

Anagram.

'Sit hopegray ew near,
Sa ew ahctn nad gins getherto;
Os ufullyes lew'l sendp uro mite,
Ni nigdo 'shawt a laeapru.

You have been to school a long time, and surely ought to see more than four lines in five minutes. Read the above and it will please you.

"I Dare You."

"Pooh! I could do it easily, and be back here again before you could count fifty!"
"May be so; but you don't dare to try it!"

"DON'T DARE! now Tom, you know better!"

"Well, I dare you!"
The boys eyes flashed. In a moment he was over the boundary line, skating skillfully over the forbidden ice, while his school-mates looked on—some with fear, and a few with shouts of applause. Clear to the other side he went, though the ice cracked and bent; then with a

graceful turn, he was coming toward them again, swifter, swifter, with a look of pride on his glowing face; and the praises of the other boys already sounded in his ears.

"Good for you, Win!"
"Hurrah for —"

Who? where was he? where the proud form and smiling face, and the dark hair, uncovered in the moment of exultation? Gone! down in one moment from their sight, under the ice, and the waters rose up over the spot, as if their time of triumph had come then.

"O, what shall we do?"

"Run quick! get a rope!"

"Stand back! every one of you!" and the voice generally so kind, frightened them now with its sternness; and they looked in silence at the teacher's white face, as he drew off his gown and crept with it to the boundary which he had marked for the boys that morning. Over that, too, so carefully, yet so quickly; and the ice cracked, cracked! And the boys could none of them tell just how it was done, only that soon the dark dripping hair of their schoolmate appeared above the broken ice; then his body, slowly, slowly dragged towards them, his hand clutching tightly the teacher's dressing-gown.

The teacher did not speak; and they dared not. In the teacher's own strong arms Winthrop was carried to the house, and rubbed; and, no, he was not dead! for in a few minutes he opened his eyes, and looking at the group of anxious boyish faces gathered round, he said, "All right." How it brightened every heart there! The boys could speak now.

"Oh, Win! I HAVEN'T COUNTED THE FIFTY YET!" burst out Tom, excitedly, trying to laugh; but if he had not been a boy, he would surely have cried instead.

"Now, let me hear all about," said their teacher calmly, as the color began to come back into Winthrop's cheeks.

"It is all my fault!" said Tom, humbly.

"How came you to disobey my rule, Winthrop, and go beyond the boundary?"

"Why, I hardly thought about the rule, sir, I wanted to let them see that I wasn't afraid of the ice! they dared me to do it; and when any one dares me to do a thing—" Winthrop stopped suddenly, as the recollection came over him of the cold, gurgling

waters, and of those few terrible moments of suspense.

"Then you always dare to do it; is that what you mean?"

"Yes sir," but the voice was not so full of confidence as it had been half an hour before.

"And the end of your daring, this time, might have been—DEATH!"

A shudder crept over the boy's heart.

"Oh, sir! please don't! I dared him!" said Tom.

"And so you think a boy is a coward who is dared to do a thing, and doesn't do it?"

"It looks so," answered Winthrop.

"Ah, my boy, you must get rid of that idea; it is all wrong! He who refuses to do a sinful or a dangerous thing, even when people say 'I dare you,' is a true hero; and he who runs all risks to do something, just because he is 'dared,' is by far the most cowardly and foolish. Don't look so downhearted, Winthrop; I want you to be truly heroic, and I know you can do things very bravely sometimes. For instance, if I should say you must not go skating another day during this season, you would bear the punishment without complaint, I think."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, with a touch of the old pride in his voice.

"Mayn't I bear the punishment? It was my fault."

"I haven't given any punishment yet, Tom. I have only given this lesson about true bravery for you all to learn. And now, be off every one of you, and let Winthrop rest, while I go to examine my dressing-gown; and if it is entirely ruined, I'll pass a subscription around among you to get a new one." And the kind man smiled as he left them, but his heart was full; and he went to thank God for the safety of his pupil, and to pray that he might become truly brave and noble.

Boys, never be dared into doing what is wrong. Do not take one step aside from the safe and straight path, no matter how many voices say "I dare you." Be brave enough to say "I dare not," to every temptation. And always:

"Dare to be right! dare to be true!
All the world's scolding can never harm you!
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death!"



We give you another Puzzle picture. Make any sense out of it if you can.



We give the above puzzle another insertion in this paper, because many of our young readers will have given it up or forgotten about it, not being used to such things. We shall give them another in the next number.

SOLUTION.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to use and to keep.

The following are the names of the little folks who sent correct answers:

- THOS. HUGHES, Dresden,
- MISS THORNCROFT, Westminster.
- MATILDA MANN, Port Dover.
- W. R. LEE, Odessa.
- WM. L. STEVENSON, Fitzroy.
- DONALD FISHER, Arnprior.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1st. A pillow. 2d. An appetite.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

What is the best kind of a cow-bell?

What is the best way to secure good crops on the farm?

We will give the paper for three months free to any boy or girl under 16 years of age who sends correct answers to the questions on this page.

THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night

Messrs. MORE, STRANGE and WRIGHT

Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;

Says More, "Of us three,

The whole town will agree

There is only one knave, and that's STRANGE."

"Yes," says Strange (rather sore)

"I'm sure there's one MORE,

A most terrible knave and a bite,

Who cheated his mother,

His sister and brother,

"Oh, yes," replied More, "that's WRIGHT."