

## Poetry.

## THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

"Master, the melody thronged and pressed thee."  
They touch him yet—the restles throng,  
That press with eager feet beside  
The ways of life. On every side  
They touch the Lord, the crucified.

How many, helpless, come to him,  
With sickness numbing every limb;  
And some, for themselves were dumb,  
When loved ones suffer, pleading come.

Now, as of old, upon him wait  
The poor, the sick and desolate,  
And, at all hours of every day,  
Petitioning, beseege his way.

And is there not some cause to fear  
That he will fall all over them?  
That when they crowd him o'ernumbers,  
Some "little one" may miss the touch?

Nay, in the pressure, as he said,  
With kindly haste when Jairus led,  
He felt the woman's trembling hold,  
Upon his garment's outer fold;

And still a lifted hand can reach  
His help divine. We need no speech  
When at his feet we trembling fall  
To plead our cause. *He knows it all!*

—Mrs. E. P. Allen, in S. S. Times.

## The Fireside.

## HOW TWELVE BAD BOYS WERE REFORMED.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Walking down the broad, handsome main street of a New England manufacturing town recently, we were especially attracted by a very long, very substantial brick and granite structure that stretched its solid walls for many rods along the sidewalk.

"What high, deep windows," I said. "Every one in the lower story is protected by a strong wire screen, and there is no door at all."

"The doors all front to this yard," said my husband, as we came to a small enclosure at the end of the building, and saw a tasteful iron fence and gate, and a small boy in a fanciful little lodge, who was looking thoughtfully out through the diamond-shaped window-panes into the street.

"This is all for show, of course," I said; "and the effect is very pretty—an ivy-grown lodge and an honest-faced keeper. Just look in. There is an arm-chair, a case of books, a cat asleep on the table and a flowering plant in a pot on the window-sill. Let us go in."

My husband tried the gate, but it was securely fastened, and the bright-looking lad came immediately to the window, politely bade us good morning, respectfully asked our business, and said he would communicate with the company's office through his speaking-tube.

"Visitors are not permitted to the building without a pass," he said.

The grave manner and earnest tones in his young animated face, and to see what the lad was made of, we resorted to various arguments to induce him to open the gate and let us in.

"No," he said, good humoredly, "my business is to let the workmen in and out, and to communicate with the office as to all others who wish to enter."

As we had no real business with the company, and not wishing to trouble any one for a pass, we went on our way.

That evening at our hotel we were introduced to the manager and principal stockholders of the company, and spoke of our interesting little episode with his young gate-keeper. The gentlemen looked pleased, and said:

"The President of the United States could not cajole that boy into opening that gate to him without leave. He is a wonderfully trusty lad. The boy who preceded him at the post could not stand the strain upon his integrity. I would like to tell you about him and the circumstances of his discharge, if you have time for it."

"When that factory was first erected we employed a bright boy for a gate-keeper, whose father was a skillful and trusty workman in the mill. He had a large family of children, with a sickly wife, and the wages we gave the lad (for the position is a responsible one) and the daily duty continuous and long were quite a help."

"At that time we had only a sort of lean-to box for the keeper, simply to shelter him from the wind and rain, and it was very full for the boy to stay in it all day. It was not long, however, before he began to make friends with the street boys, and the 'Iron Gate,' as they called it in their trashy and pernicious boy-newspaper style, came to be a regular reading place for them."

"Our young gate-keeper was now known as 'Ralph of the Bloody Key.' These youngsters used to buy boy novels, newspapers and magazines of the most dramatic and objectionable kind, and as 'Ralph' was the best scholar of them all he used to stand at the little lean-to box and read aloud the more exciting passages to the idle group gathered outside."

"Occasional complaints were made to the clerks employed in our office that a crowd of boys collected on the sidewalk in front of the gate, making it disagreeable for ladies to pass; but that class of boys have a knack of scattering at a note of alarm like a covey of partridges."

"It happened at last that they had schemed to rob our counting-room of the attractive and costly specimens of the cutlery we manufactured, and which were there kept on exhibition, after a plan of like detail laid down in one of the juvenile periodicals that had fallen into their hands. They had a regularly organized gang, with members in all parts of the village, among whom the spoils were to be distributed."

"The lookout window was a very small one, but if you have never seen it tried, you have no idea how small an aperture a boy of this sort will crawl through. It is said a cat will wriggle out of a hole through which it can put its head, which is all true. It is equally true with some boys, however impossible it may seem."

"The night the raid on our merchandise was to be made was cold and rainy. Late in the evening there was a timid rain at our door-bell. A slight little fellow, dripping with rain, was ushered into my library. He was shivering with cold and embarrassment, but he told a straightforward story, and this was the substance of it:

"Our counting-room was to be plundered that night. The boys had long known of the stock of costly samples there, but 'Ralph of the Bloody Key' had informed them of a large quantity of silver coin that had been left there the previous day, and which was soon to be melted up for our silver-plating department."

"One of our clerks told me to-day that he had noticed a boy dart through the entry and look into the counting-room door," said I to the little fellow, "but I mentioned Ralph, and he told me that no boy had been through the gate that day; he was sure of it. He seems to be a truthful boy, and now don't you think this is a conspiracy against him?"

"The boy didn't go through the gate," he said; "he went through the lookout window," said my ragged and now sobbing little visitor, "and I assure you, sir, I tell the truth, and before I could prevent him, he turned around, slipped out of the room into the hall, and was in the street."

"Had it not been for the little pool of rain water on the rug where the little fellow had stood, and on the trail over the polished floor of the hall, I should have said I had had a bad dream evoked, while half reclining in my easy-chair before the warm fire, by the shrieking wind, the beating rain outside, along with dim recollections of the reports one and another had of late been bringing me against Ralph, who was a favorite of mine."

"I thought it all over a minute, and then putting on a dread-naught overcoat, and providing myself with a dark lantern, I slipped out of a side door of my house which opened upon a narrow lane, which led me, by a short cut, to the rear wall of our factory. The only entrance to this side of the building was by means of a small iron door, which was just the thing in the emergency as that."

"This door led me into the basement, and from there I could ascend by a narrow and unfrequented staircase, to the counting-room. My rubber boots made no noise, and I crept stealthily forward, guided by the light from my dark lantern."

"Creeping to a little window in the partition wall between the counting-room and one of the warehouses which I had entered from the stairway, on my way to the entry door of the counting-room, I looked in."

"The sight sickened me. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, for there was a group of some twelve lads of all conditions of society in our town. One was my own nephew, who that very day had dined at my house, and to whom I had given a five-dollar gold piece! They were all pale and excited. None of them looked very desperate."

"I had a stout cane in my hand, and I knew that my nephew, at least, was aware that it was a present to me from a Spanish gentleman, and that in it was sheathed a long, vicious-looking dirk-blade. I crept noiselessly around to the counting-room door, and, as the boys had left it unlocked, suddenly opened it upon them. Stepping inside, I quickly drew the key (a false one that they had somehow procured) from the lock, closed the door behind me, locked it with my own key, and together with the false one, put it into my pocket."

"The long, glittering rows of the samples of our wares, such as pocket-knives, stilettos, table-knives and forks, ivory and pearl goods, remained as yet untouched on the velvet background of their handsome glass and mahogany cases, while the small canvas bags of silver coin had been placed in their safe, and were, of course, unobserved by these young rascals in burglary."

"Good evening, boys," I said. "What calls you here at this rather untimely hour? Good evening, nephew Fred, I hardly expected to meet you again so soon!"

"Such a terror-stricken, abject-looking set of boys were never seen before. Even 'Ralph of the Bloody Key' was unable to gain equanimity enough to speak. Going straightway to my desk, I took pen and paper, and, addressing the lad nearest me, I asked him his name, age, and the names of his parents or guardian. After carefully noting them down, I unlocked the door and told him to go out and then to go directly to his home."

"This programme I followed with them all, keeping my nephew and Ralph to the last. After he had both gone I closed the office door. I could imagine the fear they must have experienced in groping their way through the long, dark corridor to the outer door, to the street, and then to their homes, lest at every step an officer should pounce upon them and arrest them; for of course they could not believe I was on the spot to deal with them alone."

"During all these proceedings, both on the part of the boys and myself, so noiseless had been our motions, and the light from our dark lanterns so unperceivable (I had secured the one that had been before their departure), that the watchman in the main building, whom we employed more as a fire patrol than for anything else, was unaware of our presence. I went forth in the morning, and, saying that it had been necessary for me to go to the counting-room late that evening, and that I wished he would that night and in the future visit that room also in his rounds, I went home."

"I rose early in the morning, and was at the gate, where Ralph had promised to meet me, long before the hour for his arrival. I could find no traces of the would-be young burglars except some scraps of clothing caught in the frame-work of the little lookout window, and a few spots of blood upon it. As I had conjectured, every one of the boys had crawled through it both to and from their burglars' exploit. Ralph had given up the key of the gate to the head book-keeper as usual that evening, and the boys had been unable to find a duplicate for the complicated padlock."

"I kept my own counsel, and I kept my eyes on every one of those boys. I considered the matter well, and resolved not to expose them. I was determined to leave their reform if possible, first by cleansing their minds and hearts from the virus of corrupting books and periodicals, and rescuing them from the fatal snare of idleness. I managed to obtain frequent private interviews with them all. I presented each one with a year's subscription to a pure, interesting, useful youth's weekly paper and a magazine."

"As I have intimated, I did not immediately discharge Ralph, but kept him at his post until I could find a suitable successor, when I intended to give him other employment, as I eventually did. Indeed, as fast as I could find a place for each one of those boys to work I gave him employment."

"The most difficult thing on my hands in connection with the burglarious attempt of that night, was to hunt up the spirit of a boy who divulged the plan to me. I scrutinized the face and garb of every little boy I met in the streets. I visited all the public schools of our village; I went into all the Sunday-schools; but could find no semblance of him anywhere."

"At last, as I was about to give up the search, I met my kind-hearted friend, Doctor H., with small boy, a patient of his, in his carriage. I knew the little pinched face at once."

"Who is this little fellow?" I asked, stopping the doctor.

"Oh, this is Johnny—He has had a rheumatic fever for weeks. I am giving him an airing to-day."

"Get well, Johnny," I said, "I've got a job for you."

"He is the gatekeeper whom you saw and talked with, Ralph and every one of the other boys are yet steady at work in our large factory. I believe they will all turn out to be good men. Had I reported that affair and caused their arrest, I think the result would have worked evil. Some may think I acted unwisely, but I do not."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## A DINNER IN MOROCCO.

Before taking our places at table, we seated ourselves cross-legged on the carpets, around the master's secretary, who prepared tea before us, and made us take, according to custom, three cups of coffee, excessively sweetened and flavored with mint. \* \* \* After tea we took our seats at table, and the master, being entertained, seated himself also; and then the Arab dishes, objects of our insatiable curiosity, began to circulate. I tasted the first with simple gusto. Great heavens! My first impulse was to attack the cook! All the contrary, that he could be produced upon the face of a man who is suddenly assailed by an acute colic, or who hears the news of his banker's failure, were I, think, visible on mine. I understood in one moment how it was that a people who ate in that way should be in another God, and take other views of human life than ours. I cannot express what I felt otherwise than by likening myself to some unhappy wretch who is forced to satisfy his appetite upon the pomatum pots of his barber. There were flavors of soap, pomade, wax, dyes, cosmetics—everything that is least proper to be put into human mouth. At each dish we exchanged glances of wonder and dismay. No doubt the original material was good enough—chickens, mutton, game, fish; large dishes of a very fine appearance, but all swimming in most abominable sauces, and so flavored and perfumed that it would have seemed more natural to attack them with a comb rather than with a fork. \* \* \* At every mouthful our host lustily interpreted us by a look; and we, opening our eyes wide, answered in chorus, "Excellent! exquisite!" and hastened to swallow a glass of wine to revive our drooping courage. From "Morocco: its People and Places," by Edmondo de Amicis.

## FIVE CENTS A DAY.

Colonel Higginson tells, in the *Woman's Journal*, of a brave New Hampshire woman who contrived to cut down the food question to five cents a day. By the robbery of a trustee she found herself, when advanced in life and crippled, robbed of her little invested property. There was remaining only an old farm-house and the poor bit of land about it.

"The sufferer was wholly alone in the world, had a paralyzed arm, and was threatened with blindness. The only work which her enfeebled condition permitted was in the way of knitting and making artificial flowers; by these two arts she could earn fifteen dollars annually." This brought up her whole available income to forty dollars.

She appropriated one-fourth of it to reading; among other periodicals, subscribing to *Harper's Magazine*, so that her mind should not starve, at least. In her own very interesting account of her life she says:

"In very cold spells I took a warm freestone and crawled into it. I was too ill to work, and thus to do saved firewood. I would put mittens on my hands and read a while, and when the room became too cold for this, cover all up and think over what I had read. This saved me in a degree from starving myself still further by fruitless poring over poverty and privations." As for food: "One-fourth point of meat, one cent; one-fourth pound of dried beans, one and a half cents; two cents' worth of salt pork—four and a half cents in all—would support me a day and a half very well. This was my usual fare three days out of seven. Three cents' worth of barley, boiled with two cents' worth of butter's trimmings and three cents' worth of potatoes, would make wholesome, nourishing food for two days and go a long way toward supporting myself."

"I made a considerable use of rice and baked fish. In cold weather a pound of oatmeal, cooked Monday, would serve as dessert through the week. Sometimes I had a gift of milk, and then I ate it as an epicure. Now and then I had some kind of a vegetable, as a beet or a turnip, and from time to time bought a few cents' worth of butter's scraps, more or less good than to be food. \* \* \* Once in a month I indulged in a baking of doughnuts or got a pound of lard and used an eating of doughnuts, about six, one at a time, in a tin cup over my oil stove."

The contrivances for clothing were curious. The writer says: "There could be no reductions here, for she literally bought nothing in the way of clothing whatever. So she lived, so to speak, on the past—the scraps of her own clothing and other people's. She made a whole suit out of an old straw bed-clothing, combined with the fragments of a pair of drilling overalls that some workman had left on the premises: these she cut into strips, and made, she declared, a very stylish trimming. She unraveled old, worn-out housewifery garments, and made yarn which she knit into stockings. She had fifteen mittens in the house made on white muslin and cotton flannel; these she boiled clean and had a supply of material for undergarments, being the first person, probably, who discovered a real use for 'mottos.' She found behind a closet door an old overcoat of her father's, of those quilted lining of black lasting she made for herself a dress, and a kind of a skirt. The question of hats or bonnets was easily settled; she wore none for three years. As for shoes, the inexhaustible lining of her father's overcoat provided her with slippers which were better than leather."

She has published a full account of her year's experience in a pamphlet, which ought to add something to her income another year, seeing that the old clothes must be quite worn out by this time.

REINO HOSER.—Hosers have been successfully cured of biting by putting a piece of hardware one inch and a half square into the animal's mouth, about the same length as a snaffle bit. It may be fastened by a thong of leather passed through two holes in the ends of the wood and secured to the bridle. It must be used in addition to the bit, but in no way to impede the working of the bit. Animals with this device should be treated kindly in the stable, and not abused with pitchfork handles, whips, etc. An apple, carrot, or a kind of beet or mangold wurzel, etc., with the use of the above wooden bit, will cure the most intractable brute. The fact that he cannot shut his mouth or grip anything soon draws upon him and then he is conquered.—*Globe Notes.*

A LONDON Physician of eminence gives it as his opinion that "in no instance is the sin of the father more strikingly visited upon his children than in the matter of tobacco smoking. The conversation, the hygienic condition, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfed deformities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of idler smokers, bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of constitutions transmitted by those addicted to this pernicious habit. \* \* \* By this man injures his own health and that of his children. Ought not this consideration to restrain every wise and good man from contracting or continuing such a senseless and destructive habit of self-indulgence?" Another eminent London physician says: "I have constantly observed that the children of habitual smokers are, with very few exceptions, imperfectly developed in form and size, very ill or plain-looking, and delicate in constitution."

COLD WATER DRINKING.—Cold baths of the skin are good, but it is doubtful if flooding the stomach on going to bed and on rising is not, on the whole, the most profitable form of cold bathing. Constipation, piles and indigestion are uniformly relieved by this morning and evening cold water. The quantity must be determined by each one for himself. Two or three shallow will do to begin with, but the quantity will soon grow to a tumbler full; and I have known persons to use much more with marked benefit. It wisely managed, every dyspeptic will be greatly improved by this cold stomach bath.

A church choir consists of one accomplished musician and a lot of other folks who are densely ignorant of music. The accomplished one is the one you are, talking with.

Clerk to smart miss trying on a hat before the glass. "Don't wish I was a looking glass!" Smart miss—"Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then."

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

A girl who can put a square patch on a pair of pantaloons may not be so accomplished as one who can work a green warted dog on a yellow ground, but she is of more real value in the community.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A fannel cloth dipped into warm soapsuds, and then into whiting and applied to paint, will remove all grease and dirt. Wash with clean water, and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured and will look like new.

PACKING AWAY FURS.—All furs should be laid swished and beaten lightly, free from dust and loose hair, well wrapped in newspapers, with bits of camphor laid about them and in the chest, and put away in a cool dark place. If a cedar chest or chest is to be had, put into that. In lieu of that, new cedar chips may be scattered about. It is never well to delay packing furs away until quite late in the season, for the moth will very early come and cause great destruction. In packing them they should not be rolled so tightly as to be crushed and damaged.

The best farmer is the one who thinks as well as works; who knows what he intends to do, and at least in advance; who believes that thought has as much to do with successful farming as plenty of muscle, if not more.

## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

## Stock Raisers, Read This!

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Yours truly, EDWARD TAYLOR.  
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June 2-1m

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