

Poetry.

STRIVING.

There is no rest without the toil,
The patient, strong endeavor;
The who win divides the spoil,
The coward takes it never.

It is he who climbs the rugged height,
Who finds the clouds below him;
And he who reaches the stars by night
Spells out the deep Elfin.

It is not the idle, humming drone
That stirs the hive with honey;
Men must be kings who sit on thrones
And manhood's more than money.

We cannot all the prizes take,
We cannot all be thriving;
We can't be all the world's great men,
We always can be striving.

To dare is better than to doubt,
For doubt is always grieving;
The faith that finds the hidden out,
The prize is for believing.

To do is better than to dream—
Life has enough of sleep;
To be is better than to seem—
The sowers are the reapers.

And when the Master calls us in,
Our deeds, and not our feeling,
Will tell the heaven that each shall win,
The endless glory sealing.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

How may I know that in the Lord
I'm daily growing?
How do the lilies prove their life
Except by showing
More of their blossoms white,
And giving rare delight
In odors flowing,
A gracious growing?

They do not know how sweet they make
The summer's breathing;
They only just bloom out the rays
They are receiving.
So in the garden-plot
Where God has placed my lot,
My proof I'm leaving
If grace receiving.

The Fireside.

THE ORIOLE FAMILY.

BY MISS ANNIE E. WILSON.

It was a cozy, snug, little home, in which the three young Orioles first opened their eyes, but it would seem a very queer house to most of my little friends. It was not built of bricks, or boards, or logs, but of sticks and straw, and beautifully woven together into the shape of a bag, and hung to the branch of a large linden-tree.

There was a hole in the side that served for door and window, and within, the walls, ceiling and floor were made of the softest down, so that the little birds needed no feather-beds to sleep on; and while the mother and father were out hunting something for them to eat, they would huddle together in the bottom of the nest, and let the breeze rock them into many a sweet nap.

But it was rather sweet, and appeared to get smaller each day. And as their wings began to grow, they longed for space to flap and try them! But mother and father knew best when it would be time; they never forgot them. And what a splendidly handsome fellow their father was! And his new spring suit of bright orange-colour and black velvet! The mother was pretty too, and with her more of quiet shades, and her sweet low voice.

The little ones had no feathers on them at all, at first, and were very funny and ugly; but they were growing in beauty every day, and would soon be old enough to wear bright gay dresses like their father and mother. And instead of sleeping during their parents' absence, as formerly, they often spent the time in vague wonderings about the world that lay outside of their little home.

This ought to have been a very happy little family, and would have been but for the youngest; he was an impatient little fellow, and was always grumbling because they were kept at home so long, and thought he knew better than anybody else. This made it very hard for his mother to teach him anything, so that she sometimes had to get the father to come and give him a good pecking to make him behave.

His waywardness troubled his parents very much, but they hoped he would grow wiser as he grew old.

One day when these little birds were at home by themselves, this disobedient one took it into his head to climb up to the door and look out. As first he was dumb with astonishment, so marvelously beautiful did it all seem; then he began to twitter with delight, and tell his brother and sister all the wonderful things he saw.

"Pshaw!" he said at last, "it isn't look so far down to the ground; I believe I could fly down there, easily. I have had a mind to try."

"O don't, brother, don't!" the other two cried; "something will surely happen to you. Don't you know mother told us never to venture down to the ground in her absence, and to be content to stay quietly in the nest until she taught us how to fly."

"Yes," said the little sister; "and don't you remember she was telling us about the other day of the cruel cat who lives down there and pounces upon every helpless young bird that chances in her way?"

"And have you forgotten the boys, the horrid boys," said the eldest brother, "who often throw rocks at us birds? What mercy would they show to a poor little fledgling?"

The mother's voice in the distance put an end to his ambitious designs for that time, and, hoping he would give them up altogether, the others did not tell their mother about his plans.

But the next day, when they were again left alone, he clambered once more to the opening. "Ah! what foolish children you are!" he said, "to stay down there in the dark, when you might be up here enjoying the light and air; why, I feel as if I should grow an inch the more for it!" and he fluttered his wings excitedly. "I can't for the life of me see why we should be kept shut up like a parcel of babies just out of the shell. There is not a thing in sight that could possibly hurt me, and there are crowds of birds down there hunting for bugs and things. I long to be there—and so I will!"

Neither may keep her flying lessons for us; I am sure I don't need them. I am sure I can fly as well as any of them."

Again the brother and sister begged and pleaded with him, even stretching up and trying to catch hold of him with their bills; but, jerking away from them, he spread his wings something as he had seen his parents do, and let go his hold of the nest.

The brother and sister heard him touch the ground with a little thump. After a while they heard his excited twitter of enjoyment as he hopped about him, the fathered tribe, as strange and new to him as if so.

Presently there came a cry of alarm, a great flapping of wings, and then, a pitiful, helpless wail of mortal terror, an agonizing scream, and all was still.

Fearfully they climbed up to the opening, holding carefully as they peeped out, only to see a hideous monster—a cat they knew it must be—standing off from their dead brother in its mouth. It was a sorrowful picture; the distressing and of their birding. "And I was going to give

you your first lesson in flying this very evening," the mother twittered and said. "If I had only waited, but now that the hateful beast has tasted our blood, I shall be afraid to show your faces in this neighborhood for several days."

Many a time did the other two recall their brother's sad fate when tempted to murmur at their mother's short lessons, or their own slow progress in flying. And, long afterwards, when they had homes of their own, they would tell the mournful story as a warning to their own little nestlings.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"What a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge. "Why doesn't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer, and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle.

Olive threw herself into an easy chair and looked out of a large bay-window. It was pleasant to turn her head that way to look around the disorderly room. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:—

"You know that briglet is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Won't you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go in there."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it's Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. With Leila and Nora both in Finland, she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it is only a game!" She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to mamma's desk and out six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each. "Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it's a game—a new one."

"Guns!" a new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let's play it!" I'm tired of this map-puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't think you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side down. Then she said: "Now, we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

"Oh, I shall certainly look, if Leila doesn't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize Olive?" and jumping up and down.

"No read!" signalled Olive.

"Table," said Nora, consulting her paper.

"Chairs," read Leila, from hers.

"Carpet," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up one of the playthings.

"Mine was carpet," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I'm to take everything off the carpet that doesn't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall to fetch her hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says chairs," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire.

"Look on your paper."

Sure enough, there was an "a" that Nora had overlooked. So the books found a place on the table, and then she got the big table being brushed, and then went piled nicely up, and the magazines and papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller task.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a dust cloth about as she went from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "All the work is done."

"I've finished," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fire-place.

"Nora chose this time, and went to work when she saw the word 'Mantle,' hardly hearing Leila say 'Desk,' and Olive 'Lounge.'"

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive, a while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-satchel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their task, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success—don't we, Nora?" And we see now why they didn't know the name," added Leila, laughingly.

"Here comes mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

"Well, don't you think of it and see if she notices the room," suggested Leila. Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she noticed the room! The room a model of neatness, the window's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces turned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said mamma, in a tone of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she wouldn't return till dinner-time."

"She isn't home, mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila exchanged happy glances, and Nora couldn't keep from saying (though she said after the fact) that it was hard not to tell!

"We fixed it, mamma. It's Olive's game!"

"Then, of course, mamma had to leave all about it, and papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red card-board that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: 'Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style,' as he proceeded to write on each of the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him."

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked papa, with poor poetry to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Unfalseness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty'?" put in Leila; "for we've promised to play it every day."

"Wouldn't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that mamma had proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?—*W. S. Nicholas for November.*

"WHEN THE DARK COMES."

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

The mother, anxious, full of pain,
Toiled listless through the weary day,
Saying, but saying still in vain,
"Daughter, be quiet in your play."

But when the shades of evening fell,
The weary mother had her will;
Sweet silence brooded like a spell,
The little maid grew strangely still;

Lay quiet at her mother's feet,
Pondering a thought half understood,
"Mamma," she said in accents sweet,
"When the dark comes, what makes me good?"

"Then I don't care for doll or ring,
I don't want to disobey;
I muse on every naughty thing
That I have done throughout the day."

"I think, if mamma should not live!
I want to do just what I should,
I ask you then, to please forgive,
When the dark comes, what makes me good?"

Ah, me! not only children wait,
Till the dark comes to see the right,
When the shadows of some evil fate
Fling over our hopes the gloom of night;

Or, when life's fever and unrest
Is nearly o'er, when shadows long
Fall slowly o'er us from our west,
Then we remember all our wrong;

Cling closer to the Father's breast,
And pray, "Forgive, for Christ's dear sake,
Lo! the dark comes, and we would rest
Until the brighter dawning break."

A DANGEROUS DOCTOR.

They were playing together, Ruth and Stephen. Ruth was three years younger than Stephen, but he was a good-natured boy, and willing to play anything she fancied.

On this particular day, trouble had come to Ruth's family; every one of her five children, baby and all, had small-pox. Stephen was the doctor; he had been through all that sort of thing many times; it was a favorite play of Ruth's, and Stephen was a good mimic, and acted out grave and gentlemanly Dr. Courtney very well indeed.

There was, however, one unusual thing about his practice. Stephen always himself swallowed the medicine he prescribed for Ruth's sick children. He counted the pulse, talked wisely about "Terrible symptoms," gave careful directions as to the temperature of the room, and the care that should be taken about draughts, then carefully measured from a curious-shaped bottle, which was always in his pocket, a large-sized spoonful of liquid, and turning away from the anxious little mother, swallowed it. Ah! don't you wish that the doctor of today, who come with their large bottles of ugly, dark-looking liquid, had the same rule! No, I hope you don't wish so; better put it in the drain, and let it gurgle away down the sewer pipes, if it was the same medicine that Stephen used.

What do you think? That bottle was always filled with cider! Not so very sweet either, though that was the name by which it was called when it came into his father's house. Don't you know that sweet cider has a way of turning into sour cider very quickly, and that boys who like it much, are sure to like it better after it begins to sparkle. And after awhile, when it sparkles so that it bites a little, they like it best of all. Stephen was very fond of it; as I have told you, he kept his medicine-bottle always filled.

"The child ought not to have that cider," his grandmother would say, "it really stings."

But the mother would answer, "Oh, well, he only wants it to amuse himself; he plays doctor for her, you know, and that is the medicine; it looks more like medicine than plain water, and Ruthie likes it to have it."

Poor foolish mother! If she had watched she would have discovered that Stephen was growing more and more fond of playing doctor, and that there was a great deal of medicine taken by Ruthie's children.

Last night, only last night, I was in Ruthie's house. She is thirteen years old now, and Stephen is sixteen; they play doctor no more. But Ruthie sat flattening her nose against the window pane, waiting until nine o'clock in the hope that Stephen would come in time to take her to the young people's rehearsal; then she went weeping to bed; Stephen did not come. She wept for something more than the disappointment about the rehearsal. She wept a great deal about the night. What was the matter? Why, at 11 o'clock Stephen was held home by a policeman, and to-day his father had to pay a bill of \$100 for the glass that he smashed. He had been drinking hard cider and did not know what he was about. Poor Stephen! and poor mother and father, and poor Ruthie! The habit commenced in fun has grown on him, until now he cannot stop it.—*The Parson.*

ANEDOTES OF LONGFELLOW.

The poet Longfellow was such a thoroughbred gentleman, that the most timid were at ease in his society, and the presumptions were held in check. "All the vulgar and pretensions people in the world," exclaimed a young man, fascinated by the elegant simplicity of the poet's manners, "ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, and learn how to behave!"

The poet was gifted with rare insight into character, and always said the right word to the right person. On being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quickwitted old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the first syllables of their names.

"Work makes the man, and want of it the fool," replied Mr. Longfellow, quoting Pope's famous line, and making one of the best repartees on record.

Probably no American unless it was the President of the United States, received so many visitors as the poet. They came from all parts of the world, were received—even the humblest—with a gracious kindness, which said, "The man who wishes to see me is the man I want to see."

Sometimes these visitors amused him. Once an Englishman thus abruptly introduced himself: "Is this Mr. Longfellow? Well, sir, as you have no ruins in your country I thought—I thought I thought I would call and see you."

Not a smile flickered across the face of the courteous poet, as he welcomed the well-intentioned but awkward John Bull.

HOME HINTS.

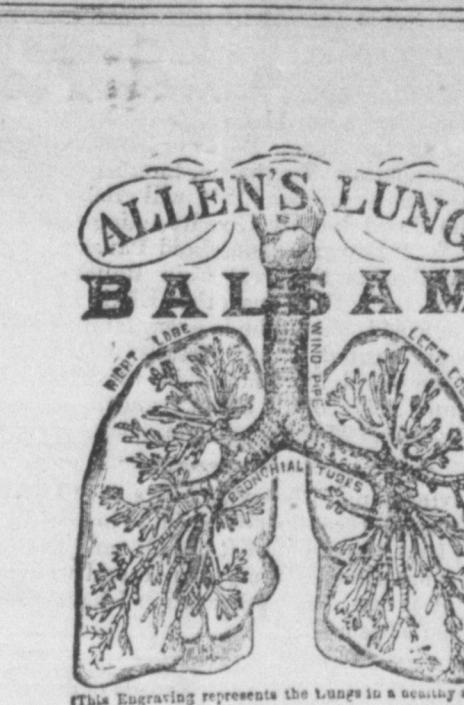
TOAST WATER.—Cut a slice of stale bread, cut off the crust and toast it quite brown; while hot pour over half a pint of boiling water; cover tightly and when cool remove the bread.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of ginger. Roll as soft as possible and bake quickly.

JOHNNY-CAKE.—One egg, a cupful each of sour and sweet milk, a tablespoonful molasses or sugar, a teaspoonful salt, the same of soda; stir quite soft with Indian meal and add a half cup of flour. A spoonful of cream or other shortening may be added.

SURE CURE FOR COUGHS.—Take one-fourth cup of strong vinegar, crush finely into it some bread. Let stand half an hour, or until it seems into a good poultice. Then apply, on retiring at night. In the morning the soreness will be gone, and the cough can be picked out. If the cough is a very obstinate one, it may require two or more applications to effect a cure.

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