

for the Erring.

clouds obscure his way
to stumble? Pray,
lift the stricken up;
give the hopeless hope;
win thy brother back
light and narrow track
move the Mighty Arm
can shield from harm.

ter gone astray?
by heart to say
faithful things, but pray.
at will give prayers and tears,
ments, but of years,
struggling soul to aid,
of direct need.

ter gone astray?
by heart to say
faithful things, but pray.
at will give prayers and tears,
ments, but of years,
struggling soul to aid,
of direct need.

ter gone astray?

about babies angelic,
only look in their eyes,
the sunbeams of morning
they appear in the skies,
like the smiles of a cherub,
like the buds of a rose,
like the lilies and daisies,
sweet flower that grows,
the jolly baby
ever did see;
angelic about him,
at the right bay for me!
at all like a cherub's,
a comical grin;
well, it favors the sunbeams
angels are wondrously thin.

they're blue, like the heavens,
early earth with fun;
h's rather large for a robed,
er, a half-sized one,
it resemble a fairy?
They're a strong little pair;
think, I am sure, if he's got you,
gets me-by the hair!

bl like a lily,
et blossom that grows,
on earth, I am certain,
little cunning pug nose.
-full of mischief, the darling,
as naughty can be;
that he isn't angelic,
the right bay for me.
-Harper's Bazar.

ILS OF FIRE.

BY E. E.

jolly!" and Dick Blair, a
of nine, threw back his
ghed.
asked Susie Wilson, com-
funny!"
?"
his post."
going home from school. It
old January day. The wind
blew, and the iron fence where
was white with tiny frost

nt care," and Susie drew
er about her and made a
on.
out Dick. Susie halted
back.
lick off a place as big as
k," pointing to a bare round
p of the post.
enged, Susie came slowly

urt?" She asked, doubtfully.
! Why should I—more'n
-tickle a little, maybe. Just
eek out quick, and give one
d you'll see how funny it
is!"
little warm, red, confiding
olish Susie! Foolish little

out quick. It touched the
fast, while a pain shot
if she had laid it against a
ot iron.
snoothered cry and tore
a patch of skin as big as an
three-cent piece sticking to

She screamed, clapped her
ouths, and started for home,
ooks as she ran.
jolly! Who'd a thought
and Dick gazed after her,
cry of pain still in his ears,
early double and laughed
in the face.

the fuss, Dick Blair?" de-
Stevens, from the cross-
heard the cry and seen
er. "What are you laugh-
any of your mean tricks?"
re!" and he pointed to the
ever a't thought that any-
lly green!"

up and looked. The little
that a few moments before
of Susie Wilson, told the
Susie's face blazed.
played off that trick on
! You wicked, cruel
her to do it. She needn't
roose," retorted Dick, not
her into it in some way;
ch."
er. I only said she couldn't
place as t'other one—what
did that off?"
neither. Ketch me bein'
blowed on it, an' made be-
id cheat? And now I'll
at it think. I think you're
e-fuilest boy I ever saw,

and it would be good enough for you if
your tongue was all skinned! And I
wish it was, this minute." And indignant
Gussie stooped to pick up the books Susie
had dropped.
"I'm going to carry these to her, and
I'll tell all about you; and I hope her
father's got a big black whip, and—"
"Ho!" chuckled Dick, with a toss of his
head, "she hain't got no father!" You
can't scare me!"

It was true: there was no earthly father
to avenge Susie. She was a stranger, too,
for they—that is, her mother, herself, and
two-year-old Robbie—had come to the
place only a few weeks before, and Susie
was still "the new scholar." Gussie
Stevens had never spoken to her yet, but
she was warm-hearted and impulsive.
She had known Dick all his life, and
scorned his baseness. To her it seemed
a duty to expose him and bring him to
justice. The sight of fresh blood-stains
on the snow increased the generous indig-
nation she felt, and she quickened her
steps, pondering gravely how Dick
could be adequately punished, since the black
whip was out of the question.

It was a good thing Gussie came to ex-
plain matters. What with the bleeding
and the smarting, Susie's tongue made
poor work of it.
Her mother had taken her on her lap,
and was trying to understand what had
happened, when Gussie came in. The
impulsive girl poured out the whole story
without pausing to take breath.

"I would send for a policeman if I
were you," she cried, and give Dick a
good scare. There is one now—shall I call
him in?"
"No, dear," and Mrs. Wilson smiled at
her impetuosity. "You mean a kindness,
and you have been very kind to Susie in
bringing home her books. I thank you,
and I'm sure Susie would, too, if she
could speak. Dick did a very cruel thing,
but I think we won't try that sort of pun-
ishment."

And Gussie went away wondering how
Susie's mother could take the matter so
quietly, and what sort of punishment she
would try.

Susie could hardly manage her supper,
though there was custard, and she had
some toast, soft and nice as toast can be.
But after it was over they had a good
twilight talk—or rather Susie listened
with her head on her mother's shoulder
while her mother did the talking—about
returning good for evil. And one little
Bible verse she repeated over and over till
Susie thought she could never forget it.
It was this:

"Therefore, if thine enemy hunger,
feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;
for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire
on his head."

It was well all this happened Friday
night. By Monday, though every word
gave her a pang, Susie plucked up the
courage to go to school.
It was dreadful to have to explain in
the reading class why she lisped so; but
it was worse yet to feel Dick Blair's eyes
on her, and read the gloe in his face; but
to have him put out his tongue at her be-
hind a book whenever the teacher wasn't
looking—oh, that was worst of all!

But Susie's turn came at last. One
night, after school, she went out for a
half-hour's coasting down the hill and
over the frozen pond, all alone, for as yet
she had found no playmate. She reached
the top of the long slope, brought her
new sled, the *Seavallow*, into position, se-
ated herself and tucked up her cloak.
Hitch, hitch, and she was off, skimming
down the hill in fine style. Half way
down a hickory log lay slantwise, firmly
bedded in the frozen soil. Have a care,
little maid! Steady, *Seavallow*! Steer
clear of the log and keep well to the right.
A little too far the other way, and you
may find yourself crashing down into the
gulley there—Susie glanced down, as she
always did. Who was that lying all in a
heap, so white and still? Was it Dick Blair?
She urged her sled down, jumped off,
and scrambled round the foot of the
hill. 'Yes, it was Dick; and for a moment
Susie thought he was dead, and her
own face grew quite white. Then she
heard a groan, and, kneeling down, she
put her hand on his head. Another groan,
and Dick opened his eyes to see a kind,
pitying face bending over him.

"Are you hurt very bad?" she asked in
a soft, gentle voice.
"Dunno—ankle's broke or smashed or
somethin'!"
"Sprained, may be," suggested Susie;
"how did it happen?"
"Struck old hickory—dunno what made
me—and then couldn't stop my sled—and
over I went. I struck a stone, and my
foot sort o' doubled up under me; and
then I—lost myself. Heigho—oh!" and
he groaned again.
"Poor boy! don't, I'll help you," said
Susie, tenderly.

She was not a beauty—far from it, she
had freckles and a pug nose, but in Dick's
eyes she looked perfectly lovely as she
said these words.
He made an effort to rise and fell
back.
"It's no use," he said despairingly, "I
can't move that foot."
"I'll draw you," said Susie.
"My sled's broke to flinders."
"Mine isn't; it's right here," and she
drew it alongside.
"But you can never drag me up the
hill."

"No, I know an easier way round to our
house. It isn't far—now try, do. Just
get on the sled; I'll help you all I can,"
and she tugged and lifted.
"There now! if you can hold on we'll
soon be there, and mother'll do the rest.
She knows how, I can tell you! Why,
when my tongue was so sore—!" Susie
stopped and bit the heedless tongue.

"Say," said Dick, "I'm sorry I played
that trick on you. It was awful mean and
no mistake."
"O, it's all well now—never mind that,"
and she strained and pulled with all her
might. She was a sturdy little maid, but

more than once she had to stop to get
breath.
Dick clung heroically in spite of pain
and faintness. It would soon be dark and
bitter cold; what if she had not found
him, or had not taken pity! he must have
frozen in that lonely spot!"
"Ah, Susie, Susie! how hot the coals
were!"

At last they reached Mrs. Wilson's door.
Susie ran in, and in a trice her mother
had come out, had lifted him in, and
made him a place on the lounge, had re-
moved his boot and stocking and bound
up the sprained ankle—more coals: a
whole shovel-full!—while Susie ran as
fast as her willing feet could carry her a
good half mile to tell Dick's mother know
about it, and got her to come with the car-
riage to fetch him home. And when the
carriage had come, and they lifted him in,
it was Susie's shawl that was wrapped so
warm about him, and Susie's helpful
hands that brought pillows and cushions
to prop up his foot!

No, his brown curls were not all burnt
off his head—not even singed; but that
hour the love of giving pain was
burnt out of his heart. You see, he had
never before known what it was to really
suffer. He was not half so bad as Gussie
Stevens declared, for he never forgot to
be grateful to Susie, and from that hour
the little girl never lacked a champion.—
Christian Standard.

A Talk About Ants.

BY MARY P. HALE.

Ida and Janey had just seated them-
selves upon the door-step to have a nice
chat with Aunt May, when the discovery
of an ant upon Ida's arm gave rise to a
pleasant talk. Ida said: "Papa told us
to-day about a man who raised ants 'on
purpose to learn about them—how they
took care of their young—and how they
made their cells. He had them in bureau
drawers, and on tables and shelves, and
let them go all about."

"Yes," said Janey, "and he grew so
fond of them that he wouldn't try an ex-
periment which he wanted to. It was to
put a lot of fighting ants with his pet
ants, to see how they would manage. So
he gave up the idea because he couldn't
bear to harm them."

"That was Peter Huber, a great natural-
ist of Geneva, Switzerland. He pursued
his studies of insect life with an ardent
love for the work, and has left some very
interesting accounts of his observations,"
said Aunt May.

"Yes, papa said you would tell us
something about them," replied Janey.
"First let me tell you that ants live in
colonies or communities, and form their
abodes underground. These consist of a
multitude of little rooms connected by
passages; so that they can easily go from
one apartment to another. In these rooms
the little insects lay their eggs, from which
in time issue forth small worms called
larvæ. Now who takes care of them?"

"The ants! the ants!" cried both chil-
dren; and that is why we sometimes see
them hurrying down into the hole of their
mouths."

"Between their mandibles, more prop-
erly," said Aunt May.
"First let me tell you that ants live in
colonies or communities, and form their
abodes underground. These consist of a
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dren; and that is why we sometimes see
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mouths."

the honey jar too, while others seemed
just alive. So he put in an auxiliary into
the drawer who went to work at once.
In the first place, he built a house in the
earth, into which he carried the larvæ.
Then he brought food to the poor, dying
amazons, and saved their lives."

"How little we know of the common
things just around us! After this, I shall
watch the ant hills with more interest,"
said Ida.
"There is one thing we have not men-
tioned. After the larvæ have arrived at a
certain age, they weave a cocoon around
themselves, and are then called nymphæ.
After a while they change into flying
ants; but they cannot of themselves es-
cape out of their cases, and the working
ants know just when it is time to cut
these wings with their teeth, and set free
the flying ants—the fathers and mothers
of a new community."—*S. S. Times.*

A Little Mother.

There's a funny little creature in a buff
satin dress, who likes to live in our houses,
though I must say she isn't very welcome,
and we try our best to drive her off.
Not but what she's pretty enough, but
she has a most unlucky fancy for making
her nest in our furs and woollens. When
we find bare places in our muffs, and tiny
holes in our flannels and broadcloths, we
have a good reason to be very much vexed
with Madam Tinea Pellionella. (I wonder
how she'd like the awful name if she
knew it.)

You see this little mother is a bit of a
fly, not more than a quarter of an inch
long. We call her a moth, and she glues
her minute eggs to the hairs of furs or
woollens that she finds hanging up in the
closet, or packed in trunks, unless the
trunk is perfumed with camphor or to-
bacco—which she hates. After the eggs
have been there two or three weeks they
burst open, and out comes the baby. It
isn't a buff fly like its mamma, but a tiny
white worm, and proceeds at once to
build a house for itself.

These little fellows know everything as
soon as they are born, which is very con-
venient, as they have to build houses for
themselves before they are two days old.
This is the way they go to work. The
little builder reaches around till he finds
a long hair—long to him, I mean—which
he cuts off close to the cloth. This he
lays lengthwise of his body, and then gets
another and lays it by its side, fastening
them together with silk threads, which he
spins as he works. Then he goes on cut-
ting, spinning, and weaving, till he has a
house large enough to cover his body
and turn round in.

All this time he has not eaten a mouth-
ful, and he never does until his house is
done. When he does eat he cuts those
tiny pin-holes you've seen in cloth, for he
eats the solid cloth, and not the loose hairs
he builds with.

He's a wise fellow. If you have a cost-
ly broadcloth by the side of cheap woollen,
the cunning little mother will settle her
babies in the broadcloth, and leave the
coarse woollen for less dainty babies than
hers. This isn't because she is malicious,
but merely because there's less oily matter
in the best cloth. And the baby himself,
though he wanders around to other goods,
won't touch anything common while he
can get fine clothes to eat.

When he begins to eat he eats so much
that he soon finds as you children do,
that he's too big for his clothes. Now,
when that happens to you, mamma just
buys you a new suit, but the poor baby
moth has to make his own suit. What do
you suppose he does? I will tell you.
He just cuts a slit in his coat, or his house,
and proceeds to put in a new piece, to
patch it in fast. It's no small job for him
either, it takes him a week; but when it
is done he has no more trouble about it,
he just goes to eating again.

When he has eaten enough he shuts up
the end of his house, and hangs it to shelf
or wall, where he thinks he will be safe.
Shut up in the snug, dark nursery, a very
mysterious thing happens. Wings de-
velop, legs grow, after a while the house
bursts open, and out comes a tiny buff
satin fly, just like the mother; who first
sings the egg to the broadcloth.—*Watch-
man.*

What is the Use.

"What is the use?" cries impatient
Charlie, "I can never learn these long
Latin words."
And down goes his books, and out he
goes to play.
A few years, and Charlie finds stupid
James, who used to be so dull at school,
a distinguished man, and himself an ig-
norant nobody.

"What is the use? I hate practising!"
And Jennie shuts her piano, and leaves
to parade the streets. A day comes when
she is asked to entertain her guests;
and mortified, she finds she cannot play a
single piece.
"Emma don't wet your feet," says an
anxious mother, as her daughter leaves
for school on an April morning.
Emma sees no use in being so careful.
She returns with a sore throat, is ill for
weeks, and falls behind in all her classes.
John is selfish and greedy. He does not
see the use of being particular in his
conduct to others. He will even tell a
falsehood, if thereby he can gain a few
cents. Gradually he slips into cheating
and dishonesty. Grown to a man, a day
comes when he fails in business. He
goes from one person to another; no one
will lend; no one can trust him. Now
he sees the use of being honest and open.
"What is the use of trying to be a
Christian?" sighs Lena. "I have failed
so often!"

O that is the worst of all. If you failed
a thousand times, there would still be a
use. Use! Did Peter ever ask the use!
Use! Of no use to try for such a prize as
our God offers—to gain his favor, his
love, his peace, that passeth all under-
standing, a heaven with him forever?
Why, it is plain before you—a target high

above you. Look thereon, repine no
more but press on, and secure the price-
less prize.—*Well Spring.*

—In Montreal on the 12th there was
rioting and bloodshed. Orangemen were
celebrating in a quiet way, having given
up a proposed procession lest it might ex-
cite Catholics. But it seems the Catholics
were bound to have a quarrel, and they did
all they could to annoy the Orangemen.
One man was shot, and several persons
were wounded by the Catholic mob. There
was no provision for the maintenance of
order, and the Mayor refused to call out
the military when solicited to do so by a
delegation of citizens.

Blacksliding is generally gradual—like
the ebbing tide, wave after wave breaks
upon the shore at apparently the same
point, and it seems impossible to tell, by
any two or three separate waves, whether
it is the ebb or flow; but watch a few
moments, and the outgoing waters soon
tell their own tale.

INTERCOLONIAL

RAILWAY.

1877. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 7th inst., Trains will
leave St. John, for Halifax, Riviere du Loup,
At 8.10 A. M., for Halifax, Riviere du Loup,
and points North, and Way Stations, including
Point du Chene, where connection is made with
Steamboats for Prince Edward Island.
At 11.00 A. M., (Accommodation Train) for
Point du Chene, and Way Stations.
At 5.00 P. M., for Sussex and Way Stations.
At 10.00 P. M., for Riviere du Loup and all
points West as well as for Halifax and Point du
Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE:
At 7.35 P. M., from Halifax, Riviere du Loup,
and Way Stations.
At 6.30 A. M., from Riviere du Loup, and all
points West, as well as from Halifax and Point du
Chene.
At 9.00 A. M., from Sussex and Way Stations.
At 2.50 P. M., from Point du Chene and Way
Stations.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Sup't of Gov't Railways,
Moncton, May 2, 1877.

1877.

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Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK," D. S. Hall,
Master, will leave Eastport, Maine, every
MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at
BOSTON, connecting at Eastport with Steamer
Belle Broten for St. Andrews and Calais.
Returning, will leave Boston every MONDAY
and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock A. M., and Port-
land at 6 P. M., after the noon train arrives from
Boston, for Eastport and St. John.
No claims for allowance after Goods leave the
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Freight received on Wednesdays and Satur-
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R. E. PAGE,

31 Charter-House Square, E. C.,

June 4

Welland Canal Enlargement.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under-
signed, and indorsed "Tender for the Well-
and Canal," will be received at this Office, until
the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on
THURSDAY, the 9th day of July next, for the
formation of a new line of Canal from Marietta's
Farm, at Thorold, to Allandburg, including the
construction of a lift lock, guard lock, several cul-
verts, and piers and abutments, for swing
bridges, etc.

Also, the enlargement of about two miles of
the Canal, from the Junction downward, together
with the construction of an Aqueduct over the
Chippewa River, a lock between the canal and
the River at Welland, piers and abutments for
bridges, etc.

The works will be let in sections of a length
suited to circumstances and the locality.
Maps of the different localities