

Poetry.

CHILDISH WISDOM.

'Twas the hour of prayer, and the farmer stood
With a thankful heart and a lowly mind
And prayed to the Author of every good
That the Father of all would be very kind,
And bless his creatures with innocent and food;
That the blessing each might be renewed;
That every want might find relief,
And plenty for hungry, joy for grief,
Be measured out by the merciful One,
To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the goodly man
Went forth in peace to inspect his farm;
And by his side, delighted, ran,
Glowing with every healthful charm,
A little son, a sprightly boy,
Whose home was love and whose life was joy;
And they rambled over the golden fields,
And the father said, "The harvest yields
A plentiful crop, my son, this year;
My barns are too small for the grain, I fear."

And they wandered on through row upon row
Of plump sheaves, and at length the child,
With earnest look and a rosy glow
On his shining cheek, looked up and smiled,
And said, "My father, do you not pray
For the poor and needy day by day,
That God, the good, would the hungry feed?"
"I do, my son," "Well, I think as you plead—
His eye would brighten for his soul's house through it—
"That God, if He had your wheat, would do it."

The Fireside.

HAL AND HIS SISTER ALICE.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you to-day?"
The question was asked in a kindly tone by an
old gentleman looking through a pair of gold-rimmed
spectacles at a young boy on a narrow cot bed-
stead in a hospital ward.

The boy looked up, saying sadly:
"I reckon there ain't nothin' to be done now."

"Is it so bad as that?"
"Doctor says I can't get well."

"Wouldn't you like for me to send for some of
your friends?"

"There ain't no one but my sister Alice, and I
reckon she don't want to come."

"Why, don't she care for you?"
"Yes; but I struck her yesterday."

"Struck her? I am sorry to hear that."
"Yes, and I was sorry after I did it, for I never
did that before; but I didn't tell her so. And
when I went out and got my papers, I jumped for
a car, and slipped—and here I am; and the doctor
says I'm going to die. I reckon I've always been
pretty bad; and that I'll never see Alice when she
dies; for she's good and kind, and she won't go
where I'm going. You see I smoke, and swear,
and go with bad boys; but she don't. You don't
happen to be a minister, do you?"

"No. Would you like to see and talk to one of
us?"

"I reckon it's too late for that. But I want
some one to be kind to Alice, and some one that's
good. I reckon you look so. Would you mind
going and telling her all about me? I'd never gone
and tell her I'm sorry I hit her, and I'd never hit
her again, if I wasn't going to die."

"Suppose I go and find her now," said the old
gentleman. "She may be wondering where you are.
Wouldn't you like to see her?"

"Reckon I would! and you may go if you like."
After receiving directions for finding Alice, the old
gentleman left; and the invalid boy closed his eyes
wearily, only to open them suddenly on feeling a
light touch on his cheek. It was the kiss of a little
girl.

"You see I brought her sooner than you thought
I would," said the old gentleman with a smile;
and I found her just outside your door."

"Tom Brady told me all about it," said the girl,
and I came last night, but they wouldn't let me
in. Won't you soon be well enough to come home
again?"

"It was awful lonesome last night; and Mrs.
Brady was cross because you had got hurt, and she
was afraid she would lose her son. Tell you this,
and I'll tell you the whole story. I've never hit
her again, if I wasn't going to die."

"The poor boy, failing to swallow a sob, turned
his head that his sister might not see his distress;
but she put down the basket she had brought on
her arm, and leaning over with the tears in
her eyes, said kindly, "Does it hurt very, very
much, Hal?"

"It doesn't seem to hurt at all," said the boy;
but the doctor says I'm going to die."

"Alice sprang up, and looked wildly at the old
gentleman, as if in hopes he might contradict the
boy, but he only answered her by rubbing his spec-
tacles and lowering his eyes. "O Hal!" she cried,
throwing her arms around the boy, "I love you so!"
Then she wept convulsively for a moment; when she
controlled herself sufficiently to ask the old
gentleman if he did not think the doctor could do
something to make him well.

"I am afraid not, my dear. But he is in the
hands of a good God, and you can ask him to let
him stay as long as possible."

"Hal," said the child, "won't you let me go
and ask the minister to come and pray to God to let
you live a little longer?"

"I reckon if you pray like you do some nights,
it'll do."

"But I don't know much except 'Now I lay me,
' and 'Our Father,' like you do at home, with
something else at the end."

"With a tearful face the child knelt down, re-
gardless of her surroundings, and with folded hands
and closed eyes, repeated simply and touchingly
that beautiful prayer first used by our Saviour;
then she added sweetly: "Dear, good Lord, I
want you to let my brother live. It's so lonely
when he's away; and I guess, if he dies, I'd like
you to let me die too; for there won't be any one
to care for me and love me when he's gone.
Amen."

The old gentleman had occasion to put his hand-
kerchief to his eyes more than once during the
child's prayer, but he kept close watch of the boy,
who, when it was over, turned slowly to his sister,
and said:

"Reckon you don't know that I am sorry for
what I did yesterday."

"O Hal!" said the girl, coloring, "I knew you
were sorry for that right afterwards. But, lifting
up the basket, as if to turn his thoughts from her-
self, "see what I have brought you. I took some
money I had saved, and brought it all cooked, be-
cause I knew you would like it so much."

Hal raised himself suddenly; but as suddenly
he fell back again, while the expression of his
face changed to one of intense suffering, and be-
came deadly pale.

As soon as he was able to speak, the old gen-
tleman questioned him closely as to the nature of his
sufferings; and when he had described them, he
said, with a faint smile, "If I'd been a girl, I
reckon I'd have screamed when it struck me so
quickly; but you see I couldn't do it well, because
I'm a boy."

"Humph!" murmured the old gentleman as he
turned away. "I think he has the right kind of
stuff in him if he could be managed well. Hope it's
all right now."

When he returned Alice was holding her brother's
hand in her own, and they were in earnest con-
versation; but he had brought a physician with him,
and they were disturbed to give way to a second
and minute examination of the injured boy. Poor
Alice, forgotten by those about her, sat a little
apart, the tears running down her face as she saw
the suffering on her brother's.

When the physician turned to go he nodded to
the old gentleman, and said, "It's all right."
Whereupon the old gentleman went to Alice and
whispered something in her ear.

She ran to her brother, and opening her eyes
wide, said joyfully, "O Hal! he says you're all
right now. I guess we'd better
thank him right away for it."

As simply as the hawk asked for his life, she now
gave thanks for it.

The old gentleman, too, gave thanks before re-
turning that night. It was the first time for years
that he had attempted to approach the mercy-seat,
but it was by no means the last.

He had been unaccountably attracted by the boy
when he saw him fall, and followed him to the hos-
pital. He was not in the habit of doing such things;
but he went the next morning to see him, and it
proved one of the greatest blessings of his life. He
spent the most of his time for weeks at the hos-
pital, until Hal was able to be moved. He suffered
very much at times, but displayed a great deal of
patience and courage through it all. He would al-
ways be slightly lame, the doctor said; but Alice
seemed more distressed over that than Hal did
himself; though when she first saw him with his
crutches, she had a bright smile on her face, lest he
should feel sad.

The old gentleman took them both away from
the old associates, and gave them a home where
they would find comfort and happiness. They both
looked up to him with reverence and gratitude as
their benefactor. And he—yes, he considered
them his benefactors; for through them he had
been led to the throne of grace, where alone he
could find happiness for the future.

As for Hal, he loved his sister with a strong,
unchanging love that never varied, and the two simple
childish prayers he had offered at his bedside be-
came the sweetest memories of his life.

"I wonder you didn't hate me," he would say.
"But oh, suppose you hadn't come?"—*W. W. Spring.*

COAL.

Well, boys, what are you looking at so eagerly?
Only a piece of coal, do you say, Charlie? I
shouldn't suppose you could find anything worth
looking at in a snuffy piece of coal. Ah, well! I
am so glad my boys have found that only a piece of
coal, as Charlie calls it, is worth looking at.

I think I can tell you something about it that
will make you open your eyes wider still. You
know how astonished and puzzled you were the
other night at the tricks of the "magic man," who
turned beans into sugar-plums, and did all sorts of
wonderful things before your very eyes. Now this
piece of coal is the most wonderful piece of magic
in the world. Suppose I tell you that this hard
black lump once had life. Yes, boys, I am in earnest.
That black lump is really one of the most won-
derful things in the world. It was once a delicate
little plant, turning over to the sun, and bending
and nodding with every breeze. It is almost be-
yond belief, and I don't wonder that you shake
your heads. Many people older than you know
the same old story, and they decide on the one he
so much, and which they use quite as a matter of
course, once made up great forests which covered
vast areas. They know how it comes somehow out
of the earth, and as long as it continues to come,
it costs more than so much to a ton, to the
don't bother themselves with questions as to what
it is. I have no doubt many regard it as a wonder
kind of rock. I want my boys to know better, and
so let us see if we can't explain the mystery about
it.

Well, then, in the first place, plants are composed
principally of two gases and a substance called car-
bon. The gases are oxygen and hydrogen. You can
easily remember the word carbon. Now when a
plant begins to decay, these two gases escape into
the air, while the carbon stays and forms coal. So
remember that coal is chiefly carbon, and it gets
the carbon from plants.

Since it has been proved that coal does come
from plants, and that our vegetation now-a-days
makes little or no coal, we know that when the
great beds of coal were formed everything must
have been specially arranged for it. The world
was then as it is now. It was just sky and water,
with here and there patches of land. There were
great marshes everywhere. Sometimes they would
dry up and become land. Then again the sea
would come rushing in over the land, and form
new marshes. There were no birds in the air;
no people upon the land. Only reptiles and
marsh-voiced beasts roamed around in the soft clay.

All was quiet and desolate, yet it was not a dreary
time. In the marshes and on land grew beautiful
trees. Plants ran wild everywhere. It was a
world of green. Now, it was simply on account
of the marshy state that this vegetation made coal,
while our earth does not.

I told you that a time was specially planned for
coal-making. As the plants and leaves decayed,
they fell into the water. The gases could not
escape, but the carbon, being covered from the ac-
tion of the air, was left. This is the simple expla-
nation. Silently, and with no human eye to see,
the work went on year after year, century after
century.

A few of the plants in those days of gigantic
ferns were like what we have beautiful ferns as
large as many trees. Such now grow only in the
tropics. "Horse-tails," as you call them, which
are now seldom over two feet high, grew then as
high as twenty feet. Conifers, like our firs and
pines and cedars, were very abundant. But the
most important trees in coal-making have entirely
disappeared from our forests. One of these had
no branches, but was covered with leaves, and
crowned with a cluster at the top. Sometimes they
were sixty feet high.

But you don't see how we know that trees did
make coal? There are several reasons. If you
should put a piece of coal under a microscope, and
examine it carefully, you would see the vegetable
fibers in it. It is the best proof we could have.

Then, besides, in many places stems and leaves
are found in the coal, and sometimes trunks of
trees are standing in the beds. Again, wood con-
tains silica or sand, and this is found also in coal.
You don't understand it at all as well as I hope you
will when you are older; but you can believe it now,
and some day prove it for yourselves.

I want you to look at this bright, beautiful
diamond. Put that black, smutty piece of coal by
the side of it. Wouldn't you think they had about
as little in common as any two things in the world?
Yet they are made of the same substance—carbon.
And although diamonds are the most valuable of
gems, and are sought after, the world could get
along without them much better than without their
black and often despised relatives.—*From "By the
Hearth," St. Nicholas for January.*

WHAT A BOY DID.

A duke, walking in his garden one night, saw a
Latin quip of a great work on mathematics lying
on the grass, and, thinking it had been brought
from his library, called some one to carry it back.
"It belongs to me," said the gardener's son, step-
ping up.

"Yours?" cried the duke; "do you understand
geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad,
modestly.

The duke having a taste for the sciences, began
to talk with the young student, and was astonished
at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked
the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," an-
swered the lad; "and once he needed to know
something else or wishes."

The gentleman wanted to know more about it.
"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the
man came to work on your house. I noticed the
architect used a rule and compass, and made a great
many calculations. What was the meaning and
use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science
called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and
studied it through. They then told me there was
another science called geometry. I bought the
books and learned geometry. Then I found there

were better books about these sciences in Latin.
I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard
there were still better ones in French. It seems to
me we may learn everything when we know the
twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science.
But how many boys are contented to waste their
time at the first two or three rounds, with no
idea of perseverance to climb higher! Up, up,
up, if you want to be known in the world. And
take a high part of usefulness in the world. And
if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly en-
couragement to help you on, be sure, if you have
a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the
gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of
Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his stu-
dies, and became a distinguished mathematician.

"Stone's Mathematical Dictionary"—for Stone
was the young gardener's name—was a celebrated
book published in London some years ago.

MORTAL, YET IMMORTAL.

Deep in this bosom dwells
Something that ever tells
Mortal, thou never shalt die!

Mortal, thou never shalt die!
Gems from the richest mine,
Stars that divinely shine,
Fate; but this soul of thine,
Mortal, it never shall die!

Led by a hidden hand,
On to the spirit land,
Mortal, thou never shalt die!
God splendours overhead,
Truth, like the tower, spread;
Sin, be it all they dread;
Mortal, thou never shalt die!

Toil is the human lot;
Toil, oh, despite it not;
Mortal, thou never shalt die!
Deeds done for God each day,
Pave heaven's beautiful way;
Those never pass away;
Mortal, thou never shalt die!

Man, ne'er evade thy fate,
Omnipotent thy Father wait;
Mortal, thou never shalt die!
I, and all thy duty bind;
Ne'er at thy duty bind;
Lean on the arm divine,
Triumph shall yet be thine;
Mortal, thou never shalt die!

HONESTY TESTED.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but
as the working season was about over, and there
would be little work to do during the summer
months, their employer informed them, as they
settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only
give one of them work hereafter. He was very
sorry, he said; but it was the best he could do.

He told them both to come back on Monday morn-
ing, and that he would then decide on the one he
wished to retain. So the young men returned to
their boarding-house, a good deal cast down; for
work was scarce, and neither knew where he could
obtain a situation, if he were the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over the week's
wages, Harry said to his friend—
"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar
too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at
his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said
Harry.

"Oh! he was very busy when six o'clock came,
and, handling so much money, he was careless
when he came to pay our wages, and he put
into his pocket-book."

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I
go to the post-office, and hand it in to him."

"You are wonderfully particular about a quarter,"
said George, "but what does he care for that trif-
fle? Why, he would not come to the door for it, if he
knew what you wanted; I am sure you have worked
hard to earn it."

But Harry called, and handed his employer the
money, who thanked him for returning it, and went
into his house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them
a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test
their honesty.

So, when Monday morning came, he seemed to
have no difficulty in determining which one he wished
to keep. He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop
to his care for several months, and in the mean-
time, on business, and was so well pleased with his man-
agement, that when the work commenced in the
fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.
Five years afterward, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner;
and George worked in the same shop, but as a
common laborer.

There is nothing like a good character when you
get employment. Some young men can always
work, no matter how low the times are; while
others can find nothing to do, even when help is
scarce, simply because they can not be trusted.—
Kind Words.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers—three of them,
and dear little fellow—were, all brave and self-
reliant, and brought up by their parents in the
right way.

As these children lived some distance from town,
it was often found necessary to leave them at home
when father and mother attended meeting; espe-
cially was this the case in cold weather. Through
the summer months, the children were often taken
to their great delight, and as their parents were
Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the
boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the
hearty "Amen," break forth from their lips when
the minister on the sermon was particularly en-
joyable.

One old Sabbath day these children were left
at home, with many cautions to be careful; yet
hardly had the parents left the wood-work near the
stovepipe was discovered to be on fire, and, with
wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed up on a table,
and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they
shuddered to see the danger to which their dear
ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts
praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the
fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up
to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the
next.

"Yes sir; I brought him a pail of water and
handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to
his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, you see I was too
small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood
and holler'd 'Amen.'—*Kind Words.*

SIMPLE TREATMENT FOR SCIATICA.—The Brussels
Medical Journal gives, on the authority of Dr.
Ehrhard of Nimes, this method of curing sciatica and
neuralgic pains. Heat a flat-iron sufficiently hot to
vaporize vinegar, and apply as warm as can be
borne to the painful spot two or three times a day.
As a rule, the pain disappears within twenty-four
hours, and recovery is rapid.

Tobacco ANTIDOTE.—Gentian root is said to be
a tobacco antidote. Buy two ounces or more of
gentian root, coarsely ground. After each meal,
or after, take as much of it as amounts to a quid
of "fine cut," which chew slowly, swallowing the
juice. Continue this a few weeks and you will con-
quer the insatiable appetite for tobacco, and you in-
jure neither mind and body, and from which thousands
struggle to be free, but give up in despair.

ROCK CURE.—The simple practice of washing
with cold, soft water, and rubbing the skin
briskly with a soft, coarse towel, as a daily habit,
will do more to produce dry checks than the best
artificial inventions. Not only may a natural
bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the

cheek is sustained by the hearty flow of blood
which feeds its muscular structure.

WORTHLESS STUFF.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the
strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children
that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffer-
ing and almost dead, by the use of Hop Bitters,
you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy."
—Philadelphia Post.

VEGETINE.

Conductors Take It.

Blotches, Pimples, Humors on the Face and
Neck Disappear.

A Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism!

MR. H. R. STEVENS: MONTREAL, P. Q., Oct. 17, 1879.

Dear Sir—I most cheerfully add my testimony to the
great number you are now receiving in favor of your
VEGETINE. I have been troubled with rheumatism for
several years; also with blotches and pimples breaking
out upon my face and neck, and I have tried every
remedy, but have not been able to get rid of them.

A friend recommended VEGETINE, and, after using
several bottles, I have had no more trouble with rheu-
matism, and the blotches on my face and neck have dis-
appeared. I have recommended VEGETINE to some of
my friends who were troubled with rheumatism, and
they have used it with good success, and I will recom-
mend it to all who are troubled in the same way.

Yours truly, VICTOR PIGGION,
Passenger Conductor Grand Trunk Railroad.

Vegetine.

Dr. Callier Surprised.

VEGETINE CURED HIS DAUGHTER.

CALLIERVILLE, Clinton Co., Ala., May 15, 1878.

Dear Sir—My daughter has been afflicted with nasal
catarrh, affection of bladder and kidneys, and is scru-
pulously clean, and after having exhausted my skill and
the most eminent physicians of Selma, I at last resorted
to the use of your VEGETINE (without confidence), and to
my great surprise, my daughter has been cured, and to
health. I write this as a simple act of justice, and not
as an advertising medium.

Respectfully, T. E. CALLIER, M. D.

Vegetine

Worked Like a Charm—Cured Salt Rheum
and Erysipelas.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: ROSE, N. Y., July 10, 1879.

Dear Sir—One year ago last fall my little boy had
a breaking out of Erysipelas and Salt Rheum, his face be-
ing very much swollen, and his head very hot. I tried
every remedy, but he did not get better. I purchased two bottles
of your VEGETINE, and after using them, he was cured.
I never saw anything like this before. My son was
cured like a charm. I have been like a watchman at
home for years. I am writing this to you as a simple act of
justice, and not as an advertising medium.

Yours respectfully, HORATIO GRIDLEY.

Vegetine.

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: WESTMINSTER, COB., June 19, 1879.

Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect of your
medicine. I recently added 75¢ to my bill for a
bottle of your VEGETINE, and it cured my face. I had
a swelling of the face, and it was very hot. I tried
every remedy, but it did not get better. I purchased two bottles
of your VEGETINE, and after using them, he was cured.
I never saw anything like this before. My son was
cured like a charm. I have been like a watchman at
home for years. I am writing this to you as a simple act of
justice, and not as an advertising medium.

Yours respectfully, MRS. J. R. THATCHER.

Vegetine.

Prepared by
R. H. Stevens, Boston, Mass.,
and Toronto, Ont.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.
Established 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted
satisfactory and durable.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
MENELEY BELL FOUNDRY.

ESTABLISHED 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted
satisfactory and durable.

1881.

MY STOCK is now complete. I have
recently added 75¢ to my bill for a
bottle of your VEGETINE, and it cured my face. I had
a swelling of the face, and it was very hot. I tried
every remedy, but it did not get better. I purchased two bottles
of your VEGETINE, and after using them, he was cured.
I never saw anything like this before. My son was
cured like a charm. I have been like a watchman at
home for years. I am writing this to you as a simple act of
justice, and not as an advertising medium.

I am now manufacturing Parlor Suits,
Leather, Easy Chairs and Mattresses,
and selling them at low prices. I have received in the
last few days, a large quantity of new goods, and can make prices
very low for a long time.

To Carleton County Readers.

I have opened a BRANCH STORE in
Carleton Place, N. B., WOODSTOCK,
where may be seen the only complete stock
of House Furnishing Goods ever opened in
the County.

Furniture suitable for Parlor, Chamber,
Dining-Room, Hall or Kitchen. Crochery
of all kinds, Glass, China, and Pottery.
Cutlery; Bohemian Ware; Silver Plated Ware; Wash-
ing Machines; Parlor Lamps; Table Glassware;
and a large stock of Household Goods, at
the lowest prices.

Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.
J. G. McALLAN, Proprietor.

MINARD'S LINIMENT.
For Sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
5, 6, 7 and 8 King Street.</