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THE TEENS.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

What do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer, When we go to business, or to college. Girls will say, When we go out into society, or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

I know that it does not seem so to most people, for boys and girls are more unnoticed at that age than at any other. The baby and the big brother or sister get all the attention, while Master Knee-breeches and Miss Ankle-skirt are crowded into the corner. You are not so interesting just now as you have been, or will be. Your time of blossoms has gone; but your fruit time has not come.

But the life of Jesus, as told in the Gospel, makes much of this time of life. The only thing that is said about Him after His babyhood until He was thirty years of age was "when He was twelve years old." What He did then is told us because it was a sort of prediction of what He would be and do when He became a man.

The Jews regarded this age as the turning-point in life. Until the boy had passed twelve, he was called a child; after that, a man. He must then learn his trade, put on the phylacteries, begin to study the Talmud or holy books, be called to account for breaking any of the laws of worship, take the name of Ben Hattorah, or son of the law, and go up to the great feast at Jerusalem—which was about equivalent to joining the Church. The Jews also said that this was the age when Moses first refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, when Samuel heard God's call, and when Josiah had his first dream of becoming a great and good king.

Now those old Jews were wise in making so much of the time of going into the teens. A portrait painter once told me that a picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into its shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or

the squat will have begun to grow into you. A great writer, who has had much to do with educating boys, says: "The later life

of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college." A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell

out of the window, and was severely hurt; but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. Not one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said; "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards. After the melted iron is poured into the



"THE DAYS KEEP COMING."

"The days keep coming, Mamma," said little Serious Eyes, As he looked out of the window at the rosy morning skies; "So many days keep coming, that soon I'll be a man;" Then Mamma dressed her little boy, and off to play he ran. He was not a philosopher, this boy of summers three, But just as full of mischief and frolic as could be; He loved his rocking-horse and drum, and all his pretty toys, And was sometimes very naughty, just like other little boys.

But from morning until evening of that long sunny day, While mamma sat at sewing, and watched her darling play, To herself she kept repeating what the little rogue had said When he peeped out from the curtains of his snowy little bed. "Yes, the days keep coming, darling," she whispered, bending there To lay her gentle hand upon the tangled golden hair: "May days for thee keep coming, and growing into years, And bring thee naught of evil to wake thy Mother's tears!"—Harper's Young People.

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