

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## Once.

Once a fair-haired little boy  
 Played beside my cottage door,  
 With a patter of his bare feet  
 Making music on the floor.  
 And a childish form of beauty  
 Filled with pride a mother's heart:  
 Winning waves and baby graces  
 Gave to life a blessed part.

Once beneath a gush of sunset  
 Came an angel from the skies,  
 Touched my baby on the forehead—  
 Closed in death his sweet blue eyes,  
 Came when fell the beams of evening  
 Bright about the cottage door,  
 Hushed the sweet voice of my prattler—  
 Stilled his feet for evermore.

Once they took away my baby  
 To a valley still and low,  
 Where they left about him lying  
 Buds and blossoms white as snow—  
 Let me with a cry so weary,  
 And a heart beneath the stone  
 That had hidden, and forever,  
 Sunlight of my life and home.  
 —[Lizzie King, in *San Jose (Cal.) Mercury*.

## I Know a Thing or Two.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me father," replied the boy, laughing. "I know a thing or two. I know now how far to go and when to stop."

The boy left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notions" about him.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned.

Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents.

## A Beautiful Faith.

A pious woman, hunting up the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:

"Pull the string up high; pull the string up high."

She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted up the latch, and she opened the door on two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the elder child.

"And are you not cold? No fire on a day like this?"

"O, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say 'Now I lay me down to sleep; then we get warm.'"

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she always fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'Give us this day our daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but those two little sparrows, perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.—*The Nation*.

## OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

A neatly written, and correct set of answers from Clara M. Vollans, Windsor, carried off the prize this month, in a close contest.

Correct answers have also been received from:—Jessie Campbell, Point Edward; F. M. Davis, Millington, Mich.; Anna I. Stevens, Kirkdale, Que.; Josie Abel, Windsor; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Scout, West Point, New York; Florence E. Goodall, Windsor; Charlie West, Kingston; Edward J., Hamilton; Bertie, Brooklyn; George H. Toronto, and W. B. Lawrence, Toronto.

A handsomely-bound interesting story book will be awarded to the one sending in the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before the 5th of May. Letters must all be in before the fifth to receive notice.

Any of our young friends wishing to compete for the prize steel engraving, advertised on the last page of the cover, by sending us a postal card, expressing their desire, will have a sample copy and blank forms sent to canvass with.

## APRIL PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

Unfilled.  
 Oppressed.  
 To worship.  
 Courage.  
 Parts of the body.

2

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A supernatural being.  
 One of the United States.  
 A nickname.  
 Affinity.  
 A lyric poem.

The finals placed before initials includes most of the readers of this column.

3

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
 My 5, 6, 11, 9 is the beginning of day.  
 My 11, 1, 10, 2, 5 is a province.  
 My 12, 4, 10, 11, 9 is to strongly desire.  
 My 8, 3, 7 is an affirmation.  
 My whole relates to charity.

4

EASY DECAPITATION.

Behead a grain, and leave an element; behead an element, and leave a verb; behead a verb and leave a preposition.

Bertha Miller.

5

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter in west  
 Metal  
 Liquor  
 A ridge  
 Creator  
 A drink  
 A letter in east

## ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

- Square word:— P O L E  
 O V E R  
 L E E S  
 E R S T
- Rebus:— W under F ul—Wonderful.
- Decapitations:— D-r-am.  
 S-w-ell.  
 T-h-at.
- Diamond puzzle:—  
 C  
 C O O  
 C O M M A  
 C O M R A D E  
 I D A H O  
 I D A  
 E
- Numerical Enigma:— Syndicate;