he is not there."

"But my horse wants to see his horses."

"Your horse must wait," said mamma.

Eddie went to run up and down the hall with his horse. Uncle Mark's rooms were on the other side of the hall. After a while Eddie peeped in to see if his uncle had come.

He had not, but the little boy pushed the door a little way. Then a little further, then he stepped into the room.

There were pictures of dogs and of flowers and little girls and boys. Eddie liked them all, but the one he liked most was a picture of a battle. There were men and horses in it, and Eddie gazed at them until he could almost hear the tramping and the shouting. He did not hear Uncle Mark come in and go at his painting.

"Get up! get up!" cried Eddie. "Why don't you run like my horse?" He picked up his whip and lashed the picture horses. Then he heard quick steps and Uncle Mark was standing behind him.

"You have ruined my picture," said Uncle Mark, in a voice which showed that Eddie had done something dreadful. Then Eddie saw what mischief he had done.

Uncle Mark had that morning been putting fresh paint on the horses and Eddie's whip had blotted and daubed it.

Mamma felt very badly about it and told Eddie he must not go into Uncle Mark's room for a long time.

"I only wanted to drive the horses," said Eddie. "They are soldiers' horses, I'm going to be a soldier some day."

"You will make a very poor soldier if you do not know how to obey," said mamma. "That is the first thing a soldier has to learn."—Sunbeam.

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